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1. Almanack with musical data and blank spaces.
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 3. Musical Transactions of the past year.
 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers.
 5. List of new Copyrights published with their Addresses, &c.
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"	56. Io son Conta Inco Sora, Ar nell'Fin 3 0
"	56. Come ragazza al capite, Sc e Cant 1 6
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"	57. Qui me trovo un momento, Duetto 3 3 0
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Un di felice, r, do, Melodia 1 6
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Dite alla giovine, c, do, Cantabile 1 6
Di Provenza il mar, c, do, Ar 3 0

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Parli mio Padre! Duetto, B & B 4 0	Un di di bon raccontini, Quartetto 3 0
La Donna è mobile, Chanson, T 1 6	S. G. T. & B 3 0
Parvi veder la lagrime, F, E 3 0	V'ho incontrate Se avate fin, Terz 2 0
Quanta e quella, Bellata, E 1 6	Presente san' rui chiam, Melic T 2 0
Signor, nel principio, Duetto, F e S 4 0	Zitti, zitti, moviamo, Terz., S T & B 3 0

ERNANI.

Oh, di veri! anni soliti, Bocca e V ..			
Eci a te sogni sognami, Sc, do, do ..			
Soligo errante miore, Terz, fin ..			
Oh! di veri! anni soliti, Bocca e V ..			

BATTALIA DI LEGNANO (LA).

Oh tu che el dì il fiamco, Int., Fugh 2 0	Tutto, giuridim disse!	
Digi ch' è mangio Italiano, Sc. e Du 3 0	Prè questo dilectio tenestre, Introd ..	
Prè questo dilectio tenestre, Introd 3 0	S'cra del Giuramento 3 0
Per la malvia Italia, Grup. Terz, 4 4 0	Quante 4 0
A che smarriti pallido, Oro. Fin. Int 3 0	No 3 0
E ver! nel' altri, Duetto 4 0		

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REVIEWS.

"SONATA," for the pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to George Hogarth, Esq. By George Forbes.

This is evidently an attempt to imitate the least ambitious essays of Dussek, Steibelt, Cramer, their contemporaries and immediate followers, in the sonata form. That which is effete, however, can only be revived by a galvanic process of which Mr. Forbes has apparently not the entire secret. Though only produced to-day, his sonata has the old square-cut regularity and prim reserve—without the spirit, fluency, and graceful melody, which even now render the models he has followed acceptable to amateurs interested in contemplating every individual phase the musical art has assumed since rhythmical tunes was admitted by the pundits and took so large a share in its development. It was no doubt an agreeable recreation for Mr. Forbes to compose this sonata: but it was scarcely wise to publish it. All who may be in want of such performances will have recourse to the composers above named. They have left us a whole library of them, and for the most part better, because more genuine, than the specimen manufactured by Mr. Forbes. But not to deter our readers from examining his sonata, we present the opening bars of each movement, which may, perhaps, tempt them to make acquaintance with the whole. The *allegro* commences thus:—

Allegro ma non troppo.



The *Andantino* thus:—



The last movement thus:—



There is no misdeed. To conclude, the praise we can conscientiously award to Mr. Forbes amounts to the fact that his sonata is written throughout with the ease and correctness of a practised musician. *Yield tout.*

"DREAMS OF THE PAST." By Francis Horder.

These "dreams"—consisting of a dozen waltzes—would be pretty enough but for such passages as the following:—



which cannot be tolerated even in dreams. Why will not amateurs consult a *Doctor* (professor) before submitting themselves to the tender hands of the engraver!

"MARCHE DES TEMPLIERS"—"SOUVENIR" (*nocturne*)—"FLEUR DES CHAMPS" (*Melodie*).—*Four piano.* Par Jules Benedict.

Of these pieces, the last—*Fleur des Champs* (dedicated to Herr Kube)—is likely to find the greatest number of admirers, since not only is it an excellent and useful study for the distribution of "arpeggios" between the two hands, while a melody is sustained, but a composition instinct with grace and charm. The *Marche des Templiers* (dedicated to M. Stephen Heller), is bold and vigorous, somewhat more difficult than its companions, and requiring great decision on the part of the performer. The *nocturne* (dedicated to Miss Louisa E. Davis), is also very graceful, though less directly captivating than the *melodie*. An episode—*staccato*—developed with musician-like skill, is that part of it which we prefer.

"PALE ROSE." By Francesco Berger.

A "*polka de salon*" for the pianoforte, brilliant, and of moderate difficulty, without a single commonplace bar from end to end. What more can we say in its favour? We really wish M. Berger had christened it less fantastically. "Pale Rose"!!

"HOME, SWEET HOME," transcribed for the pianoforte. By W. Vincent Wallace.

"THE GLOOMY NIGHT," and "THE LASS OF GOWRIE," transcribed for the pianoforte. By W. Vincent Wallace.

The simple, beautiful, innocent, and unoffending melody of "Home, sweet home," so familiar to all of us, is here prefaced by a short introduction, and twice varied in a brilliant and effective manner. The first variation, though showy, is comparatively easy; the second is difficult, and addresses itself to pianists who are masters of the *bravura* style. This arrangement is quite as effective as that of M. Thalberg, which Miss Arabella Goldard is now playing, for the advantage of the publishers, rather than for her own.

We admire the form of the fantasia on the two Scotch airs, which is symmetrical, as well as the method employed by Mr. Wallace in (as the term goes) "transcribing" them; but we cannot accept the following treatment of "The Lass of Gowrie":—



The "*con grazia*" placed over the peccant harmony (with cunning blandness) don't mend the matter. No guileless "lass" whatever, be she of Gowrie or of Chirk, but would win a little under this application of the F sharp (c) chord.

"DINA FORGET, LADDIE." Ballad. Composed by A. W. Pelzer.
"FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE." Song. Composed by A. W. Pelzer.

The first is a simple ditty "after" the Scottish manner; the second is a scene of some elaboration, of which a dying and devoted soldier is the hero. It would be impossible to point to an

original idea in either, but both possess the merit of being well written—a merit always to be respected.

"LOVE LEADS TO BATTLE." Song, from the opera of *Camilla*. Composed by Bononcini.

"DIRTI BEN MIO VONNEL." Aria, from *Alessandro in Persia*. Composed by Leonardo Leo; arranged by Charles Salaman.

Marc Antonio Bononcini, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was the rival of Handel—which proves that the aristocracy of those times (the mobocracy and shopocracy being innocent in the matter) were just as bad judges of music as our own in "Upper Ten," who prefer the *Prosefators* to *Guillemes Tell*, and the *Traviata* to *Don Giovanni*. The present specimen of Marc's genius, which Mr. Salaman has "arranged" (whatever that may signify) for his lectures, is but sorry stuff.

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Composed to Handel, is a sissy;
While others say that, to him, Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

Thus sang the author of *A Tale of a Tub*, who—if he could have obtained permission from Pluto to come back to earth and visit the Crystal Palace, last summer—might have written another squib for the entertainment of his companions down below, upon the great Tweedledee Festival. We have read *A Tale of a Tub* some half dozen times, but should never think of advising M. Schmeicher to write a biography of the author, or Mr. Bowley, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to get up a grand commemoration, at Sydenham, for the centenary of his demise. "Dirti ben" (avaunt Mr. Punch!)—"Dirti ben" (also "arranged, as performed at his lectures" by Mr. Salaman), is much more to the purpose, being melodious and beautiful. Everybody has heard of Leonardo Leo, fellow-pupil of Durante, upon Pitioli (who had as many scholars as "the great Tritto"), and one of the chiefs of the Neapolitan school in the last century. But everybody does not know his music (does anybody, not a book-worm?), of which the *aria* before us (composed in 1741 for a *passiccio* in which Galuppi, another forgotten celebrity, had the largest hand) is a very favorable example. Let us then make salama to Mr. Salaman, and recommend him to re-"arrange" the following point, which we are convinced cannot be in the genuine style of Leo:—



unless Leo was a worse musician than the late Alessandro Leo.

"BRINLEY RICHARDS' NEW VOCAL ALBUM."

Here we have a Christmas gift from the Messrs. Coocks, and one which will recommend itself by its absence of all pretence. The volume comprises a sacred song ("The Pilgrim's Path"), in which some verses by Bishop Heber are set in a kindred spirit; a *duet for soprano and bass* ("How beautiful is night,"—words not by Southey, and still less by Shelley), which though somewhat long, is extremely well written, and contains some effective passages; a quartet for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass ("There's not a heart"), the gem of the whole, words (see further on) and music being equally engaging; and two little trios for ordinary voices ("Sweet day so cool," and "How gay goes our bark"), the one expressive, the other as merry as morning. Mr. Brinley Richards selects his poetry with discrimination. Listen, for example, to the Rev. George Herbert (1833), who supplies the words for the first trio:—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm and bright,
The bird at the east and sky;
Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die!"

Which "embodies" an idea "embodied" by no end of poets since. Still better are the words of the quartet:—

"There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

"There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow, down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call it own."

No wonder such simple, touching lines should have suggested a genial melody to the composer.

EWER AND CO'S "ALBUM DE PIANO," for 1858.

THIS collection of pianoforte music, comprising twenty-six pieces from various sources, may be fairly recommended as a handsome Christmas gift. In such compilations we look rather for quantity and variety than for abstract excellence; and in the desired respects the publishers have been most liberal, besides realising another condition indispensable to success—a tempting exterior. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth with gold ornaments; while the music is printed in blue ink, on pink satin paper, gilt edged. What more can be desired by Paterfamilias, who, when a music-book is to be purchased for his daughters, regards the coverings and "finings," with a more "anxious polyscopy" than the contents. Let the mind of Paterfamilias be at ease: the annual volume of Messrs. Ewer and Co., will not disturb the literary glitter on the surface of his drawing-table.

To dissect the elements of a keepsake at this jovial period of the year would be as much out of season as to criticise a pudding; and even should the contents of the book prove as hard of digestion to the musical as those of the pudding to the abstract stomach, they must be swallowed all the same, for the sake of good company. Certainly modern Germany is not wealthy of invention or remarkable for ingenuity, where music is concerned; and, had we the task imposed upon us of analysing one by one the pieces of which the volume in hand consists, we should scarcely know which to single out for praise. A spark of original thought is to be found on the first page—the fac-simile of a brief impromptu, which, probably, Mendelssohn wrote off (with his accustomed rapidity) for the album of a friend—or a friend's wife, or daughter. Herr George Fesca has contributed a *Grande Polonaise Triumphale* (Op. 1), remarkable chiefly for its length; Herr Charles Evers an *Andante con moto*, more agreeably distinguished by its brevity, and less agreeably by a variation in which the notes of the bass, being retarded a quarter behind their time, seem, for the most part, to come in the wrong place; Herr Abt a "Donx Souvenir," which, if the fact of its recalling things already heard suggested the title, not ill deserves it; Herr H. Berens an "Idylle" (!) the opening of which, in 3-4 time, is pretty if not new, and the episode, in 2-4, not new if not pretty; Herr Campanella an K. D. Wagner—no, Herr E. D. Wagner a "Campanella" (!) which sounds like one of Captain Harry Lee Carter's variations on the flute; Herr H. A. Vollenhaupt a "Polka-Etude," the *ad libitum* being warranted by the fact of the melody for the right hand being given in double notes; the late Robert Schumann a "Romance"—which has rendered necessary an extra bass staff to commit to paper—mysterious at first sight (Key F sharp major—orthodox Schumann), but, when examined closely, found to conceal—nothing; Herr C. Schnabel "Une reverie," under the influence of which, at bars 3, 4, last line of first page, he must have been thinking of the second theme in the first movement of Mendelssohn's trio in D minor; Herr Charles Mayer a "Novelte," in the most graceful, easy, and expressive manner that ingenious pianoforte composer (but in the name of Sir E. B. Lytton, why "Novelte"!) and Herr W. Kruger a "Chanson du Soldat," vigorous and well written, besides being characteristic of its title and boasting of a good broad tune, that any soldier might sing; Herr C. G. Lick an "Elgie," in which occurs (twice) the following curious point:—



"elegiac," perhaps, but not pleasant; Herr Rubinstein a "Barcarole," graceful and plaintive—the *spirit* of the first part, however, coming directly from Mendelssohn, who would hardly, nevertheless, have left the subjoined unconsidered:—



Herr Julius von Kolb a "Najade," who, in the course of her floating, is cast upon this hard rock:—



but is pretty for all that, and offers good remedies for those to whom the expansion of either or both hands is difficult; Friar Liszt, a "Consolation" (a sort of *notturno* in the peculiar style of the prophet of the *Zukunft*, when he wants to appear condescending and cant for the life of him be amiable)—dreamy, vague, unsatisfactory, and only half musical; Herr H. A. Wollenhaupt (No. 2), a "Chanson sans Paroles"—pleasing, tuneful, and well-written, but continually raising the impression of a strife to avoid appropriating one of the melodies of *I Puritani*; Herr C. Eckert, a very spirited "impromptu," which has evidently cost him some pains in preparing for improvisation; M. Stephen Heller, a charming little—what?—a charming little "Aubade" (?), which might have found a place among the *Vuists Blanchos*, or *Promenades Sôlitaires*, of the same thoughtful writer; Herr H. Schönchen, an engaging little romance entitled "La Fleurette"—a real musical fennette, which should have been christened "Schönchen," after its composer; Herr H. A. Wollenhaupt (No. 3), a very graceful "nocturne," which might almost pass for one of the baguettes of the author of *Der Freischütz*, so closely is the least pretending manner of that genial musician copied; Herr A. Lanner, a "polka moderato"—a moderate polka; Herr W. Taubert, a "canzonetta," just as dry as it is pretensions; Herr A. Jungmann, a nocturne, entitled "Le Repos," which will not disturb the slumbers of any one, being quiet and unobtrusive to a degree; Herr Francesco Berger, a serenade, called "Lena," which begins very agreeably and softly, but, on arriving at the subjoined point:—



one is compelled to lay it aside, and take breath; Herr R. Willmers a *valse sentimentale*, "Pour prendre congé," which is not sentimental and not original, but pretty and unaffected for all that; and (to conclude) Herr George Feaca a *galop brillant*, under the title of "Au revoir" (Op. 2), which is within three pages as long, and within an inch as dull, as his "Grande Polonaise Triumphale," at the beginning of the book.

We have unconsciously analysed the contents of the album-pudding after all. *N'importe*—if only our readers feel inclined to purchase a slice or two.

FERDINAND HILLER'S "SAUL."

THE Second Gesellschafts-Concert took place in the large room of the Gürzenich Establishment, on Tuesday, the 15th December. This was indeed an elevating, festive evening. Not only in the history of the musical matters of the City of Cologne, but in the annals of music generally, the 15th December, 1837, will be mentioned as the day on which a masterpiece of our own age was performed for the first time; the work is one which will move and delight generations yet to come, when the flood of ephemeral productions in the same department of art shall have long passed by, without leaving a trace behind, and when the names of the false prophets shall have died away.

The work in question is the oratorio of *Saul*, by Ferdinand Hiller. It achieved a brilliant success, such as, in the case of so serious and grand a composition, we have not witnessed since Mendelssohn's first appearance on the banks of the Rhine. The audience of the Gesellschafts-Concerts, whom it is not, as a rule, an easy task to warm, was generally excited in a manner we have scarcely ever seen: wherever a pause in the music allowed it, there was the most lively applause, and, at the conclusion of the first part, the fifteen hundred individuals, who, as auditors and exccentants, filled the room, the musicians' stage, and the galleries, broke out into a real jubilee of delight in honour of the composer. This operation was repeated with the same enthusiasm at the end of the second and third parts. The oratorio is long; it contains fifty pieces, and lasted from forty minutes past six o'clock until ten, including a pause of twenty minutes, and yet the anxious interest of the public was the same from beginning to end.

If we seek the reason of such a success, we shall find it, first, in the combination of the principal conditions necessary for the success of every great vocal work; in the appropriateness of the text, the rich imaginative power of the composer, and his perfect mastery, by sterling education and natural capabilities, of everything pertaining to composition. In the present case, however, there are two additional causes, which, in our opinion, contribute materially to the effect of the new work—a masterly combination of polyphonic labour with a free style, which pervades the whole; and secondly, the genial treatment of the orchestra.

We can no longer write like Bach and Handel; we cannot do so, from deficiency on the one hand, and superfluity on the other. We are wanting in the creative power to inspire, as they did, purely intellectual forms; and, perhaps, too, in that trusting belief in the spirit which actuated these heroes when engaged in the task of creation. On the other hand, Haydn, Mozart, and, above all, Beethoven, have opened for us the romantic domain of music in a manner of which the old authors had no notion, and the direction thus given to music has, in its turn, produced an abundance of musical menus to which we are now so accustomed, that not to employ such a mine of wealth has become a perfect impossibility.

• Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

When Mendelssohn revived the oratorio, he again joined the broken chain to the old traditions of Bach and Handel, but he felt that his time, which was a child of the French Revolution and the War of Freedom, had produced, even in music, an immense chasm between the Past and the Present, over which it was no longer possible to spring back. He endeavoured, therefore, to take a middle course, and was successful. In his *Zerstorung Jerusalems*, Hiller followed the same path, and his work, too, made the round of Europe. At present, however, he has gone a step further. His last two great vocal works, *Die Weibliche des Frühlings* and *Saul*, have altogether banished the epic element of the oratorio, and are especially dramatic, so that the lyric element, on the whole, only lays claim to the same place which it occupied in ancient tragedy.

While in the first-named work, the antique subject—the mystic historical background of the building of Rome, in consequence of an oath—rendered the new musical form and treatment less striking, that form, in connection with the biblical subject, in *Saul*, to which, according to the usual traditional ideas, it constitutes a contrast, is much more visible and intentional; and pretty nearly the same is true of it as of the grand D major Mass of Beethoven—instead of the usual and dogmatically sanctified, we have the ideal and elevated element, appealing to our purely human feelings. This same *Saul* is only an oratorio inasmuch as the subject is borrowed from the Old Testament; the style, in spite of all its freedom, possessing, at the same time, the essential qualities of the oratorical style, that is to say, polyphony in the choruses combined with seriousness and profundity in the melodic treatment. A more appropriate name for the work would be, "A Biblical Drama, set to Music."

Thus, by these two oratorical works, Hiller has created a new kind of vocal composition with orchestral accompaniment; its roots are struck in the character of the present time; it is modern music, but it everywhere pays homage to the laws of what is musically beautiful, which laws the development of music has established by means of the classical masters. It differs materially from similar efforts of Robert Schumann and Richard Wagner; from those of the first-named composer (in *Paradies und Peri*, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, etc.), by the grandeur and dramatic character of the subject; from both by the sterling polyphonic style, and from Wagner's style more especially by the melodically and harmonically beautiful treatment of the orchestra—a treatment which endeavours to produce its effects not by abrupt contrasts of chords and absolute noise, but by harmonic combinations, which, from their variety and novelty, never offend the ear—and by the beautiful melodies that twine around the principal musical ideas.

The space and nature of this paper do not allow us to go into a detailed analysis of *Saul*. For this we must refer our readers to the next number of the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*. The execution was admirable, and reflects the greatest honour upon all engaged without exception. It is something to say that, during a three hours' performance of a work of such difficulty, there should not have been a single hitch. But the excellent manner in which it was conducted, and the zeal of those engaged, were not the only things which contributed to the complete success of the work; there was another important cause—namely, the fact that the composer had not overrated the capabilities of the voices or the instruments. The only thing which might have been better, was not in the execution, but in the insufficient power of the tenor part of the chorus, which was stronger at rehearsal than at the concert itself. Most probably that arch-enemy of singers, namely, the influenza, which is pretty severe here at present, had kept many tenorists in their rooms. The ladies' chorus was, on the contrary, brilliant, and in both portions of it full of fresh voices; the basses, too, were strong and sonorous.

It is scarcely possible for any one who has not seen it with his own eyes and heard it with his own ears, to conceive the powerful effect of the choruses in the large hall. The very first chorus of victory sung by the people: "Saul hat Tugend geschlagen, David zohm Mal Tausend!" opens the action in an imposing manner. The other more remarkable features in the

first part are the chorus for female voices: "Wreckt ihn nicht," while Saul is asleep, and the entire chorus: "Wehe, die Geister der Nacht sind neu erwacht." We may, also, mention as a perfect gem in a melodic and harmonic view, the hymn of thanksgiving for David's preservation from Saul's lance: "Der Herr hat seine Seele vom Tode errettet." Yet this is surpassed by the finale of the first part, a piece for three voices, Michael (soprano), Jonathan (tenor), and Saul (baritone). The beauty of this is so soft and moving that it almost revives and strengthens the belief in the creation, now-a-days, of melodies full of soul.

In the second part, an admirable effect was produced by the chorus of shepherds, who accompany as warriors the fugitive David into the desert: "Werft hin den Hirtenstab!" then by the destruction of the population of the city of Noh; by the chorus "Wie schön und lieblich ist es, wenn in Eintracht Herrscher wohnen" but, above all, by the mourning chorus for Samuel's death, and the final chorus, which is one of the most spirited in the whole work.

In the third part, the battle-picture in the orchestra, with the chorus of women, who observe the fight from the heights, and describe its various fluctuations, is truly grand. The mourning chorus for Saul "Streifet ab die Prachtgewands" is especially original. A brilliant hymn of David, with the chorus, forms the conclusion of this powerful work.

The characters of the drama are: King Saul, baritone (Herr M. Du Mont-Fier); Michael, his daughter, soprano (Mdlle. Remond, of the Stadt-Theater); David, tenor (Herr Gubbela); Jonathan, tenor (Herr Pütz); Samuel, bass (Herr Reinthaler); the Witch of Endor, alto (Mad. B.); a servant of Saul, a warrior, Jesse, David's father, bass (Herr Schiffer).

The vocal solo pieces are partly recitatives and *ariosos*, immediately preceding the choruses, or appended to them, and partly more important compositions in the form of airs, duets, and trios. They are all impressed with a serious and noble character, and many of them are melodic embellishments to the whole work. A most extraordinary effect was produced by the anointing of David by Saul; the scene where Saul falls asleep in the cave, admirably given by Herr Du Mont-Fier; the aria of Michael in the second part; the trio, already mentioned, of Michael, Jonathan, and Saul, at the end of the first part; David's *arioso* in the first, and the Hymn to Jehovah in the last part. The recitative passages are full of truth and musical expression. We perceive in their treatment, and especially in the accompaniment and intermediate pieces of the orchestra, the hand of the master, especially if we compare their lively declamation with the psalmodes in *Lohengrin*.

Among the soloists, the palm is due to Herr Du Mont-Fier, for imparting to each intention of the author of the text, and of the composer, the most striking expression, while his powerful voice resounded wonderfully in the large hall. Madlle. Remond, too—who is especially successful in the highest passages, where her voice is heard to the greatest advantage—as well as the other gentlemen, sang their parts excellently, and were deservedly applauded.

It is to be hoped that the respected *maestro*, of possessing whom the city of Cologne and its musical institutions must be prouder than ever, will yield to the general desire for a speedy repetition of his magnificent work in a concert given for the purpose.

L. BISCHOFF.

MARKET DRATTON.—The new Singing Classes are likely to prove successful under the direction of Mr. Arthur Evans, especially as singing has been at such a very low ebb in this town for some time. Mr. Evans' method of teaching is the new figure system. The elementary part is taught by T. Rees Evans Cheadle.

ROTTERDAM.—On the 18th inst., there was a very successful performance, under the direction of Herr Verhütel, of V. Hiller's oratorio, *Die Zerstorung von Jerusalem*, the executors being the choral "Rotterdam" of the Society of the Netherlands for the Advancement of Music. The part of Jeremiah was ably sustained by Herr Schiffer, of Cologne.

MENDELSSOHN IN BELGIUM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The *Précis* of *Annuaire* of the 21st, contains the following paragraph:—

"Le grand concert d'abord organisé pour le 26 courant, au profit de l'Hospice St.-Charles, vient, par suite de diverses circonstances, d'être ajourné au mois de Février prochain.

"Cette solennité musicale rencontrera la sympathie générale par son but d'abord, et puis aussi par son importance musicale.

"On y exécutera, entre autres grandes œuvres musicales, le magnifique oratorio No. 1 de Mendelssohn.

"On parle de 50 chanteurs, et de 40 chanteuses, sans compter l'orchestre du théâtre. Le festival sera placé sous la direction de M. Eyckens.

"Nous aurons occasion de reparler de cette bonne œuvre, et du but qui l'inspire."

Paris, the paradise of the civilized, has allowed Mendelssohn, with the aid of interpolations and excisions, admission to her polished circles. So our "little-big" friends in Belgium are seized with a spirit of emulation, and "entre autres grandes œuvres musicales," will introduce Mendelssohn's magnificent oratorio "Number One!" (Query—the first part of the *St. John*?)

Yours obediently,
ANGELICA.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN AT VIENNA.*

At his first concert, Herr Rubinstein selected only compositions of his own. Should we not be justified in supposing that, by the adoption of this course, he wished in the first place to be recognized and judged as a composer? I am left in uncertainty as to his intentions. If Herr Rubinstein wanted to bring himself forward as a composer, we do not in the least blame him for selecting exclusively pieces of his own composition, but then he really ought to have chosen something different. He has, if we are not mistaken, written many things possessing indisputably no inconsiderable merit, relatively speaking, at least; works incomparably superior to those he performed on the present occasion. If it is, however, in his character as an executive artist—we say "artist"—that he is impelled to gather laurels, then his programme was still more exceptional. We expect that an artist shall keep in view only the one great object, namely, art; that his own personal interest shall be completely merged in this, and that he shall, therefore, pursue it in the exact proportion and degree that he feels himself, in his efforts, nearer to or further from its high, pure claims. Would it not have been a nobler kind of ambition had Herr Rubinstein shown he was influenced by a desire to make the public appreciate some of the important old or new works—but little if at all known—in which piano-forte literature is so rich, and in the triumph of such compositions to perceive the greatest triumph for himself as well, instead of boring the audience with his own inane and flashy compositions, and prating, at the most, that he is a very extraordinary virtuoso player, and can produce a piano that is scarcely audible even to the persons on the third bench in the pit.

Herr Rubinstein played a new trio in B flat major. This, with the exception of the ingenious and original *scherzo*, and some clever touches in the finale, is altogether an insignificant work, in which a whirlwind of rapid passages conceals the nothingness of the original idea, and a certain display of outward force supplies the place of inward energy. "The Melodies" which came next belong to a sort of which there are millions of examples. The "Capriccio" and the "Polonaise"—the latter, by the way, being no polonaise at all—are merely a series of senseless and tasteless passages up and down the keyboard. In conclusion, we heard a prelude and a fugue. The prelude is a clever piece, full of beautiful harmonic combinations, but was completely distorted by the incomprehensibly rapid tempo in which it was taken; the fugue, however, is not a fugue, since the repeated part-introduction of a

contrapuntally-arranged theme does not stamp as a fugue a piece of music, which, in other respects, lies completely beyond the limits of the form in question. Apart from this it contains some clever points.

That Herr Rubinstein is an eminent virtuoso was shown on the present occasion, brilliantly enough; but we should like, even in an executive artist, to have an opportunity of admiring something more than the victorious accomplishment of the greatest and most superfluous difficulties, and the virtuoso-like perfection of the piano and pianissimo through every nicety of gradation.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschaft's Concert took place on the 22nd instant. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in C, Mozart. Recitative and Aria of Juno (from *Semele*), Handel.—Mlle. Jenny Meyer. "Ave verum" (for chorus and stringed instruments), Mozart. Aria, "Dove sono" (*Figaro*), Mozart.—Mlle. Bemd. Second concerto, in F minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Chopin.—Herr Ferdinand Brenning. And Aria, "Qual pianto," Rossini.—Mlle. Jenny Meyer.

PART II.—Overture and introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini.

The symphony went very well, although the first two movements were taken rather too slowly. This, however, is preferable to the manner in which they are sometimes hurried over. Mlle. Jenny Meyer was very successful in the recitative (*Semele*), and was greatly applauded and recalled after the air. One great feature in the first part was the rendering of Chopin's concerto by Herr Ferdinand Brenning, who was heard to the best advantage in the last movement, which he executed brilliantly, and without the slightest affectation of manner, without a glimpse of the Rubinstein and Balow "business."

The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was performed with great spirit, and—thanks to the members of the chorus, with their fresh voices, so different from the worn-out voices of theatrical chorists—the marvellous beautiful introduction produced a deep impression. How far does this music surpass all the patchwork stuff of modern times! Here are three composers having names which end in *ini*, and for whom every one who wishes music to be written not for the eyes, but for the heart and ears, entertains the greatest respect—Cherubini, Spontini, and Rossini. To write like these Italians requires genius; all the arts of mere fabrication are here of no avail.

The audience warmly applauded the whole performance, and, despite of the preparations people were making for the festivities of Christmas—the room was quite full.

TRIESTE, Dec. 19th.—(From a Correspondent).—I have no musical event to record this week, for the Theatre Carignan is closed, and at the Theatre Rossini (the only opera house at present open) the company is so far below mediocrity, that I have not had sufficient courage to assist at another representation since the tortures I endured some time ago during the performance of, or rather the selection from, *I due Pescari*, for many of the principal scenes were omitted, from the inability of the *prime donne*, Mlle. Ballerini, and the baritone, Sig. Colongo, to scream and shout high enough. However, managers and singers, and scene-painters, are now all fully occupied with preparation, and on December 26th we shall have two or three first-rate theatres open; and it is asserted that the artists who are to appear here during the Carnival are superior to those engaged in any other city in the north of Italy, Milan not excepted. At the Regio, which is the principal theatre, the season will commence with *Rigoleto*, which will be followed immediately by the *Prospetta*, the production of which is looked forward to with unusual interest, as it is announced that it will be brought out in a manner worthy of its illustrious composer (which, by-the-by, it certainly has not been in any other Italian city). The *prime donne* are Meddes, Moresca-Sainti, Marai, and Lancia—the last a *débütante*; tenors, Signor Massimiliani and Mirate; baritone, Sig. Pizzicati, and basso, Sig. Benedetti, of whom report speaks favorably. It was rumored that Signor Beneventano and Violetti, with whom you are well acquainted, would be heard here this winter; but I should think there was no foundation in the report. At the Vittorio Emanuele I hear great things are expected. The two first operas will be,

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Mosè and Guglielmo Tell. The prima donna is Mdle. di Cartello and the tenor, Sig. Carrion: baritone, sig. Merly, who was at the Grand Opéra at Paris; and the basso, Sig. Atty, the only artist worthy of the establishment, at the Canobbiana, at Milan, during the autumn season. I do not hear much in favour of either of the ladies, Mesdles. Scotti and Rosie, engaged at the Teatro Nazionale, but the tenor, Sig. Castellani, is highly spoken of. The first opera which will be given here are *La Traviata* and *Afrida*. From the list of operas with which the various theatres open, I think you will agree with me, that the managers have shown good judgment in providing entertainments to suit all tastes. I doubt not that every theatre will be filled for many a night, which was impossible a few seasons ago, when they were all giving either *Il Trovatore* or *La Traviata*.

GEORGIO RONCONI.—This great artist appeared at the Havannah on the 16th of November, as Figaro, in the *Barbieri*, and obtained a prodigious success. Signor Tagliacoff, the same evening, sustained the part of Don Basilio. The papers are in raptures with Ronconi, and no wonder.

M. GASTON DE LILLE—(Communiqnd.)—This popular composer of dance music has this week arrived in London. His latest works, "Ventre à terre" (Galop), "Rayons de Soleil" (Valse), "Columbine" (Mazourka), and "Polka des Singes" have created a *furore* in Paris, at the balls, this Christmas.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Beckstone. On Saturday, January 2nd, Monday, January 4th, and during the week, to commence at 7 o'clock with the various Comedies of SPEED THE PLOUGH. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pastime, entitled THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE WIFE OF THE FAIRY. The scenery by Mr. William Calcott; Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Lecker; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Lecker; the Prince as on her travels, Miss Louisa Lecker.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained till the close of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for looking) 6s. each. First Boxes.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Second Boxes.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Guippsdian.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KRAN.

ON MONDAY, 4th January, Shakspeare's tragedy of *HAMLET* will be performed. Hamlet, by Mr. C. Kran, being his first appearance in that character for two years. Tuesday 5th, *THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS* Wed.-day, 6th (last time), *RICHARD THE SECOND*. Thursday, 7th (in *Jessie's Night*) the pit is comedy, to two acts, of *THE WONDERFUL WOMAN*, with the *PANTOMIME*. The whole to conclude by *Half-past Ten*. Friday 8th, *HAMLET*. Saturday, 9th, *THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS*. *THE PANTOMIME* every evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *THE TRAGEDY QUERN*. After which the new extravaganza of *THE DOGE OF DURALTO*. To conclude with *CHINOISE*. Commence at Half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—This evening, *THE WRECK OF THE WIRL-TON-WHIS!* After which *HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CUPID AND PSYCHE*. Harlequin, Miss Marie Weston; Columbine, Miss Mary Keel-y; Pantaloon, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Harlequin; Pantaloon, Mr. Beckington.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. John Douglas.

On Monday and during the week, to commence with the various Christmas Comic Pastimes called *GEORGEY FORGET FIDDING AND PIE*, OR *HARLEQUIN DADDY LONG LEGS*. To conclude with a favourite drama, in which Mrs. B. Houser will perform. Morning Performance every Monday at Half-past Twelve.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILF ALBA

PHIKKEL, Physician to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia—*PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC*, without the aid of any Apparatus, TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2, and every evening at 8. Boxes, 5s.; Gallery, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas. One Guinea and-a-half and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M. M. AND J. D. (Edinburgh).—The water has been married to the spirits. The native customs of such natives are to be respected. The recipe is of extreme efficiency. Its administration is facile. "Such brooks are welcome."

MARRIED.

On the 26th December, James Thomson, Esq., to Fanny, eldest daughter of Charles Lucas, Esq.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2ND, 1858.

ADMITTING everything that has been said and published in favour of the recent operatic campaign at the Lyceum Theatre (to which we have ourselves afforded all the support in our power), it is nevertheless essential to consider the undertaking from a point of view hitherto ignored—although of vital importance, if, as we are told, a permanent national musical theatre be contemplated. We promised last week to "resume" the season; but on second thoughts there is nothing to "resume"—nothing to say that has not been said already. The historical facts are these;—Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne* (or rather an English version of it, with certain interpolations by no means complimentary to Auber), and Mr. Wallace's *Marians* were very successful; the *Huguenots* and the *Trovatore* were just the contrary; the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Sonnambula* (in an English dress), brought great houses, at the benefits of Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne; and Mr. Balfe's new opera, *The Rose of Castile*, ran upwards of forty nights.

Tacitus, in the first book of his *Annals*, presents a retrospect of Roman history, from Romulus to the Empire, in twenty lines; and without pretending to rival Tacitus, we have given the history of the recent Lyceum enterprise in less than half as many. Now, the compliments lavished on Miss Pyne's singing, on Mr. Alfred Mellon and his orchestra, and on the "ensemble" (there is no equivalent in our language) generally, were amply merited. We joined in the chorus of praise as heartily as any of our contemporaries—only with an "arrière pensée," to which (we are inclined to believe) our contemporaries were strangers.

"Of what use all this success, unless it is made the foundation of a national opera,—an institution of which Paris can boast three examples, while London, three times as big as Paris, does not possess one?" Such was our *arrière pensée*—such was the reflection that arose to qualify what would otherwise have been our unrestricted approval of the Harrison-Pyne management. The question then suggested itself—"What is a national opera?" And the answer came readily enough—not the Lyceum, as hitherto conducted. A national opera is not the *Huguenots* and the *Trovatore*, mutilated and travestied—not the *Crown Diamonds*, with absurd interpolations—and not an opera by Mr. Balfe, or any other composer, "every night till further notice." A national opera should resemble the Opéra-Comique in Paris. Foreigners may compose for it as well as natives, but the vernacular tongue must be the medium of representation. If a new work is successful, give it a fair chance (as at the Opéra-Comique), by running it twice or thrice a week; and on the off-nights present other operas that have not merited oblivion. Mr. Balfe is a man of brilliant talent. But Mr. Balfe is not the only British composer; and if we are to have the *Rose of Castile*

thirty or forty times without intermission, for the sole profit of the music-publishers, we get, instead of a national opera, a music-publisher's opera—which is quite another thing. Mr. Bunn gave us an opera, for many years, the advantage of which was equally apportioned between himself (as poet) and Mr. Balfe (as composer), on one side, and the music-publishers, who had bought the copyright both of poem and composition, on the other. Of course the oftener a new work was played, the greater number of copies were sold of certain popular ballads, and the more productive were "author's rights" to the joint concertors of the work. It would be difficult to find any larger degree of nationality in such a concern than in a joint stock company for the exclusive benefit of its own members; and our apprehension that Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, whose beginning promised so well, may insensibly glide into the joint-stock system, induces us to withhold for the present our *unqualified* adhesion to their cause.

To the above argument, and its corollary—that the principal gainers by the Lyceum enterprise have been Mr. Balfe, Mr. A. Harris, and those in whom is vested the copyright of *The Ross of Castille*,—we are quite aware, abettors of the joint-stock system may reply, that the enterprise could not be made to pay in any other manner, and that, but for *The Ross of Castille*, Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison would have been considerable losers, instead of considerable winners. So far as it regards Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, this retort would be a clencher; but in connection with the true interests of art, and the genuine prospects of a national opera, it is unworthy consideration. The Lyceum managers must not hoist false colours. If they sail under the national flag let them be national; otherwise, some fine day, they may incur the risk of being arraigned as pirates. Their address to the public (which will be found in another column), talks largely about the establishment of English opera. On this they lay stress, as the main argument of their appeal for continued support. They pin their faith to English opera—in which they repose, and have always reposed, entire confidence. Here is one passage, among others, with which the "farewell address" is, as the term goes, "bristling":—

"We have both of us been all our lives firm believers in the vitality of English Opera. During the long years it has been slumbering amongst us, whoever may have deemed it dead, we never once lost faith in it, nor ever for a moment gave up the cheering hope that English Opera would awake once more, possibly all the stronger for its long repose. Firm in this belief, we entered into partnership, endeavoured, to the best of our abilities, to organise the most efficient company we could obtain to aid us in the work, and have ever devoted all our energies to the realisation of the hope we had long entertained, of once more establishing in our native land an opera in our native tongue. Encouraged by your kind support, may we not look upon that hope as accomplished?"

Certainly not yet. The great events of the first campaign were the singing of Miss Louisa Pyne and the administration of the musical department by Mr. Alfred Mellon. But these were only means to an end which is even now only "looming in the distance," and which a threatened return to the system that ended in the downfall of the Bunn régime leaves further off than on the night when the theatre opened so auspiciously under your united management. Had you presented such English operas as the *Mountain Symp*, *Charles II.*, or the *Night Dancers* (which were all to be had for the asking—ready copied, and familiar to the majority of your company), on the off nights, instead of parodies of the *Huguenots* and the *Trovatore*; had you, during the latter half of the season,

given *The Ross of Castille* three nights a week, in lieu of six—thus affording opportunities for other works which deserve the honour quite as well; and had you done other things, too numerous to mention, which you omitted to do, you would not only have saved yourselves—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison—a vast deal of physical fatigue, you would not only have gone to the provinces fresher and stronger, but you would have gathered round you true lovers of the art of music (who are also inclined on all reasonable occasions to be its firm supporters); and, last, not least, the "end" to which allusion has been made, and for which you profess to labour—the permanent establishment of a national opera—now "looming in the distance" (almost beyond the reach of the largest telescope) in all probability would have been "looming" in the near. Be persuaded that a joint-stock company, with no other object than the personal benefit of its associates, is not, and can never be, regarded as a national undertaking.

The following was the 14th clause in an examination paper of St. John's, Cambridge, at the beginning of last month:—

"Bach's 'Well-tempered Clavier' consists of two books, each containing the same number of fugues. In the first book, instead of having (as usual) one subject, one fugue has two, and another has a prime number; in the second book, two less than half the number of fugues in it have two subjects, and one has the same prime number as before, which is a measure of the whole number of fugues, and also of the whole number of subjects diminished by 18. If the whole number of fugues were increased by 1, 1-7th of the result (which is an integer) is less by 2 than 1-3rd of the whole number of subjects in the first book. How many fugues are there, and of what kind?"

When the Director of the Musical Union has solved the above, he may rub his hands and exclaim, "How is it these big-wigged professors look down upon musicians! I defy any professor, of any college—no matter what he professes—to decipher one of my analyses of the works of the great masters; and yet, here am I—a musician if anything, and if not a musician nothing—just as *au fait* at the 14th clause of St. John's examination paper as if I had prepared it myself. There are 48 fugues in the *Clavier bien Tempéré!*—of what kind may be seen in my *Record*."

Thus might the Director (having solved the enigma) triumphantly apostrophise those arrogant professors, who (may they receive absolution!), until Dr. Bennett and Sir Gore Ouseley came among them, had probably never heard of Herr Rubinstejn's oratorio.

But—to leave burlesque—we are pleased to see the venerated name of John Sebastian Bach on a university examination paper. It gives rise to many reflections, and among the rest to one not exactly favourable to men of science and learning who have been in the habit of ignoring music and snubbing its disciples. If these ciphered and lettered pundits could only form a notion of what kind of man was Bach—how far his science went beyond theirs—how to master the entire secret of harmony was a task more difficult than any they could accomplish—and how to use, as he used, the knowledge his indomitable perseverance had acquired was the result of a genius to which not one of them can pretend, they might perhaps be disposed to modify their tone, and incline their heads when a genuine musician passed. It is after all, perhaps, a benefit that God has conferred upon musicians, to whom (we mean of course the intellectual class of musicians) he has given the faculty of knowing why Bach was as great as Bacon, while they who despise them are unable to perceive why Bacon was

as great as Bach. Well might Handel exclaim—a man of greater imagination though of less profundity than Bach—when, in recognition of the worth of his *Athalie*, he was offered, at Oxford, the diploma of doctor of music—"Vat de dyll I trow my money away for dat which de blockhead wish! I no want!" Had he accepted it (and paid the one hundred guineas, he would have stood no higher in the estimation of philosophers to whom his grandest music was no better than a tinkling cymbal. M. Schuler, his biographer, asks aptly—"Of what service could such a degree be to Handel!" We have been getting a little wiser in these matters since the music-master was abroad, benefiting his species, in his own gentle and innocent way, just as much as the schoolmaster in a more common-place and directly utilitarian manner.

By the way—to resume burlesque—the very examination paper alluded to offers a proof that the heads of universities are at a stand-still for subjects. Clause 4 is as follows:—

"What is meant by discount? If the discount on £567 be £34 1s. 3d. 74., simple interest being reckoned at 4½ per cent. per ann. when is the sum due?"

As if there was ever a gowmsman so opaque as not to know what was meant by discount, and when a given sum (or rather a sum lent) became due! In such a dearth of complex problems, the director of the Musical Union might gracefully (and with dignity) forward, by the next Cambridge mail, a complete copy of *The Record*.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the last University concert, which took place on the 4th ultimo, the *Requiem* of Mozart was performed, under the direction of Professor Sternale Bennett. Since the appointment of this eminent musician to the chair, art has been decidedly "looking up" at Cambridge.

MADLE JETT TREFFZ has returned to VIENNA. This charming and intelligent *lieder-sangerin* must have been deeply gratified with the enthusiastic greeting of her English friends when she took leave of them at the last concert of M. Julien.

M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS AT LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—These performances have been attended with even more than usual success during the week, the audience having been nightly crowded, and the applause enthusiastic. Besides the most salient points of his recent London programmes, the popular director has had the powerful additional attraction of Madame Grial, rendered exceedingly interesting by her singing, for the first time, an English song. The piece chosen by the great prima donna for her first essay in our language was a new composition of Mr. Macfarren, "O, weep for England's daughters," which she sang with a power of declamation and depth of feeling that delighted all who heard her, and proved to them that the language of true sentiment never had a better interpreter, whatever the vernacular in which she may express herself. It would be redundant to describe the reception of this admirable performance; all who know the power of the artist know also how irresistible is one of her very best efforts.

REMINO WEE ARS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The last soirée of the winter season, on Wednesday, the 16th ult., was fully attended. The concert began with a sonata for piano and violin, by Beethoven, performed by Messrs. Lehmann and Kettner. Madame Weiss sang Beethoven's "Per Fieta," and a ballad called "O, would I were the honey bee," with much success. Songs were also given by M. Schmelzer, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Paget. Miss Elliot played a new piano trio with Herr Goffrie and M. Vieuxtemps. M. Vieuxtemps (brother of the celebrated violinist), introduced, as solo, a violoncello fantasia, by Servais. The members, satisfied with what Herr Goffrie, the manager, has effected for the institution, have promised to support him next season, which will commence in March.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A CHRISTMAS SEASON at the Italian Opera has not been known for upwards of thirty years. An opportunity at last presented itself. Parliament convoked brought numbers to London, and these "numbers" were, in turn, convoked by Mr. Lumley.

Three "extra nights" were announced at reduced prices; and these have proved so successful, that yet another "three" and one extra are to follow in their train. So that, within a few days of the first announcement, seven nights were "fixed;" and, in all likelihood, these will generate others *ad infinitum*.

The performances began on Tuesday with the *Travatore*, in which Signor Giuglini and Madlle. Spezia sustained the chief parts. Signor Aldighieri, who appeared for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, was the Count di Luna, and a Madlle. Sondina made her *début* as Azucena. Signor Aldighieri was nervous at the outset, but in the familiar "Il balen" he recovered confidence, and sang with such effect as to obtain a unanimous encore. Of Madlle. Sondina we can say nothing favourable.

Madlle. Spezia, in Leonora, exhibited all the energy and passion of last season. Her voice has rather improved than deteriorated in quality. Her performance throughout was powerful and dramatic. Signor Giuglini was in splendid voice, and roused the audience to enthusiasm in "Di quella pira," after being encored in the air, "Ah! si ben mio." The "Miserere" was also encored.

On Thursday, the attractions of *La Traviata* and Madlle. Piccolomini again filled the theatre in every part. Mr. Lumley's "pet" (and the public's) was received with the usual honours, and went through the character of Violetta with the same irresistible effect as ever. There were three encores—the *brindisi*, "Ibbiamo," by Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini; the air, "Di miei volenti," by Signor Giuglini; and the duet, "Parigi, o cara." Signor Aldighieri was Giorgio, and Signor Castell, from the recent Opéra Buffa company at the St. James's, of whom, on more than one occasion, we have spoken in high terms, the Doctor. Signor Castell has a good voice, and is a good singer. He will make his way in due time.

To-night *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini and Belletti will appear.

MISS LOUISA VAN NOORDEN gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, the 3rd instant, under the patronage of the Earl of Westmorland. She was assisted by Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Leffer, Miss Ada Leffer, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. Elliott Galer, and Herr Richard Deck, as vocalists; and by Herr Goffrie (violin), and Mr. P. E. Van Noorden and pupil (pianoforte), as instrumentalists. The concert opened with Dabone and De Beriot's "Grand Duo" for pianoforte and violin; an aria, from *Guillaume Tell*, executed by Mr. P. E. Van Noorden and Herr Goffrie. Then followed several vocal *soyrezes*, the most worthy of note being "Come into the garden, Maud," by Mr. Elliott Galer, "Dove sono," by Miss Louisa Vinning, the rondo "Nel dolce incanto" (encored), by Miss Louisa Van Noorden, Madame Glover's serenade, "Wake, dearest, wake," by Mr. Charles Braham (for whom it was expressly composed), and the air "Ah! fors'ò lui," from *La Traviata* (encored), by Miss Louisa Vinning. The concert terminated with the song from the *Bois de Castille*, "I'm but a simple peasant maid," unassistedly rendered by Miss Louisa Van Noorden.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Monday, the 28th ult., in the lower hall, Exeter Hall, which was crowded with the friends and subscribers. The soloists were Misses L. Gilbert, Vernon, M. Wells, J. Wells, Messrs. Dyson and Lawler. The oratorio was admirably executed. Mr. Surman conducted, with his accustomed zeal and ability.

YORK.—On Wednesday evening the Festival Concert Room was crowded to excess by a fashionable audience, who assembled to hear the *Messiah* performed by the York Choral Society. The principal soloists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Hincheliff, and Mr. Lambert, who acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner. The choruses went remarkably well.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

The following was the address to the public circulated by Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne at the last night of their first season:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In taking leave of you on this, the last night of our operatic season, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without thanking you most warmly and most sincerely for the very great and liberal patronage you have bestowed upon our attempt to establish an English Opera in the English metropolis. We have both of us been all our lives firm believers in the vitality of English Opera. During the long years it has been slumbering amongst us, whoever may have deemed it dead, we never once lost faith in it, nor ever for a moment gave up the cheering hope that English Opera would awake once more, possibly all the stronger for its long repose. Firm in this belief, we entered into partnership, and, anchored, to the best of our abilities, to organise the most efficient company we could obtain to aid us in the work, and here ever devoted all our energies to the realisation of the hope we had long entertained, of once more establishing in our native land an opera in our native tongue. Encouraged by your kind support, may we not look upon that hope as accomplished? Far be it from either of us to join the senseless cry of want of patronage to native talent. Far, indeed, is it from our thoughts to bridge over one single cheer of the applause bestowed by a discriminating British public upon the admirable artists, collected at such cost, and with such pains, from every nation upon earth, to sing at our Italian theatre. There is abundant room for all of us, and your kind patronage, for which we are now thanking you, proves that the English people will support their countrymen and countrywomen in any well-meant endeavour to set on foot an opera in a language all can understand, and at prices all can pay. Of the most generous little seed we sowed in commencing our undertaking, it was our determination to present each opera with all the completeness of detail in every respect which it was possible to attain. This determination we have, to the very best of our ability, honestly carried out; and for the ready and willing assistance rendered us in this undertaking, we here publicly tender our heartiest thanks to every individual member of our company, from the highest to the lowest. To the most generous of the special patrons, our thanks are due; the flattering terms in which they here one and all spoken of our enterprise, and the invaluable aid which we have afforded it, by directing public notice to the operas produced, will ever be remembered by us with heartfelt gratitude; and the praise they have been kind enough to bestow upon us for the part will stimulate us to renewed exertions to deserve it for the future. And now, one word about the future. Our tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre expires this evening, consequently, though we would gladly prolong a season, rendered by your kindness so propitious, we are compelled to leave you for awhile. But we hope not for long. We trust that we may soon return to London, and establish an English Opera upon a more permanent footing. Your generous support emboldens us to hope that the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company has made a "name" at all times more now in our abject state than our obligations are pending, by which we trust that "local habitation" will be secured for us; so that, though we are now reluctantly compelled to say farewell, we are encouraged by the feeling that we may add, "au revoir." It has ever been a maxim in our management to refrain from making promises, the fulfilment of which a thousand unforeseen circumstances might render impossible. But firmly believing, by the kind interest you have shown in our undertaking, that you too share with us the hope of seeing English Opera permanently established among us, we think it only right to impart to you our intentions for the future. In the first place we are most desirous of producing original operas, written in the English language, for English singers; and would most respectfully invite the aid of native composers, whose works we shall ever be proud to receive, and, if acceptable, to place before the public in the best manner which our slight talents permit. We have now by us an original opera, written expressly for us, which has never yet been represented in England, but which it was our full intention to have played this season, had not the unprecedented success of Balfe's *Rose of Castille* prevented it. This opera, the work of an American, Mr. George Bristow, has met with the most enthusiastic reception everywhere in the United States; and next season we hope the verdict of a London audience may confirm that of the young, vigorous, and generous public, to which the opera has just first seen the light. While speaking of the future movements of our company, we may, perhaps, be allowed to mention, with mingled feelings of pride and of gratitude for the high honour conferred upon us, that we have been commanded to represent *The Rose of Castille* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the occasion of the celebration of the forthcoming

suspicious event, the marriage of the eldest daughter of our Most Gracious Queen. And now, ladies and gentlemen, apologising for trespassing so long upon your attention, allow us once more to return you our most sincere and heartfelt thanks; and in our own name and that of the entire company, to bid you respectfully and gratefully farewell.

Lyceum Theatre, Dec. 19th, 1857.

LOUISA PYNE.
W. HARRISON.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

PANTOMIME this year is decidedly in the ascendant; every theatre in the metropolis, on this and that side the Thames, exchanging burlesque and extravaganza for the pantomime, and, copying the Olympic and the Strand, the Olympic, of course, and its writers to the services of Mr. Robson, who, having made some of the greatest hits in extravaganza, could hardly be dispensed with even in the Christmas performance. The Lyceum provided both species of entertainments, turning the opening, or introductory part of the pantomime, into a burlesque, which is by no means an improvement on the ancient fashion.—The Drury Lane pantomime, is entitled *Little Jack Horner*; or, *Harlequin A J C*, and is written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The opening is not very brilliant as to the writing, nor clear as to the plot. Mr. W. Beverley's scene of the "Grand Aquarium, or Palace of the Water Nymphs," is perhaps one of the most dazzling and effective ever witnessed. Mr. Flexmore is again the clown of (modern) clowns.—At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone has taken the charming fairy tale, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and fashioned it in his own artistic manner into perhaps the most striking pantomime of the season. The introduction sparkles with fun, and there are some capital hits in the harlequinade. A few songs interspersed, however, would have enhanced the effect, since music is an indispensable element of pantomime. Mr. Buckstone takes care that his visitors during the holidays shall not be stilled off with mere pantomime. A good old-fashioned comedy—*Speed the Plough*—leads the performance, the entire of the *Little Jack Horner* of the company. The title of the pantomime at the Lyceum, *Lalla Rookh*; or, *the Princess, the Peri, and the Troubadour*, is from the pen of Mr. William Brough, to our thinking, the neatest and most humorous he has written. The story follows Moore's poem in the main features; but the incidents of the "Fireworkshippers" and "Paradise and the Peri" are amalgamated with the fortunes of *Lalla Rookh*. Mr. Alfred Mellon makes a respectable Ferarroz; Mr. Charles Dillon plays *Lalla Rookh*; and Mr. Toole, a brigand fireworkshipper. The last character is unusually well drawn, and is sustained with capital effect. The scene leading to the transformation, the *Palace of the Peri*, is exceedingly beautiful. On Monday, Mr. Charles Dillon appeared in Bulwer's play, *Bichselin*. The character of the wily cardinal is not well suited to him. He was seen to great advantage, on Tuesday, as the hero in *Dus Cesar de Barce*.—The Princess's pantomime, by Mr. M. Morton, is called *Harlequin White Cat*. It is taken from the well-known fairy tale.—In the Olympic extravaganza, *The Doge of Duralto*; or, *the Enchanted Eyes*, Mr. Robson plays a kind of burlesque Daddy Hardacre part, and, as may be imagined, is the misanthrope of the piece. Mr. B. B. Brough is the author.—Mr. Selby has furnished the pantomime for the Adelphi, and has dived into classic lore to fish up his plot. It is named *Harlequin and the Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. Miss Maria Wilson is Cupid, and Miss Mary Keeley Psyche. The Sadler's Wells' Pantomime is entitled *Beauty and the Beast*; is that of the Surrey Theatre *Queen Mab*; or, *Harlequin Romeo and Juliet*; Astley's, *Don Quixote and his Steed Rosinante*; the City of London, *William II. and ye Fugive Maid of Harrow*; the Standard, *Georgy Forgey Pudding and Pye*; or, *Harlequin Old Daddy Long Legs*; and the Victoria, *Harlequin Prince Love-the-Day and the Queen Beauty*; or, *Little Red Hood and the Elf in the Well*—and here we pause to take breath. It is only necessary to add that every place of amusement on Boxing night was crowded to suffocation, and that all the theatres are reported to be doing well during the week.

BARNLEY.—On Wednesday evening, the 23rd December, the members of the Musical Union gave a grand miscellaneous concert in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on which occasion the following vocalists assisted: Miss Whitham, Miss Crossland, Mr. Pyrah, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Delavanti. Mr. Wood, organist at the Pitt-street Chapel, presided at the piano-forte. There was a moderate attendance, and the whole of the performances passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

AMERICAN VIEW OF HERR FORMES.

HERR FORMES has appeared in three operas already at the "Academy of Music," as the Italian lyric theatre is entitled at New York—in *Roberto il Diavolo*, Flotow's *Martha*, and *I Puritani*. Although labouring under the ill effects of a cold, he appears to have been eminently successful. In a notice of his second performance of Bertram, the *New York Times* publishes the following *aperçu* of the famous basso's qualifications generally:—

"Herr Formes is in better voice, but he has not fully recovered from the ill effects of his cold. His acting was unusually dramatic. At what degree on the art-barometer Herr Formes will arrive in the future we cannot foresee. At present he displays the capacity of an artist of the first class, and delights rather than astonishes. The compass of his voice is immense, but, from cold or otherwise, it is a little tremulous in the lower notes. Of cultivation and execution he has enough; and some refinements of vocalisation which he uses are quite unusual in the bass voice, and impart to his singing an agreeable tinge of purely delicate sentiment. Indeed we should judge that Herr Formes is a *basso* of feeling rather than force; a man who suggests quite as much as he expresses— who overcomes without overpowering. This we say without stinting the measure of his voice, which is lustrous; or its quality, which is glorious. The deficiency which we have noticed in his two performances of the opera is, in what is called tone-stroke, or in other words, the power of seizing on a detached note or the opening note of a phrase with immediate vigour and accuracy. It is a gift which demonstrates the highest perfection of vocal organisation, and is therefore rare, even in the first singers. All that art can supply is accentuation; this is natural, and springs from nature. Herr Formes never indulges in it. He gets on his phrases with extreme caution, and expands when he feels that he is safe, but not before. Unlike most basses, he is seldom heavy, and rarely drags the time. On the other hand, we may add that he is occasionally faulty in tone, and that some of his notes are very much like the bass notes on modern pianos, difficult to distinguish by name, but generally useful in their place. Apart from these little matters, Herr Formes stands before us a magnificent exponent of a magnificent class of voice, and we are sure that whoever listens to him will be delighted."

The same journal writes of Herr Formes in the opera of *Martha* as follows:

The feature of the performance was of course Herr Formes, and once more this gentleman gave us a dramatic treat, as well as a musical sufficiency. His make-up was admirable, and he bore a hearty and full of individuality. As an actor Herr Formes deserves to rank with the best on the stage, and his voice in light rôles of this kind is wonderfully telling and effective. This performance was well received, and will, no doubt, attract a fine house to-night.

The other papers speak of the German singer in no less favourable terms.

The *New York Herald*—which, for circulation and influence, may almost claim the title of *Yankee Musical World*—is in the best humour with Herr Formes, as the following will show:

"The first German opera for the season—Flotow's *Martha*—was given at the Academy last evening, to a splendid house. The crowd was quite as dense as at the first night of *Robert le Diable*, and proved fully that Herr Formes has made a thorough success, under all the circumstances, crises, and other impediments—perhaps the greatest triumph of his career, which has been a series of successes. The opera is quite familiar to the public here, having been given in a slipshod way several times at the Academy and elsewhere. It was done last night better than ever before. The merits of Mad. de la Grange's *Martha* are patent. The great attraction of the night, Herr Formes in Plunkett, fulfilled the highest expectations that had been raised. He gave the highest proof of his artistic ability and great versatility, passing at once from the heavy melo-dramatic music of Bertram to this light comic *ridic*. He sings in German with more facility than in Italian, and gave the most thorough dramatic identification with the character. The duet in the first act with the tenor, Piekensner, who is much improved, was so admirably sung as to command an encore from an audience which knew perfectly well where to applaud and where to condemn; and so on throughout the performance, was a perfect triumph—a grand success."

With the *New York Herald* to back him, Herr Formes may feel at ease—since every one is aware of the entire disinterestedness of that enormous sheet.

IPSWICH AND COLCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—Two concerts were given in Ipswich and Colchester by Mr. R. W. Foster (professor of music), with the object of introducing a more classical programme than usual in those towns, for which purpose he engaged from London the following artists:—Miss Ransford, Miss Lascelles, Herr Goffrie, M. Paque, Herr Schmidt, and Mr. Webb. Besides these, the daughter of the concert giver. Miss Kate Foster made her *début* as pianist. The programme included one string quartet by Haydn and one by Mozart, performed by Messrs. Goffrie, Schmidt, Webb, and Paque, a trio by Beethoven for piano, violin, and violoncello—played by Miss Kate Foster, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque. Miss Kate Foster greatly impressed the audience with her talent for improvisation, of which Herr F. Hiller, who instructed her at Cologne, spoke in high terms. Herr Goffrie and M. Paque played solos in their best style, and Miss Ransford and Miss Lascelles were much applauded in their singing, and the latter encored in a Scotch song. Mr. Foster accompanied on the pianoforte.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Amateur Vocal Union, which already numbers about 70 members, gave a grand entertainment on Tuesday evening, 22nd December, in the large room of the George Hotel. It was the first "ladies' night," and the attendance was very large. The programme consisted of selections from *Il Trovatore*, and the pieces assigned to the professionals and amateurs were executed in a highly creditable manner.

SOHO THEATRE.—An amateur performance took place lately at the above establishment, when the amateurs were assisted by Mr. Frank Matthews and Miss Maria Ternan. The pieces were the farce of *John Bull*, the comic drama of *The Woodcock's Women*, and the farce of *The Thumping Legacy*. In the first piece nothing could be more full of humour than the acting of Mr. Charles Wilkinson as Peter Paternoster. In the comic drama, Mr. Charles Raigh displayed his accustomed talent as a light comedian, and Mr. R. Morris admirably sustained the part of Cressin, the cobbler. Mr. Charles Wilkinson's acting as Rodolph, the young artist, was exceedingly gentlemanlike, and in every respect like that of an experienced artist. *The Thumping Legacy* finished the evening's entertainment with *bravo*.

ELECTION OF ORGANIST.—(Commented).—In consequence of the decease of the respected Mr. Giles, a vacancy has recently occurred in the parish church of St. Leonard's, Shore-ditch, for the office of organist. A meeting of ratepayers took place in the vestry of the church, on Friday, December 18th, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for selecting a qualified musician to perform the musical service of the church, and to instruct the children in singing. At this meeting a committee was formed, consisting of the Rev. T. S. Evans, vicar, the two churchwardens, the six overseers, and twenty ratepayers. It was agreed that the organist's salary should be forty pounds per annum, with an additional ten pounds for teaching the boys and girls the vocal harmony, as it is usually rendered at the mother churches. Candidates are to be invited by public advertisement to send in applications, from which six are to be selected, for whom a day of competition will be appointed, and also a professional umpire chosen. No canvassing to be allowed, it being understood that preference is to be given to superior talent only. At first, there was a disposition on the part of the clergyman and of some members present to exclude female candidates, even from competition; but after a sensible speech from Mr. George Pearce, an old inhabitant and trustee, it was resolved that ladies, professionally educated for the organ, shall have an equal chance with candidates of the male sex. The organist's salary has hitherto been paid out of the churchwardens, so called, but which rate, if objected to be paid, has not, of late years, been lightly enforced, and against the granting of which there have already appeared strong demonstrations. In the present divided state of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shore-ditch, it is possible that some difficulty may hereafter arise on the point of funds for defraying the organ and other incidental expenses, connected with the church; and it is not unlikely that these circumstances may deter certain organists who are acquainted with the facts from offering themselves as candidates. But there are many to whom the proposed "salary is no object," and who would be disposed to undertake the duties for the good of the service, and as a means to an end.—[We trust that no such person may be found. The salaries of organists are generally pitiful enough as it is; and only to those who have never been educated, and consequently, have paid nothing for education, can "salary" be "no object."—ED. M. P.]

TRY IT AGAIN.

A Song for all Seasons.

By JAMES HIKINS.

At life's early crosses how often we murmur,
And think fate unkind to bring trouble so soon;
We shrink from the task when we ought to be firmer;
A morning well spent brings its pleasure at noon.
Then fiend not for trifles, and paralysed wonder
Why stern opposition throned 'round us our chain;
Well nighed for the conflict, it's cause fear audacious—
If foiled in the conflict—Try it again!

"It cannot be done!" 'tis the cry of the coward,
As trembling he goes to encounter the foe;
His nerves are unstrung, and his courage is lower'd—
His future is darkened with pictures of woe;
The brave man shrinks not, tho' oppression impedes him,
He thinks in this wide world there's nothing in vain;
As he has progressed, so another succeeds him—
There's naught but what can be done—Try it again.

When storms pour their wrath over the high-foaming ocean,
And threaten the wreck with a watery tomb,
The mariner looks on the scene with emotion,
And sighs for his kindred, and dear native home;
His heart once aroused, he cries out with defiance,
"That pleasure is sweetest preceded by pain;
O'er more to the pump, and to the place reliance,
We've righted her once, let us—Try it again!"

Despair not while flowers of promise are blooming,
Though clouds overshade the bright sunshine of day;
And though dreary winter with death-touch is coming,
"Twill pass and bring joy with the beauties of May.
'Tis folly to slumber when duty is calling,
The idler's loss becomes industry's gain,
Adversity's wrong, though it's chilling and galling,
Heed not, never mind—Try and brave it again!

Sweetbrier Cottage, New Year's Eve.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The second concert for this year, under the auspices of the concert committee, was given in the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening 22nd December, when the *Awake* of Mendelssohn, a selection from the *Mount of Olives*, and other music, was performed. Mr. E. Saunders and Master S. Smith were the solo performers. Mr. Taylor officiated at the organ.

OXFORD.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah*, in aid of the Indian Fund, took place at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening. The vocalists were—Mrs. Alfred Gilbert (soprano), Mrs. R. Paget (contralto), Messrs. Balcock and Thomas (tenors), Messrs. W. H. Wheeler, G. Bliss, and M. Bellamy (basses). The execution was admirable. Mr. Bliss sang, "Why do the nations!" with fine effect. Mrs. Paget was much applauded in "He was despised;" and Mrs. Gilbert was exceedingly successful in "Then shall the eyes," "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The last would have been eucored, but for a prohibitory notice posted on the walls. The concert was numerously attended.

THE STALEBRIDGE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave their second concert during this season in the large room of the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening the 22nd December. The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Henry Phillips; leader, Mr. Stewart, and conductor, Mr. Marsden.

BRISTOL.—Mr. H. C. Cooper gave his annual concert in the Victoria Rooms, at Clifton, on the evening of Monday, the 21st ult., which attracted a full and fashionable attendance, nearly five hundred persons being present. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Quartet in C, No. 6, Mozart; Grand Sonata in A minor, dedicated to Kreutzer, for pianoforte and violin (Miss J. Jackson and Mr. H. C. Cooper), Beethoven.

PART II.—Concerto, violin (Mr. H. C. Cooper)—the pianoforte accompaniment by Miss J. Jackson, Mendelssohn; Soli, pianoforte,

"Le Gondolier du Lido," "Une Larme" (Miss J. Jackson), Blumen-thal; Quartet in A, No. 5, Op. 18, Beethoven.

Mr. H. C. Cooper has been sojourning in Bath since his return from America, and had contemplated residing there some time. Having, however, received an important communication from New York, on Wednesday the 23rd, offering him a most liberal engagement, he availed himself of it, and proceeded to Liverpool forthwith, en route to the New Continent. Mr. Cooper sailed, we believe, on Saturday for the United States.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—A Christmas-day oratorio is, we believe, peculiar to Manchester. Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was performed on that day at the Free Trade Hall, and attracted an audience of more than 3,000 people. The solo-vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss H. Wilkinson, Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Charles Braham, and Mr. Allan Irving. The band was led by Mr. C. A. Seymour, and Mr. D. W. Banks conducted. The execution, on the whole, was highly creditable. The singing of the principals was in almost every instance entitled to no stinted praise. The great hit of the performance was made by Mr. Charles Braham in "Sound an alarm!" It was the first time he attempted it in public, and at the beginning was rather nervous. As he went on, however, he gained confidence, and created an immense effect at the finish. "He fairly," exclaims the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, "as the phrase goes, brought down the house. He sang it with a fire and energy that reminded us of the good old days, every word being distinctly marked, and won the most enthusiastic scores we have heard in this Hall. He certainly made what may be called a decided hit."

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—The Philharmonic Society gave a concert on the evening of Friday, the 11th ult., at the Ancient Concert Rooms. The programme was very attractive, but the attendance was by no means as large as might have been expected. The fact is, the different operatic and concert companies which have visited Dublin during the autumn—including the Griani, Piccolomini, Rosio, and Gassier troupes—have, to a great extent, exhausted public interest, and it was only the lovers of instrumental music who repaired to the Ancient Concert Rooms on the present occasion. The principal pieces were Haydn's Eleventh Symphony, one of Hummel's trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and the overtures to *Asacron* and *Abon Hasan*. Among the full pieces the trio of Hummel appeared to find most favour with the audience. Mrs. Joseph Robinson is an immense favourite in Dublin, and most deservedly so. Her playing is distinguished by great intelligence; her mechanical proficiency is of no ordinary kind; her feeling is unimpeachable, and her taste as correct. She has, moreover, the true precision, grace and delicacy, without which the finest performance must fail in producing a legitimate effect. The last two movements of the *trio*—*Andante* and *allegro*—served to display to admirable advantage Mrs. Joseph Robinson's sentiment and execution. Both movements were loudly applauded. The fair pianist also played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and delighted the audience no less than in the *trio*. The other solo was by Herr Eisner, the violoncellist, who performed Servais' *Souvenir de Spa*. The singers were Mad. Amadei and Mr. Richard Smith. The lady, among other things, sang Mozart's "Addio" and the *brindisi* from *Luceria Borgia*. She was encored in the latter. The name of "Musical Réunion," to distinguish this concert from the regular performances of the season, appeared justified by the introduction of a promenade and tea and cakes between the parts which gave a private air to the entertainment.

OXFORD.—At the City Public Lectures and Concerts, on Tuesday evening, the performance of Haydn's *Creation* attracted a large audience, the Town Hall being crowded in every part. The band and chorus were from the Oxford Choral Society, assisted by musicians from the metropolis, and the concert passed off in a manner reflecting credit on the orchestra. The principal soprano was E. Hughes, who gave the portions allotted to her with great taste. The other solos were allotted to Mr. Horsley and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Long led the orchestra, supported by Herr Vieschow, violin, Mr. Pettit, violoncello, and the other instrumentalists. The choruses were generally well sung, and reflected credit on Mr. Horsley. The audience were well pleased, as was testified by the frequent applause.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

The first music ever heard in this world must have been the sounds of the angels' choir of heaven, "when the sons of heaven shouted for joy," while the Eternal One was performing his work of creation. The next was that which proceeded from the fathered tribes, which—in all probability—was responded to by the first parents of the human race during the short period of their innocence, when, inspired with a devotional feeling, mixed with gratitude to God their father for his goodness, they, by a natural instinct, offered up their praises in strains of spontaneous melody joined to their words of devotional adoration.

We read in the sacred scriptures that an advancement in the knowledge and uses of wood, brass, and iron, for artificial purposes, was acquired, and also mechanism, before the flood; and, amongst others, the construction of the harp and organ; the latter supposed by some to have resembled a pipe or small hautboy, but more probably it was an instrument composed of a certain number of reeds held together and blown through, on which melodies were played consisting of either whistles or pædan pipes.

It is contrary to the natural turn of man's inclination for him to dwell on the earth, surrounded with the works of creation before him, without feeling a desire to arrive at more knowledge of things than he possesses by natural instinct—his mind being so constituted, that to remain in ignorance is so opposite to his enterprising disposition, his vanity secretly prompting him to try and see what he is capable of; and this desire after fresh intelligence urged the first class of the better informed to strive to acquire a knowledge of the things then within their sight; and the stars were one of the earliest; and the construction of various articles made out of materials within their reach, when the discoverer of a new thing was styled the father of it, or an instructor in its use; and Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ,* that is, the best player upon the two instruments called by such names, whose renown, spreading far and wide, occasioned his successors to style him "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ,"* in compliment to his excellent style of using them, although this is the title given him by Moses only.

Whether Noah and his family were acquainted with the instruments of the antediluvians (such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing—Ecclesiasticus, c. xlv., v. 5), we are not informed; but their natural wants would lead them to exercise their ingenuity to first invent a vocal strain, then by chance discover an agent or instrument that, by practice, they found capable of producing a scale of notes, or perhaps they acquired from Noah's immediate descendants, the traditional knowledge of Jubal's harp and organ with which they refreshed themselves. The next generation from Noah, after wandering about in small tribes, becoming stationary dwellers in tents in known localities, made laws, and established their several forms of government.

It will suffice for my present purpose, to give a brief account of the advancement of music from the flood to the birth of Christ.

When the tribes of the earth had so become settled in small principalities, they learnt to vary their singing, discovering an instrument capable of producing new sounds not exceeding twelve notes. The music at their public banquets consisted of a spontaneous mixture of sounds, sung, or rather shouted, to words in praise of the feats of gods, the multitude singing in unison. In after times, the use of the lyre, the Greeks, the lyre was passed round the table, each guest applying it to his ear sounded a few notes that were considered a great treat. They also had their musicians, who were candidates for musical honours at their public games, that sang their own words, accompanying their voices on the lyre. This music was simple, and the science then so backward, that six months' study would make a modern musician equal to the best of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

From mention made of several instruments in the matter recorded in the book of Daniel, when the three Jews "fell down bound in the fiery furnace," it seems that the Babylonians had made considerable advancement in the number and use of musical instruments. As the connection between states was during the reigns of David and Solomon similar to that of European nations at the present time—so far as related to giving publicity to new discoveries—a new thing always spread, if attractive by its charm or novelty.

The Jews employed several kinds of musical instruments in their ceremonies, chiefly stringed. They read the words of their sacred canticles from the right of the page, the opposite to the modern way,

* The term *organ* was taken from the Greek translation of the Bible and the word was a general name for an instrument, a work, or an implement of any kind.

and certainly possessed a system of noting down their music, as we read of David's chief musician being required by the king to prepare the music for a special occasion "because he was skilful," still, as it does not state that he wrote on paper, or any other material what was to be played and sung, and the expression admitting of a double meaning, that he rehearsed the people prior to the public performance, the writer of the account may have intended it to be so understood, or, that he marked the points where the stops and falling of the voices were to be made.

Had the Israelites, or any other nation among the ancients, discovered the blending sound together on the principle of the present period, its impression on the mind, and its popularity rendered music more popular than it seems to have become amongst them. In this remark I allude to its being equal to ours; and as their literary works have been preserved, so, in like manner, their music, had they possessed a complete scale, time-table, and system of writing their music after our modern fashion, such a method would, by rendering it equally as attractive as in the present time, have caused it to become generally known, and amongst the many nations it would have been preserved, handed down to future generations along with the literary productions of these people.

From the preceding inferences we may conclude the musical performance at the dedication of Solomon's Temple was in quality a kind of singing shout, the trumpeters blowing out the tones of their instruments (the music of man's horns) on each side of the altar, sounding either in unison with the voice, or producing spontaneous music, verging with the sounds of the people; and although this music could not recommend itself to God's notice for its fine harmony, or rich and varied light and shade, it induced him to give a sign of his approval, verifying the words of the Apostle, "A man is accepted of him according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not;" and it is not to be wondered at, that the music which was so gratefully acknowledged and accompanied with the voice, and mercy endureth for ever." This public declaration of the Divine Being's goodness giving it a consistency with sense, it was accepted, causing him to fill the Temple with his glory, so that the "people could not stand before it."

The Greeks and Romans cultivated music, but the latter seem to have considered it unbecoming men to devote their attention to, they only using it for national or theatrical purposes, and this may account for their being attracted by the kind used in the first Christian churches that was drawn out in unisons within a scale of an octave, and continued so for centuries until the tenth, when square notes without bars, consisting of breves and semi-breves, were the only kind employed; when between the fourteenth and eighteenth centuries, the discoveries of new musical instruments—the blending together of musical sounds, producing our present system of harmony—the various ways of treating musical subjects, with their several effects of light and shade, rendering it capable of imparting additional expression to words: these have raised it to the same position as the other arts and sciences, while the millions of phrases within its scale of sounds, presents a wide field for the composer never to be exhausted.

HAYDN WILSON.

PARIS.—M. Massol, the well-known barytone—and remembered by the London opera-goers at Drury Lane, the Royal Italian Opera, and Her Majesty's Theatre—has been awarded a retiring pension of 3,180 francs, by the directors of the Opera. This, by the way, is the second "retreat" of M. Massol from the Grand-Opéra. The first was signalled by a benefit, at which a miscellaneous performance was given, Mlle. Rachel playing one of her favourite characters. The barytone then retired into private life, until recalled by M. Aubry to play the principal part in his *Enfant Prodigue*. The ice once broken M. Massol took once more kindly to the stage, and, when Mr. Lumley proposed to get up the *Enfant Prodigue*, accepted an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851 (having previously sung at the Royal Italian Opera). His talent since then has been confined to the Paris Opera, where he appeared in the *Juif Errant*, composed for him by M. Halévy, and subsequently from time to time in his minor parts. We suppose he will reappear at some future period, his retreat being by no means voluntary. Mademoiselle Artot, niece of M. Baugnet, the celebrated portrait-painter, and pupil of Madame Viardot, is studying the part of Fides in the *Prophète*, in which she will make her first essay at the Grand-Opéra. A new ballet by M. Théophile Gautier (music by M. Reyer) is in rehearsal at the

Opéra. At the Opéra-Comique *Fra Diavolo*, according to official announcement, was to have been revived on Monday last, for the *rentrée* of Milles. Lefevre, with M. Harbot as the Frigid Chief; Madama Vandenhuevel-Duprez will rattle shortly in her original character, Catherine, in *L'Étoile du Nord*. It is not true, as stated, that M. Gounod had withdrawn from the Théâtre-Lyrique his MS. opera *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE, IRRITATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES cured, and a perfectly Clear Voice produced by the use of Wilkinson, Brice and Co.'s BRONCHIO-THORACIC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day.

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* Agents of several institutions.

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For females these pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the disagreeing humors so very prevalent with the sex, &c. removal of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous affections, itching humors, and scalliness of the skin, and give a healthy, juvenile bloom to the complexion.

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4.	G	3	13.	C	3
5.	A minor	4	14.	B flat	3
6.	G	4	15.	B flat	3
7.	D	5	16.	B flat	4
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3.	F	12			
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No.	Key	Movements	No.	Key	Movements
No. 1.	C	5	No. 11.	A	4
2.	G	4	12.	F	4
3.	D	4	13.	B flat	3
4.	B minor	4	14.	B flat	3
5.	D	4	15.	F flat	3
6.	F	4	16.	F flat	3
7.	D	4	17.	F flat	3
8.	A	3	18.	F flat	4
9.	C	4	19.	B flat	7
10.	B flat	5			

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VOL. 36.—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Lent Term commences on Monday, January 19th, 1858. Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for examination on Saturday, January 16th, at 9 o'clock. Royal Academy of Music. By order of the Committee of Management, Tottenham-court, Grosvenor-square, J. GIBSON, Secretary, January 7th, 1857.

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The new style of French toilet bottles, fancy-boxes and baskets of perfumery, &c., from 6d. to 25 5s. Birds' nests, sweet-flowers, and other novel ornaments, containing perfume, for Christmas Trees, from 6d. to 10s. 6d. Perfumed Almanack 6d., by post for 7 stamps. Violoncello and retail at Bismol's, 96, Strand, and Crystal Palace.

MUSICAL WORLD



MUSICAL WORLD

REVIEWS.

"THE CLASSICAL PIANIST" (used at the Royal Academy of Music)—a selection of movements from the works of the great masters—edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Honorary Member, Associate, and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music).

If any one were allowed to take down, at random, from the shelves of the library in Tenterden-street, four-and-twenty pieces of music, and bind them in two volumes, without reference to classification of difficulty or style, the two volumes would precisely represent the above collection, to which the name of Mr. Brinley Richards is affixed as editor. That the contents are varied and of great interest we admit; but we should have welcomed them more heartily had they been presented simply as "Two Volumes of Classical Music for the Pianoforte *solus*," with a preface and fingering by Brinley Richards." The N.B. on the title-page, as it stands—"This selection is expressly designed as an introduction to the elaborate compositions of the classical writers"—becomes anomalous when it is observed, first, that so many of these "elaborate compositions" are in the selection, and secondly, that there is no "design" at all in the method of their compilation. This is not so much "book-making" as book-remaking. No doubt the majority of pieces comprised in *The Classical Pianist* already formed part of the catalogue of the publishers—one of the richest in the trade; and who can blame them for endeavouring to call general attention to such admirable music! But this might have been done without having recourse to a subterfuge. And now to the more agreeable task of "counting out" the treasures which Mr. Brinley Richards has deposited, in two sacks—containing silver, gold, precious stones, and brass, indiscriminately—at our feet. Mr. Richards' preface includes many sensible observations—but one or two platitudes, of which the opening sentence is an instance:—

"To every one really desirous of becoming an accomplished pianist, as well as a good musician, some knowledge of the works of the classical composers is absolutely indispensable," &c.

"Some," indeed, Mr. Richards should know that the "some" of knowledge is insufficient; and the fact that he presents us with so much, in his two volumes, proves that he is quite aware of the fact. The first volume opens, freshly, with Mozart's melodious variations on a theme in A, which everybody will recognise by the following:—



Next comes Dussek's once famous, always graceful and pretty, sonata in B flat, Op. 24 (dedicated to Mrs. Chinnery), the commencement of which—



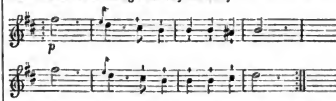
always (we cannot tell why), reminds us of the opening of Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 10:—



with which, however, it has nothing else in common. The third piece is the *Moonlight Sonata* (in C sharp, minor, Op. 29) of Beethoven, which needs no description, since it is indescribably beautiful. Weber's sonata in C major, Op. 24, succeeds. The contrast between Weber's Op. 24 and Dussek's Op. 24 is worth consideration, not merely as showing the difference of the ages in which they lived, but of the men who lived in the ages. If any of our pianist-readers have forgotten this fine, impetuous, and very unequal composition of the author of *Der Freischütz*, the opening of the last and best movement—the conduct of which shows almost the fluency of Mendelssohn—will at once recall it.



Next comes the *Sonata Pastorale* (in D) of Beethoven, Op. 28, wherein both Dussek and Weber are left far in the rear, and the genuine loveliness of which almost entitles it to be called the little sister of the *Pastoral Symphony*. The sonata is just as "pastoral" as the symphony—subjectively in the deeply-moving *Allegro*, objectively in the Minuet and Rondo. The shepherd's pipe and the shepherd's loves are in every page—more vividly suggested to the mind than by a thousand *Pastor Fido*s, or a million *Galateas*. Hear the monotonous little burden of the trio—which never changes for any harmony—



and the delicious outbreak of the final rondo—as genial in its way as the first chorus in Handel's *Acis*!—



Hummel's pale muse can only listen hopelessly to such strains as these; and yet the very long, very diffuse, very brilliant, and very difficult sonata in D major (Op. 106),* which sets out thus—



has many good points, and as a study for mechanism is invaluable. This sonata is one of the least known to pianists, out of the Academy (the sonatas in E flat, F minor, and F sharp minor being more generally consulted), and Mr. Richards did well to put it in one of the sacks, although, if his title-page meant anything—"A selection of movements from the works of the great masters"—he might have been satisfied to present the

* What a difference between Hummel's Op. 106 and Beethoven's Op. 106!

schero all'antico, and the *finale allegro vivace*—which are the best parts of the sonata—as specimens. Up to this point, however, instead of “a selection of movements,” we have had a selection of complete works.

After the elaborate effort of Hummel comes Haydn's sonata, p. 78, in E flat :

Allegro.



chiefly remarkable for being the most extended composition of its kind which the great father of Symphony has left us, and for the peculiarity (a peculiarity in Haydn) of its *adagio* being in E—half a tone higher than the movement that precedes it. Those hitherto unacquainted with this sonata* must not expect to find in it anything comparable to the master's best symphonies and quartets, or they will be disappointed. Mozart's melodious and charming sonata in F major—

Allegro.



succeeds, and completely effaces the work of Haydn, although built on a far less pretentious plan. Such music, however, pure as a spring, tuneful as a wood at sunrise, is beautiful *per se*—beautiful because it is beautiful. One of the grand sonatas of Clementi—that in D minor, Op. 50—comes next, and being very little known, is all the more welcome as an example of so famous a master. Of this sonata, which begins as sub-

Allegro non troppo.



the last movement—*allegro con fuoco*—is perhaps the best. The whole is, however, instinct with the author's manner—a manner quite as marked as that of Weber or Mendelssohn. It presents the poverty of melodic invention nearly always remarkable in the second *movimenti* of Clementi's movements, and investing them with a certain monotony; but (and for this reason it is a favourite with many) it contains no instance of that eternal two-part canon, which, whenever his imagination is at a stand-still, comes in to usurp the place of what, under happier inspiration, might have been occupied by real music. This canonic device of Clementi is sometimes a bore.

The so-called “Grand Pastorale” of John Field (Anglo-Russian Field) in E major, beginning thus—



* Which Professor Bennett, many years since, included in his well-known “Classical Practice.”

is a favourable example of the class of music to which it belongs and which alone its composer was capable of writing; but it has had its day, and was hardly, we think, worth reviving—a certain Daphne-Chloe-Amaryllis sort of sentiment, as *fado* as it is elegant, being its sole expressive characteristic. Field was a man of refined talent, but still nothing much better, than a musical carpet-knight. The sonata in A (Op. 25) of Clementi—



is not so striking an example of his productive genius as the one just noticed; but being fluent, masterly, undefeasible by two-part canon, and very little known in the bargain, will be hailed with satisfaction by the lovers of classical pianoforte music.

The first volume concludes with the genial and vigorous sonata of Mozart in D—

Allegro.



which contains the *rondo alla polacca*, and a *finale* consisting of a theme and (12) variations.

It will be seen that, up to this point, the compilation of Mr. Richards has no definite plan whatever—not even the plain and simple one of progressive difficulty.

(To be continued.)

“KNOSE-BIETHS-FRECHT”-SONATE für das pianoforte—composit und ihrer Königlichen Hobeit der Frau Princessen von Preussen schreiftroll und unterhaltigst gewidmet, von LEO KERNBERG.

We have given the title in full. With regard to the sonata itself, we can only say that whoever advised Herr Kerbusch to print so crude an essay was a sorry counsellor. Herr Kerbusch is stated to be a pupil of Spohr. Perhaps the publication of this sonata of his disciple may have served to precipitate the retirement of the venerable *Allmeister* into private life.

“RONDO FROM MOZART'S QUINTET, NO. 5,” arranged as a pianoforte duet by Joseph McMurdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Bachelor McMurdie would have rendered a still greater service to music-teachers had he arranged the whole of the E flat quintet, instead of only a single movement. What he has done, however, is done well. The rondo makes a charming duet, and the oftener it is played by young ladies, no less than by young gentlemen, the better for both.

“BRINLEY RICHARDS' COMPLETE TUTOR FOR THE PIANOFORTE.”

As it is the fashion now-a-days for almost every professor of eminence to publish an instruction-book, with his name to it (if it be not always of his own compiling), it would be strange were so popular a teacher as Mr. Brinley Richards without one. When we add that his “Tutor” is just as well considered and just as useful as nine out of ten of the elementary works we have been noticing for a dozen years past, we have said all that is necessary beyond noticing the fact of its appearance.

Of course, like all its predecessors, this book lays claim to something unprecedented and peculiar to itself, either in detail or in general arrangement; but if it be true that there is nothing new under the sun, we need scarcely look for novelty in a pianoforte tutor.

"BRINLEY RICHARDS' OCTAVE STUDIES"—for the Pianoforte. Dedicated to Cipriani Potter, Esq.

THESE studies—four in number—are not merely good for practice but attractive in themselves—*quasi melos*. The last more especially (in F minor) is one of the best compositions we remember to have seen from the pen of Mr. Richards.

"A SERIES OF SHORT PRELUDES"—for the Pianoforte—by Brinley Richards.

It preluding does not come by nature (like reading and writing—according to Dogberry) we doubt if it can ever be taught. Admitting the contrary, however, these short *jeux de doigts* of Mr. Richards, which embrace the keys most frequently in use, are as likely as anything we know of the sort to help the learner. In the preface there is a clause which requires explanation:—

"The second series consists of four chorals. A variety of preludes are constructed upon these chorals, but from their being *à six* the same, they are easily retained in the memory."

Which—the preludes or the chorals?

"IM WALD UND FEUER"—Troisième suite de "Promenades d'un Solitaire," pour le piano—A son ami, Walter Stewart Broadwood—par Stephen Heller (Op. 80).

FROM the six pieces composed in this third series of the *Promenades d'un Solitaire* the admirers of M. Heller's music will, we think, be likely to select No. 1 in B flat, and No. 4 in G minor, as their favorites. Although there is no mistaking the hand that penned them, the strong indications of the composer's manner are accompanied by musical beauties of a high order, which will repay all the pains bestowed on mastering the difficulties they contain. The pastoral feeling is sustained throughout the first of these, in spite of its capricious changes of time, with great felicity. The style of the other is agitated and passionate, but it is planned just as largely and finished with a care as fastidious as its companion. Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 (in D minor, D major, F, and A) seem to have proceeded less freely from the pen of the composer, and, besides excess of mannerism, betray evidences of labour not perceptible in the two we have singled out for preference. They form, however, capital studies, and (like all M. Heller produces) present many interesting points of harmony and modulation. In these barren times anything written with such earnestness must be welcome to genuine amateurs.

"HIGHLAND JESSIE, THE HEROINE OF LUCKNOW." Song. Dedicated to Lady Harvelock. Words by D. M. Aird. Music by T. Browne.

MR. AIRD and Mr. Browne, together, with the aid of some snatches of Scottish war tunes, have made a by no means ineffective song out of the romantic episode of Jessie Browne. As the "profits" are to be given to the Indian Relief Fund, let us hope they may be considerable.

"BEAUTIFUL MORN'." Song. Written by J. W. Barlow, Esq. Sung by Mrs. Endersbach. Composed by Thomas Graham.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Barlow does make form rhyme with form, his lines are really poetical and far beyond the common standard of such things. The music of Mr. Graham is laboured and somewhat dull; added to which there are several points demanding revision, as for example:—

Musical notation for the song "Beautiful Morn'." It consists of two systems of staves. The first system is for the Voice, and the second is for the Bass. Both parts are in 2/4 time and G major. The melody is simple and pleasant, with some grace notes and slurs. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

Musical notation for the song "Land and Sea." It consists of two systems of staves. The first system is for the Voice, and the second is for the Bass. Both parts are in 2/4 time and G major. The melody is simple and pleasant, with some grace notes and slurs. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

besides a terrible engraver's error, which—on reference to page 8, line 2, bar 1—will be detected at a glance. Mr. Graham apparently writes with a serious intent to do his best; and for that reason we have considered his song worthy of criticism.

"LAND AND SEA" (words by J. C. Prince).—"THE KELP'S BRIDE" (words by A. Evans Murray, Esq.)—Songs—Composed by J. Dürner.

THE first a barcarole, the second a legend—both charming—charming alike because their melodies are genial, and because their accompaniments betray the experienced hand and refined taste of a musician. We have no preference for one over the other, but admire them both—"The Kelp's bride" for its expression, "Land and Sea" for its spontaneity. If our singers of chamber music would occasionally turn to such healthily manufactured songs as these, they would be enabled to vary their resources most agreeably.

"LES VÉPRES SICILIENNES"—for pianoforte, solis—edited by Rudolf Nordmann.

A regular feast for those lovers of Verdi's music who are players without being singers. The whole of the opera is here arranged, and effectively arranged, for a pair of hands—not a song, a dance, or a chorus omitted. Verdi does not lose so much by being stripped of his orchestral and *concertante* accessories as other masters who labour with greater assiduity at refining and elaborating their scores. He writes simply, and if we have his melodies under hand, the rest is scarcely missed. The *Vépres Siciliennes* forms No. 12 of "Standard Foreign Operas for piano solo," and is likely to prove, among other reasons for the one we have stated, as attractive as any of them.

No. 1, "REMEMBRANCE" (theme with variations). No. 2, "CALLISTA" (*chant de martyrs*). No. 3, "AUGUSTA" (*melodia espressiva*). No. 4, "RONDO CAVATINA" (*morceau de salon*), for the pianoforte. By William Sulzthal.

OF these elegant and highly-finished pieces we prefer the first and last—because, though neither more graceful nor better written than the others, they contain matter which may be accepted as the composer's own; whereas "Callista" and "Augusta" are merely the reflections of a type so worn that a fresh impression cannot easily be obtained from it.

The variations (No. 1) are not only excellent in themselves, but furnish upon a really melodious theme, while their very moderate difficult places them within reach of the great crowd of performers. The *morceau de salon* (No. 4) is more difficult, and on a much more extended plan. The idea upon which this brilliant little piece is "motivé" is extremely happy, and though somewhat diffusely elaborated and in some measure lost sight of in the *coda*, entitles Herr Sulzthal to the credit (now so rare) of having hit upon something new. The "Rondo-Cavatina," in short, is worth the attention of intelligent pianists, since it is not merely showy and effective, but sterling *well-made* music.

"OLD ENGLISH DITTIES," selected from Clappell's collection of "Popular Music of the Olden Time," arranged with symphonies and accompaniments by G. A. MACFARREN. (Part 4.)

IF the "popular music of the olden time" does not (in time) become "popular" once more, it is not the fault of Mr. W. Clappell, who, with his able colleague Mr. Macfarren, is working so zealously to bring it into modern repute. The specimens of melody—genuine melody—which the present issue of this valuable series contains are as frequent and as striking as in any of its predecessors. Part 4 contains "The Queen of May," "Dulce Domum," "O, came you from Newcastle!" (the words

very skillfully completed, from a fragment—by the late Mr. Macfarren), "King John and the Abbot" (the old ballad judiciously compressed by Mr. Oxenford), "Dear Kitty," "Light of Love," "Cold and raw's the wind without," "Rouse thee, young knight," "The Beggar-boy," "Early one morning," "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "Come Lassies and Lads"—all good tunes, and some absolutely beautiful—tunes, indeed, which, in the present day, are seldom approached, much seldomer equalled, in geniality. The words to which five of these old tunes are set (from "Dear Kitty" to "The Beggar-boy" inclusive) are from the pen of Mr. John Oxenford. They belong to the highest order of lyric poetry, and we should like to quote them all for the benefit of our readers; but circumscribed space forbids, and we must be satisfied with one, for which we can find no other epithet than perfection:—

"Cold and raw's the night without;
The winds, so loudly brawling,
Greet the winter with a shout,
And well he hears their calling.
A tent of clouds above their king
The busy winds are spreading;
The snow-flakes at his feet they fling,
A carpet for his tracing."

"Bright and warm's the night within;
The log is burning clearly;
Well it answers yonder din,
By crackling loud and cheerily.
We gather closely round the fire;
The young of love are telling;
The old bring tales of goblins dire,
In haunted castles dwelling."

"Silly souls are old and young,
And silly plans employ them;
Idle hopes can make them strong,
And idle fears annoy them.
I'm weary of the ceaseless talk,
Hate, love, and fear together;
So out at yonder door I'll walk,
And meet the winter weather."

It has for some time been a favourite belief with us that England possesses two unacknowledged poets of the first stamp—Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Oxenford. If Mr. Chappell continues to marry the early English tunes to such verses as theirs, while establishing his theory about the superior nature of the old melody, he will, unconsciously, upset the generally received doctrine of the supremacy of the old Irish poetry.

"VENE, NINA, ALLA BARCAROLA,"—parola del Sig. Benvenuto—musico composta da Antonio Giuglini.

A barcarole, of the true Italian stamp, as melodious and free as if it had dropped from the pen of Donizetti, in one of his happiest moments. If Sig. Giuglini would study harmony with attention, who knows but he might end by composing as well as he sings!

LEONARDO LEO'S ARIA, "DIRTY BEN."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I have to thank you for drawing my attention to some errors of the engraver, which I had overlooked when correcting the proof-sheets of the above-named air. The passage you have quoted should stand thus:—



and not as printed, thus:—



By again referring to the composition, you will at once perceive that the harmony is not incorrect, but that it is misplaced; and that the semiquaver rest should have been erased, that the semiquaver line should not have extended beyond G, and that the chord in the bass should have been placed under the last notes in the treble. In my adaptation of the accompaniment to the pianoforte, I have implicitly followed Leonard Leo's score (Waltz's edition), which is remarkably rich for the period at which it was composed; for although introduced into England by Galuppi, in 1741, I believe that the air was written at a much earlier date, and was extracted from one of his then popular operas. I avail myself of this opportunity to remind you that Marc Antonio Bononcini, the composer of *Camilla*, the second opera after the Italian model performed in this country in 1706, was an elder brother of Giovanni Bononcini, the famous rival of Handel, the "Tweedledum" of Swift, and the composer of the once popular *Griselda*, *Calphurnia*, *Astarte*, and the fine anthem performed at the funeral of the great Duke of Marlborough, his patron. The song, "Love leads to battle," from *Camilla*, cannot fail to be interesting to the musical student, inasmuch as it represents the character of the Italian music so much sought after and admired by the English aristocracy about the end of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries. I am, sir, yours faithfully,
86, Baker-street, Portman-square, CHARLES SALAMAN.

* M. Féta, in his *Biographie*, makes out the composer of *Camilla* and the rival of Handel to be one and the same person—Giovanni Bononcini.—Ed. M. W.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

Vienna.

THIS great work was performed on the 22nd December, a fact all the more worthy of our thanks, since, up to the present time, the execution of oratorios in Vienna has not satisfied, either in quantity or quality, even when the various obstacles had been taken into consideration, the most moderate expectations.

Despite many unsuccessful details, especially, for instance, the evident falling off of the second part, compared with the first, it has for years been clear to everyone, not influenced by frivolous party arguments that *Elijah*, as well as its predecessor, *St. Paul*, is about the greatest work in the way of oratorio, since the time of the great German contrapuntists.

Moreover, at the present day, Mendelssohn's sacred works are, as it were, a protest in tone against the real or affected want of skill on the part of so many of the more modern artists, with whom the free right of subjectivity threatens to degenerate into the utmost madness of caprice.

Besides their absolute value, not the smallest part of the importance of Mendelssohn's works lies, perhaps, in their connection with the proper course of the history of art.

With regard to the execution of the work, it was, by no means, free from blame. The choruses were flat; many a passage, long proved to be effective, was entirely lost, a result to which the unfavourable locality contributed. The solo parts were more satisfactorily rendered.

Mad. Louise Mayer sang the soprano part in an extremely animated manner; perhaps, indeed, her execution, in some passages too violent, was out of place. Herr Panzer was excellent.

The other solo parts were sustained by Madlle. Tipka, Horren Walter, Peschke and Sellner.—(Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung*.)

BURTON'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.—The engagement of Mr. C. Mathews at this theatre has been attended with the most brilliant success. To-night Mr. Mathews appears in a comedy called *The Drogger*.—*New York Times*, Dec. 21.

RACHEL.

WITHIN this week one of the subtlest and brightest intelligences that ever donned the frail garb of humanity has fled for ever from among us. Rachel is dead. She has fretted her brief hour upon the stage and now is heard no more. But in that brief hour to what a purpose has she bestirred her! What a splendour marked that swift meteor passage—what a wondrous crowd it lighted up of notable and solemn human shapes! In that brief hour with what a spendthrift hand did she scatter the wealth that was within her; how rich hath she left us in the memory of her great gifts; how poor in our regrets.

To look back on the manifestations of that life which has thus so furiously spun itself out in half the time allotted the droning herd of mankind—to count up, and bring before the mind's eye, the achievements crowded in that flash of existence, ended when ordinary mortals scarce bethink themselves the world has any task at all—is bewildering. The multitudinous thoughts and images, the throng of sighs, sounds, and emotions, the great pageant of heroic living and suffering sweeping through every age, evoked in such a review, awaken a kindred commotion in the depths of the soul to that we experience when we gaze with Shelley at the visions in his *Triumph of Life*.

The ordinary biographer will probably find little enough to record in telling the story of this life, which, too, was a glorious triumph—a triumph of spiritual progress over earthly dulness. When he has recounted that one great vicissitude, common alike in one degree or another to so many endowed with the precious gift of genius—a mean and obscure childhood ushering in a youth radiant with the most dazzling and palpable glories the world has to give—there will remain but little to employ the colours rich in contrasting tones of such a writer's pallet. The Jew pedlar and his wife, wandering wretchedly in Switzerland, and the child born at Mnuf, in the canton of Argau, promisingly opens the tale; then the infant grown to a slim girl, with strange forehead and eyes, and deep-throated voice, haunting café doors in Paris with harmonious efforts in concert with elder sisters, gathering in a tin tray the harvest of coppers thereby fostered and ripened, and in such guise attracting the prophetic eye of a sagacious old professor of sacred music; then, after an interval of pining and instruction in so much of the arts of declamation and of feigning the passions as histrionic pedagogues, Pagnon, St. Anlaire and others, can impart; a false start at the Gymnase, a little twilight struggling, and then the full and lustrous dawn of a great genius in June, 1838, at the Théâtre-Français, critic Jules Janin playing chateaucier, and announcing the god-star with much shrill, clear, and effective crowing; but after, what shall the ready writer find to his hand, what pabulum for his descriptive pen; the remaining incidents are but a *caput mortuum*, a dull recital for which play-bills, newspaper critiques, and notes of travelling expenses must coldly furnish forth the staple.

On the other hand, judging the Hebrew pedlar's phenomenon progeny, born at Mnuf, or elsewhere, with all the haps or mishaps of her mortal condition, the changes and chequerings of her social status, could any one that has beheld and carefully noted the first creations of that plastic, life-giving spirit, Rachel, the tragic mime; watched the energetic workings, the daily, hourly growth, the ever-spreading conquests of that dauntless soul; conquests twofold over the rebellious frame through which and in which it wrought its purposes; over the intellectual and moral inertia hemming in like a dark chaotic desert her fruitifying conceptions and radiating sympathies; could any one tell us how he had observed the gradual expansion, stage by stage, from the few electrifying touches in a comparatively rude sketch to the finished and perfect masterpieces in which each stroke is instinct with a separate world of thought and feeling, and, every part, while individually complete, subdued and correlated to the whole—who could "such a tale unfold" would indeed be worth listening to and the only true biographer of the great actress. Her life had in truth, but these two ingredients, the mystic inward struggle known only to herself, and the outward fire hung forth in the eye of day, for all to gaze at and for all to taste, and he that had the best chances and the keenest palate will have most to tell.

It has been the writer's fortune to have seen Rachel some

scores of times, from the earlier part of her career to her latest performances before her American voyage, and in most of the parts wherein she was chiefly distinguished, and in which she had bestowed all the wealth of her wondrous resources, all the fruits of her patient, minute, and searching study. Such opportunities, however productive of a rich and treasured store of thrilling resemblances, are quite inadequate to the doing full justice to so transcendent a genius, for which only such a thorough knowledge and study as is above alluded to of her entire career would form a sufficient basis. What, perhaps, would best of all illustrate, in as complete a way as the nature of the subject allows, the whole scope and result of her artist-life, would be the collected experiences of many minds of various tastes and sympathies, though all of the proper calibre and texture to receive with due force and amplitude the full impress of her mighty conceptions, at each stage in the maturity of her powers. Even such a cloud of witnesses, though they might hand down a reasonable assurance to posterity how surpassing an actress had been vouchsafed to this generation, could never convey an idea of the peculiar thralldom exercised over her minds and hearts of her auditors by her inspired creations.

If one should seek a single word that would best characterize the genius of Rachel, it would be—intensity. From the instant the eye fell on that slight, lithe, and nervous form, caught the dark lustre of that smouldering glance, noted the dignified poise of that graceful but portentous head upon the snake-like neck, the sense of concentrated power was experienced, and a sort of awe of expectation awakened. Then followed the low, clear, vibrating tones of that matchless voice, delivering every word with a penetrating accent, and imbued with a clearly defined expression, that struck at once the key-note of the whole character: the fascination was complete, and the hold over every sense and faculty of the spectator never relaxed through a whirl of stormy emotions, till he was left with a great tragic history written on every fibre of his being. The heights of sublimity were stormed, as it were, in a succession of vivid traits—lightning flashes that illumined the depths of the human soul, and darted about the pinnacles of heroic conception ere the pedantic and stilted declamation of the old school would have raised you an inch above the dead level of the weary work-a-day world. Wondrous, indeed, it was to see this fine fiery spirit—"of imagination all compact"—"pour floods of warm glowing life, and real quivering emotion, into those cold, pompous, bewigged and bezzelized caricatures of the Greek tragic muse, the *chef-d'œuvres* of the French *Tragédie Classique*. With all the good-will in the world to support these monuments of its literary genius, France had sub sided into, if not indifference, convenient silence on the subject, when the brilliant young pupil of the Conservatoire shed the lustre of her electric light on the neglected busts of Racine and Corneille, and for the time they might have smiled congratulations at each other at the revival of their pristine glories. It is questionable, however, whether the service she has rendered the old cause of French classic tragedy be not a very treacherous one, and whether the blaze which her genius lit up out of these old materials, winding round the cumbersome and heavy pillars of the Gallic temple of Melpomene, has not, now the fire is quenched for ever, left only a blackened and melancholy ruin.

It may be that some such feeling may have contributed to sharpen the spite with which, to the disgrace of the country she honored and adorned, every attempt has been made during the latter part of her career to decry the fame and question the genius of this consummate tragedian. With her, Tragody has departed; she has sealed up the old classic *répertoire* and not one great work has sprung up contemporaneously to do honour to this supreme mistress of her art. Let us hope that France will be softened by the mournfully premature loss of one who so long sustained and brought to its zenith the glory of her stage, and that she will repent and atone for the foul detractions of the past by doing signal justice to the bright career and marvellous achievements of Rachel. Would our Shakespeare had been vouchsafed so congenial an interpreter; but, alas! 'tis much to be feared that, "Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall see the like of her again."

READING.—(From a Correspondent).—A delightful concert was given here on Monday evening, under the auspices of Mr. Charles Braham, a universal favourite in this neighbourhood. The party of singers was small but efficient, and their various efforts were received with enthusiasm by a crowded audience. Signora Fumagalli (from the Opera Buffa, St. James's Theatre) created a *furor*. This lady is an accomplished concert-singer, which she proved by her brilliant vocalisation in "Ah fors è lui," from the *Traviata*, and again by the expressive simplicity with which she sang the ballad of "The Convent Cell" (in English). Signor di Giorgi (Opera Buffa), the barytone, pleased immensely in "Il balen" (*Trovatore*), and was encored in the duet, "La ci darem," with Signora Fumagalli. In a trio from Verdi's *Lombardi*, the same artists, assisted by Mr. Charles Braham as tenor, were immensely applauded. Mr. Braham himself was in great favour. "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfie), the "Death of Nelson," and the "Bay of Biscay" were all sung with admirable energy and feeling by this gentleman, and all encored unanimously. One of the most successful pieces in the programme was the duet, "A Parigi, o cara," from the *Traviata*, which was given with genuine tenderness and expression by Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Charles Braham. Signor Vianesi undertook the duties of pianist and conductor, and performed them in a highly satisfactory manner. The audience left the concert-room thoroughly gratified with the treat afforded them. A second concert is to take place shortly, for which the tickets are "going off" with unexpected rapidity.

WALLINGFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—The Fumagalli-Braham party gave a capital entertainment here, on Tuesday evening, which attracted a very large audience. The programme was varied and interesting. Signora Fumagalli sang admirably, and was loudly encored, both in an air from the *Traviata* and a ballad from the *Rose of Castille*. Signor di Giorgi was awarded a flattering share in the honours of the evening, and gave a romance from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla* with such marked effect that he was encored by the whole audience. Encores, in short, were the order of the day, and Mr. Charles Braham, who gave some of his popular songs, with remarkable distinction, had a lion's share of them. Signor Vianesi, the conductor, made the best of a very queer piano, and showed himself a musician in spite of difficulties. The concert was so successful that another is already announced.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 11th, 12th, and 13th, Mr. BUCKSTONE will appear in the comedy of *A CURE FOR THE HEARACHE*. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 14th, 15th, and 16th, in the comedy of *SINGLE LIFE*. To commence every evening at 7 o'clock. After which, a new grand comic Christmas pantomime, entitled *THE NEELED SHEDD*, BEING *THE WOOD*; OR, *HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY*. The scenery by Mr. William Calvert; Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leacock; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leacock; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louisa Leacock.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be additional seats) 6s. each. First Floor.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Second Floor.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage Manager, Mr. Cripps and Co.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, *A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM*. TUESDAY and THURSDAY, *HAMLET*. SATURDAY, *THE COMICAN BROTHERS*; and the Pantomime every Evening.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRANKEL, Esquire, to exhibit the Emperor and Empress of Russia.—PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC, without the aid of any Apparatus. TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening at 8. Drawing Hall, a. Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas. One Guinea and a half each. One Guinea. Tickets to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *THE TRAGEDY OF GREEN*. At eight the new extravaganza of *THE DOGE OF DURALTO*. To conclude with *BOOTS AT THE SWAN*. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, the 2nd and 3rd acts of the *GREEN BUSHES*. After which *HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CEPID AND PETTIE*. Harlequin, Miss Marie Winton; Columbine, Miss Mary Kealey; Pantaloon, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Henderson; Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE

BROADWAY.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS. On Monday and during the week to commence with the grand gorgeous Christmas Comic Pantomime called *GEORGE FOREY PIDDING AND THE PUP*; OR, *HARLEQUIN DADDY LONG LEGS*. To conclude with; *THE WATIN*. In which Mrs. R. Housier will perform. Morning Performances every Monday at Half-past Twelve.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. T.—*The prospectus of the Cologne Music School can only be had (so far as we know) by application direct to Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Conservatorium, Cologne.*
 TENOR.—*The letter of our correspondent is an advertisement.*
 MENDELSSOHNIAN.—*Elijah was first performed at the Birmingham Festival in September, 1846; St. Paul at the Düsseldorf Rheinish Festival in 1836 (May).*
 INQUIRER.—*We do not keep a "penny-a-liner;" but we keep "Old Truepenny"—a liner.*

DIED.

Recently, at Devonshire-street, Portland-place, the wife of G. A. Osborn, Esq.

ERRATA.—In the verses headed "Try it again"—last line of first verse—for
 "If failed in the conflict—Try it again,"
 read "If failed in the first effort—Try it again,"
 In first line of third verse, for
 "O'er the high foaming ocean,"
 read "O'er," &c.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1858.

THE rapidity with which a new Covent Garden is rising from the spot where the old theatre was reduced to ashes leaves no room for doubt that the coming season will once more see London provided with two enormous establishments for the exhibition of foreign talent. The question of their expediency is closely connected with that of their probable success or failure; and it is impossible now, whichever way inclination may point, to avoid a serious consideration of the subject.

Are two theatres for the performance of Italian operas in the Italian language necessary, even in a metropolis so vastly populated as London? Opinion leans pretty generally to the negative, and we think, on good grounds. It is no use indulging in the Utopian dream of a friendly rivalry between two houses, the rise of one of which is the fall of the other—and *vice versa*, just as (according to the *Gazette de France*) "England's misfortunes are France's opportunity." Nor is it a bit more sensible to expect that the two managers shall play into each other's hands, and rigidly adhere on either side to a stated repertory. Their interests are diametrically opposed. The repertory which brought the "fashion" to one theatre would instantly and naturally be adopted by the other.

It is all very well to tell the managers of the Royal Italian Opera that the "Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse" is the mine from which to dig up their resources; and that Meyerbeer, with an occasional reference to Auber or Halévy, and two or three of the German "classics" to vary, would make a programme complete at all points. The

managers of the Royal Italian Opera will laugh in their sleeves. As well might their own adherents (with a stick) advise the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre to stick to Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti—leaving Mozart and *Don Giovanni* to the house in Bow-street. Any such compromise is out of reason; neither party would be satisfied; nor would it conciliate the public. When there are two Italian Operas the public will patronise most liberally the one which offers the greatest variety of temptations. Few will be found to subscribe to both.

One question, then, is disposed of. On the score of expediency two Italian Operas are not required. A subscriber to either will expect to hear all that can be heard through this particular medium. He will require his *Barbiers* as well as his *Huguenots*, his *Don Giovanni* as well as his *Guillaume Tell*; and the prospectus which sets forth the largest number of attractions will decide him in the choice of a theatre. If the repertoires could be separated, each establishment devoting itself exclusively to one, the existence of two Italian lyric theatres might not only be tolerable, but advantageous; but common-sense shows us that this is wholly impracticable; and the sequel leads to the inevitable conclusion that one foreign opera is enough to satisfy all demands.

A similar train of argument tends to establish the fact that not only are two Italian Operas inexpedient and unnecessary, so far as the public interests are concerned, but that their combined success is improbable, if not indeed impossible. There is a condition attaching to the relationship of the public with public amusements which cannot safely be ignored, but which, nevertheless, is almost invariably overlooked in the discussion of such matters. In the course of a twelvemonth it may reasonably be insisted, every member of the community can afford to spend a certain sum of money, and no more, upon simple recreation. The class to which money is no object is a very restricted one, and does not affect the argument. The result arrived at, then, is that the gross public represents a given sum, to be laid out annually in out-of-doors entertainments, and that this sum only varies according to circumstances, showing on the whole, as years are compared with each other, an average from which deductions may fairly be made. Into whose pockets this annual sum may be emptied depends upon many things—upon strange and unforeseen phenomena, upon fashion, and not the least upon caprice; but once exhausted no more remains to be spent. None of us have forgotten the first year of Jenny Lind, when the public paid so much to hear one songstress, that scarcely anything was left in hand for contemporaneous attractions. As in the metropolis so it was in the provinces. The money was invested in "The Swedish Nightingale;" other nightingales sang, and other lions roared, to vacant benches—or to houses packed with "orders." And yet it was generally admitted that the performances at Covent Garden, where Jenny Lind did not sing, were artistically superior to those at Her Majesty's Theatre, where Jenny Lind did sing. But, as out of a pig's ear cannot be made a satin purse, so out of a public no longer "flush" the manager of ever so grand an establishment cannot be expected to make a fortune. The "given sum" was bestowed upon Jenny Lind, and there was not a sou for any one else. At that mad period even Rachel's *prestige* suffered!

It is unnecessary to elucidate in detail the theory we have suggested, to which, after a moment's reflection, our readers

will, we are convinced, attach quite as much credit as ourselves. It is notorious that an ordinary man spends so much and no more on his amusements, just as he spends so much and no more upon his dress. Whichever way the tide of success may flow matters little; when the money is disbursed the game is played out, and until next year's income brings a fresh supply, is not likely to be renewed.

In these speculations let it be clearly understood we are not holding forth as partisans of either Italian Opera, being satisfied that, as both cannot prosper, so the chances in the end will be for the one that is managed with the greatest talent, energy and judgment. Nor are we urged at this moment by another consideration which might reasonably influence us while contemplating the subject from a wholly different point of view—that of simple patriotism. Neither the "old house," nor the "new house," nor the vexed question of native talent against foreign mediocrity, has anything to do with the argument just now. We are merely endeavouring to show that the co-existence of two Italian operas is neither a public requirement nor a benefit to the rival speculators. The fact, nevertheless, stares us in the face that we shall once again be called upon to record the doings and compare the merits of antagonistic establishments; and if, in the conscientious performance of a by-no-means agreeable duty, we are not at any time actually disposed to exclaim, with Mercutio—"A plague on both your houses!"—it is highly probable we shall register more than one vow that, some fine morning, Mr. Lumley or Mr. Gye may adopt the resolution of abandoning foreigners, and setting up a *National English Opera*, with Alfred Mellon as director.

If the Italian Opera of the present day were worthy of the name, we should, perhaps, have less right to complain; but surely two theatres for the representation of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata* are too many by one.

THE death of Rachel will not be the less deplored because it had been for some time anxiously expected. There is always a hope to the last; and the accounts received from Cannes, from time to time, were rather encouraging than otherwise. The idea of ever beholding the incomparable tragedian on the stage again was hardly entertained, even by her most enthusiastic admirers; but still there was a cherished notion that she might be spared, to form the centre of a social circle, which, having witnessed her triumphs and testified to her glory, would know how to appreciate her. This has, however, been disappointed. Rachel is gone to her last home, and another of that gifted race, which has shed so bright a radiance upon art, is lost to art and to the world. Since Felix Mendelssohn, no so great a genius has been snatched away from us as Rachel Felix.

How consummate an artist was Rachel is shown by the fact that she not merely excelled all other professors of the histrionic art, but restored an effete dramatic literature. To speak in metaphor, she raised the dead. The stately tragedies of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire had long mouldered in oblivion, when Rachel brought them once more to light, and once more, in the person of the inspired Jewess, their forgotten creations became things of life—to strike terror, raise emotion, open the flood-gates of the heart, shake the soul, and purify it. Racine and Corneille, from the oracular lips of Rachel, admonished the age of its frivolity; and it is creditable to the French nation that, during her short but dazzling reign, the name of Rachel should have exercised a more solid and unvarying influence

than that of any other performer of the day. *Phédre*, *Andromaque*, the *Horaces*, *Polyeucte*, were restored to their high places, and the rhapsodies of the romantic school sunk to insignificance before such stern and rigid purity. With Rachel, however, the drama of the French classic period will disappear again—perhaps for ever, since another Rachel is impossible, and less than a Rachel would be impotent to sustain them. The stage has not only been deprived of its brightest ornament, but the polished literature of the stage of its main support. Of course the loss of the illustrious actress will be most severely felt in her own country, where she was a living and a constant example; but, by all who regard with veneration the loftiest manifestations of art, her death will be looked upon as a universal calamity.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced, the three principal characters being sustained by Mlle. Piccolomini, Signor Giuglini and Belletti. There was a crowded house. Nothing but the highest praise can be bestowed upon Mlle. Piccolomini's acting as Lucia. The scenes of the malediction and the madness were equally powerful and natural. Signor Giuglini's Edgar is remarkable for energy no less than for exquisite singing. In the famous "maledizione" he displayed more than his usual vigour, while the pathos of the last scene could scarcely have been surpassed. Signor Belletti was Enrico, and atoned for any amount of histrionic deficiency by admirable singing.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore* was repeated, with a new singer, Mlle. Saunier, in the part of Azucena. The *dibbutante* achieved a fair success. She possesses dramatic perception, and is evidently no novice on the stage. She has a good contralto voice, and sings with feeling, but her voice, from nervousness, is not always under her control.

On Wednesday, Twelfth-day, Mr. Lumley had the temerity to open his theatre and invite the public to leave their cakes and Christmas trees to hear *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Maria is one of Madlle. Piccolomini's most original personations. She looks the *visandière* to the life; her vivacity and animal spirits are never-failing; and everybody knows what an irresistible effect she produces in the first act, when she takes leave of her friends, the soldiers, not to mention other passages in the opera which she sings with so much point and expression. On this occasion, Signor Luchesi made his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Tonio. This gentleman was for some time a member of the Royal Italian Opera, and won for himself an honourable name as a tenor of the pure Rossinian school. He created a highly favourable impression in *Matilda di Shabran* and the *Comte Ory*, and occasionally was substitute for Mario in the *Barbiers*. Signor Luchesi is a thoroughly well-trained artist and no indifferent actor; so that Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on a real acquisition. The part of Tonio presents but few opportunities of display; nevertheless, Signor Luchesi, by his artistic singing and easy, unaffected acting, gave unqualified satisfaction. Signor Belletti is one of the best representatives of Sergeant Salpizio we have seen.

After the *Figlia*, the last act of *La Favorita* was given, with Mademoiselle Spezia, Signor Giuglini and Signor Vialotti. Signor Giuglini sang "Spirito gentil" with his accustomed effect, and was unanimously encored. The duet "Vien tutti obbligo" was forcibly rendered, by Mademoiselle Spezia and Signor Giuglini. A strong word of praise is also due to Signor Vialotti, for his execution of the music of Balgassare.

The novel experiment of a winter opera has thus been attended with complete success. With artists like Piccolomini, Spezia, and the "golden-voiced" tenor, Giuglini, it is no wonder. *The Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and *Figlia*, are to be repeated this week, and we hear that an Italian version of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* is in rehearsal.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE new home of the Royal Italian Opera is rapidly approaching completion. The facade in Bow-street seems to be almost complete, and the side walls are so nearly finished, as to justify the raising of the first great girders—sixteen are to support the roof. These girders, which are what are called lattice-girders, are all of wrought iron, and weigh each somewhere about sixteen tons. The workmen have commenced the erection of a scaffold of frame-work, composed of great beams of timber, upon which the purchase is to be erected, by means of which this enormous mass of iron is to be raised to the top of the walls, and placed in its proper position. As the span of these girders is ninety feet, an idea may easily be formed of the extent of the roof which is about to be erected, without any support from beneath, save the boundary walls.

The interior semicircles of brick-work, from which the several tiers of boxes are to spring, are finished, and the workmen are now busy at the back wall, which yet wants a good many feet of its proper altitude. The area, although now nearly filled with scaffolding and long derrick poles, piles of brick, waggons, and horses, and workmen passing to and fro, may yet be seen to be of great extent; but the visitor is surprised when he is told that the foot-lights will cut this whole space exactly in two, and that a full half of the inclosure in the centre of which he stands will be devoted to the stage and its appendages. Standing also, as he does, on *terra firma*, and at a very little lower level than that of the street outside, he will feel, perhaps, rather astonished when his attention is called to a white line painted about half-way up the wall, and he is told at that high level the Marions and Grises and Lablaches of the day will sing and strut their hour for the entertainment of the fashionable world. There will be fewer tiers of boxes, and fewer boxes in each tier, than in the late theatre, the object of Mr. Gye being to afford greater space and better accommodation to his patrons, even although at the cost of considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The pit will be ten feet wider, the same increase being given to the stage; and, by a judicious alteration in the design, everyone in the house will be enabled to see the stage without stretching out, a process which often fearfully disarranges the cravats of the polite cavaliers who generally occupy the back chairs in all opera-boxes. The box company having passed through the vestibule, will find themselves in a very spacious "crush-room," and from thence there will be new and unusual facilities for ingress and egress—a most important provision, when we remember the accidents to which buildings of this kind are liable. Great improvements will be made in the scenic arrangements—amongst others the erection of an extensive painting-room, 90 feet by 40, and the abolition of the old-fashioned "fly," the effect of the latter innovation being to facilitate the exhibition of spectacle to an extent hitherto unknown in our theatres. Lastly, in almost every case, the use of iron will be substitute for wood, and every other precaution taken to render the building as nearly fire-proof as possible. The work, which commenced on the 29th of September last, had been carried on with great rapidity, and in their present aspect afford every prospect of being finished by the 1st of May, on which day Mr. Gye is bound by his contract to open the theatre. There are about 200 men daily at work on the walls and roof, and simultaneously the Messrs. Lucas's large factory, at Lowestoft, is fully employed on the interior fittings, while all the ironwork is being constructed at the foundry of Messrs. Grissell. It is obvious that progress may in the same way be made with the scenery and decorations, so that as we approach the end of the work the rate of progress will exhibit what, were we not aware of the above particulars, would appear to be almost a magical acceleration. Under all these favorable circumstances we may fairly anticipate that an early day will see Mr. Gye comfortably installed in his newly-erected lyric temple, and we trust rewarded by that amount of patronage on the part of the public to which his energy and unwearied exertions for their amusement so justly entitle him.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*The Creation* was performed last night, and Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance this season. Miss Louisa Vining and Mr. Santley were the other singers. The Hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

MADAME VIARDOT IN POLAND.

(From the Special Correspondent of the Courier de Paris.)

Warsaw, 17th December.

At all times, as you know, our eyes have been turned towards France. We applaud your success and glory, and your pleasure are ours. We share especially your taste for the stage. You will not, therefore, be surprised at learning that the great event of the day is the arrival of Madame Pauline Viardot amongst us. Last Sunday, December the 13th, Prince Gortschakoff entertained in his palace all the rank and fashion of Warsaw with a concert, of which, so to speak, Madame Viardot was the whole and sole attraction. She sang on the occasion the grand air from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, two pieces from *Le Prophète*, and some Russian airs. We may observe that the performance of the opera *Le Prophète* is prohibited at Warsaw.

This eminent artist will give twelve performances here. She made her debut on the 15th in Norma. She will appear in *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Sonnambula*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Il Trovatore*, and, perhaps, *La Juive*, which we here call the *Hebrea*.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a place at the performance of *Norma*. The promises of the playbill were so attractive that a great many people were obliged to remain at home that evening, very much disappointed that they had not secured a stall or a box a week beforehand. For the moment all anxiety respecting the financial crisis was forgotten; the places had been raised in the proportion of ten to three. The fair vocalist's success was immense. Every one was delighted by the power of her voice, by her marvellous facility, by her vocal science, pushed to the utmost limits of art, and by her dramatic talent, which is beyond all praise. In speaking thus, I am simply the echo of our musical critics. A shower of bouquets overwhelmed Malibran's emulater and sister, who was called forward as often as ten times in the course of the evening.

I must mention one more fact, equally honourable to Madame Viardot and the management of our lyric theatre. No contract bound the fair singer and the management before the first performance. The day after that brilliant display, the management offered Mad. Viardot the sum of two thousand francs, inquiring, at the same time, whether she thought a similar amount sufficient for each of the following representations.

Warsaw, 26th December.

As far as our internal administration is concerned, I have nothing important to tell you, and, as we are not allowed to busy ourselves with politics, all our activity is directed towards artistic enjoyments. The press continues to devote its attention almost exclusively to Mad. Pauline Viardot, and to celebrate her triumphs. Mad. Viardot really deserves the enthusiastic reception we have given her. It is true that nowhere, perhaps, except in Italy, is artistic talent so warmly applauded as in Poland and Russia.

The second representation of *Norma* excited even more enthusiasm than the first. The lady's voice was still more supple and powerful. She was rapturously recalled, eleven times, in the course of the evening. The performance of *Il Barbiere* was even more brilliant.

After the performance, Prince Cantacuzine was sent by Prince Gortschakoff to invite Madame Pauline Viardot to take tea in the Governor-General's box, where she was *féted* by the cream of the court and the nobility.

Places fetch a fabulous price; a box, for instance, is worth five-and-twenty silver roubles.

BRADFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—On Wednesday night, St. George's Hall was filled with upwards of 3,000 persons, who attended to listen to an excellent concert given by M. Julien and his unrivalled band. Mad. Gris was the vocalist, and a finer artist the world does not even now possess. She charmed her auditors with her delicious rendering of two or three English ballads, and with her inimitable Italian vocalism. The band, as usual, played with a spirit and *entrain* which have secured a justly deserved popularity for M. Julien. Several encores were given, and a rare treat was enjoyed by the large audience.

HERR FORMES AT NEW YORK.

HERR FORMES, in spite of a "cold," has made an evident sensation, and given rise to a multitude of criticisms—all more or less favourable. Some are diverting to a degree. One, from the *New York Atlas*—which might be headed "*American View of Herr Formes and of the American Race*, by an American lady enamoured of the one and absorbed in the other," is worth quoting as a curiosity:

"To return to my visit to the Academy of Music—on Monday last—I was overwhelmed with that establishment, for I had never truly appreciated it before. A beautiful commodious entrance, generously and intelligently ushered, to whom it is a pleasure to address one's self, beautiful broad corridors brilliantly lighted, where we neither crush or are crushed by our neighbours; and then the interior, who ever saw such an adorably beautiful house, with its flush of crimson velvet and gold and pure white, and its wilderness of marbles toiling beneath the weight of its glittering galleries, and its whole star-field of soft and splendid light flashing away into the utmost recesses, striking like sunlight upon the brows of the American marbles, and then rolling up from pillars and columns to overlow the dome above? Then the stage effects, the number of the chorus, the liberal and appropriate manner in which they were costumed, the beauty and large effectiveness of the scenery, and above all, that ballet scene, in which the calm and splendour of a moonlight seemed really to be rolling around and brightening up the massive and shadowy columns.

"And the beauties, ah! dear Formes, ah! cruel Carl, knowest thou of the ravages thou art doomed to work in our susceptible hearts! dost thou smile that we may weep! dost thou sing to make us victims of a hopeless love!

"But apart from Jeting,* I think the said Formes incalculably the best actor I have ever seen upon the lyric stage. As Bertram, the demonic beauty of his expression, his dramatic accent in singing, together with the terrible energy of his histrionic affects, almost persuaded me that he was Daniel in person, although we had seen below, did I not know that in that case he would not have dared to sing in a theatre in the neighbourhood of which was located the Church of the Holy Zebra. However, in laudation of Mr. Formes, it is useless to exert my inefficient voice, his admirers are so numerous, that since they could storm a fort like Sebastopol, and take it. It was with great pleasure, too, that I again saw Madame La Grange, that queen of the lyric art, whose talent is only equalled by her intelligence; she is one of the few great artists now in the world; in these days of small voices, small acting, small conceptions, an artist like La Grange is above all price and valuation.

"I have but two more remarks to make, the first with regard to the wonderfully moderate charges to which the managers of the Academy of Music have reduced the price of admission. The sum of one dollar (five francs) will but just secure you a seat in the moment and most unclean little antislavery theatre in Paris, and for that price here you have secured to you an admirable place in the most beautiful, richest, and most commodious theatre in the world. The liberality of the management has no counterpoise on record, but it is hardly necessary to add any more extended remarks upon that subject, when it is known that it is conducted by such men as Ulman, and Payne, and Thalberg. For the second remark, it relates to a subject which I have particularly at heart—namely, the superior beauty of the American race, of both sexes. Although I am a secret admirer of the beauty of the American gentlemen, I am much too modest this morning to come to any immediate terms, so I will restrict myself to the grateful object of the ladies. I, for my own part, was completely dazzled by the amount and startling quality of their beauty, such fine and distinguished heads, such flashing eyes, such carnation bloom upon lips and cheeks, such shining whiteness of complexion, and such a wealth of *graciousness of susceptible bosoms*; fortunately they see it all their lives, and get used to it, otherwise beauty would become impossible, and the old days of knighthood and chivalry would agitate the world. Perhaps one reason why the American ladies are superior in their beauty to all other nations under the sun, is the fact that in our own country—where comparatively women are not slaves, where they receive good education—there is no inducement to think and to feel, and are treated with reasonable beings. The American race has its faults—heaven help it—but it is still the best race I know. May the propitious gods smile upon the stars and stripes, whenever they float over this unfortunate world, and to that glorious colour let us all unite our voices to cry *Elo perpetua!*"

* "Many a true word—" The lady must fill up the blank.—*Ed. M. W.*

Pray, reader, don't miss a line of the foregoing. Peruse the whole of it—from "Cruel Carl" to the "beauty of American gentlemen," "susceptible bosoms" and "stars and stripes"—or the loss will be yours.

Herr Formes has also made his appearance in oratorio. The *Creation* was the work selected for the first sacred performance at the Academy of Music. Madame La Grange (in part 3), Miss Milner (in parts 1 and 2), and Mr. Perring were the other singers. The execution generally, by the members of the New York Harmonic Society and the chorus of the Academy, seems to have been mediocre. Mr. Bristol (the Pyne-Harrison *nonpareil*) was chorus master, and Herr Anschütz (Mr. Jarrett's exportation from *Vaterland*) conductor. We can only make room for a very short extract from the *New York Herald's* report:—

"No oratorio has ever been here with such *idolat*, and the audience was fully equal to the occasion. The house was crowded in every part, at opera prices. Many of the most eloquent divines in the city lent their aid to the affair, and appeared in the house. The religious community came out in force, and almost every musician and amateur of note in the city was present. The stage was replaced by an elevated platform, upon which the solo singers, chorus, and orchestra appeared; and the arrangements throughout were exactly like those for the great musical solemnities at Exeter Hall, London—the solo singers and conductor of the orchestra; behind them on either side the female choristers; in the rear the men; and in the centre, the orchestra, with the organ at the back. Mr. Formes, Miss Milner, and Mr. Perring—who are oratorio singers by profession—distinguished themselves greatly. Miss Milner sang "With verdure clad," a mighty waltz," admirably. Mr. Perring added to the favourable impression he has made here. The same admirable qualities were noticeable in the singing of Mr. Formes, who, although he had not quite recovered from the effects of his recent illness, sang even better than in the Opera, and carried off a large part of the honours of the night.

From the *New York Times* the following is an excerpt:—

"The *début* of Mr. Formes, as a singer in oratorio, was an event which excited a natural curiosity; and to that curiosity, we think, is attributable, in great measure, the crowded state of the house. Perhaps there should be added to this the eligible opportunity afforded to a large class of conscientious persons to hear and see the musical notabilities of the time, without violation of their principled opposition to operatic and theatrical performances. Let the cause of the crowd be as it may, the fact that an oratorio has drawn a New York audience of four thousand, is conclusive proof of the experiment at the Academy. There could not be a greater contrast than that between Formes in oratorio and in opera—physiognomically and physically, as well as morally. His diabolism in *Bertram* subsides into an air of profound and sober respectability and solemnity in *Raphael*. In point of fact, the opera *habitué* shan't not a little difficult to recognise, at a glance, in the clean-shaven and stately elderly gentleman who walked gravely forward at the be-looked and heard-of and heralded genius of Robert. The metamorphosis was complete. The reputation of the great basso received a fresh indorsement. His recitative was admirable, and his rendering of the air, "Roaming in Foaming Billows," brought down a vigorous encore."

Thus, it would seem, the German singer is safely launched in the sea of public favour. Mr. Ullman seems to have "worked" Herr Formes with greater success than he did poor Madame Frenzelin. We observe that another *bonne-bouche* is in store for the Yankees. The "fat, fair, and —y" Mad. Cavadori is a passenger by the "Canada," and is already secured for the highly to be envied "Academy." How we in London are to get on without her is a problem.

DR. MARK and his young pupils have been playing during the week at Stockport, Stalybridge, Wilmalaw, Liverpool, and Warrington. The following note, received by Dr. Mark, from M. Julien, conveys the great musician's opinion of the acquirements of the "Little Men" in musical knowledge:—

"Queen's Hotel, Manchester, 4th January, 1858.

"I have heard with the greatest pleasure the children under the direction of Dr. Mark, and as it is just to judge by the attention, I think that his system of elementary instruction merits the attention of persons who occupy themselves seriously with this important national question of universal education. It is with the greatest pleasure I give this testimonial to Dr. Mark."—*Manchester Examiner*.

LITERARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Mr. Thackeray's allusion to the subject of Schools in his speech at the Commercial Travellers' Dinner, followed as it was by a leading article in *The Times*, very shrewdly tracing the present high charges of education to what a vulgar person would call the extra two-pence a week for manures, seems very likely to have a disastrous effect on the conditions of middle-class education, which I trust will end to the advantage of Paterfamilias and the improvement of Squeers. I should be very sorry, however, if this was the only good that was to follow from the words uttered that night by the renowned chairman of the hagmeo's feast. It cannot be, indeed, but that those words which seemed to sound forth from that particular cell in the mysterious caverns of his soul, where the great ungodly and godless and godless and godless spirit of Paterfamilias must have found an immediate, distinct, and ringing echo in the hearts of that class whom they challenged to emulate the achievement of the commercial gentlemen. "Why," said the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nobly speaking in a catholic spirit for the "gentlemen of the land," and pointing to the flourishing educational establishments instituted and sustained by the "gentlemen of the road,"—"why cannot we do something of the kind for ourselves?"

I feel assured that this simple question, urging so noble a suggestion, must have sounded like a trumpet-blast when heard—must have flashed up in letters of light, when read—by those claiming to rank in the great legion to whom it was addressed. Alas! must it in truth be confessed? I am equally assured that the bright hope, the happy vision, which at that instant sprung up, all but realised in the sanguine and fortuitous 'emancipation' of Paterfamilias, was a mere phantasmagoria of the redemptor's reflection enveloped in clouds of misgiving and despondency. "Have not," will the unlucky "gentlemen of the time" exclaim with a sigh, "have not we tried ere this to do something for ourselves, and miserably failed? while almost every other profession or trade have their spontaneous institutions for mutual assistance and support, insuring due provision for their orphans and widows, nothing of the kind, when proposed for our benefit, has ever been heard of, or even carried out. There is no cohesion among us; our 'line,' alas, is a rope of sand, and will support nothing."

No doubt this barren blank and gloom with which they are thus tempted to leave a subject that seemed at first so teeming, is justified by the main experience of the past, though only, I trust, when superficially viewed. I do firmly think that, if as must be admitted, there is in the highly susceptible natures of the literary class a decided tendency to yield to many capricious and inadequate causes of division and disunion, very little has hitherto been done to neutralise or counteract this characteristic. When the world of authorship threw off the degrading tyranny of noble patronage, it did not immediately acquire independence, but fell under the control of oligarchies; and the formation of *cliques*, with, at their head, one or two names invested with the prestige of success, and sworn to the principle *hoyz nous et nos amis* and *leurs de l'espèce*, imposed a sort of domination scarcely less oppressive or humiliating. Of both these the modern literary man prescribes an instinctive and deep-rooted abhorrence; he will not endure the condescending and cold-blooded patronage of nobility; he rebels fiercely against the imperious dictation and covert malignity of a coterie. Unhappily the "republic of letters" is as yet an unrealised name, for one of these old enemies of literary liberty still holds considerable sway. *Clique*, unambitiously, and powerful one, doing much mischief seek in its sphere, we have yet among us, though I am not going to take upon myself the invidious task and perilous office of pointing them out: and though that noxious fungus, the epistle dedicatory, bred in the corrupt warmth of clemency guineas, is an extinct species, and no longer served up at the tables of the nobility, the sickly smells of lowly patronage still remain a kind of parasitical erysipelas in the salubrious atmosphere of the age, and perpetuates the ancient taint and imparts it to the whole body literary, greatly to the disgust of its more aspiring and self-dependent members.

I am for my part, and for the present, convinced that had these deterring influences—hagbears call them if you will—been sedulously removed out of sight or suspicion when schemes akin to that proposed by Mr. Thackeray have been set a-foot, literary men would not form an exception as they do now to the mass of other professions and callings in this respect. Let the attempt to carry out the very timely and useful suggestion of the author of the *Virginians* have a thoroughly democratic origin—spring from the comparatively undistinguished herd of toilers in the field of literature; let the business be entrusted to a few of those who once distinguished for their habits of business—and the class of authors is really not so devoid of those as the reader's

seer would infer, and if the thing be done at once the good ship of which Mr. Thackeray may be said to have laid out the lines in his speech will be launched and fairly shoot ere that remarkable product of practical genius—LITERARY MEN'S SCHOOLS—is near the desired end. It will be no harm if Mr. Thackeray himself summoned the first meeting, and were invited to preside over it. He has neither instituted nor suffered to form round him any clique, and he has earned a vast amount of respect by the stern and rugged independence with which he has steered his own course, obedient only to the voice that was within him, spurring to court the "most sweet voices" of the multitude, or filling his ears with the hum of a popular cry, and riding no special hobby of his own. Patiently working out his great task of producing a faithful portraiture of the society of his day, viewed not only by its own light, but in its affiliation and contrast with the immediate past, and regardless how he might be decimating the number of his readers, ere writing up to his own standard, not down to their powers of appreciation, for he prefers to give away his guesses that one at least may get a good dinner and a bottle of wine, rather than change it into coppers to throw for a scramble in the crowd, that many may get a saveloy or a glass of gin. These moral qualities are likely to rob Mr. Thackeray's presidency over the desired movement of any scaring or disquieting effect, and render them, on the contrary, a guarantee against all one-sided and overbearing influences. There are practical difficulties, which I have not touched on, necessarily involved in the scheme, and one is formulating an exact definition of a literary man, which will exclude mere dabbles and amateurs, &c.; for were all who rush into print, or even who systematically produce books, to claim the benefits of the proposed institution, Mr. Thackeray's "Literary Men's Schools," no subscription would be large enough, nor human power of organisation sufficient to embrace so vast a scope.

Claiming your support for a cause in which you must feel a strong interest, and hoping that these crude remarks may help to set the ball a-going, I leave the field to more practical heads and more able advocates.

OLD TRUMPETER.

LEEDS.—On Saturday night last "A Juvenile Night" was given in the Music-hall, by the People's Concert Committee. The vocalists were Miss Walker, Mr. Delavanti, and the Madrigal and Motet Society. The instrumentalists were Master Tilney and Mr. Spark.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—On Wednesday week, Miss Newbound and Master Walter Tilney (pupils of Mr. Spark) gave their first annual concert in the Music Hall. The performers engaged by the young artists were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Weiss, and the chorus of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society. There was a large attendance. Miss Newbound sang Mozart's "Addio" and Hummel's *Troisième* with variations with great success. Master Tilney (in his twelfth year) gave two piano solos, including Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and, being encored, played a composition of his own. Of the concerted pieces, a new and sparkling trio for female voices, by Mr. Henry Smart, entitled "Queen of fresh flowers," was one of the most successful. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss obtained a large share of applause. The chorus gave several part-songs, and a selection from Macfarren's *May-day*, the latter being warmly received. On Saturday, the People's Concert was specially designed for juveniles, and the programme arranged accordingly. The performers were Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Delavanti, Master Walter Tilney, and a chorus of sixty voices—Mr. Spark being the conductor and accompanist. The encours were numerous, the youngsters expressing their delight in loud applause.

BRIGHTON AMATEUR HARMONIC UNION.—(From a Correspondent).—The second concert took place on Wednesday evening, 6th January, before a crowded audience. The programme comprised a due proportion of classical pieces, well interspersed with lighter efforts. Amongst the former, special mention may be made of the *Allegro and Andante* from Beethoven's trio (Op. 11), which was admirably rendered by Messrs. William Ren (pianoforte), Key (clarinet), and Balcombe (violoncello.) The other instrumental "points" were the violoncello solo by Herr Lulel (from *Lucia di Lammermoor*), which was encored with enthusiasm; and the fantasia for violin and piano, on *six* from *Preisios*, capotially executed by Mr. John Kemp and Mr. Ren. The vocalists were the Messrs. Ledler, and Mr. P. Jones. The programme. The orchestral performers acquitted themselves well in Mehul's *Joseph*, the March of the Priests, from *Athalia*, and other pieces.

NORTHAMPTON.—An extra performance of the Choral Society took place on Monday evening, the 28th ultimo, in aid of the organ fund. The *Messiah* was given, with Madame Endersohn, Miss Fanny Huddard, Mr. Millard and Mr. Santley as vocalists. Mr. Facker conducted, and Mr. Charles McKorkell presided at the organ. Mr. Starmer played the trumpet *obbligato* in "The trumpet shall sound; Mr. McKorkell performed, on the organ, the Dead March from *Saul*, before the commencement of the oratorio, in memory of the late Earl Spencer, who was president of the Society.

NEW YORK.—(From a Correspondent).—PEOPLE'S CONCERTS.—Another of these popular concerts took place in the Festival Concert Room, on Tuesday evening, December 1st, when there was a numerous attendance. The principal vocalist was Miss Maria Wilson, of Hull, formerly of the Wilberforce Institution for the Blind, York. She was assisted by Messrs. Hird, Holmes, Hudson, and Flöwman, and accompanied on the piano by Mr. W. Strickland. Miss Wilson had to repeat some of her pieces. The other vocalists were Messrs. Wilson and Lambert. Mr. J. W. Sykes, R.A.M., played two solos on the violin. Mr. Shaw presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. R. Hunt conducted. The overtures, &c., were well rendered by the band, and the concert passed off with *éclat*.

NICE.—(Extract from a private letter).—December 29, 1857. A concert was given here last evening, at the Salle de L'Hôtel D'York, for the benefit of the victims of the Indian revolt, under the patronage of all the *grandes dames* at present sojourning at Nice. The programme was unusually select, and had more of the classical element than is generally found in musical entertainments here. The orchestra was under the direction of M. Fernand Duval, *chef-d'orchestre* of the Theatre Royal. M. Alexandre Billel, the eminent pianist, performed Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, and created an immense effect by his brilliant execution and vigorous style. He was loudly applauded by band and chorus, no less than by the audience, and achieved a triumph seldom won by a classical pianist in these southern regions. Meyerbeer, who is staying at Nice, was present, and expressed himself delighted with the composition and the performer. The concert, on the whole, was the best conducted and most interesting which had been given in Nice for a long time. * * * The place is filled with visitors, and among the most remarkable, and looking as handsome as ever, is la Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli), who appears to have settled into private life happily and contentedly.

ROME.—Signor Gardoni has appeared at the Theatre Apollo, as Alfredo in *La Traviata*. It was his first appearance in that character, and his success was decided.

PARIS.—*Il Bruschi* has at length been produced, and the Bouffes Parisiens has achieved the greatest hit of the season. Of course, any work by the author of *Il Barbieri* would have obtained a *succès d'estime*, but the *Bruschi*, if we accept the verdict of the journals, has gained a genuine triumph. The theatre was crowded in every part, and among the company were observed the Count and Countess de Morny, Count Braciechi, Prince Piotowski, Madame Fould, Madame de Breitenhoff, the Princess Trubelakoi, and other fashionable, foreign and native, together with all the artistic and literary world, among whom were Mario, and M. Flotow, the composer of *Martha*. Many of Rossini's friends endeavoured to persuade him to be present at the first representation, but he would not listen to the proposal, and to the most pressing of them replied, "I have given my permission, but don't ask me to be an accomplice." The opera, or more properly *farza tutta per ridere*—was received with immense applause. The music is described as fresh, natural, graceful, melodious, and full of reminiscences; some of the *morceaux*, indeed, containing the germs of airs and concerted pieces in the composer's most popular works. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that Rossini, if not in possession of his full powers when he wrote the *Bruschi*, was beginning to try the wings of his inspiration, and gave indications of a style so soon to work a serious change in operatic music. The execution was but indifferent, M. Duvernoy alone being found equal to the floral music. Mlle. Dalmont, who in the *Revue de Gazette Musicale* terms "La Sontag du l'Assage Choiseul," was considered promising rather than accomplished in the soprano part. The

opera, no doubt, will have a long run, everything being done to give it a permanent footing on the stage, the dresses, decorations and scenery being most admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of M. Offenbach, efficient.—At the Opéra-Comique, *Fra Diavolo* has been revived.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique, a new comic opera, in three acts, has been produced with success. It is entitled *La Demoiselle d'Honneur*, the music by M. Théophile Semet, words by MM. Meislépis and Kauffmann.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *New York Times* speaks very favourably of the last concert given by this society, at which, among other things, Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, Professor Bennett's overture, *The Naiads*, and Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* were very well played, by a band of forty performers, in the Athenæum room. The minnet and trio in the symphony were encored. A solo on the pianoforte by Mr. Hoffman was also encored, and the *andante* from "Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin" (Did Beethoven only write one! *En. M. W.*), by the same gentleman and Mr. Burke, gave much satisfaction. There was also some singing (mediocre it appears) by a Missie. Catroll. At the next concert (January 30) the 7th symphony of Beethoven, the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, and an overture by Herr Riets of Leipzig, will be given. "The Brooklyn audience"—adds our transatlantic contemporary—"separated, rejoicing that they had not to cross the ferry, and elated with the consciousness of a Philharmonic Society of their own." When will our "Brooklyn"—transpantine London—be able to exult in a like distinction!

THE ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Thus instrument in tone so pith,
Was built by thy father Smith;
Its case car'd out with ornaments,
And gilded pipes adorn'd it.
When view'd a little to the left,
Between the screen and railings aloft,
Enough to see its depth of case,
The width and height from top to base,
It seems to stand for ever in place,
Majestic grandeur on its face,
It still can send forth pow'r to fill
The spacious fabrics at its will.
Its great organ whose stops blend fine,
The diapason rich, divine,
Their treble notes both sweet and round,
The base so deep, full, and profound.
When the fire gravest, lowest notes
Are held down, on the air sound floats,
Filling pious minds with wonder,
A wful, deep, like distant thunder!
The swell, in kind both rich and sweet,
From soft to loud the ear doth greet
With sounds delicious, when subdu'd,
By tasteful playing notes endu'd.
The stop diapason in the great,
As solo it yields a treat,
Of sounds so clear and delicate,
Seem in effect to triplicate.
The same nam'd stop that's in the choir,
Unlike the full organ with fire,
Is soft and mellow, when subdu'd
In solo, quartet—take your choice.
The pedal pipes so round and deep,
Add breadth as with full chords they creep,
When blended with the loud or swell,
They in the anthem chorus tell.
And when its utmost stretch of pow'r
Is bent, as in the tenor doth vibrate,
Commencing with the lower sounds,
It vibrates, and in air rebounds.
The rising full chord, rich and good,
O'er helmets, pours forth like as a flood
Its harmony, the heart doth troul,
To hear'n it strains doth wath the soul.

[Will Mr. Haydn Wilson favour us with a fair copy of his poetical works, complete!—*Ed. M. W.*]

HAYDN WILSON,

RACHIN'S HOUSE IN PARIS.—At her house everything is rich and magnificent, perhaps too *recherché*. The innermost room was blue-green, with shaded lamps and statues of French authors. In the saloon, properly speaking, the colour which prevailed principally in the carpets, curtains, and bookcases, was crimson. She herself was dressed in black, probably as she is represented in the well-known English steel engraving of her. Her guests consisted of gentlemen, for the greater part artists and men of learning; I also heard a few titles among them. Richly-apparelled servants announced the names of the arrivals; tea was drunk and refreshments handed round, more in the German than the French style. Victor Hugo had told me that he found that she understood the German language. I asked her, and she replied in German, "Ich kann es lesen; ich bin ja in Lothringen geboren; ich habe Deutsche Bücher, sohn Sie hier!" [I can read it; I was born in Lorraine. I have German books: look here]; and she showed me Grillparzer's *Sappho* and then immediately continued the conversation in French. She expressed her pleasure in acting the part of Sappho, and then spoke of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, which character she has personated in a French version of that play. I saw her in this part, and she gave the last act especially with such composure and tragic feeling, that she might have become one of the best of German actresses; but it was precisely in this very act that the French liked her least. "My countrymen," said she, "are not accustomed to this manner, and in this manner alone can the part be given. No one should be raving when the heart is almost broken with sorrow, and when he is about to take an everlasting farewell of his friends." Her drawing-room was for the most part decorated with books, which were splendidly bound, and arranged in handsome bookcases behind glass. A painting hung on the wall, which represented the interior of the theatre in London, where she stood forward on the stage, and flowers and garlands were thrown on her across the orchestra. Below this picture hung a pretty little book-shelf, holding what I call "the high nobility among the poets;" Goethe, Schiller, Calderon, Shakspere, &c. She asked me many questions respecting Germany and Denmark. She, like me, and the theatre; and she encouraged me, with a kind smile around her grave mouth, when I stambled in French, and stopped for a moment to collect myself, that I might not stick quite fast. "Only speak," said she. "It is true that you do not speak French well; I have heard many foreigners speak my native language better; but their conversation has not been nearly as interesting as yours. I understand the sense of your words perfectly, and that is the principal thing which interests me in you."—*Anderson's Story of his Life.*

COMPARATIVE ABSURDITY OF THE SEXES.—A woman may be ugly, ill-made, unamiable, ignorant, or stupid, but she is scarcely ever ridiculous. A thoroughly absurd woman is one of the rarest things on earth; save, indeed, a man, who is not so in a slight degree, in some way or another. Look round the world; you will discover very few women whose perceptions, conversation, dress, deportment, or manners, provoke actual laughter, if we except certain private singers; and this species of absurdity is more calculated to excite pity than irony; it is, moreover, very transient, for it only lasts the space of two or three verses of a ballad or bravura; and then, to the bad vocalist, frequently succeeds the elegant dancer, the graceful coquette, or the intellectual companion. Look at the theatre; how few really comic actresses you can find there! And the greater number even of those are considered as such, not because their talent is actually comic, but because the parts which they undertake are filled with burlesque situations, and, above all, played in an exaggerated bonnet, and an unheard of dress, or with an eccentricity of accentuation, or the attendance of a pug dog, a black dwarf, or one of those white slaves known as a snubbed husband. Extravagance is not necessarily absurdity; nor is a caricature always a wish to please. What a woman may do to exist as those who enact simplicity. But, far from appearing absurd, one of them is, on the contrary, only rendered the more charming, in proportion as she exaggerates her innocence and her awkwardness. This absence of absurdity among women, arises from the fact that they may be destitute of beauty, of elegance, of distinction, of manner, of talent, of education, and of wit, without being entirely devoid of grace, attraction, and a wish to please. What a woman may do to exist in this hope, a last country remains to her—that of a desire not to be displeasing.—*New York Atlas.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE, IRRITATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, cur'd, and a perfectly Clear Voice produced by the use of Wilkinson, Bridge, and Co's BRONCHIO-THORACIC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of the most eminent Physicians of the Day.

They are especially useful to Vocalists, Members of Parliament, Clergymen, Barristers, Public Speakers, &c. as a general Cure of Lozenges, unswerving. Prepared only and sold in boxes at 1s. and 2s. 6d.; also in tin at 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 2s. each, by Wilkinson, Bridge, and Co. Chemists, at Bridge's celebrated Dispensary, and Ginger and Cannon's, Dept. 278, St. Martin's-street, London, W.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE COUGH

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

From the Author of the "Narrative of the Second Sikh War,"—I had long suffered from a deep-seated cough, which Providence placed in my way a box of your Pulmonic Wafers. I experienced instantaneous relief, and have such a high estimate of their efficacy that I finally believe they work off of the cure of the most consumptive person. You may make any use you please of this letter. EDWARD JOSEPH THACKERELL, Lieut. 2nd Light Dragoons, Union Club, London, W.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS

Give instant relief and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, and all kinds of the breath and lungs. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1/4, 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all druggists.

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DR. LOCOCK'S COSMETIC.

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When the sun-shedding can-opy
All is lost now
Still so gently o'er me stealing
Oh! moments of pleasure
Sorely could I believe him
Doe not mislead
- No. 6.**
- Airs from Auber's L'Elfant
Pretence.
Doux espoir
Air, Dieu d'Arabe
Et quel versas le lumiere
Au Joli de la plaine
Airs from Feuille's Ernani.
Oh! I do veer! Ami miei
Keviva beriani
Come ruggenti
O tu chi l'alma adora
Galop
I miei lamenti
Lettia
Non vedetta

- Ernani I tremate!
Ditto apravo
Indolce e suo credet!
Io uso fido
Le vedrete
Vest vestee
March
- No. 8.**
- Oh! come felice
Craoivienne (Adm)
Kraoivienne (Grand Algerien)
Kraoivienne
- Airs from Donizetti's Linda di
Chamonie.
O luce di quest anime
Amo nato
Facciam Allegri
Cara lough
Di tu pene
Da quel di che
Quei dover
A consolermi
Per suo madre
Quelle gioci
La figlia mia
Esultiam la sua potesta
Se tanto in lei
Oh! I vaise, o caro!
- No. 9.**
- Eh! vece
Non veer
Ami bel destin
The Belle of the Bruce Waltzes
Revering Hymn
Sicilian Madonna's Hymn
Pledge's German Hymn
Hymn for Easter Day
Ditto White-Sunday
Ditto Trinity ditto
Christmas Hymn
The Lord's pasture
Praise, oh! praise the name
divine

- Great Source of good
Thanking Hymn
Arise, and hail the sacred day
Selection of Irish Airs
The Coekin
The Song of Sorrow
Savoyrren-Delish
Rich and poor
The Young Man's Dream
My lodging is on the cold
ground
- No. 10.**
- Irish Air (continued).
Oh! haste and leave this sacred
isle
The Last Rose of Summer
The Rielan Deer
When he who adores thee
The Meeting of the Waters
The Pretty Girl Milking the
Cow
Has borrow thy young heart
shaded?
The Gentle Maid
O Patrick! fly from me
Oh! I leave me to my sorrow
Tis not the tear
The Minstrel Boy
M-I-I-I
The Rose Tree
Love's Young Dream
Bring, sing, music was given
Kate Kearney
Peggy Bawn
Fitz's Boy
St. Patrick's Day
The Bard's Legacy
Nora Crocena
- The Star-spangled Banner
Hail Columbia!
The Belvidere Galop
Shepherd's Song

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REVIEWS.

"THE CLASSICAL PIANIST" (used at the Royal Academy of Music)—a selection of movements from the works of the great masters—edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Honorary Member, Associate, and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music).

Vol. II. of Mr. Brinley Richards' "selection of movements" begins with the whole of the late Chopin's lengthy, incoherent, plotless, shapeless and inconceivably dreary sonata in C minor (Op. 4). What such a work can possibly have to do with the "classics," we are at a loss to guess. This sonata shows clearly that even a man of original talent is unable to achieve anything of importance without the technical experience acquired through well-directed study in early life. Here Chopin was lamentably deficient, and thus only his smaller compositions are acceptable to those who regard music from a serious point of view. A clearer proof of his want of fluency, and insensibility to form—the results of imperfect education—could not be adduced than the sonata in C minor (*C minor* by courtesy), which drags the weary reader through twenty-eight closely printed pages, made up of passages without brilliancy and modulations without interest, based upon themes without melody or rhythm. Mozart himself could have done little or nothing with such a subject as that of the *allegro maestoso* :—



The *finale*—a *presto*—is about as badly off for a theme, and the *menuetto* not much better; while, to make amends, the *larghetto* etc etc as follows :—



The 5—4 measure is sustained to the end! Let not such unmusical devices be mistaken for the aberrations of genius. They are merely the tricks and artifices of self-satisfied incompetency.

The next piece—consisting of some variations on a German national air—



is graceful and unpretending—more so, indeed, than other things of the kind by the same author, which enjoy a wider reputation. Here Chopin was on territory of which he rarely passed the confines without prejudice to his muse. He is relieved by Beethoven, one of the finest of whose earlier sonatas (in E flat, Op. 7) is calculated to efface all remembrance of the half-melancholy, half-affected manufacturer of mazurkas and "nocturnes." The Polish *virtuoso* shrinks to insignificance beside

the vigorous child of the Rhine, whose last seven symphonies were reflections of the mountains that frowned on his birth-place, at Bonn, from the opposite side of the river. The sonata, which Mr Richards has placed next to Chopin's variations, is sufficiently familiar; but if any of our readers should be so inconstant in their admiration of beauty as to have forgotten it, the tender theme of the *Rondo (Finale)* will at once win back their homage :—

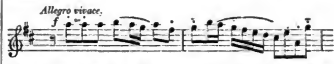


M. Oulibicheff, who talks at great length about the sonata, Op. 7,* and expatiates on the nobility of the *largo*—



—in which his lively young friend, Balakireff, finds a strong resemblance to Mozart—was too jealous of Mozart's pre-eminence to say one word about this exquisitely graceful *rondo*, or about the splendid *allegro* with which the work commences. It is such flagrant dishonesty of purpose, continually evident, that has won for the recent labours of our Russian critic and biographer the disapprobation of all competent and impartial judges, and has held up his book to the ridicule of all but M. Fétis, whom M. Oulibicheff bedaubes with flattery.

Nothing perhaps could come after Beethoven with better effect than the animated fugue in D from the *Seven Characteristic Pieces* of Mendelssohn. If the expressive melodies and deep-toned harmonies of the first have thrown us into a *douce reverie*, the last—like a good-tempered friend, who slaps us on the shoulder, when, absorbed in reflection, we are thinking of any one but him—will suddenly rouse and snatch us away from our "brown study" (quite as good as "*douce reverie*"), with an authority not to be denied. The very opening of this brilliant piece of contrapuntal writing is irresistible, and commands attention :—

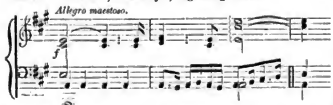


"*Kräftig und Feuerig*" is the description which the eager Mendelssohn, so brimful of musical enthusiasm in his earliest boyhood, affixes to the fugue—and with what propriety those who have heard it played by its composer, by little Charles Filtch (both gone!)—or by our own English pianist, Arabella Goddard, their legitimate successor, are best aware. Mr. Richards should have associated with this the *Presto* in A ("Schnell und

* Beethoven, see *Critiques et ses Glozantours*—page 118.

Beethoven”) which follows it in the *Characteristic Pieces*, and al-
 old for ever be in its wake, like Flying Childers striving to
 outrun Eclipse.

Next we have two of the most admirable of the sonatas of
 Clementi. The first, in A major, beginning thus:—



is as fresh and melodious as it is ingenious, and perhaps among
 all the compositions of this master, the one which made most
 impression on the plastic mind of Beethoven. The opening
allegro is faultless. The slow movement in A minor begins with
 a page that might have been signed “Beethoven;” but to
 this, alas! succeeds another, that could only have been signed
 “Clementi”—or, better, “Clementi at a standstill”—a two-part
 canon, built upon three unimportant notes of the *adagio*, which
 dispenses all the poetical fancies suggested by the commencement.
 This piece of dry contrivance, beginning thus:—



is followed by a repetition of the opening, in an abridged and
 modified shape, the whole terminating with a brief *codetta*. So that
 what at the outset promised to be a fine and impressive movement,
 is split into three fragments, the first and last of which seem
 at odds with the one that separates them from each other.
 Never was the most peevish attribute of Clementi exhibited
 to greater disadvantage. The *finale*, a bold, vigorous, and well-
 connected *allegro*, sets out as below:—



A few bars onward, the pianist who has Beethoven always
 before him will be reminded of the *finale* of his favourite com-
 poser's sonata in D—Op. 10—by the following bars:—



to which Clementi recurs as often as Beethoven to—



—which shows how a great genius may be influenced without
 committing plagiarism. The *finale* of Clementi's sonata in A
 would be as faultless as the first *allegro*, but for one of those
 eternal two-part canons—



—which fill up half a page with emptiness, after the first double
 bar, and to which Richard Wagner's definition of “music ego-
 tistically trifling with itself” would exactly apply.

(To be continued.)

“POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDER TIMES”—a collection of ancient
 songs, ballads, and dance tunes, illustrative of the national music
 of England, etc., by W. Chappell, F.S.A.

The last three numbers of Mr. Chappell's truly national work
 are as full of interest as any of their predecessors. We shall
 have a great deal to say on the subject when the publication is
 altogether completed; it is, therefore, enough at present to
 announce the fact that Parts IX., X., and XI. have been issued.

“L'ANGELUS DU MATIN”—“LE TIC-TAC DU MOULIN”—“L'AMAZON
 (caprice)—“MENET DANS LE STYLE ANCIEN”—“MINET IN G
 MINOR”—for the Pianoforte. Composed by Charles B. Lysberg.

The monotony of No. 1 (*L'Angelus du matin*), is excu-
 sable on account of its subject; besides which, monotony
 apart, the piece is pretty and effective, without any pretence or
 display. As much may be said of No. 2 (*Le Tic-tac du Moulin*),
 with the additional recommendation that it possesses a certain
 amount of originality not remarkable in its companion. No. 3
 (*L'Amazon*), is a lively movement in the “galop” style, with
 no touch of novelty to take note of. Does Herr Lysberg, in
 No. 4 (*Menet dans le Style Ancien*), intend to hit off a peculiarity
 of his musical grandfathers by the following progression?—



And does he intend to distinguish his modern self from them, by
 the subjoined peculiarity of his own (page 1)?—



We merely ask for information. To conclude, these little
 pieces are all more or less interesting, and, with varying degrees
 of merit, all really *musical*. We shall gladly welcome other
 contributions from the same pen.

“THE HASTINGS WALTZES”—for the pianoforte, by Albert Dawes,
 organist, Hastings—(late organist, Victoria Hall, Belfast).

There are points open to criticism in these waltzes—as for
 examples:—



—but none that call for praise. The following bar is inexplicable:—



Our readers must bear in mind that such publications as the above are sent to us for review, and that we do not seek them out. Thus a disagreeable task is forced upon us, from which, however disinclined to perform it, we cannot shrink.

“LYSBERG'S CELEBRATED ALPINE FANTASIA ON SWISS AIRS”—for the pianoforte.

Herr Charles Bovy Lysberg has built upon three pretty Swiss tunes (the tune of the boatmen of Brienz—the *rans des raches* of Unterwald—and the *rans des chevres* of Appenzel) a very effective piece, much in the early manner of M. Henri Herz, before that very popular composer took to imitating Thalberg and Thalberg's imitators. The *Alpine Fantasia* is sensible, well-written music, besides being interesting on account of its genuine character, and showy (without being at all difficult) for the performer.

“HERR ECHLER'S EMPRE QUADRILLE”—as agreed upon by the Congress of Dancing Masters at Vienna. The translation of the figures by James Ryan.

This quadrille—which is an attempt to imitate the characteristic dance music of various nations—may sound very well in the orchestral arrangement, but it is clumsily and ineffectively “transcribed” for the pianoforte.

“AGNUS DEI”—a tre voce—by Virginia Gabriel.

A composition by no means without traces of musical feeling. It stands, however, in great need of revision, not only on account of engraver's errors, but also those of the composer, who (among other faults) makes a jumbling alternation between the major and minor keys, which is anything but satisfactory to the ear.

“THE DELHI GALOP”—as performed at the Nobility's Balls—by J. O. Brooke.

“The nobility” are to be envied the privilege of dancing to this galop, which, but for its very objectionable title (we shall have the *Black Hole of Calcutta Polka* next), some engraver's blunders, and one or two of “Mr. Brooke's own,” might pass muster, as a spirited galop enough.

“WRITHEN”—Words by Longfellow; Music by L. H. H.

Though somewhat monotonous, this setting of Longfellow's pretty verses, “I heard a brooklet gushing,” is not altogether unattractive; but the “griu” and formidable appanage of six flats cannot hide from the eye and ear of experience the weakness of the second part (“What do I say of a murmur?”), so very much inferior to the first, which is in the less *recherché* tone of B flat major.

“L'ABSENCE” (romance)—“LE RETOUR,” (Grande Polka brillante)—pour le piano, par W. Vincent Wallace.

These brilliant pieces are twin sisters in all respects, and should never be parted. They belong to the same “tone-family”—as Wagner says (and his Yankee worshippers after him)—and are the major and minor to each other, although the Polka is written in D flat, and the Romance in C sharp minor, which (as the Director of the Musical Union is aware) makes no difference on the piano. *L'Absence* is as gracefully sentimental, as plaintive and touching, indeed, as *Le Retour* is energetic, animated and brilliant. Both are adapted to the instrument with the address and the taste for which Mr. Wallace has long been eminent, and while both demand considerable powers of execution, both are essentially effective, and will amply repay all the pains bestowed on practising them. *L'Absence* appeals to the player's command of expression, *Le Retour*, to his vigor and decision. If the late M. Döhler, or one of the living “*virtuoso*-pianists,” had written either of these pieces, it would be straightway lauded to the skies by a whole tribe of “shivering aristarchi,” and introduced straightway by Herr Rubinstein to “the Beethoven brow,” at the Musical Union.

Before any copies of the polka are sent to Chirk, the composer should look to page 8, where his searching glance will readily detect a couple of engraver's errors—one in the fourth bar of line one (F, instead of G flat); the other in the first bar of line three (F natural, instead of F flat).

“NEL COR PIU NON MI SENTO”—transcribed for the pianoforte—by Brinley Richards.

MR. RICHARDS has made his “transcription” with an eye to business. The introduction, air, and variations may be attempted in the nursery—provided that Paterfamilias has a “Broadwood” in that cherished sanctum. Nevertheless, in the midst of its simplicity, there is nothing commonplace or vulgar in any part of this *morceau classique*, since—which is by no means an absolute condition of the pastoral life—it is quite as innocent as it is bucolic. We have rarely encountered a piece at once so eximious and unpretending.

“IN MEMORIAM.”

R OYED classic ursa let tendril's of the vine
A ppear no more, but cyprus sent to entwine,
C ornell's sad shade doth hover round, and fear
H is Racine's burning words, forgotten here,
E lysium claims the voice that ta'd their song,
L ink'd to our dearest thought, so oft, so long!
F ear not, blest spirits! for, while time endures,
E ach grateful heart shall call her mem'ry yours,
L ong tho' we mourn, she hath bequeath'd a spell:
I n fancy's breaths shall your triumphs tell;
X enophon muses so more—yet speaketh well!

January, 1858.

A.

BRIGHTON.—M. Oury's series of orchestral and military concerts at the Royal Pavilion, continues to prove attractive. The selections in general are good, and Madame Oury at the pianoforte is always an interesting feature in the programme.

LYNN CHURCH, CHURCH.—On Sunday last Mr. Twiss, of Hartford, again presided on the beautiful organ just erected in the church by Messrs. Forster and Andrews of Hull. There was an immense congregation, who highly appreciated the manner in which the choral service was conducted by the talented organist.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH'S CHRISTMAS
ORATORIO.*

(First performance in Berlin by the Singacademie, on the 17th of December, 1857.)

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH'S *Christmas Oratorio* (*Weihnachts Oratorium*), the text of which is taken from the 2nd chapter of *St. Luke*, verses 1—21, and the 2nd chapter of *St. Matthew*, verses 1—12, and on which Winterfeld, Mosewius, and Wilhelm Rust have written excellent articles, consists of six musical compositions complete in themselves, which were performed, on six different days, in the course of divine service, during Christmas time, under the direction of the old master, in Leipzig. The first three of these concerts (for this was the term which Johann Sebastian Bach himself has frequently employed for such sacred compositions, which, however, are also called oratorios, as in the case, for instance, at present with the Evangelical Church in Transylvania) are intended for the first three days of Christmas, which in the last century were duly observed in Berlin, as well as elsewhere; the fourth was intended for New Year's day; the fifth, for the first Sunday in the new year; and the sixth, for Epiphany Sunday. The performance of the whole series in one day is contrary to the original notion of the composer, but he regarded this series, as he did the entire festival itself, as one connected whole, so that an uninterrupted succession or performance of all the six parts (which Bach himself collected in one and the same score) is probably quite in accordance with his intention, as Herr Grell justly observed in his address. It was not considered advisable to give the whole of the *Christmas Oratorio*. Apart from the long time it would take to play all the music, a circumstance which, with those who were but newly acquainted with it, might prove injurious to a favourable impression, there were a great many short-comings and omissions, arising from the impossibility of replacing certain instruments. To the latter—in addition to the organ, the alt-oboe, &c.—belong those instruments which—at least in certain separate pieces, according to the key in which they are, cannot approximate to Bach's original intention—to which the Singacademie has been striving to return for some time past—so easily as the violins.† If in this manner, besides the omission of certain pieces, or the second part of them, there is, in a few cases, a departure from the original, through the employment of some instrument which is not the one directed to be used, this is justified by the endeavour to injure the great master as little, and do him as much justice, as possible. A contemporary rightly observes that this cycus of cantatas, by its essentially cheerful and *positive* character, forms a sharp contrast to the invariably serious and transcendental purport of the *Passion of St. Matthew*. As in the latter, the material arrangement and treatment of the subject is partly epic and dramatic, partly lyric, only the last element greatly preponderates in the *Christmas Oratorio*. All is clear, flowing, and transparent, both in form and expression. The same master to whom we are generally accustomed to look up as the most profound interpreter of God's word, and the boldest and most powerful tone-painter, here displays all the fulness and poetry of a childlike pious spirit. The brightest and most festive feeling is apparent in the work, and the musical language is, from the beginning to the end, as joyous as it is simple and true-hearted. The first chorus, "Juchzet, frohlocket," reminds us less of Bach's peculiarity than of the simple style of Handel, the freshest and most patriarchal of all national singers. The chorus, "Wie sol ich dich empfangen," is founded on the same melody as "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden," from the *Passion of St. Matthew*. It obtains, however, from the different manner in which it is treated, quite a new significance. In the one instance it expresses complete self-devotion and resignation, while here it portrays the most blessed hope. While artistically fashioning the feelings and thoughts with which the subject filled him, the master was extremely fond of

joining them to those tunes which were formerly in all hearts, and, with their consoling and elevating influence, accompanied an individual from the cradle to the grave. Bach's compositions are so far removed from our immediate sensation, because one of their principal elements, namely the choral, possesses at present a very different importance to what it once did. It has become a mere Sunday song; estranged from every day life, and only still at home in the church and the school, it awakes in us nothing further than the half-faded recollections of our early youth. Formerly, when religious views still swayed the entire world, and each individual felt himself most closely connected with the ecclesiastical community, the mind found in these songs the echo of all its joys, its pains, and its hopes. The choral melodies, an inexhaustible mine of true piety and poetry, have been employed by the master for a succession of creations, whose outward variety and inward riches we cannot sufficiently admire. In the choral, "Ach, mein herrlicher Jesulein," the treatment is characterised by playful grace and smiling mildness. While, in the insipid text, we find only the cloying sentimentality of pietism, the music moves us by its childlike naïveté. In the choral, "Er ist auf Erden kommen arm," a bass recitative, as though interpreting and explaining the text, intersects the melody, which is intoned in nelson by the alto. For the intermediate music of the choral, "Wir singen dir in deinem Heer," Bach has employed one of the most charming and most expressive figures out of the pastoral symphony introducing the second cantata. The "Schlaf, mein Liebster" is one of the most beautiful and feeling cradle-songs ever sung from the fulness of a mother's heart. The chorus, "Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe," begins in the most brilliant and spirited manner, but only to glide, immediately afterwards, at the words, "Und Friede auf Erden," into an indescribably soft and dreamy strain. The chorus, "Fallt mit Danken," appears almost written in Mozart's style; the alternation between one single bass voice and the united soprano is marked with deep feeling. The chorus, "Herr, wenn die stolzen Feinde schnauben," is most powerful. As in all Bach's other works, so in the *Christmas-Oratorio*, we at first find a barrier to our enjoyment in a peculiar style of instrumentation, to which we must become accustomed before we can be imbued with the full purport of the composition. If we compare Bach's orchestra with that of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, we shall find that it not only wants several separately highly characteristic elements, such as clarionets, and, as a rule, horns and trombones, but, what is far more important, that the whole treatment of it is copied from the organ, and marked by a certain stiffness and monotony. All the more delicate admixtures of sound are wanting, and the separate instruments are only employed as so many different stops, which the organist's hand pulls out and pushes in according to a certain system. While, in the productions of more modern times, the orchestra constitutes the moving background against which the vocal parts stand out in simple clearness, and with distinctive individuality, the exact reverse is here the case. Out of the vast ebbing and flowing tide of polyphony, there simply arise a few separate instruments as distinctly defined shapes for the senses of the auditor; instruments which, by their sharply-marked figures and their sound, so strongly contrasted with the vocal parts, divert the attention of the unpractised public from the principal thing. Bach always employed, with artistic geniality, the means which the orchestras of his time offered him, but he never went beyond the narrow limits he found already existing in this department of art. The performance, especially of the choruses, merits our hearty approval; the members sang purely and correctly. The solos were supported by Madlles, Schneider and Hoppe, Herren Geyer and Blunner.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Auber's *Motet di Portici*, under the title of *França*, had been produced for the first time at the Imperial Theatre, and received with immense applause. The great feature of the cast was the Maasniello of Sig. Tamberlik, which is considered by some of the musical authorities of St. Petersburg as his most magnificent performance.

* Translated from the Berlin Echo.

† Frans Liszt had a harmonium placed in the Singacademie for the performance of sacred music.

MUSIC AT TURIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JAN. 3RD.—Since I last wrote, the three principal theatres here have commenced operations for the Carnival, each having inaugurated the season with one of the most popular operas of the three most popular living composers. At the Regia, *Le Prophète* was given; at the Vittorio Emanuele, *Mosè*; and at the Teatro Nazionale, *La Traviata*. The impresario of the Vittorio Emanuele acted judiciously in producing an opera by Rossini, whose music is, alas! seldom heard now; and though the majority of the opera-going public in Turin are "fanatici per la musica di Verdi," yet there are few who would not willingly change at times *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata* for *Guillaume Tell* and *Mosè*. I will not venture a remark on the merits of *Mosè*, one of the finest works of its composer, who is said to have rebelled against the conventional rules and trammels of art as they existed in the time of Mozart,* and whose subterfuge and variety of fancy created, from the commencement of his career, such a revolution in the musical world. In speaking of the first performance of *Mosè*, a musical journal says, "La battaglia fu combattuta valorosamente; la vittoria fu pienana; il trionfo osea ogni speranza"—which is but true, for in every respect the performance was admirable and the success complete. Acting on the principle of "honour to whom honour is due," I must speak first of the gentlemen, who had the lion's share of the work, and obtained the same proportion of the applause. Signor Carrion, of whom I had always heard much, but had never heard until his appearance here, is decidedly an artiste "du premier ordre." His reputation as a singer of the Rubini school, and of the more classical Italian music, is considerable. The absence of the harshness and abruptness, of the ready tone and strained force of those who have been victims to the style of Verdi, renders him one of the most agreeable singers I have heard for some time. His intonation is true; his tones are soft—full of feeling and grace, with that elegance of phrasing which characterises the higher Italian school. His delivery of the first duet with the soprano was a charming piece of vocalisation—indeed, such as is seldom heard now-a-days. Equally admirable was his duet with Pharaoh, which was tumultuously redemanded. Signor Merly, to whom the rôle of Pharaoh was entrusted, is commended, by the musical critics, for having abandoned the French opera for the Italian stage, to which his voice and style of singing are peculiarly suited. In his acting and singing, he reminds me more of Coletti than any other baritone I know. Like him, he is wanting in tenderness of expression and delicacy of phrasing, but his voice is clear and full, and of an agreeable quality, and since I heard him in Paris, three years ago, he has gained vigour and nerve. To Signor Atry, who is also a Frenchman, I can give the highest praise—his gigantic stature and massive voice lent considerable interest to the part of *Mosè*—his acting, like his singing, was always careful and fine. In the scene of the "giuramento" he made a most profound impression. The lady, Madlle. Lesniewska, who was substituted for Madlle. di Carleto, appeared to give satisfaction. I must do her the justice to say that she is superior to many ladies of greater pretensions, and that she has the good taste not to spoil Rossini's music by ambitious and slovenly executed *scoriture*, which most *prime donne* think requisite. The efficiency of the artists in the subordinate parts, and the wonderful fire and accuracy of the choral and orchestral adjuncts, contributed much to the gratifying ensemble. *Mosè* is an opera, which does not admit of mediocrity in the performance, so that in the present scarcity of talent, we may congratulate M. Mestrallet on the acquisition of such singers as MM. Carrion, Merly, and Atry.

The unpopularity of one of the ministers has interfered in some measure with the success of *Le Prophète* at the Regia; but I question if politics alone have chilled the audience, for with such an inefficient representative of the part of Fiddis as Madlle. Sancholl it was impossible to be satisfied. I shall reserve my remarks on the performance for the present, as I understand that ere long *Le Prophète* will be given with a new Fiddis, Mad-

Lancia, an English woman, and a *débütante*. I pity her, for unless she is far superior to the generality of *débütantes*, in such an arduous character as that of Fiddis, and before such an exacting audience as that of the Regia, she will, I fear, have little chance of success.

In my next letter I hope to be able to give you an account of *Rigoletto*, which will be produced shortly with Madlle. Moretti-Sainti. I will also tell you about *La Traviata* at the Teatro Nazionale, at which I assisted last night, and with which I was much pleased.

P.S.—Since I finished my letter a friend has handed me an English paper in which there is a notice headed "An English *prima donna* in high life." It is a strange story, and one that I can't say I credit. However, as the heroine is here, I shall do my best to find out if it is fudge or not. As you may not have seen the notice alluded to, if my friend permits me I will inclose it in this letter.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent).—The eminent success which attended *Fra Diavolo* at the Royal Italian Opera, Lyceum, in London, I have no doubt induced M. Nestor Roqueplan, in London, to revive Auber's charming work at the Opéra-Comique. He could hardly have intended to challenge a comparison between his cast and Mr. Gye's. Nevertheless, although he did not reckon among his company a Bosio, a Ronconi, or a Gardoni, even a Tagliacoco or a Zelger, his artists were anything but mediocre, as the names of Madame Lefebvre, MM. Barbot and Sainte-Foy, will testify. Unfortunately, at the first performance the lady was labouring under the effects of recent indisposition. M. Barbot, who is certainly wanting in the *nesses* and "bel-air" of Challet, is, however, a clever artist. He gave the famous serenade, "Agnes la Jouvencelle," and the barcarole, "Gondolier fidèle," with much effect. M. Sainte-Foy, as Milord Allessch (in the original version entitled Milord Kokbourg), is extremely comic, without the least exaggeration. Madlle. Lemercier, also displayed real comic power in *Lady Allessch*. Some of the music added in London has been adopted. The trio for tenor and two basses is one of the most effective pieces in the opera. The *Aria buffa*, sung by Ronconi, is omitted.

Fra Diavolo was first produced at the Opéra-Comique in 1830, and its success was almost unprecedented. The following year it was brought out at Covent Garden,* with Messrs. Braham, Wilson, and Miss Inverarity, and achieved a genuine triumph. From its first production up to the present time, it has remained one of the most popular works in the French and English repertory. I heard it twice within the week at the Opéra-Comique, and more than twice at the Lyceum last season, and the music shines as fresh and beautiful as ever. Time has cast no shadow on its brightness. It only remains for me to say, that its present success is so great as to insure it a new and long lease of public favour. To many the most interesting sight of the evening was Auber seated in his private box, looking the picture of health and enjoyment. May his shadow never be less.

The *réprise* of the *Sonnambula* at the Italiens has not been signalled by any extraordinary success. M. Belart sang the part of Elvino with taste and expression—although, by-the-way, the florid music of Rossini is more in his line; but Madlle. Saint-Urbain did not improve upon her success in *Rigoletto*.

A Neapolitan journal states that Madame Fosso has received propositions of engagement from St. Petersburg and Madrid, but I am in a position to certify that she has accepted terms from M. Calzado for three years.

The first morning concert of the Société des Concerts, took place on Sunday last, at the Conservatoire. Madame Vanderveu-Duprez has annulled her engagement at the Opéra-Comique. Before quitting the theatre, however, she purports taking a benefit. The cause of the lady's sudden retirement has not transpired.

* A mutilated version had already been given at Drury Lane Theatre, in which Mr. Wallack acted the part of Fra Diavolo, omitting the music; and Mrs. Wylett played Zerlina, introducing "A-way, away to the mountain's brow," and other ballads, by Mr. Alexander Lee, then joint lessee and manager with Captain Polhill.—Ed. M. W.

* Robbush 1—Ed. M. W.

BELFAST—(From a Correspondent).—The *Messiah* was performed by the Classical Harmonic Society, in Victoria Hall, on the 6th, the soloists being Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Thomas. The band and chorus numbered about one hundred performers. Mr. Edson presided at the organ. The hall was completely filled by an attentive audience, who remained until the termination of the last chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb—Amen." The local press are (for once) unanimous in eulogising the performance—more especially the chorus; and with justice the Classical Harmonic Society (under the conductorship of Mr. Geo. B. Allen), claims the honour of being the first to perform the *Messiah*, and several other works of the immortal Handel in the north of Ireland.

VIENNA.—Signor Alfred Piatti, the violinist, gave his second concert, on the 3rd inst, at noon, in the Musikvereinsaal, and electrified a select audience by his magnificent execution. He performed a *concertino* by Kummer, which was not particularly successful, and then three small *pièces de salon*, of his own composition: "Les Fiancées: petit caprice;" "La Litanie," by Franz Schubert, and the "Danza Bergamesca," all of which, being particularly suited to show off the brilliancy of his style, created a perfect furor. The piquant grace of the first-named piece, the profound yet gentle gravity of Schubert's "Litane," and the arabesque tracery of the *Danza Bergamesca*, were expressed, under his practised bow, with as much purity as charm. In the D major sonata, for the pianoforte and violoncello, of Herr Rubinstein, which he played with the composer, the execution of both performers was masterly. Herr Rubinstein exhibited all the force and mechanism of his art, and Sig. Piatti proved himself a king of the violincello by his faultless rendering of the part allotted to him—one which, especially in the *scherzo*, contains some extremely trying passages. In conclusion, Sig. Piatti introduced his own *Souvenir de Linda*, which afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting his powers in the most brilliant light. Mozart's "Abendempfindung," Mendelssohn's "Nonne," and Schubert's "Ungeduld," were sung by Mad. Louise Kapp, and gave a welcome variety to the programme.

On the evening of the same day, Herr Leopold von Meyer's concert took place in the same rooms. The celebrated pianist exhibited his long-proved skill, before an exceedingly numerous audience, which seemed to be exclusively composed of thorough admirers of his brilliant playing—so warm and enthusiastic was the applause bestowed upon every piece. The public have long since formed their opinion of Herr Leopold von Meyer, and we need not, therefore, now go into a detailed account of the characteristics of his style. When we say he played as he does in his best moments, we have said quite sufficient to enable our readers to know how he played, and what pleasure he afforded his hearers. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with remarking, that of the pieces composed by him for the occasion, the *Grillen-Polka*, which he was obliged to repeat, and the *Airs Bohémiens-Russes* pleased the most. The other pieces were—*Walter der Zauberer*; *Chanson Cosmique*; *Air Trois Montagnards*; a *fantasia on Il Trovatore*, and an *adagio*. Dr. Gurr gave some songs between the instrumental performances.—(Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.)

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.
On Monday and during the week to commence with the grand gorgeous Christmas Comic Pantomime GEORGEY FOGARTY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 5.
FIE, OR HARLEQUIN DADDY LONG LEGS, to conclude with the WAITS, in which Mrs. B. Houser will perform. Morning Performances every Monday at Half-past Twelve.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA

FRISKILL, Physician to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia.—PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC, without the aid of any Apparatus TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS, Wednesday and Saturday AFTERNOON AT 5, and every evening at 8. Stalls 5s.; Balcony Gallies, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Gallies, One Gallie and a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 53, Old Bond-street.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the

performance will commence with THE TRAGEDY QUEEN. After which a new arrangement of THE DOOR OF DURALTO. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 12th, 16th, and 19th, Mr. BUCKSTONE will appear in the comedy of SINGLE LIFE. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, in the comedy of A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE. To commence every evening at 7 o'clock. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE MISTLETOE FAIRY. The scenery by Mr. William Colclough, Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leachery; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leachery; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louisa Leachery.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained after the middle of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for looking), 6s. each. FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Gallies and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY,
A MISUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. TUESDAY and THURSDAY,
HAMLET. SATURDAY, THE CORICAN BROTHERS; and the Pantomime every Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, the 2nd and 3rd act of the GREEN BOWERS. After which HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CUPID AND PETTICO. Harlequin, Miss Marie Wilson; Columbine, Miss Mary Kealey; Panchiello, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Henderson; Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ADMIRER OF RACHEL.—The anecdotes and historiettes now going the round of the English, French, and German press, about certain supposed peculiarities of the greatest of all tragedians, and most refined of all comedians, are simply what the French term "canards"—or in more vulgar speech, canons. They are as unworthy of notice as they are unworthy of credit.

J. T. (Hartford).—Received and attended to.

T. G. (Wigan).—The letter of our correspondent has been read with great satisfaction. It betrays in an equal degree the feeling of an artist and the dignity of a gentleman. We shall have much pleasure in receiving, and preserving in our musical library, the "revised" edition.

GUR.—With many thanks for our correspondent's polite offer, we are unable to entertain it.

AMATEUR.—Auber is beyond comparison the greatest of French dramatic composers.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1858.

The first number of a new serial has just been issued by an eminent music-publishing establishment, under the following suggestive title:—

"The Holy Family—admired sacred melodies by the most celebrated composers, arranged for pianoforte—by William Hutchins Calcott. (First series!)"

An examination of the contents has induced us to hope that this "first series" may also be the last. Not to mention other sins of commission, omission, mutilation, and transposition—for which Mr. Hutchins Calcott deserves to be haunted at bed-time by the indignant ghosts of the composers whose music he has thus submitted to the rack—we may point to his treatment of one of the most beautiful of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, as an instance of bad taste, combined with cruelty, almost unprecedented in the annals of book-making. The whole thing is a curiosity in its way, and did it not evince so strong a faith on the part of the concoctor in the credulity and stupidity of the music-buying public, it would be just as amusing as, under the circumstances, it is reprehensible.

Attention is first excited by the heading, which we reproduce, *verbatim et literatim*, "framed and glazed" :—

No. 6.

Mendelssohn.

"Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God."—Ps. xliii, 1.

By permission of
MESSRS. ADDISON & CO.

But for the "permission of Messrs. Addison and Co.," it might be concluded, from the above, that Mr. Calcott was about to present his admirers with a *rechauffé* from the 42nd Psalm, which every one knows Mendelssohn set to music, Messrs Addison and Co., however, possessing no copyright in the work, their "permission" in that instance would have been superfluous. By whose authority Mr. Calcott was really tempted to prepare his hash, is therefore left to the imagination of the lucky purchaser.

The *Lieder ohne Worte*, being non-copyright, are the lawful booty of any unscrupulous marauder; and certainly no wolf ever mangled its prey more savagely than Mr. Calcott the offending little song of Mendelssohn. Two bars of the melody will at once recall it to our readers :—



The transposition from the key of E to that of A flat, the addition of parts to the harmony, the substitution of—



for the characteristic arpeggios which Mendelssohn has set down, as prelude and postlude—



and other unwarrantable liberties, were seemingly not enough for Mr. Calcott—who, to complete the work he began so well, rejected Mendelssohn's way of ending the song, and

substituted a *coda* of his own! Mendelssohn terminates the melody thus :—



Mr. Calcott thus :—



We cannot remember a case exhibiting such utter want of consideration for things that should be held sacred. The only conceivable excuse for the perpetration is at best a feeble one. A sacred song—with the name of Mendelssohn attached, as composer—may have been placed, among others, in Mr. Calcott's hands, for "transcription." Wholly unacquainted with the *Lieder ohne Worte*, he may have believed the song to be genuine, and so "transcribed" it for the pianoforte (after his manner), as he had already "transcribed" (the word is an abomination) those airs of Handel, Hummel, Marcello, Rossini, and Haydn, which stand first in the precious collection exulting under the high-sounding nomenclature of *The Holy Family*. Had Mr. Calcott recognised the melody of Mendelssohn, he would probably have said to himself—"Let well alone; we will give it ('by permission of Messrs. Addison and Co.')" as it originally stood in the second book of *Songs without Words*." But it may reasonably be concluded that he did not recognise it; and this is the only plea upon which he can ground his defence.

The worst part of the transaction is the easy assurance with which the great name of Mendelssohn is affixed to such a silly hodge-podge. This surpasses all; and however we may feel vexed at being lectured by the French biographer of Handel, the sneers of M. Schmecher at the bad taste

which induces Englishmen to tolerate the operatic airs of his demigod—altered, mutilated, set to sacred words, and sung accordingly—are too frequently justified by proceedings still more lamentable. A more flagrant instance than the one which has led to these remarks could hardly be adduced; and if our earnest protest succeeds in calling attention to the subject, we shall have rendered some service to music and to the cause of many talented professors who love art, and respect themselves too much to adopt such questionable means of courting publicity.

SINCE the Christmas of 1849, Mr. Charles Kean has done good service at Windsor Castle. Whatever may be the opinion of his performance of Prospero at the Princess's Theatre, certainly he played Prospero to excellent purpose within the precincts of the palace. By rescuing Ariel from the pine in which he had remained a dozen years, the banished Duke of Milan transformed a dreary waste into a region of beauty. By removing from the shelves the volumes of Shakspeare, and making the personages enumerated therein live and move in the Rubens-room, Mr. Charles Kean dissipated even the proverbial dullness of a court-winter. Of course, with each return of winter, the fogs again gathered, but there was Mr. Charles Kean ever at hand to remove them, and if something of a haze was still apparent, the fault was with the palatial atmosphere, not with the zealous and indefatigable manager.

Nor was Mr. Charles Kean's office at Windsor a post of luxurious ease. The roses showered upon his head from the hand of royalty were furnished with a number of thorns far exceeding the common average. Whatever prejudice was entertained by the illustrious authorities of the palace against this or that unlucky artist, Mr. Charles Kean had to bear the indignation of all the excluded parties. If Mr. * * * * was deemed coarse and vulgar in his manners, and if Miss * * * * because the breath of calumny had rested for a short instant on her fair fame, was doomed to confine the display of her talents to vulgar theatres, where instead of causing the frigid smile of a courtly assemblage, she could only elicit the hearty laughter of a people, Mr. Charles Kean was considered the person to blame—was scowled at by the gentleman, and pouted at by the coral lips of the lady. The Court was never fastidious; Mr. Charles Kean was always malignant;—such was the belief of all the artists, who, knocking at the palace-doors, found that they would not open. He was forced, in short, to sustain the formidable, but unpopular character of a "logie," and there is a legend that when a frail *danseruse* wished to frighten her infant to sleep, she told it that "Kean was coming." With little or no discretion, Mr. Kean had to bear upon his shoulders the whole responsibility of the Windsor theatricals; a position less enviable cannot be conceived. Who shall point to Danocles reclining on a soft comfortable couch, and with a sword dangling over his head, as a symbol of misery in high places? Why Mr. Charles Kean lay on a bed of nettles, and above him hovered "professional" countenances, in which every variety of male indignation and female spite was expressed,—and had to be amusing in the midst of it all.

Nor did Mr. Charles Kean compensate himself for the troubles of his situation by adopting that prudential course which goes by the name of "feathering one's nest." We believe that Mr. Kean's nest was pretty well feathered long before the year 1849; but as for the Windsor theatricals,

they rather caused him to throw a little plumage out, than to take any in. Accounts are delicate matters to tell about; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that Mr. Kean was actually out of pocket through his zeal in performing his duties as "Master of the Revels" at Windsor.

Well, after some eight years of painful responsibility, an opportunity at last arrives of paying something like a public compliment to Mr. Charles Kean. A series of theatrical performances is to take place at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the amusement of the illustrious guests whom the marriage of the Princess Royal will bring to this metropolis, and, of course, one of these performances at least—(the one representing English tragedy)—should have been under the management of Mr. Charles Kean. The performance in question might have been either at the Princess's Theatre, or, from considerations of space, at the Opera-house; but whether at the Princess's or at the Opera-house, the right of being the acknowledged manager of British tragedy belonged in all courtesy to Mr. Kean alone. There he stood, as the ready-appointed "master of the revels," and he could not be passed over without a slight, which he had not merited.

Passed over he was, and the direction of the tragic performance was placed in the hands of Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman for whom we entertain the highest respect, and to whom we have been indebted for many delightful evenings at the St. James's Theatre, but who assuredly cannot show any antecedents that will warrant his elevation to the office honourably held by Mr. Charles Kean.

We are perfectly well aware that Mr. Kean was invited to act at Her Majesty's Theatre; indeed the representation of English tragedy without Mr. Charles Kean would have been (and alas! will be) so obviously a case of "*Hamlet* with *Hamlet* omitted," that even the Court wished to enlist the services of the great tragedian, whose dignity it assailed. But this invitation added one wrong to another;—not only was Mr. Kean excluded from an office that he had every reason to regard as his own, and the sweets of which (if any) he had earned by unremitting toil and painful responsibility, but he was graciously invited to shut up his own house and act *Macbeth* for the benefit of the very person who had been raised in his stead. Truly here is a new episode in the history of depositions. We may imagine Bolingbroke, when the ceremony of abdication is over, graciously bestowing on Richard II. the office of silver-stick.

But surely the Court had a right to accept whom it pleased as enterer for the festive amusement, and surely it had a right to expect whom it pleased to carry in the chief dish. Moreover, by formally putting the performances under the direction of Mr. Charles Kean, the Court would have been forced to give the entertainment, whereas by allowing Mr. Mitchell to take the matter in hand, and remunerate himself by exhibiting at so much a head a royal box full of royal company, no expense is incurred—beyond the hire of the box itself.

Yes, thrift is certainly a virtue—solid, though not brilliant, and the court assuredly had a right to entertain its guests at the least possible cost, and to invite the co-operation of Mr. Charles Kean. But Mr. Charles Kean had an equal right to refuse the invitation, and this right—we rejoice to say—he exercised.

MR. WALTER GORDON has recovered from his temporary indisposition, and has resumed his duties at the Olympic Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The opera selected for the third State Night is, we understand, *La Sonnambula*, with "the favourite," Piccolomini, as Aminta, and Giuglini as Elvino.

WINDSOR.—(From a Correspondent).—The Braham-Fumagalli party gave a concert here on Tuesday evening, which met with extraordinary success, and sent away the large audience that assembled in a state of the greatest satisfaction. Several distinguished individuals were present. Signora Fumagalli sang a *caavatina* from Donizetti's *Belly* in a brilliant and highly-finished style, and was rapturously encored. In the lovely duet from *Don Giovanni*, "La ci darem la mano" (with the clever and rich-voiced barytone, Signor de Giorgi) she was no less successful, and completely captivated her hearers. Mr. Charles Braham gave the fine old ballad, "Sally in our alley," with such genuine expression that it was unanimously redemanded. In "The Death of Nelson" and "The Bay of Biscay" (his illustrious father's most celebrated efforts) similar honours awaited him. The sentimental duet from *La Traviata*, "Parigi, o cara," sung by Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Braham, was one of the greatest treats of the evening. Sig. Vianesi, besides accompanying all the vocal music, performed a brilliant *fantasia* on the pianoforte, the composition of the late Fumagalli, so well that the audience insisted upon hearing it again. Seldom, indeed, has a concert at Windsor gone off with greater *éclat*. So decided was its success that another is announced to take place in the theatre on the 28th inst.—(Windsor, Jan. 13.)

MAIDENHEAD.—(From a Correspondent).—The amateurs of Bucks and Berks were treated to a musical performance of unusual attraction, on Thursday evening, when a capital concert was given under the auspices of Mr. Charles Braham, who introduced his audience (for the first time) to Signora Fumagalli and Sig. de Giorgi—two of the most accomplished vocalists from the Opera-*Buffa* at St. James's Theatre. Several of the most distinguished families of the vicinity attended the performance, which conferred the highest gratification on all present. The programme embraced a great variety of Italian operatic music, relieved by English songs and ballads of the raciest kind. Signora Fumagalli was immensely successful, and was encored in the *caavatina* from *La Traviata*, the duet "Parigi, o cara," from the same opera (with Mr. Charles Braham), and "La ci darem" (with Sig. de Giorgi), in all of which she sang with great taste and brilliancy. Mr. Charles Braham was honored with an encore in the "Death of Nelson," and substituting "Sally in our alley," was compelled to repeat that venerable and truly national ditty also. "The Bay of Biscay," which he declaimed with the utmost energy, experienced the same fate. In short the audience seemed inclined to listen to all the choice bits twice over, and the singers were by no means backward in according to their warmly expressed wishes. Sig. Vianesi accompanied, with a talent the more to be extolled since it was unaccompanied by any affectation or pretence.

MANCHESTER.—M. Jullien, the most popular of our musical caterers and conductors, gave the last of his Christmas concerts on Saturday evening, when few present failed to receive a large amount of gratification. Several of the soloists, particularly M. Le Hon, violin; M. Dumon, flute; M. Lavigne, oboe; Mr. Dubern, cornet; Mr. Collins, and Mr. Hughes, violoncello and opifical, are artists of the very first-class merit, whilst the combined orchestral playing has never been surpassed in any previous concert given by M. Jullien for precision and delicacy. The overtures to *Zauberflöte* and *Guillaume Tell* elicited the most marked applause; and the same may be said of those excerpts from the classical symphonies, which M. Jullien seems as thoroughly to comprehend as he undeniably understands the genius of the waltz, gallop, or polka. Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn have found in him an apt interpreter. We seem listening to the fine reading, the dramatic eloquence, of a Kemble, a Macready, a Glyn, or a Faucit. That combination of sweet sounds becomes no longer a mystery; the seals are broken, and the music is simply and clearly expounded. This is the true vocation of a conductor. M. Jullien possesses not only the knowledge, but the feeling which can win sympathy and create a kindred spirit in those who play under his direction—the main secret of his success with the public. There is no

man more thoroughly in earnest, when he enters the orchestra, more completely devoted to the work he has undertaken. Holiday time has of late years become more a season of home enjoyments than out-door amusements, and, therefore, though M. Jullien has had audiences which the majority of *entrepreneurs* would pronounce "great," they have not equalled his deserts. Nothing else than a dense "crum" will or ought to satisfy a man of such acquirements, who brings so brilliant an array of talent, and who invariably raises audiences, small or large, to an excess of enthusiasm. We are glad, therefore, to observe that M. Jullien will give another concert this evening (Saturday), when he will have the services of Madame Grisi, as vocalist, an artist in the true sense of the term, whose name will live among the musical traditions of this country. She sang on Saturday night last, with all the brilliancy, depth of expression, and clear ringing tone of her early days.—*Manchester Weekly Times*, Jan. 9.

HULL.—The Pyne-Harrison Company have been performing the *Rose of Castille* with great *éclat* at the Theatre. The local journals are in raptures with Miss Louisa Pyne, and compare her to the most accomplished vocalists of old or new times.

GREENWICH.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Henry Morley's annual evening concert took place at the Lecture Hall, on Thursday, the 7th inst. The artists engaged were Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Ellen Day, M. Sainton, and Mr. Balair Chatterton. Unfortunately for Mr. Morley, at one o'clock on the same day he received a letter from Mrs. Reeves, inclosing a doctor's certificate to the effect that, in consequence of severe illness, he would be unable to sing in Greenwich on that evening. In this dilemma Mr. Miss Eiley waited upon Miss Dolby and Miss Louisa Vinning, who both very kindly consented, at the last moment, to appear in Mr. Reeves's place. From the very satisfactory manner in which the concert was arranged, and from the repeated manifestations of pleasure evinced in an unmistakable manner by all present, there is little doubt everyone considered that Mr. Morley gave as ample talent as he could to supply the loss of this general favourite. The numbers were numerous. Miss Ellen Day and M. Sainton performed Beethoven's Sonata in C minor; Miss Dolby sang with her usual taste, Mercadante's "Se s'abbandoni;" and Balife's "The green trees whisp'ered." Madame Rudersdorf created much sensation by her dramatic reading of "Robert, toi que j'aime," and also sang the English ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," with admirable effect. Miss Louisa Vinning was loudly applauded in both her songs, and Mr. Hatton enlivened the performance with two comic displays, and conducted with his accustomed ability.

MR. CHARLES WILKINSON AND CAPTAIN HORTON RHYS, assisted by other well-known amateurs, have been acting at Colehester and Ipswich during the week.

PRAGER.—Madame Jenny Lind-Goldsmidt—who, according to the statement of certain journals, has been a severe loser by the Hamburg crisis—is about to give a concert in this city.

COLOGNE.—On Tuesday, the 29th December, we heard, at the third *Soirée* fir Kammermusik, the violin-quartet in G minor, of Onslow, the trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in C major, of Haydn, the violin-quartet, Op. 59, No. 1, of Beethoven, and a new sonata for the pianoforte by Herr Ferdinand Hiller. Onslow's quartet was well performed, but did not succeed, on the whole, in producing any great sensation. In Beethoven's quartet, with all due appreciation of the admirable execution, we could have desired more breadth and force in the first, and a somewhat quicker *tempo* in the second movement. Herr Hiller played Haydn's trio, and his own latest sonata (*Andate agitato, Scherzo, and Finale*), very finely. We admired especially in his playing the way in which he modified his touch, thus imparting the nicest gradations of tone.

Graf von Federn has sent from Berlin to the Cölnler-Männer-gesang-Verein, as a mark of his appreciation, the score of the two parts of the *Missa Sacra* (Schlessinger, Berlin), composed by himself, and dedicated to the King of Prussia.

On the 5th January, the united lands and choruses of the garrison here will give concert in aid of the sufferers by the late calamity at Mayence.

• A truly precious bequest.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE announcement of Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, with the first appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, attracted an immense crowd to Exeter Hall last evening week. A grievous disappointment, however, awaited the visitors, who were informed that the great tenor was ill and unable to attend. To satisfy sceptics a medical certificate was shown by Mr. Bowley, testifying to the fact of Mr. Reeves's serious indisposition. Some grumblers, nevertheless, did not feel satisfied, and objected to the lateness of the announcement. If, as we understand, the medical certificate did not arrive until a short time previous to the doors being opened, it was impossible that the public could have had earlier notice. Under the circumstances, the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society did all that lay in their power. They engaged Mr. Lockey to supply the place of Mr. Reeves, and we know not where an abler substitute could have been found.

Notwithstanding so grave a disappointment, the execution of *The Creation* was in general highly satisfactory. Miss Louisa Vinning had a still more arduous task to accomplish than on the occasion of her first appearance at Exeter Hall in the *Messiah*. In the former instance she divided the soprano music with another; in the present case she undertook it all. Besides this, the two great songs for the female voice in the *Creation*—"With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens"—are intimately associated, in the minds of all the old frequenters of sacred performances in London, with the names of the most distinguished singers of the last half century, the formidable one of Jenny Lind terminating the brilliant catalogue. With such recollections it is not easy to refrain from comparisons; so that Miss Louisa Vinning had no easy ordeal to pass through. Nevertheless she did her utmost, and in a great measure succeeded. The first song, "In verdure clad," was decidedly Miss Vinning's best effort. In the second, "On mighty pens," there was more to criticize. Next time, we have no doubt, Miss Vinning will do still better. She is a great favourite already, and was liberally encouraged by the audience.

Mr. Santley's first performance for the Sacred Harmonic Society promised well for his future prospects as an oratorio singer. The fine quality of his voice was manifested still more decisively than on the two former occasions when we heard him at St. Martin's Hall—to say nothing of the Crystal Palace Concert—whilst his voice seemed better adapted to the style of Haydn than to that of either Mozart or Handel. He was most applauded in the air "Rolling in foaming billows."

Mr. Lockey sang the tenor music extremely well, and was particularly effective in the popular air "In native worth," which displayed all the feeling and character suggested by the music. His task was a very invidious one—that of supplying the place of the most popular singer of the day; but he acquitted himself so successfully as to need little, if any, indulgence.

The chorus was admirable throughout. "Awake the harp," "Achieved in the glorious work," and "The Heavens are telling," were masterpieces of choral execution.

On Friday the *Creation* will be repeated, with Mad. Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, as the solo singers. We are much pleased to state that Mr. Sims Reeves is now recovering from his illness, which at the outset presented an alarming aspect.

THE third vocal rehearsal by the London Amateur Division of the Great Handel Festival Choir took place last night under the direction of Mr. Costa, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Chorus, "Glory to God;" chorus, "O let my heart" (Der Tod Jesu)—Graun; chorus, "Christe eleison" (from a Mass)—Durante; anthem, "In the O Lord"—Weldon; chorus, "When His loud voice" (Septima)—Handel.

PART II.

Chorus, "Plácido é il nas" (Idemeneo)—Mozart; madrigal, "All creatures now are merry-minded" (Triumph of Oriana)—Bennett; chorus, "Avert these omens" (Semle)—Handel; chorus, "In those

delightful pleasant groves" (Libertine); Purcell; chorus, "Hear, holy Power" (Massaniello)—Auber.

The friends of the society and the subscribers mustered in large numbers, and the execution throughout was highly satisfactory.

DRAMATIC.

PRINCESSA.—Mr. Charles Kean, on Tuesday evening, reappeared in his most popular Shakspearean part—Hamlet—it being two years since he last played it at the Princessa. Why so artistic and highly-elaborated a performance should have been so long withheld from the public, we cannot pretend to say. The actor achieved his greatest fame through his impersonation of the youthful Prince of Denmark, and his name in the remembrance both of metropolitan and provincial audiences is intimately associated with the character. A performance so well considered and artistically finished ought never to have been lost sight of. Mr. Charles Kean, however, had, no doubt, other views beyond those of self-glorification, and objected to encourage, in his own person, what by his detractors might have been termed the "star" system, had he persisted in repeatedly presenting a play in which the lustre of his own talents shone so conspicuously. Moreover, had he felt so inclined to exhibit himself, he would have been prevented by circumstances unnecessary to particularise. To say nothing of the eminent success he has achieved in other plays of Shakspeare, his triumph in Delavigne's *Louis le Eleventh* would sufficiently, if not satisfactorily, account for the temporary abandonment of *Hamlet*, the revival of which has, nevertheless, so long been coveted by Mr. Charles Kean's admirers.

On Tuesday evening the house was crowded in every part and unusual excitement evidently moved the audience. On the entrance of Mr. Kean in the throne-room, the house broke out into a universal cheer, which continued without intermission, for nearly a minute. The popular artist in his familiar part was immediately recognised, and from that time forward every scene was regarded with anxiety and interest. Mr. Charles Kean never played *Hamlet* better.

His performance excited to us even more finished and more nicely elaborated than before. The scenes with the Ghost, and with Gertrude in the closet, retained all their pristine beauties, while the fencing scene was never more admirable, and the death never more effective. The applause at the fall of the curtain was tremendous, and when Mr. Charles Kean came on, in obedience to an uproarious summons, the audience were well nigh frantic in their manifestations of delight.

Mrs. Ternan supported the part of the Queen with dignity and power, and Miss Heath made an interesting and graceful Ophelia.

Hamlet is announced for repetition three times a week until further notice.

THE KING OF CASTILLE'S WATCH AND CHAIN.

(ACTED BY A. FAULKNER HARRIS.)

When the King of Castille pledged his watch,

The King's "uele" its guardian became,

Then he swore the advance was "no catch,"

And he thought the high int'rest a shame.

And he told his relation "as how"

The chain he would silver reveal—

The result was a "jolly good row,"

For 'twas only a thing of cast steel!

Rose of Castille, Act iii.

ROBERT SCHUMANN'S BIOGRAPHY, by Joseph W. von Wasielewski, has just been published in Dresden.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—(From *Pasquin*).—Who can witness the representation of *Don Giovanni*, and listen to the tremendous music which accompanies the appearance of the statue in the last scene, without being reminded by the marble visitor of the celebrated African traveller, Dr. Livingstone!

THE NEW ORGAN IN LYMM CHURCH.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE public opening of this new instrument took place, under the direction of Mr. Twiss, organist, of Hartford. Miss Shaw, Messrs. Edmeston and Slater, of Manchester; Mr. Smith, from the cathedral; and some others, assisted the choir. The Rev. Canon Stowell, of Christ Church, Salford, delivered an appropriate discourse. The congregation nearly filled the church. The organ was built by Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull, on what is known in England as the "German plan." It has three distinct manuals and a separate pedal organ, the whole of which can be united by means of coupling movements. The following is a list of the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN CC. TO G.			
1.—Open Diapason, large scale	8 feet.
2.—Open Diapason, small scale	8 "
3.—Stop diapason bass	8 "
4.—Stop diapason treble	8 "
5.—Clariel	8 "
6.—Principal	4 "
7.—Twelfth	3 "
8. Fifteenth	2 "
9. Sesquialtra, 3 ranks...	" "
10. Mixture, 2 ranks...	" "
11. Trumpet	8 "

CHOIR ORGAN CC. TO G.			
1. Dulciana	8 feet.
2. Stop diapason (metal)	8 "
3. Gemshorn	4 "
4. Flute (metal)	4 "
5. Fifteenth	2 "
6. Clarinet	8 "

SWELL ORGAN C. TO G.			
1. Double diapason	16 feet.
2. Open diapason	8 "
3. Viol-di-gamba	8 "
4. Principal	4 "
5. Fifteenth	2 "
6. Mixture, 3 ranks	" "
7. Cornopae	8 "
8. Oboe...	8 "

PEDAL ORGAN CC. TO E.			
1. Open diapason	16 feet.
2. Bourdon	16 "

- COUPLING MOVEMENTS.
- 1. Swell to great organ.
 - 2. Swell to choir organ.
 - 3. Great organ to pedals.
 - 4. Choir organ to pedals.
- 1.—Tremulant to swell.
32 Registers and 1531 pipes.

There are double-action composition pedals to arrange the stops in the great organ, for the convenience of the performer. Space is also provided for a trombone (16 feet) in the pedal organ, and the continuation of the swell organ to CC.

The church at Lymm, though of modern construction, is, like many others, no space having been set apart in the plans for an organ. It is a pity architects do not pay more attention to what undoubtedly might be made one of the principal ornaments in a church, particularly when use and ornament may be combined, as it is now generally admitted that a church without an organ is almost as bad as a church without a pulpit. The only position that could be found, without materially diminishing the number of sittings, was within the tower arch; and here many musical as well as mechanical difficulties present themselves, the acoustical properties of the tower absorbing at least one-third of the tone, and the sill of the west window being under ten feet in height, necessarily involved keeping the centre portion of the instrument exceedingly low. This is taken advantage of by introducing three dwarf arches, supported by columns, surmounted by open tracery, and corresponding with the three-light memorial window to the Leigh family. The extreme sides formed canopied towers about twenty-feet high, and supported with light columns, the whole constructed of oak. The builders have, by adopting a heavy wind, and voicing the pipes strong, succeeded in distributing the musical powers of the various stops throughout the edifice.

RACHEL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was pleased to see in what emphatic terms of eulogium you wrote, in your last number, of the great tragic actress whom the world has so lately lost. It is certainly not a time to be grudging in our expressions of admiration, or nicely critical in our estimate of genius, at the moment it has sunk for ever from our sight, and its place will know it no more. A left-handed philosophy were it to "bade down the extent of our loss, and appraise it below its value, that we may be in better humour with ourselves after the privation; rather should we, on the contrary, exaggerate the depth of the calamity, that we may the more eagerly seek for consolation, and treat with greater trust and deference the efforts of future aspirants. It is policy, if it be not common gratitude, to speak of the great dead *nil nisi bonum*; to carve their monumental effigies in the purest unfecked Parian, omitting or extenuating every blemish, enhancing and idealising every virtue. Hero-worship is the sinews of progress; but without a little good-will on our part, heroism will be no more visible to us than to veritable bluncks. I am not advocating a fulsome style of dandying the memory of the great with an absurd and impossible aggregate of virtues and perfections. Exaggeration and detraction are twin sisters, cringing both from a lack of true kinship with the qualities the one blindly ignores, and the other blunderingly caricatures. I only plead for so much liberal enthusiasm in the acknowledgment and estimation of high endowments, and reverence for those who consecrate them to a glorious struggle, in the cause of the good, the true, and the beautiful, as to make us repudiate and condemn all petty cavillings and abatements, all irrelevant, personal and private charges, and accept a portraiture—so far ideal that it excludes these—as the true one.

When such actresses as Rachel has just fallen a sacrifice to the fatal precocity of temperament which ripens the world's brightest geniuses for the sickle of Death ere their eighth lustrium is achieved, we desire to have recalled to us not with the descriptive skill of the narrator, clothed in all the glowing colour enthusiasm can lend, and exhibited in all the fond minuteness of sad regret, the most triumphant examples of her great powers. Is it when we are fretfully eager to call up in all their vividness of tint, breadth of design, and marvellous reality of finish, the great looming epics with which she has tapestried our memories—that we must have, squelched us, the sad witness, true or false, the tongue of scandal has to bear to the memorial of the immortal artist? "A rat! a rat! behind the arras." I am not sufficiently homicidal to wish I could add, "Dead for a duet;" but if my steel pen were able, it should transpire and inflict literary death on the critics who mar a great example of true and faithful working, in an arduous art, with their posthumous Mrs. Candourisms and ghoul-like backbitings.

As you observe, sir, to the discredit of the national good-taste and generosity, a violent movement arose in France against the private and professional reputation of the greatest genius their stage, rich in illustrious names, ever knew. For this lamentable exhibition of small-mindedness it is difficult to account, on the ground of the instability and caprice which are the characteristics of the French public in small as in great matters. The revulsion would have taken the shape, had it so originated, of mere neglect and indifference, not absolute hostility and almost persecution. Still less could it have been effected by the rhetorical prowess of M. Jules Janin, who so gallantly wore the colours of the noble Jewess, and so valiantly spread her renown; for then we must admit that the same lance would be able to win for a second Dulcinea the crown of Queen of Tragedy—the contrary of which is proven. It was no way for it but to set down the hue and cry of detraction, by which the latter part of Rachel's career was harried and beset, to a cause for the discovery of which I am indebted to another eminent Frenchwoman. In the collection of amusing, and often sagacious and edifying, letters, in which, under the title of *Vicomte Delannay*, Madame de Girardin, for many years, chronicled the doings, and dressed in the garb of art the gossip of Parisian society, there is one in which, *appropos* of some

proposed to have ladies admitted members of the Academy of Letters, she starts a theory in which the truth may not be incompatible with the wicked will of the fair antheora to avenge her sex.

Madame Girardin plainly declares that Frenchmen generally are envious of their countrywomen, and for the most part ill-disposed towards them, notwithstanding their professed and reputed gallantry; and that the motive of this envy is a secret sense of the intellectual superiority of the French female over the male of the same nation. With all other people, the natural subordination of the weaker sex to the stronger exists undisturbed; but with the French the women are taller by the head. Hence the Sallé law; hence the alacrity with which everything telling against the other sex is received; and hence the ungalant scandal and perfidious gallantry which rude men's behaviour towards women, and distort the views they profess to entertain of the whole sex.

Making every allowance for the satire, one cannot help feeling there is a great deal too much truth in it to have rendered the ally altogether palatable; and, indeed, in a subsequent letter, Madame Girardin tells us the smart of the hit got her many a petulant rejoinder. For my part, I am quite ready to believe that, to the inability to tolerate the towering superiority manifested in everything Rachel did, to the unwilling admiration extorted by the virile vigour of her conceptions, must be attributed the degrading efforts to deny the greatness, originality, and continuous development of her genius on the one hand, and to poison and counterbalance her success, on the other, by every foul imputation that the greedy man of scandal could swallow, and its ostrich-appetite digest.

Now the woman is dead, her memory being of no sex, I hope, with you, sir, that Frenchmen will forget theirs, and make truce amends by doing signal honour to the greatest actor France has ever produced.

OLD TRUFEYNT.

P.S.—I was glad to find that the obsequies of Rachel were honourably followed by many of the chief representatives of literature and the drama, and that over her grave Monsieur Jules Janin's tongue found those words of admiration and respect for a genius which his pen had ceased to honour ere the fair and slender frame it inhabited was a "clod of earth."

HERR RUBINSTEIN AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

HERR RUBINSTEIN'S fourth and last was also, on the whole, his most successful concert. It took place before a crowded audience on the evening of the 29th ult. He only introduced one extended composition from his own pen on this occasion—a trio in G minor, a long incoherent rhapsody, with the glimpse of a melodic idea here and there, shut out, however, by the slaming portal of Herr Rubinstein's unruly fancy, before it had a chance of enlightening anybody. The composer executed his work with wonderful energy, and was very ably assisted by Herren Helmesberger and Borzaga. But the trio was felt to be an infliction, for all the fine playing of the virtuosissimo triad, and it was found to be a grateful relief when the graceful mind of John Field (in the first nocturne) and the passionate soul of Mendelssohn (in the *Folded* from the *Songs without Words*, were subsequently permitted to influence his hearers. These Herr Rubinstein played in his most spirited manner, although, as a proviso, it must be owned he was more than once on the point of *leaving* the *Folded*, while at other times he was hushed in the whisper of a whisper. A *Nocturne* and *valse* of Chopin, which completed this tetrad of bagatelles, were equally effective in their way; and, at the end of all, Herr Rubinstein was loudly recalled—a compliment which he acknowledged by returning and treating his hearers to the *Berceuse* of Chopin, some parts of which were given with so fine a pianissimo (*p-p-p-p-inissimo*) as to be inaudible. This was a trick of M. Bnlj, the violinist, who at times would draw you his bow so softly, that it did not touch the strings at all; and then the people applauded, and said "Wonderful!" It was truly "wonderful" that so many fools could be found in a company.

• Ole-Bnlj!—Ed. M. F.

There was a curiosity at this concert—a *rondo* for pianoforte and violin, by Schubert—which was capitally performed by Herren Rubinstein and Helmesberger, and was more interesting on account of being Schubert's than on that of its intrinsic merits as a musical work.

The concert ended with a selection of furious bagatelles, composed and played by the concert-giver—viz, a romance from the *Album des Portraits* (whatever that publication may happen to be), a *Marche* on a Russian national tune, and a *Marche*. After these, Herr Rubinstein, being again recalled, came forward, and pulverized with irresistible vigour the *Marcia alla Turca* of Beethoven. There was also some singing by Madlle. Fichter and Dr. Ganz.

Although this was the "last," it was not "positively the last" concert of the impetuous young Russ, who has announced a "farewell," which will shortly take place, and of which, if I should be still in Vienna, I will forward you some account.

QUAND-MÊME.

DOUBLE-GLOUCESTER VIEW OF NOVELISTS.

(From the *GloUCESTER Journal*.)

"MR. DICKENS takes the chair at the dinner of the Commercial Travellers' School celebration, and talks of that 'great man, Mr. Thackeray.' Mr. Thackeray last week takes the same place, and talks of that 'great man, Mr. Dickens.' Mr. Thackeray does more soundly rates literary men for not raising an institution similar to those of the Commercial Travellers and Licensed Victuallers. The thing is impossible. Neither literary men nor artists have any general sympathies in common. They are made up into little cliques and coteries, and hate and despise one another most heartily. What became of the *Guild of Literatures*? If the leaders, or those who consider themselves such, make any attempt to get up such a matter, they find that their brethren stand aloof. There is, I fancy, somewhat too much concert about some of our 'great men.' Dickens and Thackeray have written many wonderfully clever books, but at the best they were works for the amusement of the public, and there are many people who think Balzac a better man than either. But are we to be drilled into regarding writers of fiction as the great men of literature, to the exclusion of those who work for the instruction of mankind? Taking a random instance, the author of the *Treasures of Knowledge* was a greater man than all the novelists put together."

[Yet hardly so great man as the Editor of the *GloUCESTER Journal*. Dickens and Thackeray may console themselves. They are imolated by the side of Wolfgang Amadeé Mozart, composer of *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*.—Ed. M. F.]

HERR REICHHARDT AT VIENNA.—Herr Reichardt, who is a great favourite with the London public, and whose concerts are everywhere reckoned among the most agreeable entertainments of the day, collected, at this, his first concert in the Musikverein-Saal, an audience both numerous and distinguished. The eminent qualities possessed by this singer, and the artistic manner in which he employs his powers, render his performance a genuine pleasure. He exhibits deep sentiment, without any of the whining element, strength without coarseness, and a thorough appreciation of the peculiarities of composers of different schools. Mozart and Schubert's Handel and Marschner were interpreted with equal fidelity. This was admirably exemplified in an air from Mozart's *Costa fan tutte*—"Un Aurs amorois," and another song. But the gem of the evening was "perhaps the fair from Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*. The florid and sustained passages in this song were given by Herr Reichardt with remarkable facility and freedom, the character of the music being at the same time faithfully preserved. So executed, would not an entire oratorio of Handel produce the deepest impression here? The loud applause of the audience was continued from beginning to end of the concert. Herr Reichardt was called forward several times, a mark of appreciation which was in every respect deserved, but by his vocal merit and his dramatic execution. The sisters Emma and Flora Nowotny played a duet for guitar. Their skillful performance, added to their prepossessing appearance, produced a sensible impression, and both were honoured with unanimous applause. Two young ladies, Madlles. Frankenberg and Weinberg, also most engaging persons, sang two songs in a very pleasing manner. Herren Decker and Hess were the other singers.—Abridged from the *Vienna Humorist*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MES SOUVENIRS D'ECOSSE.

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No. 1. Sonata in C 2 6	No. 10. Sonata in A 4 0
2. " " " " " " " " 4 6	11. " " " " " " " " 4 0
3. " " " " " " " " 3 6	12. " " " " " " " " 3 6
4. " " " " " " " " 4 0	13. " " " " " " " " 3 0
5. " " " " " " " " 4 0	14. " " " " " " " " 5 0
6. " " " " " " " " 3 6	15. " " " " " " " " 3 6
7. " " " " " " " " 5 0	16. " " " " " " " " 4 6
8. " " " " " " " " 4 0	17. " " " " " " " " 2 6
9. " " " " " " " " 4 0	18. Fantasia & Sonata, C minor	6 0

PIANO DUETS.

1. Sonata in C 10 6	No. 5. Sonata in A flat 5 6
2. " " " " " " " " 6 0	6. Fantasia in F minor and	7 6
3. " " " " " " " " 12 0	Thema with var. in G	
4. " " " " " " " " 5 6		

PIANO AND VIOLIN.

No. 1. Sonata in C 5 6	No. 11. Sonata in A 4 0
2. " " " " " " " " 4 0	12. " " " " " " " " 6 0
3. " " " " " " " " 4 0	13. " " " " " " " " 5 6
4. " " " " " " " " 4 0	14. " " " " " " " " 6 0
5. " " " " " " " " 4 0	15. " " " " " " " " 7 6
6. " " " " " " " " 5 0	16. " " " " " " " " 6 0
7. " " " " " " " " 6 0	17. " " " " " " " " 6 6
8. " " " " " " " " 3 6	18. " " " " " " " " 7 0
9. " " " " " " " " 5 0	19. " " " " " " " " 4 6
10. " " " " " " " " 5 0		

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 36.—No. 4. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

THE MISSES WELLS beg to acquaint their friends and pupils that they have REMOVED to 34, Regent-street, Russell-square, where all communications respecting engagements are to be addressed.

MAD. ELIZA POMA (late Miss Townsend), from Her Majesty's Theatre, having also sung for upwards of three years in the first Theatres of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, is in London to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, &c. Address, No. 3, Golden-square.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and **MR. CHARLES BRAHAM** (Conductor, Signor Vianetti) will sing, this day and Monday, at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, January 27th, at Windsor, Thursday, January 28th, at Falmouth; Friday, January 29th, at Slough; and Monday, February 1st, at Banstead.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begins to announce a series of performances of **CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, at her residence, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. The first will take place on Tuesday Evening, February 2, when Miss Goddard will have the honor of performing the **GRAND SONATA**, in G major, of **CLEMENTI**, entitled **DIGNO E ABANDONATA**, the **GRAND SONATA** of **WEBER**, in C major, Op. 24; a **PRELUDE** and **FUGUE**, in A minor, in Tanellella, of **JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH**; the **Sonata** in B flat major, for pianetto and violin, with M. SALTER; and also in a trio of **BETHOVEN**'s or **MENDELSSOHN**, with M. SALTER and Sign. F. Hill. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Tickets to be had only of **MISS GODDARD**, 47, Welbeck-street) for a Single Soirée, 10s. 6d.; for the Series of Three, ONE GUINEA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—EXTRA PERFORMANCES on Tuesday, January 26, Thursday, January 28, and Saturday, January 30.

On Tuesday, January 26, will be requested, Bellini's Opera, LA SONNAMBULA. Artists, Mlle. Piccolomini; Lina, Mlle. Bussier; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Bellotti; and Elvino, Signor Giulini. Conductor, Signor Araldi.
The State Festival, Desnoeville will be returned.
Boxes—Pit stalls, 12s. 6d.; boxes (to hold four persons), 10s and one pair, 25s.; grand tier, 25s.; two pair, 45s.; three pair, 15s.; gallery boxes, 10s.; gallery stalls, 6s. 6d.; pit, 3s. 6d.; gallery, 2s.
The doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Opera commences at Eight o'clock.
Applications for boxes, &c., to be made at the box-office at the Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—HER MAJESTY

THE QUEEN has graciously signified her intention of honoring with her presence a SERIES OF FOUR FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES, intended to be presented at the period of the approaching ANNIYALS of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS ROYAL with His Royal Highness the PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.
Fourth Performance.—An English comedy, by Mr. Buckstone's company of the Haymarket Theatre. And an afterpiece, in which Mr. Wright and members of the Adelphi company will perform.
The National Anthem after the comedy.
No person admitted in the pit except to viewing dress.
The doors will be opened at half-past six, and each representation commences at half-past seven o'clock. Gallery, 5s.
Applications for boxes to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

CRYSTAL PALACE—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—On Monday next, the happy occasion of the marriage of England's Princess will be celebrated at the Crystal Palace by a GRAND CONCERT, to commence at half-past one o'clock. Vocalists—Signor Pannocelli, Mr. Charles Brahm, Mr. Wynn, and the full chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Mr. Baylisson. Conductor—Mr. Mann. Programme—Part 1.—1. Wedding March (Mendelssohn). 2. Overture, Oberon (Weber). 3. Madrigal, "Who shall win" (Purcell). 4. National Song, "The Death of Nelson" (Braham). 5. Aria, "Ah! son's lui," from La Traviata (Verdi). 6. Selection, Rose of Castile (Lambert). 7. Bar solo, "Bless'd be the home" (Boswell). 8. Air, "This heart by you's overtaken," from Maritona (Wallace). 9. Hymn written expressly for the Wedding Ceremony by J. Campbell, Esq. 10. March, Les Pêcheurs (Meyerbeer). Part II.—1. Overture, Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Rossini). 2. Madrigal, "Now is the month of May" (Mozart). 3. Duet, "Ah! well" &c. Bridewell's Chorus, from Les Pêcheurs (Weber). 4. National Song, "The Boy of Bantry" (Braham). 5. Overture, Crown Elizabeth (Auber). 6. Song, "The Ombra" (Loder). 7. Madrigal, "Oh, wo! wo! will'er die dessein" (Purcell). 8. Chorus, "Bellegru" (Ha-doe). 10. Finale, The Trueman and his last Act of Arrogance. Doors open at nine. Children at half-price. Admission, as usual. One Shilling; Children under twelve, Sixpence.

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December 31, 1857.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1858.—Price 1s. 6d. by post 1s. 8d. May be had of all music and book sellers. Rudol. Rosc, Carter, and Co., 20, Charing-cross.

NEW SACRED SONG, "He has come! the Christ is God." Words by the Rev. Horatia Bonar, D.D. Composed by J. Durran.

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Regent-street.—MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED (late Miss F. Horton) will re-appear to-morrow for a short season, commencing Monday Evening next, 25th January, at Eight o'clock. First afternoon performance Saturday, 27th January, at Three. No performance Saturday evenings. Admission, 1s and 2s.; Stalls, 5s.; which may be secured at the gallery, and at Cramer, Bask, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

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The following Dances were performed by WEIPPERT'S BAND on the above occasion—

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- 2.—D'ARBEU'S LINDA QUABRILLE.
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2.	"	4 6	12.	"	5 0
3.	"	5 6	13.	"	6 0
4.	"	6 0	14.	"	7 0
5.	" A minor	4 0	15.	" B flat	5 6
6.	"	5 0	16.	" C	6 0
7.	" D	5 0	17.	" E flat	4 6
8.	"	4 0	18.	" F	5 0
9.	"	4 6	19.	" G	6 0
			20.	Fantasia & Sonata, C minor	6 0

PIANO DUETS.

1. Sonata in C	..	3 6	No. 5. Sonata in A flat	..	5 0
2. " D	..	5 0	6. Fantasia in F minor and		7 0
3. " F	..	12 0	Thema with var. in G		
4. " B flat	..	5 8			

PIANO AND VIOLIN.

No. 1.	Sonata in C	a. d.	No. 11.	Sonata in A	a. d.
1.	"	3 6	12.	" F	5 0
2.	" G	4 0	13.	"	5 6
3.	"	4 0	14.	" B flat	6 0
4.	" H minor	4 0	15.	"	7 0
5.	"	4 0	16.	"	8 0
6.	" D	5 0	17.	" E flat	6 0
7.	" A	5 0	18.	"	7 0
8.	"	5 0	19.	"	8 0
10.	"	5 0			4 8

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No. 1. Sonata in C	..	7 4	No. 4. Sonata in E	..	8 0
2. " G	..	6 6	5. " B flat	..	10 0

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"ELISE," Romance, by E. A. Goussier (an easy and elegant piece for teaching)	..	2 0
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"* * * The above two Songs have been sung by Miss. Jetty de Treffe with distinguished success.		
"WHEN FIRST YOU SHONE BEFORE ME," by Ernest Bruce (sung by Madame Borchardt)	..	2 0
"THE TWO SMILES" (for a contralto voice), by G. A. Macharion	..	1 0
"THE COQUETTE" (for a contralto voice), by J. W. Davison	..	1 0
"AT EARLY DAY'S DAWNING," by S. Goussier	..	2 0
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"THE GOATHERD" (sung by Marie)	..	2 0
"WHY FLY FROM ME" (L'Exile)	..	2 0

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"WHEN I IS THE SEA," by G. Cruwel, Op. 32	..	2 0
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VOICE, PIANO, AND HORN OR VIOLONCELLO.

"WHEN OVER THE MEADOWS GREEN" (one plainte), by E. Vivier (sung by Madame Viardot)	..	5 0
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MR. HAYDN WILSON'S THREE BOOKS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

January 18th, 1858.

SIR,—My three books of literary articles (on one hundred and fifty subjects), are not published, or I should be happy to forward you a copy. Music being my principal forte, the other I have written for a *novel* change, after composing a pile of vocal and instrumental music of every class. Trying this explanation why I have not complied with your request will be satisfactory,

I remain, yours respectfully,

HAYDN WILSON.

[Perhaps Mr. Haydn Wilson would favour us with his pile.—*Ed. M. W.*]

THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you permit me to take the liberty of calling the attention of bandmasters, especially foreigners, to the metronome measure of the "Dead March in Saul." During ten years' service as a bandmaster I have rarely heard this march played according to the original time. The original time is 72 = ♩ not 75 = ♩, which signifies a pace at slow time for each quaver, not for each crotchet. The mistake will be better understood by the officers of regiments, by ordering their band to play its slow march as a *galop*, music M. M., ♩ 150 = ♩ pace M. M., 75 = ♩, the pace 75 to be taken in the ordinary time. I once heard, at Scudder's, a Sepoy band play the march in the usual parade-march time, four times quicker than the original measure. It reminded me of Russell's "A life on the ocean wave." If played in the slow, lingering, and solemn time, intended by Handel, it creates sad and dejected feelings. If played otherwise it is a burlesque. I beg it to be distinctly understood the *ordinary step* is not to be altered; but, to produce the proper effect, the music must be played four times slower. I have not heard the march played by the bands of the Foot Guards. I do not doubt but they play it correctly.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,
Camp, Aldershot, January 19th, 1858. A BANDMASTER.

P.S.—Can any of your readers inform me what are the notes of the cuckoo. Having had an argument upon the subject with two bandmasters, they maintain its notes are a minor third—F natural, D; I say they are a major third—D, B flat. I found my opinion on Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the notes being for B flat (elision), I think, E natural C natural. But perhaps the German cuckoo notes are different from the English cuckoo.

* M. M. Mässel's Metronome.

RACHEL'S OBSEQUIES.

(From the Ménestrel.)

EVERY hand wielding a pen has by this time paid liberal tribute of the necrological sort to the illustrious artist who has just descended into the tomb. The franchise of the press has been even stretched in this instance beyond the required limits. The friends of the deceased awaited not till her ashes had grown cold—till her body were sealed down in its bier—to commence a post-mortem examination of the artist and of the woman. Privatest details, letters to and from, autographs, trifling anecdotes, so largely anticipated in former times, are all again spread out for posturage before the greedy Parisian public. Little was wanting to have made the departed lady a witness to her own apotheosis.

We are not going to tack ourselves on in the wake of our co-brethren, by relating the biography of this young woman, in whom the genius of tragedy was incarnate—of this glorious interpreter of an art not directly within the scope of our province. All has been said in reference to the origin of Madlle. Rachel, to the gipsy life of her childhood, to her rapid ascent to glory and fortune (two million francs have been spoken of). We shall limit ourselves to claiming as our rightful share one of the first episodes in the short career, the starting-point whereof was, as we said the other day, the "SCHOOL OF CHOROS."

A curious point in the history of Madlle. Rachel is, that her name was first objected to, then subsequently restored to her. When she entered Choron's school, the old professor asked, "What is your name, my dear little one?" "Elizabeth Rachel." "That name of Rachel will scarcely have a fitting sound amidst our exercises of Christian piety. You will take the name of Eliza."

Little Eliza, however, betokened a slender vocation for song. There was discovered in her a greater aptitude for declamation, and she was recommended to Saint-Aulaire, who was director of the little "Théâtre-Molière." Later, when she was about to make her *début* in the *Vendémiaire* at the Gymnase, the manager at that theatre, M. Poisson, in his turn said to her, "That name of Eliza will scarcely be suiting in a play-bill: have you no other appellation?" "My name is Elizabeth Rachel." "Come that will do. Rachel! That is a name which not every one wears. Call yourself henceforth Rachel."

On the 14th of April, 1837, the youthful Rachel made her first appearance in public at the Gymnase, in the *Vendémiaire*, a *comédie-pastorale* in two acts, by M. Paul Dupont. The fair candidate, with her raucous voice, produced a lively enough sensation. M. Poisson, however, judging otherwise of the young girl's special qualifications, advised her to study tragedy. After taking lessons of M. Samson, Mdlle. Rachel came out for the first time at the Comédie-Française, on the 12th of June, 1838. The great genius at once stood revealed. The house of Molière once more echoed with the true accents of the French muse. Crowds rushed to applaud at Camille, Hermione, Phèdre, Pauline, and the renown of the great actress became wide as the world.

Twenty years later, while still young, she expired at the foot of the hills of Cannes the rapid expenditure of so much genius and of those passions by which it was fed. Her name, however, will ever beam with glory in the history of the stage.

The eminent tragedian breathed her last on the 3rd of January, between eleven and twelve at night, being tended in her last moments by one of her sisters, two physicians, and two members of the same religious community sent by the President of the Jewish Consistory at Nice, for Madlle. Rachel died in the religion of her forefathers. After undergoing the rites of purification, the mortal remains of the departed were embalmed and deposited in a double coffin, of lead and walnut-wood. On its arrival in Paris, the Saturday following, the coffin was watched over, according to the prescribed ceremonial of the Jews, by two females reciting prayers. The obsequies took place on Monday. The funeral ceremony, it was announced, would commence at twelve. By ten o'clock in the morning, the approaches to the Place Royale, were blocked up by an immense crowd. It was almost an impossibility for the relatives

and friends, and the large number of persons invited to the funeral, to reach the house of mourning, in one of the apartments of which, according to Jewish custom, the body was laid. Leading the invited mourners was observed M. Camille Doucet, head of the department of theatres in the *Ministère d'Etat*. The French Academy had sent MM. Scribe, Alfred de Vigny, Sainte Beuve, Lebrun, Legouvé, and Emile Augier. The Committee of Dramatic Authors was represented by its President, M. Auguste Maquet.

MM. Auber, Halévy, and Ambroise Thomas; MM. Roger and Bouhée; Madame Borgli Mamo; all our theatrical managers; all the actors and actresses of the Comédie-Française; all illustrious names in art and literature; our principal journalists, our popular writers—our dramatic artists from every stage; men of finance, magistrates, students from the public colleges—were all at the mournful trysting.

The departure of the funeral cortege was delayed until a detachment of municipal guards, mounted and on foot, had been brought into requisition to effect a passage through the dense masses of people blocking up the space in front of the house, the adjacent streets, and the Boulevard Beaumarchais.

The mortal remains of the great artist were placed on a richly decorated car, drawn by six horses, whose trappings, as well as the pall thrown over the car, were bespangled with silver stars. From fifteen to twenty mourning coaches followed the hearse; after these came some four or five hundred private carriages. Immediately following the funeral car walked M. Isidore, the Grand Rabbi of the Jewish Consistory of Paris. The chief mourners were the father, brother, and youngest son of the deceased. Baron Taylor, M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Auguste Maquet, and M. Geoffroy, of the Comédie-Française, held the four corners of the pall.

The burial ceremony of the Jews differs, as is generally known, from that of the Christians, in the absence of any religious rites performed in a place of worship over the dead previous to inhumation, the body being conveyed directly to the cemetery. A preliminary ceremony is there performed, called the purification, which takes place in a little house erected at the entrance of all Jewish cemeteries specially for that purpose. This ceremony, however, having been already performed at Canet, the mortal remains of the tragedian could be deposited in the family vault without further circumstance. On arriving at the gates of the Jewish cemetery, enclosed within that of Père Lachaise, the body was taken down from the car, and the Grand Rabbi pronounced in French and in Hebrew the prayer of the Resurrection, after which the bier was carried to the grave, the Grand Rabbi following and reciting the 91st Psalm. Over the grave the Grand Rabbi repeated in Hebrew the prayer for the soul's rest, and another prayer in French. Several orations were then pronounced by MM. Auguste Maquet, Jules Janin, and Bataille, vice-president of the Association of Dramatic Authors. At the conclusion of their discourses the Grand Rabbi threw the first shovel of earth on the coffin, pronouncing in French and in Hebrew these words: "Thou comest from the dust—the dust returneth to the earth whence it came, and thy soul to God from whom it springeth." The relatives and friends then came forward to throw each a handful of earth over the body; a last prayer was repeated by the Grand Rabbi, and the crowd separated in silence and meditation.

And now of the great tragic actress, of the inspired muse who for eighteen years centred in herself the glory of the French stage;—of the young girl who sprung from the lower depths of society, climbed up to the summits of art and fashionable life—nothing remains but her memory. Henceforth Corneille and Racine must return to the shelves of our libraries, there to await the discreet worship of the faithful, for from henceforth tragedy is indeed dead! A young girl galvanised it for a number of years with the breath of her genius; by a miracle like this is not accomplished twice. Yet, who knows? As much was said when Talma died. The fortune of art has its mysterious depths, and its destinies, like those of man, defy all mortal scrutiny.

SOME REMARKS ON GLUCK.*

In his work on Gluck, A. Schmidt has, with great industry collected a number of detailed facts connected with that composer. Some new anecdotes are found in the second edition of *Noverre's Lettres sur la Danse, &c. Petersbourg, 1804*. In the second part, Noverre satirises his countrymen on their supposed appreciation of music, and adds, among others, the following instance of their ignorance:—

"Gluck appeared in Paris with the dazzling brilliancy of a phenomenon; he was over to his side the people of taste by his melody and harmony; the applause of those who were judges, and of those who were not, was universal. Covered with glory and praise, the new Orpheus determined to produce *La Cythère Assiégée*. The music was fresh, learned, and pleasing; splendid scenery, a costly ballet, and costumes as graceful as happily contrasted, supported the work. In spite of this co-operation of all the artists, who had taken a pride in contributing to the triumph of this musical masterpiece, it achieved, with the nation 'who love music most,' only the quarter of a success. Our judges, incapable of judging, talked a great deal of nonsense, and decided that Gluck would always remain beneath mediocrity, directly he left the *collègues* and dagger of tragedy. After the production of *Armida*, and Gluck's fresh triumph in that opera, which is by no means a tragedy, the celebrated composer was requested by Baron Thoudy, the author of the libretto *Écdo and Narcissa*, to compose the music to it. Gluck yielded to the entreaties of the author's friends. The news ran all through Paris, where those 'who love music best' prejudiced people against the new work, by announcing it would be a mediocre production; all these reports died away, even in the *cafés*, before Gluck had taken up his pen to write the first scene; he languished at the predictions of all these small prophets, and brought out his opera. But party spirit triumphed over the charm, the beauty, and the grace which reigned in the work; it achieved but a trifling success. I wished to console Gluck for this sort of defeat, but he answered, with the good humour and frankness natural to him, that he felt in no way offended; the judgment of connoisseurs had recompensed him for the verdict of the ignorant masses. He said that he would have written the music in ten days in a good musical taste in Paris. The greater part of the public, he said, went to the theatres less out of a taste for art than because it was the fashion, and from a want of occupation. This countless mass possessed organs which were not sensitive enough to appreciate the charms of music, and, as a general rule, their ears were covered with ass's skin."

We see from this that Gluck was far from being deceived as to the artistic capabilities of the great masses.

* Translated from the Berlin *Echo*.

M. GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA.*

(FIRST PERFORMED ON THE 15TH FEBRUARY, 1857.)

I AM not astonished that Molière attracts musicians. Where should we find characters more original and more vigorously brought out!—scenes better laid down, better drawn, more lively and more gay!—dialogue more natural and frank! A lyrical form is all that is wanting to render Molière's smaller pieces admirable and incomparable *libretti*. It is not, it is true, an easy task to give them this form, nor can it be done without some injury. There is a frequent necessity for cutting out something or other, and what can we see out of Molière without regretting it! It is, also, at times necessary to add something, and this is much worse. Add to Molière! Alas! a man must love music very passionately to undertake such a task.

Is it M. Gounod, on the present occasion, who has taken this on himself, and been his own cook. Or has he found some willing scullion to do it for him? M. Gounod was named alone, at the conclusion, when the pit demanded, with loud cries and great applause, the name of the author. But, after all, this is not a question of much importance. I should not be surprised, however, if the score of *Le Médecin malgré lui* dates from a long time back, and is written, quietly, in the ten or fifteen years of silence and fruitless solicitations which the constitution of art among us imposes on most composers.

However this may be, the score in question has obtained a very brilliant and a very legitimate success. The author has

* Translated from *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

largely displayed in it those qualities which established his reputation some years ago; qualities first noticed in *Sapho*; met with again in *La Nonne Sanglante*—a serious work, in which the musician was the victim of the poet—and which, lastly, could be properly appreciated and were warmly applauded in M. Gounod's two symphonies, with which the *Société des Jeunes Artistes* has already made the public acquainted.

Such qualities are rare and valuable. They comprise elevation and serenity of thought; precision of form; correctness, firmness, and moderation in style; harmonic elegance and neatness of instrumentation. M. Gounod is an exceedingly skilful symphonist. This is a fact which has not been denied by any one for a long time, and it will be even much more clearly established when every one shall have heard *Le Médecin malgré lui*.

Do not let my readers mistake the sense of this praise; it is not restrictive. Nearly all the pieces in the new opera, the duet between Sganarelle and Martine, for instance, which concludes with a volley of blows; Sganarelle's trio with Lucas and Valère; the sextet of the consultation; "Eh, bien, charmante demoiselle," and, especially, the quintet of the third act, prove their author to possess considerable knowledge of the stage. All I wish to convey is that M. Gounod seems to be accustomed to think of the instruments before thinking of the voices; that the former are his especial favorites, and that, in a word, he frequently puts the *status in the orchestra*, as Grétry said of Mozart. Grétry's joke detracted nothing from Mozart, and the observation which I have ventured to make will detract nothing from M. Gounod. Every one is what he is, and must obey his instinct.

"La nature fertile en esprits excellents
Sait entre les auteurs partager les talents."

An author should follow his impulses, make the best of the gifts he has received from Nature, and not exhaust himself in useless efforts to acquire what she has not given him. M. Gounod is more a German than an Italian, and *Fidèle* attracts him more than does *Il Matrimonio Secreto*. What matters! There are several pinnacles to art, and glory shines round all of them.

We find, however, a few pieces where M. Gounod has placed the voice in the foreground, and where the orchestra, without ceasing to interest us, occupies only the second position. The most striking of these pieces is Sganarelle's air, the first verses of which are contributed by Molière:

"Qu'ils sont doux,
Bouteille jolie,
Qu'ils sont doux,
Vos petits glouglous," etc.

Not one of the "onomatopias" indicated, and, to a certain extent, commanded by the poet, is wanting in the accompaniment. The clarionets, the horns, the flutes, the bassons, and the violins themselves give us, in turn, the *glouglou*, with an apparently inexhaustible variety of intonations and effects. But the vocal portion never ceases to conduct and dominate this bacchanalian symphony; it is simple, expressive, elegant, and delicate, and M. Meillet brings out all the composer's intentions with a talent for detail, which is becoming more uncommon every day.

Madlle. Gérard, who wears the cap of the village girl, and the nurse's apron, has been favoured with one of the pieces where the vocal part occupies the foreground. It consists of couplets, the motive for which is taken from Jacqueline's harangue to Géronte: "J'ai toujours ou dire qu'en mariage comme ailleurs contentement passe richesse." The musical motive is full of frankness, fullness, and even gaiety, combined with that heavy character which one of Molière's peasant women should never lose. Madlle. Gérard has seized the spirit of these couplets, which she renders marvellously. Amidst the general success of the work, these two airs, so well conceived, and so well executed, obtained an especial meed of flattering applause.

The first air of Léandre, which he sings with a mandoline in his hand, did not strike me as being so well appreciated. The violins in the orchestra play the part of the silent mandoline.

This air, full of grace and tenderness, is written in Lull's best style, and the accompaniment marked with much more elegance than Lull could ever have imparted to it. It is very delicate and very *distingué*, and M. Froment's voice lends it a great charm.

The little pastoral, also, sung by the same person, disguised as a shepherd, in the finale to the second act, struck me as very agreeable, and the rural songiness of the oboes accords admirably with the tenor voice of the artist.—Martine's couplet:

"Toute femme a sous la patte,
De quoi se venger d'un mari,"

did not, on the other hand, appear to possess any very remarkable feature, any more than the chorus of wood-cutters, which terminates the first act, or Sganarelle's air, which commences the third. The chorus of peasants coming to consult Sganarelle is, I think, worth more. It is, at least, interrupted by a charming phrase, sung by Sganarelle, who recommends his patients to bury their wives very carefully, should the latter die of the physic he has just prescribed.

In a large portion of these pieces, M. Gounod has re-produced the style of music contemporaneous with Molière, the details of which it is so easy to study in Lull's. M. Gounod has done this with cleverness, moderation, and discretion, and has only taken from the seventeenth century just what he ought to take. This agrees well with Molière's language, which is not less its success, on which I congratulate the author, although I have not the honour of knowing him. He has, by the way, reason to be satisfied with those of his interpreters whom I have already named, and to whom I must add Madlle. Favre, who plays Martine's scenes remarkably well, and, likewise, M. Girardot, who, being comic everywhere, has not much trouble to be so in the character of Luçon.

It was the anniversary of Molière's birth. After the piece, the scene was changed; and at the back was the crowded bust of the great comic poet. The entire company filled both sides of the stage. Mad. Carvalho advanced, dressed as a Greek muse, with a golden palm branch in her hand, and sang, with remarkable firmness of intonation, brilliancy, and purity:

"Salut, Molière, ô grand génie,
Ta muse est saur de l'harmonie," &c.

The chorus joined, and the audience would willingly have done so, too. This cantata reminded some of the audience of the finale to the first act of *Sapho*, in which Mad. Viardot displayed such energy. Were they right or wrong? That is a question which I shall not undertake to decide. LEON DROCHEK.

THE PIANO AT EVANS'S.

DEDICATED TO HAYDN WILSON, ESQ

This instrument, in use so long,
Was built by Broadwood very strong.
To bear the many heavy thumps
Of the pianist's finger stumps.
Its case is stout West India wood
(Mahogany, be't understood),
It's thrilling wires, so full of sound,
Do wake the coboes underground,
And never once are heard to go ill.
With song, glee, chorus, or Von Joel,
The harmonics are never dull.
Also the stout, pale ale, and wine,
And in the hotel you may dine.
The smiling face of Paddy Green
On every side is often seen.
He moves around with step so bland,
With a large snuff box in his hand;
Attentive waiters hover near,
And Etilios meadows you hear.
In short, if music you do love,
Its full delights you here may prove.

HANDEL SIMPSON.

N.B.—A complete copy of my works at an early opportunity.

HAMLET.

THERE is a novel called the *Historie of Hamlet*, printed in 1608 for Thomas Pavier, the stationer in Corne-hill, of which only one known copy exists, and which novel or history had been originally published, as we are credibly informed by Mr. Payne Collier, "considerably before the commencement of the seventeenth century." It is to this novel that Shakspeare is believed to have been partly indebted—in other part, to the older play, generally attributed to Thomas Kyd, and which was acted and printed before 1587. This novel, or rather history, is a considerable improvement on the rough chronicle of Saxo-Græmmaticus, and shows how the refining hand of time ameliorates the incidents of old manners in the process of historical repetition, and that a tale thrice told is in many respects a different thing from one told only once. How the tale was told in Kyd's *Hamlet*, we have now no opportunity of knowing; but it must have presented much gentler features than the draught of it in the rude pages of the Danish chronicle, since this second version of the story has received much softening in its details, and much philosophical illustration in the superadded reflections—in fact, had evidently been touched up for the sake of a moral application. It is preceded with an argument, and attended with marginal indices, all affecting the profound and solemn—setting forth how "the desire of rule causeth men to become traitors and murderers," with "the miserable condition of such as rule over others," and how "Romulus, for small or no cause, killed his brother;" adding thereto, the opinion of Cicero, the ambitious and seditious orator of Rome, who, in his *Paradozes*, supposed the degrees and steps to heaven, and the ways to it, to be treason, murder, rapine, robbery, and massacres committed by him that first layd the foundations of that city." All this is but the perulæ to other classical statements, concerning Tarquin the Elder, Servus Tullius, Absolon, and David, and the Sultans Zelis and Soliman; concluding with pertinent remarks on the slowness of God's judgments," ventured on the authority of *Pinarech*, and which may be accepted as an apology for Hamlet's own tardy manner of taking vengeance.

I will now mark a few of the differences between the statements of Saxo-Græmmaticus and those of Belleforest, from whose *Historie Tragicque* the aforesaid novel or history is taken—premising that the novels of Belleforest began to be published in 1564, and included the story of Amleth, under the following title: "Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dansemarch, venges la mort de son pere Horrendille, occis par Fencion, son frere, et saire occurrence de son histiore."

The assumption of madness on the part of young Hamlet is dignified by the novelist with classic references. Accordingly we are instructed, that though the apparently demitted nephew of the usurper "had been at the schoole of the Romane Prince, who, because hee counterfeited himselfe to be a foole, was called Brutus, yet hee imitated his fashions and his wisdomes." He made, indeed, "sport to the pages and ruffing courtiers that attended in the court of his uncle and father-in-law;" nevertheless, "the young prince noted them well enough, minding one day to be revenged in such manner, that the memorie thereof should remaine perpetually to the world." For the justification of Brutus's conduct we are then referred, marginally, to Titus Livius and Hallesnessus, whom we are directed to read. Whereupon, to this instance, the author adds the example of King David, "that counterfeited the madde man among the petie kings of Palestina, to preserve his life from the subtil practices of thoon kings." I note these particulars, because in them are suggestions to the poet, whether Kyd or Shakspeare, for the dramatic elevation of the subject. Shakspeare derived from such his notion of the famous scene between him and Ophelia (act three, scene one). Those who were of "quicke spirits." But Hamlet had begun to suspect that under Hamlet's seeming folly there lay hidden a greater and rare ability, which lost no time in counselling "the king to try and know, if it were possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to entrap him, than to set some faire and beautiful woman in a secret place, that with flustering speeches and all the craftiest means she could use, should purposely seek to allure his mind." But Hamlet had a friend, who, by timely warning, saved him from the snare. "He gave Hamlet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any means he seemed to obey, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentleman sent thither by his uncle. Which much abused the prince, as then who being in affection to the lady, but by her hee was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loved and favoured him, and would have been exceedingly sorrowfull for his misfortune, whom shee loved more than herselfe." In all this (and more that I do not quote), we have the two episodes of Horatio and Ophelia distinctly foreshadowed. The some of this incident is a solitary piece

within the woods, the one evidently in which Saxo-Græmmaticus locates the absurd equestrian adventure related by him, but for which Belleforest, like a true Frenchman, appears to have substituted an amorous temptation. That of Hamlet's interview with his mother immediately follows; but there is, in his account, no Hamlet "dancing upon the straw, clapping his hands, and crowing like a cock;" but the unfortunate councillor of the king hides himself behind the veritable arras of the play.

Yet the imitations of elanctioer are not altogether omitted; they are cunningly modified. Hamlet, in the act and act stique, according to Belleforest, when "within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother, touching his secret practices, he should be understood, as if that means intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cocke, beating with his armes (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the banging of the chamber; whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried 'A rat, a rat!'" &c. The speech thereafter made by Hamlet to his mother is, in the novel and improved version, quite a finished oration, extending to several pages, and, with some coarseness, containing not a few poetic suggestions. The following paragraph is good; and reminds us of a passage in Milton, as well as of the comparison between the two brothers in Shakspeare's tragedy.

"Is it licentiousnes only that hath made you deface out of your minde the memory of the valor and vertues of the good king, your husband and my fether: it was an unbridled desire that guided the daughter of Rodrick to embrace the tyrant Fencion, and not to remember Horvendille (unworthy of so strange intertainment), neither that he killed his brother traitorously, and that shee, being his father's wife, betrayed him, although he so well favoured and loved her, that for her sake hee utterly bereaved Norway of her riches and valiant soldiers, amongst the treasures of Rodrick, and made Gertrite to be the eldest prince of Europe; it is not the part of a woman, much lesse of a princeesse, in whom all modesty, curtisse, compassion, and love, ought to abound, thus to leave her desire child to fortune in the bloody and murderous hands of a villain and treytor. Brave beasts do not so, for Lyons, tygers, coueues, and leopards fight for the safety and defence of their whelpes; and birds that are of the same kinde, and of the same kinde, as would ravish them of their young ones; but you, to the contrary, expose and desire me to death, whereas ye should defend me. Is not this as much as if you should betray me, when you, knowing the perrersnes of the tyrant and his intents, full of deadly counsell as touching the race and image of his brother, have not only sought, nor desired to find the means, to save your child (and only son), by sending him into Swethiland, Norway, or England, rather than to leave him as a pray to your adulterous father? Be not offended, I pray you, madame, if transported with dolour and grief, I speake so boldly unto you, and that I respect you lesse than duetie requireth! for you, having forgotten me, and wholly rejected the memorie of the deceased king, my father, must not be abashed if I also surpass the bounds and limits of due consideration."

The queen's reply to all this is not without a certain dignity. She assures her son that she had not once "consented to the death and murder of her husband," and Shakspeare credits her with this assurance in the second draught of his tragedy. Further, she complies with Hamlet in his purpose of revenge.

The story of Hamlet's voyage to England; his behaviour there, and his return, with the other matters to the end of his story, is much the same in both accounts: that I mean, of Saxo-Græmmaticus, and Belleforest. But one thing must be especially noted. The melancholy of Hamlet is in the novel historic treated of as a natural, and the philosophical cause of it assigned—namely, his inclination for the supernatural. "For that in those dayes, the north parts of the world, living as then under Satan's laws, were full of inchanters, so that there was not any young gentleman whatsoever that knew not something therein sufficient to serve his turne, if need required: as yet in those dayes in Gotthland and Bizerry, there are many that know not what the Christian religion permiteth, as by reading the histories of Norway and Gotthland, you may easilie perceive; and so, Hamlet, while his father lived, had bin instructed in that devilish art, whereby the wicked spirit abuseth man, kind, and adviseth him (as hee can) of things past." Here is, manifestly the suggestion of the ghost, and of the hero's suspicion, that

"The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very pretie with such spirits."

The following is the passage that excites his melancholy: "It toucheth not the matter herein to discover the parts of derivation in man, and whether this prince, by reason of his over great melancholy, had

received those impressions, deriving that, which never anything but himself had before declared, like the philosophers, who, discoursing of things deep points of philosophy, attribute the force of those derivations to such as are enraptured by completion, who oftentimes speak of things which, their fury ceasing, they then already can hardly understand who are the pronouncers." &c. Here we have the melancholy and philosophical prince and supernaturalist depicted to the life; and, furthermore, in passages which we have no room to cite, the subject enlarged upon and enforced by extended reasonings, and historical examples in reference to metaphysical operations. Here, too, is drawn out at full, what Shakspeare only hints at in the matter of Ophelia; that is, the want of self-control in Hamlet with regard to women. "This fault," adds the novel-historian, "was in the great Hercules, Sampson, and the wisest man that ever lived upon the earth, following this train, therein impaired his wit; and the most noble, wise, valiant, and discreet personages of our time, following the same course, have left us many notable examples of their worthy and notable virtue." In a word the tragedy of Hamlet is written in the very spirit of the *Hystorie*; the events being restricted within dramatic limits, and the action sublimated by the working of the poetic genius dealing with prosaic and merely didactic materials, extracting their essence, and re-embodiment in a new and artistic form, of which beauty was the principal end a necessary feature.

It may thus appear that it was not at all that the author of the tragedy of Hamlet effected his transit from the chronicle of Saxo-Græmaticus, but that there was an intermediate stage, by which rude history became purified into philosophy, and was prepared for the high poetic purpose for which it was finally destined. We thus see the spirit of Shakspeare, and perhaps of his predecessor Kyd, working not alone, but in communion with the spirit of the epoch in which they lived; while that spirit itself acknowledged its relationship with the past, and the various changes to which it had been liable in its progress towards the state of perfection to which our poet has found. And this consideration serves to explain the immortality of those works which were the results of such influences, not by arbitrary creation of the poet, but as the growths of time, and the products of nature in the appointed order of her manifestations.

FRANKFORD-ON-THE-MAINE.—(From a Correspondent).—The fifth Museum Concert, on the 8th January, was crowded. The patronage bestowed by amateurs on these concerts is deserved, for not only are performed old and new first-class works, symphonies, overtures, grand vocal pieces, with orchestral accompaniments, *lieder*, &c., but *virtuosi* who visit our town on their artistic tours are introduced, and rising talent brought forward, so that the institution deserves protection. The conductor, Herr Franz Moser, directs the performances with ability. On the above-mentioned evening we heard—besides a symphony of Mendelssohn, an overture by Robert Schumann, and a new (to us) *scena* and *aria* of C. M. von Weber, introduced in the opera *Lodovico*—a triple concerto of Beethoven, played by Herr Henkel, (pianoforte), Heinrich Wolf (violin), and George Hausmann, from London (violoncello). This gave unqualified satisfaction. Herr G. Hausmann, our compatriot, sustains his reputation by means of solid acquirement and thorough knowledge of the instrument he professes. The Stammering violoncello of Herr Hausmann excited the greatest admiration. Besides the trio he played in a Swiss *fantasia* with the greatest success. Herr Hausmann gives a concert next week previous to his departure for Vienna.—*Didastalia*.

MUSICAL AGENCY.—We beg to call the attention of our readers to our advertisement columns, by which it will be seen that Messrs. Mapleson and Co. have established a musical agency, for the transaction of engagements between managers, artists, &c. The Messrs. Mapleson's experience in the above affairs has been the work of upwards of half a century. The managers, secretaries, promoters, and committees of our musical festivals, philharmonic societies, &c., may now be relieved of one of their greatest anxieties, viz.: the immense disappointment and inconvenience experienced when, upon the review of any of their public performances, they may be informed that through indisposition or any unforeseen cause an artist will not be able to fulfil his engagement. A simple telegraphic message to the above agency would immediately remedy the disappointment. Such an agency was a great desideratum. Messrs. Mapleson appear to be admirably fitted to carry it out.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

AFTER presenting *The Messiah* (some time since), under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, in a highly satisfactory manner, the Committee of the Lancashire Festival Concerts gave a second entertainment (of a miscellaneous character, but of equal attractions), in Free Trade Hall. No success could be greater, or better deserved; and nothing less than the very interesting performances that were listened to with delight by a numerous audience, on this occasion, could have atoned for so grievous a disappointment as the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, who, though he had been announced, was prevented by severe indisposition from appearing.

The concert began with an excellent performance of Mozart's Symphony in E flat—one of the three masterpieces in that style produced by the great musician in 1788, the year after *Dos Giovanni*. No one understands this music better than Professor Bennett, who was nurtured in it. A duet from *Lucia di Lammermoor* was then very well sung by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss; and this was succeeded by Mr. Weiss's own song, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," given by himself with characteristic expression. Some variations on "Sul margine d'un rio," introduced by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, were astonishing as displays of vocal facility; and a ballad of Mr. Hatton's, intrusted to Miss Helen Walker (of the Liverpool cheap concert), pleased by the unaffected manner in which it was delivered.

The pianoforte concerto, No. 1, of Mendelssohn—performed with marvellous vigour and fluency, accompanied with the most refined and exquisite taste, by Miss Arabella Goddard, the undisputed queen of contemporary pianists—is the richest treat of the evening, at least to all the lovers of genuine art who enjoyed the advantage of being present. It was gratifying, moreover, to find such fine pure music, and such masterly playing, devoid of all pretence and affectation, thoroughly appreciated at Free Trade Hall—where concertos and symphonies are of rare occurrence. The applause at the end was enthusiastic; and Miss Arabella Goddard may now be said to have won and received the freedom of Manchester city.

The second part opened with a spirited performance of the overture to *Zensberg's*, into the manifold beauties of which Professor Bennett entered with congenial spirit. Mr. Weiss then gave, with his accustomed fire and energy, the racy and irresistible air, "I'm a roamer," from Mendelssohn's comic opera, *Heimkehr* (the only one which his reluctant survivors have granted to the world); and this was followed by another splendid exhibition of pianoforte playing, from the fairy fingers of Miss Arabella Goddard, who having asserted her supremacy in the classical style, now proved with equal success her entire mastery of its opposite. The piece she selected—Thalberg's *Musicalito*—is crowded with difficulties; but these were vanquished with consummate ease. The whole performance electrified the audience, who recalled the young pianist amid shouts of applause, and insisted unanimously upon another display. Miss Goddard complied; and the touching grace, combined with brilliancy and sweetness, with which she performed some variations on "Home, sweet home" (attributable, if I am not mistaken, to Mr. Vincent Wallace), enchanted every one, and led to another flattering "ovation."

An Irish ballad, by Mad. Sherrington; Mr. Balfe's "Merry Zingara," by Miss Walker; the splendid war march of the Levites, from Mendelssohn's *Athalah*, brought to an end a concert that reflected credit on every one engaged, and on no one more than the accomplished musician who directed the performances.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.—(From a Correspondent).—The same programme, which conferred such satisfaction when the Brahman-Fumagalli party appeared at Maidenhead, was equally successful at the Town Hall, in this quiet place. There was a numerous audience, including many fashionables. "Encores" were in great request, which unnecessarily lengthened the entertainment. The heroine and hero of the evening were Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Charles Braham. The lady pleasing every one, not only by

her brilliant Italian vocalising, but her agreeable singing in English; the latter creating the usual *fuore* with his father's patriotic songs. The little party has created quite a sensation in this neighbourhood.

MARLOW—(From a Correspondent).—This pretty old town (once the residence of the poet Shelley—who derived his impressions for the scenery of *Alastor* from the Thames and Borman Wood) was thrown into musical excitement by a concert of a very attractive nature, given under the auspices of Mr. Charles Braham, the other vocalists being Signora Fumagalli and D. Giorgi; conductor, Sig. Vianesi. The Town Hall was filled by a highly select company; there were a great many encores (especially to Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Braham), and the whole entertainment went off with the utmost possible *éclat*.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY, BRISTON—(From a Correspondent).—This Society gave their first concert of the season on Wednesday last, in the hall of the new Institution at Briston, the office of conductor being taken by Mr. Boose. The programme opened with Haydn's Symphony (Letter Q.) which was given with precision and effect. The same praise may be awarded to the execution of Mayer's overture to *Adelaide*, and of that of Auber's *Massaniello*, especially the latter. The instrumental parts, however, were a *concertante* duet arranged for piano and clarinet, from Hérold's opera of *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and a cornet-piston solo, "Viv! tu," from *Anna Bolena*, by an amateur. The first piece was performed by the eminent clarinet player, M. Lazarus, and his young and promising daughter, both charming the audience by their brilliant execution. The vocal department was not so strong as the instrumental, but reflected much credit on so young a society. The *scena* "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*, may be mentioned as the most satisfactory achievement. There were several attempts to obtain encores in the course of the evening, notwithstanding the rule of the society forbidding them.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Beckstone, on Monday and Tuesday, January 22nd and 23rd (last two nights), Mr. BUCKSTONE will appear in the comedy of *SPEED THE FLOOD*, Wednesday, and Thursday, January 27th and 28th, in the comedy of *A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE*. To commence every evening at 7 o'clock. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pastime, entitled *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD*, OR *HARLEQUIN AND THE WHITE FAIRY*. To be given by Mr. W. Maden & about Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Levee, 1, to include Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Levee; the Prince as he travels, Miss Louise Levee. Friday, January 22nd, the first *AUVENTE NIGHT*, when the Pastime will be preceded by *FISH OUT OF WATER*. Saturday, January 24th, a Comedy and the Pastime. **MORNING PERFORMANCES** on Monday and Thursday, January 22nd and 25th, to commence at 11 o'clock. **NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES**.—On the stalls (which may be retained till the end of the evening, and for which there will be no age or looking fee, each). First: FIVE; Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Second: FIVE; Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two G-boxes and One G-box and a half each. Stage-Boxes, Mr. Galloway, 44, Pall Mall.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—This evening, January 23rd, at the new drama of *THE POOR STROLLERS*, in which Messrs. B. W. Carter, Wright, P. B. Fox, and Madam Celia will appear, as well as the Burlesque on the Pastime of *HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CUPID AND PSYCHE*. Harlequin, Miss M. Hill Wilson; Cupid, Miss Mary Keech; Psyche, Miss M. Barry; Ceres, Mr. Westmore; Pantaloon, Mr. Buckingham.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRISKELL, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2, and every evening at 8, at the Theatre, 48; on Monday, at 2; on Tuesday, at 8. Private Boxes, Two G-boxes, One G-box and a half each, and One G-box. To be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHARDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

NOTICE, to be read at the entrance of the Palace Royal, on Monday next, January 7, three will be given. First, at 8, the Grand Comic Pastime; at the above times **MORNING PERFORMANCE** at 11 o'clock on 11; **AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE** at 3 o'clock on 2; **EVENING PERFORMANCE** at 8 o'clock on 2. There are one hour half to the above times. For as usual. The pantomime only will be represented on the morning and afternoon performances. In the evening the pantomime and a romantic drama. Every evening during the week, the pantomime played first. To conclude on Monday with **THE SCAPEGRACE**; on other nights with **THE WAITS**.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, HAMLET, SATURDAY, THE CORNICAN BROTHERS; and the Pantomime every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *THE TRAGEDY QUEEN*. After which the new extravaganza of *THE DOOG OF DURALTO*. To conclude with *BOOTS AT THE SWAN*. Commence at half-past 7.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1858.

THE absence of Mr. Charles Kean from the dramatic festivities in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Royal has been commented upon far and wide; but not a word has been said about the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, our greatest English singer, from the performance of English opera, to which one night in the programme was devoted. Now here is a case that stands exclusively upon its own merits. Mr. Reeves never directed any representations of English opera at Windsor Castle, at which palatial residence—he it said, with deference—foreign musical talent is almost exclusively patronised. He was, therefore, in no position to charge the Court with ingratitude on account of services overlooked. He had incurred no obloquy on behalf of the Court, through the forced exercise of a strict and rigid thrift. The unwelcome task of selecting, from among his fellow artists, those presumed worthier than the rest—on the ground of morality and manners, no less than on that of professional ability—to exhibit their talents within those hallowed precincts, was never his to perform. No Rogers could point a finger at him, or acquire immortality at his expense by bequeathing the Royal emolument to the poor-box. Mr. Reeves can prefer no such claims to consideration. With respect to him, then, at least, the Court has nothing on its conscience.

But that Mr. Reeves was slighted somewhere is evident. If it be granted that the object of Her Majesty in these festivities was to entertain her illustrious visitors with the best that London could produce in the way of dramatic and operatic amusements, there is no accounting for the fact of Mr. Reeves not being invited to appear on Thursday night. Any question of *terma* would have been *out* of the question at such a time. Our great tenor is too loyal a subject to haggle about money matters, where the gratification of the highest personages of the realm, together with a large circle of their relatives and friends, was at issue. At such a crisis he would have sung gratuitously, and rather than disappoint such illustrious pleasure-seekers; and thus, if it was indispensable that the profits of the enterprise should not be lessened by the extravagant demands of singers and players, that important desideratum would not have been imperilled by Mr. Reeves.

Every one who reads the *Musical World* knows our opinion of Mr. Ballé's *Rose of Castile*, and of its admirably effective performance, under the superintendance of Mr. Alired Mellon. We shall not, therefore, be accused of any want of consideration for the talent and liberality expended on the production of that opera at the Lyceum theatre. Nor is the high regard we have always expressed for the remarkable accomplishments of Miss Louisa Pyne at all compromised

in the protest we are making. Mr. Sims Reeves is universally acknowledged to be the legitimate representative of English song at this actual period—the Brahms, in short, of his day. To pass him over, on such an occasion, was, consequently, to ignore his position as an artist, and to reflect an unmerited slight upon himself as an individual. To say the very least, the manager of the State performances should have applied to Mr. Reeves at the outset. The names of Mr. Balfe, the most popular English composer, and Miss Louisa Pyne, the best English stage songstress, were no doubt indispensable; but Mr. Balfe's *Ross of Castille* was surely not indispensable. In the *Bohemian Girl* Miss Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves could have appeared together; and then the distinguished foreigners who were Her Majesty's guests, might have been convinced that England possessed, at any rate, two singers not to be matched in Germany or Belgium.

Mr. Sims Reeves may indulge in the consolation that, even had he been invited, he must have respectfully declined the invitation. Nevertheless, had the courtesy been extended to him which is his due, the admission of his just claim to preference as the first of English singers might have cheered him in his illness, and have helped in some measure to accelerate his convalescence—thus restoring him so much the earlier to the public, which entertains too high a sense of his deserts to witness any intentional disregard of them with indifference.

TRUTH is, indeed, stranger than fiction—stranger with a vengeance. We challenge our readers to conjure up before their mental vision some formidable image—symbol—hieroglyph of dulness, that shall exceed the specimen of actual dulness, with which we have been afflicted this week. They may, if they will, fancy themselves travelling through a tunnel an hundred miles long, in a carriage unprovided with a lamp; they may conceive themselves reading a thick twelve-monthly volume of the *Saturday Review*; they may attend, in imagination, the funeral of a person they do not know by name; they may cajole themselves into the belief that, on a foggy night, they are rolling to the Marylebone theatre in an empty Atlas omnibus; they may dream that they are witnessing Mr. * * * * *'s spick-and-span new comic entertainment on a wet night, in an atmosphere hazed with the steam from seven gingham umbrellas; they may saunter, *à suprise* Beckford, through the halls of Eblia, with hands clapped upon their aching hearts; they may roam, Shelley-conducted, through the desert of Orymandia. But let them spur their imagination, ransack their memory, read, dream, invent, as they list; we defy them to produce a visionary dulness, that shall equal the actual dulness of *Macbeth* as performed last Tuesday on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, before the Queen, and the host of Royal and ducal guests, who honour our land on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal. How, in the presence of that vast dreariness, must the august party have sighed for the mythical period, recorded in nursery rhymes, when a pie, that when opened, disclosed two dozen singing blackbirds was deemed a "pretty dish" for the entertainment of royalty. The pie was a lively—melodious pie—a sort of "Musical World" in pastry—but the tragedy—oh, the tragedy of Tuesday last!—

We don't blame anybody; our powers of discernment are deadened, when we wish to trace the immense dulness

of Tuesday's tragedy to some definite cause, or to ascribe it to some particular individual. Nay, we do not believe that any individual shoulders are strong enough to bear that mighty weight of dulness, which distinguished the evening of the 19th instant. When one sits in a dark room, one does not say that the darkness is in the corner, or behind the chair, or under the table. One simply says, "It is dark." So, on Tuesday, the effect could only be described by the phrase, "It is dull."

The torture of dulness endured by the actors must have been something amazing; even we, who are still suffering from the dead weight distributed among the audience, cannot conceive the melancholy sublime. To utter speech after speech, without any acknowledgment beyond the merest modicum of applause given by a few scattered enthusiasts, and those situated in the least *distingue* part of the house—to observe that the faces of the spectators are turned in any direction rather than that of the stage—to be aware, by a sort of infallible instinct, that the back of a box, whence the stage cannot be seen at all, is rather selected than avoided by the man who has paid a fabulous number of guineas for the whole small tenement;—to find the Royal party arrive in the midst of one's best speech; to feel that whether one acts well or badly, it will be all the same, as far as any excitement is concerned—truly the state of mind produced by circumstances such as these must be perfectly indescribable. Mr. Phelps took a world of pains with *Macbeth*. We regret that so much pains were bestowed on such a thankless task. One wish—the wish that *Macbeth* would come to a conclusion, pervaded the entire audience, and the man who could gabble the quickest would have been deemed the Roscius of the night.

The gift of prophecy is not lost; it exists in Mr. Charles Keen. Like a true Jeremiah, he foresaw what a dismal affair a "festival" *Macbeth* would be, unless he had full power to make of it a grand Shakspearean spectacle, and he wisely kept out of the concern. Such a mere ordinary style of producing a work, some three hours in length, and a serious work into the bargain, could never make a figure on an occasion of public rejoicing. Very respectable castles—very respectable woods—very respectable armies—soldiers, well-picked, though few—but no more suited to an audience accustomed to the Princess's *Richard II.* or *Winter's Tale*, than orange wine to the epicure in elret. Oh, says somebody, we grant you that Mr. Keen puts things better on the stage, and that in his little theatre he could make a better *show of Macbeth* than was made at the big theatre in the Haymarket. Well, Sir Somebody, and a *show* was just what was wanted for Tuesday night. People did not pay £20 for a box, in which they might think—reflect—meditate; they wanted to look on bright and lively things; and if the stage presented a fine sight, as well as the royal box, so much the better. It was a great hardship on tragic actors, accustomed to well-merited applause, that they should merely serve as foils to a festive entertainment. If Mr. Keen had been entrusted with full powers, he would have got up *Macbeth* in grand spectacle—or he would have left it alone altogether. As he was not so entrusted, he did not choose to be the central figure in such a middling picture as was exhibited on Tuesday. The Hamlet of the day is indeed under deep obligation to his "prophetic soul." Many who applauded him for his "pluck" doubted the expediency of his conduct in refusing to take part in the festival performances; but surely all

who witnessed *Macbeth* on Tuesday must be impressed with a sense of his consummate wisdom.

At all events he gained a happy evening. While the tragedians at Her Majesty's Theatre were toiling, faintly cheered, to make *Macbeth* palatable to an unwilling audience, Mr. Charles Keane at the Princess's was going on with his Hamlet as glibly as possible, greeted by enthusiastic ladies and uproarious gentlemen as the representative of the British stage—the martyr of courtly caprice. Then he made his speech (printed in another column), declaring his loyalty to the public, and the public with acclamations accepted the homage. Of a truth, in the case of Mr. Charles Keane, the crown of martyrdom has proved a crown of roses.

MUSIC appears to be making enormous strides in Yankee-land. "*Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit*," may possibly represent, with a near approximation to truth, the actual condition of the divine art in the Emperor City; but that some kind of enthusiasm attends its various manifestations there can scarcely be a doubt. To draw any conclusions from the criticisms of the American press would be a task beyond the faculty of common men; and we shall therefore not attempt it. The American press is much in the same state as the press of France (Paris), Austria (Vienna), Prussia (Berlin), and Italy (length and breadth), with respect to art. It is either eccentric *grand vaine*, or the mouthpiece of cliques. The former applies to the great morning and weekly journals that can boast of thousands of readers; the latter to the "class"-papers that are scarcely read at all. Nevertheless the mere records of facts—independent of *voiced opinions* (equivalent to the professions of advocates, engaged, *pro* or *con*, in legal disputes or criminal actions)—may be in some sort accepted as a tolerably genuine reflection of what is really passing, and from these we learn that music is making enormous strides in Yankee-Land.

Perhaps no city in the two hemispheres is so thoroughly humbugged, with regard to the real merits and demerits of musical artists (singers, players, and composers,) as New York—with the solitary exception of Paris. And this is the more singular, because the Americans really love music, and besides are as shrewd, sagacious, far-seeing, and suspicious a people as can be named on the face of the globe. It is indeed extraordinary that such a people should be so easily led by the nose. A noble, liberal, generous, and highly intellectual people, moreover, able to compete in politics, morals, and philosophy, with any of the nations of the Old World—a people, in short, so like ourselves, that their very jealous springs from the fact of their being English to such a degree that they cannot be *super-English*! And yet, wherever their "amusements" are in question (and music—just the same as in England—is their *chief* amusement), they are tutored by a self-elected conclave of interested and superficial judges as though they were absolutely in leading strings. The fact is inexplicable, but it is not the less true. The progress of the American press in all matters of commercial and political importance has been unprecedented in the history of the world; and yet in such a simple (or apparently simple) matter as the philosophy of social recreation, they are no better off than the nations of mouldy Europe, which drag on a snail-like existence under the blindest of despots.

MR. SIMS REEVES is at Brighton, still indisposed. Repose and sea air, however, will speedily enable him to resume his professional duties.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE first of the Four Festival Performances, in honour of the approaching royal nuptials, was given on Tuesday evening. We append the programme, *in extenso*, which will save a world of trouble. A glance will enable our readers to understand how both the tragedy and the farce were played:—

MACBETH.

(Preceded by Spolli's Overture to *Macbeth*.)

With Locke's incidental Music.

The scenery arranged by Mr. Charles Marshall.

CHARACTERS:—

Duncan	... (King of Scotland)	... Mr. T. C. Harris.
Malcolm	... (Sons of the King)	{ Mr. P. Robinson.
Donalbain		{ Miss C. Parke.
Macbeth	{ (Generals of the King's army)	{ Mr. Phelps.
Banquo		{ Mr. A. Bayner.
Macduff		{ Mr. Howe.
Lennox	{ ... (Noblemen of Scotland)	{ Mr. Seyton.
Rosse		{ Mr. Belford.
Florence	... (Son to Banquo)	... Miss Williams
Seward	(General of the English forces)	Mr. Mesegron
Seyton	... Mr. C. Fenton.	Physician, ... Mr. Banoe.
1st Officer	... Mr. Lee.	2nd Officer, ... Mr. Lickford.
Lady Macbeth	Miss Helen Faucit.
Gentlemen	Miss Rawlings.
The Three Witches Messrs. Emery, Ray, and Lewis Ball.	
Hecate	Mr. Weiss.
Singing Witches	—Mad. Weiss, Madlle. Sedlitzel, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Bartleman.	

At the end of the play the National Anthem, by Madame Weiss, Madlle. Sedlitzel, Mr. Weiss, Mr. M. Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Bartleman, assisted by Mr. Benedict's Vocal Association of 800 voices.

Conductor of the Music, Mr. Denedict.

To conclude with Mr. Oxenford's Farce of

TWICE KILLED.

Mr. Euclid Pacific	Mr. Keeley.
Mr. Ralph Reekless	Mr. Kinslow.
Tom	... (his Servant)	Mr. Clark.
Mr. Holdfast	Mr. Tillyury.
Mr. Fergus Fable	Mr. W. Templeton.
Robert	Mr. Glendon.
Mrs. Fuelle	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
Miss Julia Flighty	Miss Oliver.
Fanny Pepper	Mr. Keeley.

It is to be lamented that the cast of *Macbeth* was not as strong as it might have been. The names of the artists, two or three allowed for, were altogether unknown to fame. Had Mr. Charles Keane, for instance, appeared in the principal character, with Mr. Phelps as Macduff, Mr. Anderson as Banquo, and Mr. Crewick as Rosse, it would at least have represented our English strength in tragedy, if not have been exactly a model representation. As it was, to speak within bounds, with the exception of Miss Helen Faucit and Mr. Howe, the acting was mediocre from first to last, and must have considerably "bored" the Royal visitors.

Thanks to Mr. Phelps' laboured elocution, studied delivery, and slow acting, the performance of *Macbeth* did not terminate until midnight. The Royal party, who arrived at the end of the second act of the tragedy, and remained until the end of the farce, did not quit the theatre before one o'clock. Upon their entrance the audience displayed the most praiseworthy decorum in not interrupting the performance by any outbreak of loyalty. When the tragedy was over, acclamations resounded from all parts of the house, which Her Majesty graciously acknowledged by rising and saluting the audience. The National Anthem was given, not with acies as we have been accustomed to, but in quartet and chorus. The audience received the anthem with tumultuous applause, and three cheers were successively given from the gallery for the Queen, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Prussia.

The interior of the house has been renovated and newly decorated. The warm red winter furniture has disappeared, and the golden-amber, the livery of the season, has taken its place. The usual aspect of the theatre is scarcely to be recog-

aised. The panels of the boxes are entirely concealed by a covering of pick glazed muslin, over which are suspended hangings of white open-work embroidered lace, giving great lightness and elegance to the whole. The hangings are surmounted by festoons of artificial flowers, united at the junction of the boxes with coronals, wreaths or garlands bound with blue and white satin ribbon. In front of the grand tier there is, in addition, a draping of blue satin, united by flower-knots composed of significant white lilies and orange blossoms, which lends an especial brilliancy to this part of the theatre. The four candelabra which M. Jullien at his concerts used as supplements to the grand chandelier, and which look like the satellites of Jupiter, afford additional light, and more than supply the place of departed lustres of last season. In fine, the interior of Her Majesty's Theatre is more splendid than ever, and the decorations have been so universally admired, that it is probable Mr. Lamley will preserve them throughout the year.

The second Festival Performance took place on Thursday, and comprised the following programme:—

THE ROSÉ OF CASTILLE.

Musio by M. W. Balfe.

Words by Messrs. Falconer and A. Harria.

The scenery arranged by Mr. Charles Marshall.

The opera produced by Mr. Edward Strangell.

The costumes, Mr. S. May.

CHARACTERS.

Don Pedro	...	Mr. Ferdinand Glover.
Don Sallust	...	Mr. A. St. Alban.
Don Florio	...	Mr. George Honey.
Pablo	...	Mr. Wallworth.
Usher	...	Mr. Edmonds.
Manuel	...	(a Muletter) ... Mr. Harrison.
Elvira	...	Miss Louisa Pyne.
Donna Carmen	...	Miss Susie Pyne.
Beatrice	...	Miss M. Prescott.
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.		

To conclude with the Farce of
BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Henry Higgins	...	Mr. G. Murray.
Frank Friakly	...	Mr. G. Vining.
Peter Pippin	...	Mr. H. Wigan.
Jacob Earwig	...	Mr. Robson.
Cecilia Moonshine	...	Miss Castleton.
Emily Trevor	...	Miss Cotterell.
Sally Smith	...	Miss Evans.
Betty Jenks	...	Miss Evans.

This performance was far superior to that of Tuesday—in the principal piece, be it understood, since Farce in England could not be more effectively represented than by a company in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were the principal actors, and by such an inimitable specimen as Mr. Oxenford's *Twice Killed*. The contrast between the two nights was remarkable. *Macbeth*, Shakspeare's mighty tragedy, was so inefficiently represented, as to ennuie the Royal party, bore the audience, and throw a wet blanket over the whole proceedings. *The Rose of Cratille*, on the other hand, was delightfully executed, and went off with infinite spirit. No one was wearied, and the Queen and her illustrious visitors appeared thoroughly to enjoy. There were three encores—to Mr. Harrison, in the "Muletter's Song" and the ballad "Though rank and fame have tempted thee," and to Miss Pyne in "The Convent Cell."

The Royal party arrived at the beginning of the second act, about nine o'clock, and took their places amid the most respectful silence, the audience maintaining the same decorum they did the first night. At the conclusion of the opera, the public gave vent to their smothered enthusiasm, and broke forth into thunders of applause. Her Majesty graciously bowed, and retired from the box, followed by her distinguished guests. The curtains then rose, and discovered the whole operatic company on the stage. Mr. Alfred Mellon elevated his *baton*, and the National Anthem was commenced in full chorus. The people stood up, but the chief attraction was wanting. Her Majesty not being present. The Royal lady, however, soon returned to her place, and was welcomed with vehement applauso from the

entire audience. Mr. Harrison then sang the verse, beginning—

"O Lord, our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them all!"—

delivering it with so much emphasis, and making every note and word tell with so much point, as to excite the assembly to greater enthusiasm than before. At the end of the anthem, Her Majesty, after bowing most graciously to all around her, retired to the refreshment-room. In about twenty minutes, the whole party returned, and remained to the end of the farce, which they seemed to enjoy most heartily, being apparently delighted beyond measure at the inimitable drolleries of Mr. Robson.

The whole performance was over at half-past eleven, and everybody left the theatre delighted and amused at the evening's entertainment.

To-night, *La Sonnambula*, with Madlle. Piccolomini as Amina, and Sig. Giugliani as Elvino.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. Hullah resumed his orchestral concert, on Tuesday evening, with distinguished and well-merited success. These entertainments might appropriately be denominated "Winter Philharmonics," their exclusively classical character and the scrupulous pains that accompany their preparation taken into account. The series is to consist of six; and if at each performance Mr. Hullah can manage to bring forward the same amount of interesting novelty (in the form of works by great masters, so rarely presented as to possess all the charm of that desirable element of attraction) he will render essential service to the cause of true art, and entitle himself to the gratitude of the musical public—more especially that section of it which patronizes the "shilling opera," and which, it is only fair to add, has been already in a great measure indoctrinated by the example of M. Jullien. The programme of Tuesday night's concert well deserves being cited, since it was not only judiciously varied, but composed of masterpieces without exception:—

PART I.

Overture—"Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn.
Aria—"A te, fra tanti affanni," Mr. Thorpe Peed	Mozart.
Preludes and Fugues—Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	J. S. Bach.
Aria—"Vinci, torna," Miss Mesent	Handel.
Symphony in F (No. 8)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Rondo Brillant on a Russian air—Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	Hummel.
Aria—"Agitato da smanìa funesta," Mr. Santley	Paer.
Overture and Finale (1st Act), "Coo! fan tutto!"	Mozart.

Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn—five of the giants of music—were thus worthily represented; and nothing was wanted to complete the illusion but one of the sacred or secular songs of Haydn, which (as Mozart's name appeared twice) might have taken the place of the air from *Davidide Penitente*—fine as that undoubtedly is, and genuine uncorrupted Mozart. The advantage of such a change would have been twofold, since, besides adding another illustrious name to the programme, it might have spared a young and inexperienced singer from adventuring on a task considerably beyond his powers. The names of Hummel and Paer, satellites moving in very different orbits, enhanced the value of the selection; for, although they cannot be numbered with the luminaries that shed the greatest glory on art, they are among those who have, more or less nearly approached them. Paer (a favourite of Napoleon I., and predecessor of Cherubini as director of the Paris Conservatoire), though not a man of genius, nor even a great musician, was one of the most prolific and skilful of Italian composers, and until the star of Rossini appeared on the horizon, was the operatic hero of his time. Before that star he paled; and, after an interregnum of useless jealousy and envy, began to imitate the very rival he affected to despise, thus losing his individual style and with it his hold upon the

public. The air from *I Fuorcittii* ("The Freebooters"), one of Paer's latest and feeblest operas—an English version of which was given in London, a quarter of a century ago, at the Lyceum (tho' an "English Opera")—is an instance in point. Mr. Santley sang it with spirit, but it did not create any sensation.

Hummel had a better chance. The selection of his *Rondo* for pianoforte and orchestra, founded on a Russian melody, was happy for more reasons than one. Few of the compositions of Hummel, one of the most consummate professors of the pianoforte, and only second to the greatest musicians, for the number, variety, and excellence of his contributions to the instrument—oxoze the Russian *Rondo* in those characteristics which distinguish the author from his precursors, contemporaries, and followers, and stamp him at once a master and an original. Like all the elaborate pieces of Hummel, this *Rondo* is immensely difficult, and, moreover, demands for its correct and effective performance not merely supple and elastic fingers, but refined and exquisite taste. That those qualities should be found in Miss Arabella Goddard, who has proved herself a mistress of every known school of pianoforte playing, was by no means surprising. Her execution of the *Rondo*, was in every respect perfect, and the more to be commended because, in a very abundant passage of display, exacting all the mechanical dexterity of the performer, expression was the sign of, not the most delicate gradations of "light and shade" ever neglected. At the conclusion, Miss Goddard was enthusiastically applauded and recalled—obeying the summons with her accustomed reluctance, and reading a lesson to many artists (foreigners especially), who, for a fourth part of the encouragement, are in the habit of returning with alacrity to the orchestra, and reseating themselves at the instrument, to the surprise rather than satisfaction of "indulgent audiences." The selection from John Sebastian Bach, performed with such marvellous spirit and *Assese* on this occasion by Miss Goddard (who is never more welcome to read and sing music than when interpreting the profound insights of the patriarch of musicians), comprised the fugue in B flat, on the name "Bach" (the letters of which in German represent four musical notes), and the fugue in D major, from the "Griepenkerl" collection—each with its prelude. The authenticity of the first is disputed by many of the writers on Bach; nevertheless it is preserved in all the editions of his work, and, whether composed by himself or by one of his sons (Buzmaning is the most likely), is an admirable piece of contrapuntal writing. The fugue in D was left by the great musician in the form of a sketch, with such ample indications, however, as enabled the late M. Czerny to fill it up without much difficulty. Both are interesting curiosities, and Miss Goddard is entitled to as much credit for the artistic impulse that induced her to bring them to light, as for the admirable execution which rendered them not only clear and intelligible, but highly attractive to her hearers.

Another *quasi* novelty was the beautiful air, "Vieni torna, Idolo mio," from Handel's almost forgotten *Teseo*, which Miss Mesent sang remarkably well—to the satisfaction, indeed, of every connoisseur present. Mr. Hullah can hardly do better than have further recourse to the operas of Handel, which to aspiring singers should represent a mine of wealth. The selection from Mozart's *Così fan tutte* constituted a treat of an uncommon kind, and would have been still more charming had the performance been on a par with the music. This, however—the delicious overture excepted, which was played with infinite zest by the band—was not precisely the case. Moreover, it was a mistake to introduce such a long dramatic *finale* at the termination of the concert. It would have been listened to with much greater attention at the conclusion of the first part—an arrangement which might easily have been considered, placing the symphony of Beethoven at the beginning, and the overture of Mendelssohn at the end. Both these fine compositions were performed with great energy and decision, although the symphony (the *allegretto scherzando* in which was obscured), would have been all the more acceptable if the passages marked "piano" in the score had occasionally been played as indicated by the author.

The first "orchestral concert" was followed up on Wednesday

night by an oratorio—Handel's *Judas Macabreus*—which, on the whole, was extremely well performed. With the choruses, pathetic, martial, and religious, in which this fine dramatic work abounds, the members of Mr. Hullah's "first upper singing class" are sufficiently familiar; and, among the rest, "Fallen is the foe!" and "Wo never will bow down"—the two most elaborate and magnificent in the oratorio—were, perhaps, never more satisfactorily executed in St. Martin's Hall. The vocal solos were intrusted to Misses Kemble, Fanny Rowland, and Palmer, Mr. Thorpe Peed, and Mr. Thomas. The most artistic singing of the evening was decidedly that of Mr. Thomas, who in the air, "The Lord worketh wonders," distinguished himself highly, both as a vocalist and musical declaimer. Mr. Thorpe Peed, the new tenor, supplied the place of Mr. Sir J. Reeves, at a very short notice, and being a mere novice was justly entitled to indulgence, though at present he is unequal to the arduous music which Handel has allotted to the character of Judas Macabreus, and more especially to the tremendous battle-song—"Sound an alarm." Misses Rowland and Palmer sang their duets remarkably well, and in the devotional air of "Pious orgies," the first-mentioned lady was at once correct and effective. Miss Kouble goes on improving, but hardly so fast as might be desired. If it be true (as we have been informed) that this young lady only commenced the study of the vocal art about twelve months since, great hopes may be reasonably entertained of her future career. Her intelligence is unquestionable, her voice fresh, powerful, and of pleasing quality—the development of its range and flexibility depending on that degree of earnest application which it can hardly be doubted she will bestow. We were especially pleased with her reading of the well-known song, "O Liberty!" in which the violoncello part was admirably played by Mr. Horatio Chipp, and with her sentiment and expression in the solo preceding the sublime and touching chorus, "Ah, wretched Israel!" In the famous air, "From mighty kings," and in one or two of the recitatives, there were certain evidences of inexperience, and even of false intonation, which, although they were more than compensated by the many good points in her performance, not the less showed the audience, while they must have convinced the singer herself, that much remains to be acquired before she can assume the position to which she ambitiously and honourably aspires. As on previous occasions, Miss Kemble met with the heartiest encouragement.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The third concert of the season was given on Thursday evening, at St. Martin's Hall. The following was the programme:—

	PART I.	
Funeral anthem	...	Handel.
Song to May morning	...	Henry Leslie.
Madrigalian chorus, "In these delightful pleasant groves"	...	Purcell.
Part-songs for male voices, {"Integer vitem"	...	Fleming.
	...	Kickel.
	PART II.	
Glee, "There is beauty on the mountain"	...	J. Gos.
Part-song, "Ave Maria"	...	Henry Smart
(Composed expressly for the choir. First time of performance.)		
Part-song, "Departure"	...	Mendelssohn.
Glee, "Haste ye, soft girls"	...	Martin.
Madrigal, "Not in the month of Maying"	...	Mosley.
Madrigal, "Flow, O my tears"	...	Benatt.
Servante, "Blest be the home"	...	Benedict.
Four-part song for male voices, "When evening's twilight"	...	Hutton.
Boat song	...	Henry Leslie.

The Funeral Anthem of Handel, which excited so much attention at the second concert, again found serious and earnest appreciation in the Hall. The two-part songs for male voices, exquisitely sung, were encored unanimously. An encore was also awarded to Mr. Henry Smart's new contribution—a charming pendant to the part-song which excited so much admiration at the first and second concerts. The other pieces were more or less applauded, and the whole concert seemed to afford unqualified satisfaction.

DRAMATIC.

PRINCESS'S.—The feeling prevalent in the theatrical world that Mr. Charles Kean has been somewhat slighted in the arrangement of the dramatic performances at the Opera House, led, on Tuesday night, to a special demonstration of respect at the Princess's Theatre. The house was crammed to suffocation in every part by an audience more than usually brilliant, and at the conclusion of the second and third acts of *Hamlet*, Mr. Kean was called with an enthusiasm exceeding the mere avowal of approbation. On the fall of the curtain, he was twice summoned, amid the most vociferous acclamations, which were immediately hushed when, stepping forward, he delivered, in an impressive but unaffected manner, the following brief speech:—

"LADIES and GENTLEMEN,—It is not my custom ever to address an audience except on the concluding night of a season, but I fear that on the present occasion, were I not to respond to so remarkable an oblation of public feeling as that which you have exhibited towards me this evening, my silence might be wrongly interpreted. I am deeply sensible of your kindness, and beg you to accept my heartfelt thanks. It would be affectation in me to pretend not to understand the motives which have influenced this particular excitement, and it is another instance, in addition to the many I have already received, that when a public man acts in a conscientious and upright manner, the public will always afford him their sympathy and support. Throughout my life I have coveted the verdict of public opinion, professionally and socially, and this evening impresses on me a most gratifying conviction that my wishes are realised."

Renewed cheers followed the delivery of this discourse.

LYCEUM.—Public curiosity was excited to the uttermost by the announcement, a few days ago, of a new drama from the pen of the veteran poet, Leigh Hunt. The announcement was unusually moicet, considering the demonstrative tendencies of newspaper advertisements and play-bills. No adjective laudatory and sounding, was prefixed to the author's name. The piece was pronounced by Leigh Hunt—no more; and that was enough. The simple appellation bespoke a deeper recommendation than a column of superlatives. The last in life of that glorious galaxy of talent, which shone so conspicuous in the commencement of the present century, after a long fit of silence, not surprising considering his years, and the repose necessitated by a multiplicity of labours, was about to bequeath to the world, when it was least expected, a new emanation of his genius. The announcement was hailed with mingled delight and fear—delight at the prospect of an original work from so eminent a hand, and fear lest the work should prove an expiring flash of genius, rather than the outpouring of a matured mind, with all its power and facilities at command. A dense audience assembled at the Lyceum on Wednesday night, to witness the representation of Leigh Hunt's new play; and never, perhaps, did the curtain rise on a more excited and interested assembly.

The new play is entitled, *Lovers' Amusements; or, How is it to End?* We agree with our morning contemporaries, the *Times* and *Morning Herald*, that it belongs more properly to that class of representations denominated "Proverbs," than to plays or dramas. The personages are four in number—two ladies and two gentlemen—whose fortunes are intertwined in a manner somewhat striking and original. Each gentleman has loved twice, the first love being merely a momentary feeling, not an enduring passion. So with the ladies. They too have loved twice, and found first affection but a prelude to the second. The four lovers are well contrasted, but Mr. Leigh Hunt has expended his main strength upon the dialogue, which is singularly pointed and refused. Even those—and indeed they are not few—who are puzzled to make out the mystery of the plot, are turned aside from animadversion by the felicity of the thought, the grace of the expression, and the quaintness of the humour. The difference between Mr. Leigh Hunt and our modern dramatists is remarkable. He has nothing whatsoever in common with them. His conceptions, diction, wit, and delusion of

character are entirely his own; or, if they are traceable to any source, they must be referred to the Elizabethan period, the writers belonging to which he, as everybody who reads must be aware, has loved and admired from his earliest days.

Lovers' Amusements demands from the artists the utmost subtlety and *finesse* in the acting. When we name Mr. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Charles Dillon, Mr. J. G. Shore, and Mr. Charles Dillon as the personages of the drama, it will be at once seen that the characters would have been more strikingly represented had the author sketched them with a broader pen and in brighter colours. The audience, nevertheless, were satisfied, and recalled the four favourites at the fall of the curtain with unbounded cheers. An uproarious cry was then raised for Mr. Leigh Hunt, when Mr. Charles Dillon appeared leading him on, and the whole house rose to greet him with thousands of applause as the veteran poet crossed the stage, apparently deeply affected by the enthusiastic demonstration. Subsequently Mr. Barrett came on and announced *Lovers' Amusements* every night until further notice.

ADELPHI.—The new Adelphi drama, *The Poor Strollers*, produced on Monday night, achieved a success that promises to make amends to the management for the disappointment caused by *The Headless Man*. Mr. Watts Phillips is the author, whose drama, *Joseph Chavigny*, it may be remembered, produced some months since at the Adelphi, was so favorably noticed by the press. *The Poor Strollers* has not the purpose, nor the strength of Mr. Phillips's first play, but it is more amusing, and more exciting. The plot is plain and straightforward; nevertheless, it would scarcely repay the trouble of perusal. The scene is laid in three different countries—France, England, and Ireland, and the author has endeavoured to infuse the national element into the last named locality only. The Irishmen, however, to be gleaned from the Adelphi Company, are but sorry and listless specimens of Patlanders, and the fun and frolic of two scenes are entirely lost for want of a bit of the brogue and a knowledge of the blarney. The parts of the strollers—an old itinerant musician, dancing master and actor—and his daughter, are personated with much truthfulness and power by Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste. Mr. Webster possesses one art in perfection, that of "making up," as it is called, and nothing can be happier and more striking than the manner in which he dresses himself as the old stroller. Mr. Wright is fitted with a most extravagant part—a caricature, in short—and keeps the house in roars all the time he is on the stage. The new piece was entirely successful and promises to have a long run.

OLYMPIC.—In consequence of the absence of Mr. G. Vining, who played at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, Mr. Walter Gordon undertook the part of Frank Leveson, in the popular comedy of *Leading Strings*,—and was equal, in every respect, to the task. His comic and sentimental parts were equally good.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following notice—from an unknown quarter ("ante"-page-):—

"Farewell—a long farewell—to all my greatness."

Wolsey's Speech.

ONE FARTHING REWARD.

The above will be paid to any Person discovering the

SIXTY MEMBERS OF THE GARRICK CLUB,

(Vide Public Press).

forming the Grand Demonstration to put down Her Majesty and

Mitchell, on Tuesday Evening, Jan. 19th, 1858.

Vival Phelps.]

[Not an Order given.

Whoever (say Mr. Punch) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to "the Grand Demonstration to put down Her Majesty and Mitchell on Tuesday Evening") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

MUSIC AT NEW YORK.

M. THALBERG has been bidding adieu to New York in a style almost unprecedented. We submit the programme of the so-called "Thalberg Demonstration" which came off with such *éclat* on Saturday, January 9 (afternoon and evening), that Mr. Ullman, the *entrepreneur*, immediately afterwards announced a repetition, with a modification or two, for the Monday following:—

I.—OPERA MATINEE.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Madame de la Grange,

Labocetta, Gasser.

II.—GRAND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT,

BY A GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY PERFORMERS.

1. Symphony, C minor (the fifth).....Beethoven.

1. Allegro con Brio. 3. Scherzo.

2. Andante con Moto. 4. Allegro.

2. Festovture (Op. 124).....Beethoven.

3.—THALBERG'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

1. Fantasia, "Don Giovanni,".....Thalberg.

S. Thalberg.

2. Fantasia.....Vieuxtemps.

Henri Vieuxtemps.

3. The Wanderer.....Schubert.

Carl Fornes.

4. Scene, "Der Freyschutz,".....Weber.

Mad. Caradori.

5. Fantasia, "Lilly Dale,".....Thalberg.

Expressly composed for this occasion and performed by

S. Thalberg.

6. Duet, "The Huguenots,".....Thalberg.

Vieuxtemps and Thalberg.

4.—GRAND ORATORIO.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

By Caradori, D'Angri, Milner,

Bignardi, Labocetta, Perrin, Simpson,

and Carl Fornes.

The poetical lady of the *New York Abilon* (of "Cruel Carl" notoriety) thus amusingly apostrophises the "monster" entertainment:—

"When such a thing as a Rehearsal can take place in Fourteenth Street, we cannot imagine, but we suspect that the whole harmonic array of Herr Ullman must spend their nights as the French at Poitiers spent the *veille de la bataille*, in shouting and singing; and alarming visions rise before us of whole neighbourhoods, roused to fury by midnight recitations and overtures that long anticipate the dawn. It is a colossal exaggeration of Dick Swirell practising 'Away with Melancholy' on the flute, in his bed, from 10 P.M. till 6 A.M. However, as our own slumbers have not yet been disturbed, we can bear the possible sorrows of our fellow-citizens as composedly as Charles Lamb endured his friend's anguish, when he thumped him over the legs with a poker.

"But we cannot so tranquilly resign ourselves to the necessity of hearing all the performances for which these midnight rehearsals are but the 'fearful notes of preparation.' What are we to do for instance on this first Saturday of the year 1858! At 1 P.M., we are expected to surrender ourselves for at least an hour and a half, to the spell of love and sorrow, which Donizetti knew so well how to wield, and to give up the sensibilities of our whole nature to the emotions of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

"Can one be sentimental before dinner? This is a serious question which our personal experience tends to resolve in the negative; and to approach it with the prospect of an affirmative decision is no light matter. Suppose we are seated in tears on the strength of a simple lunch, who will answer for the consequences?"

"But whatever the event of this *Matinée* (why does not Herr Ullman

* We thought that Schubert wrote his own accompaniment.—
Ed. M. W.

give us an *Abade*, say the *Marsellais*, sung by six hundred voices at 7 A.M., between the bath and breakfast,) may be, we must bear it, and at 7 P.M. come back refreshed enough to enjoy and criticise a Philharmonic Symphony of seventy performers thundering through the grand originalities, and tenderly evolving the delicate pathos of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. This symphony leads one through all the most intense experiences of the inner life up to the golden gates of faith, hope and victory, and lifts the soul as high above all earthly things, as mortal thought can soar, and yet be conscious of itself. Love after lunch, and now after dinner, Religion—can the frame of man (*gy. woman*) resist such a strain as this? But Herr Ullman has not done with us yet. He suddenly summons us away from the exalted dreams of the finale of the C minor symphony, to hear and appreciate for the first time in our lives one of Beethoven's unmastered works, the *Consecration of the Temple*, a composition pitched in the majestic key of C major, and speaking of worship as the symphony speaks of Faith.

"Surely this is a good hour's work, and after it one might well implore the boon of rest. But the inexorable doors of the Academy refuse us respite. At 8½, while the consecration of the Temple still pervades the place, we are rapt out of our pious ecstasy by a 'Grand Farewell Concert,' not a farewell to the year, not a farewell to earth, but a farewell to Monsieur Thalberg, who always has farred well, and seems likely always to continue to do so. And such a concert! Here a gleam of Thalberg's delicious sunny exuberance—and there a flash of magic beauty from *Der Freyschutz*—a melodious cry from the violin of Vieuxtemps, mingling with the ghostly threatenings of Carl Fornes' *hasso* in the weird song of the Erl King.

"And then—then! do you ask—is there any 'then' after all this? Ay—and a most appropriate finale it is! then comes just as a pleasant 'good night'—a more friendly salutation, this brief and trivial composition—the *Requiem* of Mozart. *Requiem* indeed! we shall not feel all the implings of genius to secure us a quiet rest after such a day. In fact, we fear that some of us may hardly rise in time for the morning service of the churches to-morrow. By this Herculean feat of the week, our distant readers may judge the whole week, and form some estimate thereupon, of the enterprise of Herr Ullman, who may go to sleep (if he ever sleeps) to-night with the proud consciousness that he has out-Juliened Julien, and made the monster concert of the Crystal Palace ridiculous. He has also, however, as we have already said, brought us critics to the very verge of suicide."

The whole affair (if we may credit the *New York Herald*) passed off triumphantly:—

"The Thalberg festival was the grandest affair of the season, and was a demonstration well-desired. Mr. Thalberg gave us the best concerts we have ever had here, and spared no money nor pains to surround himself with the very best artists. After such concerts as those given by M. Thalberg, no single artist will ever succeed here, no matter how great a name may be borne upon the announcements. It is to M. Thalberg chiefly that we owe the Academy of Music since September last, a season unprecedented for the brilliant and varied entertainments that have been given to the public. M. Thalberg's position with regard to the Opera, was simply this:—He gave to the director, Herr Ullman, the weight of his name in Europe, and here he might have lost something by the season, but refused to have any present or prospective share in the profits. These facts were pretty well known to the public, and the demonstration of Saturday was one of the most fluttering ever given to any artist anywhere in the world. Every clique of society—artistic, literary, fashionable, and unfashionable—was represented, and the constellation of female beauty was dazzling, quite re-affirming the fact (if any such process were necessary) that American women are the handsomest in the world."

(And the Americans, "the most beautiful men," according to the *New York Abilon*.)

"The affair is to be repeated this evening, with *La Traviata* in the afternoon, in which Madame de la Grange appears. In the evening, the same concert programme, with Mozart's *Requiem*, with all the artists, the orchestra under M. Anschütz, and the chorus of the Liederkreis, conducted by Mr. Fauer.

"M. Thalberg leaves town for the South on Tuesday next, giving concerts this week at Richmond and Washington. From thence he goes to the other southern cities, as far as New Orleans, and afterwards to Cuba and South America.

Of Herr Fornes the *Herald* speaks as follows:—

"The vocal gem of the evening, however, created such an immense sensation that it deserves particular mention. It was Herr Fornes'

singing of the little ballad, "The Wanderer," of Schubert. It was given with so much feeling, tone, and expression, as to move the unanimous plaudits of the house. Even the members of the Italian minority, who have been disposed to elevate their noses at the great *lazzo*, were conquered."

The lady of the *Albion* is fierce in her anger against the Italian clique. Alluding to a not very successful performance of *Vedigo*, at the Academy, she writes as subjoined:—

"Her *Formes*, as *Rocco*, was left quite alone, like *Samson* among the Philistines. The voice of *Madame Caradori* (*Fidelio*), which was so noticeably wiry in *oratorio*, was not more affluent in opera. But however his operas may be cast, Her *Ullman* ought to see to it that the petty cliques of the *cosmians* are not permitted to interrupt the performance of the houses by their contemptible noise and clamour. We venture to suggest that on all future occasions of German opera, the superfluous Italian subordinates of the corps be unceremoniously kicked out of doors, for they really ought not to be allowed to be as disorderly in the galleries as they always are on the stage. In the latter case they are a necessary evil; in the former they surely might be abated."

Her *Formes* has appeared with great success as *Giorgio*, in *I Puritani*, and also in the *Messiah* (performed on Christmas evening), and Miss *Milner* in the *soprano*, Mr. *Ferring* in the tenor, and *Mad. Angri* in the *contralto* music. The *Albion* praises *Formes* to the skies, comparing him to "Blum," and "Gern," though endowed with more power than "Blum," and as infinitely more varied culture than "Gern."

MR. C. SALAMAN ON BEETHOVEN AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.—Mr. Salaman, the pianist and composer, delivered a new concert-lecture on Beethoven and his Compositions, at the Russell Institution, 8, Coram Street, on Tuesday evening last. He was assisted in his musical illustrations by Mr. Louis Riés, violinist, and Miss *William*, vocalist. The lecturer gave a graphic account of the great master's personal character and habits, and commented, in a highly interesting manner, on his productions. Mr. Salaman, being limited to a single lecture, confined his observations to the earlier works of Beethoven, and to that class of compositions which he was best able to "illustrate." He selected the *Concertante Sonatas* for pianoforte and violin, and the chamber vocal music of the composer. Mr. Salaman exhibited himself to great advantage as a pianist. His lecture was delivered with point and distinctness. He was listened to throughout with attention by a numerous audience. Mr. Salaman has announced a concert-lecture on *Weber and his Compositions*, for the 16th February.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE
IRRITATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, cured, and a perfectly Clear Voice procured by the use of Wilkinson, Bridge and Co's BRONCHIO-TRACHEAL LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day.

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VOL. 36.—No. 5. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

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MADAME SCHWAB begs to inform her Friends and Pupils she has removed to 23, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

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SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, MR. CHARLES BRAMAN and party, will sing on Monday, February 7th, at Bathurst-st. on Tuesday, February 2nd, at Wycombe; and on Wednesday, February 3rd, at Maidenhead. Conductor, Signor Vianini.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT-STREET.—MR. and MRS. GERMAN BEED (late Miss F. Heron) will repeat their entertainments every evening (except Saturday) at 8. Saturday afternoons at Three. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; which can be secured at the gallery, and at Cranmer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

PROGRAMME OF MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S FIRST SOIREE OF CLASSICAL CHAMBER PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, at her residence, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, on Tuesday, February 2nd, 1858, when she will be assisted by M. SAINTON and Herr LIDEL. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Part I. Sonata in F Major, Piano-forte and Violin; (Hertz) Miss Arabelle Goddard, and M. Sainton; Grand Sonata in G Minor, "In-Donne Alandoussa," (Stoica Tragic), (Chopinist), Piano-forte, Miss Arabelle Goddard; Fugue and Fugue in A Minor, (A la Parandilla), from Book 1 of F. C. Gieseler's "Complete Collection of the Famous Works of Bach," (J. N. B.) Piano-forte, Miss Arabelle Goddard. Part II. Grand Sonata in G Major, Op. 24 (Walden), Miss Arabelle Goddard; Grand Trio in B Flat, Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello (Beethoven) Miss Arabelle Goddard, M. Stanton, and Herr Lidel.

Subscription Tickets for the Three Soirees, One Guinea; Single Ticket, Half-a-Guinea. To be had only of Miss Arabelle Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. The Second Soiree will take place on Tuesday, February 10th, when Miss Goddard will have the honour of performing W. S. Bennett's Sonata, for Piano and Violoncello, with Sig. Piatto; Dussek's Sonata in A Flat, entitled, "Plus Ultra;" Beethoven's Sonata in C Major, Op. 11; Toccata on Fugue (first time in public), by John Sebastian Bach; and a Trio of Mendelssohn, with M. Stanton and Sig. Piatto.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH—Season, 1858.—RECORD CONCERT (of the series of six) TUESDAY EVENING, February 2, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. PROGRAMME.—Part I. Overture, "Leonora" (Beethoven); Recitative, "Ma, when too out" (Handel); Air, "Hide me from day's garish eye," Miss Banks, Haines; Aria, "O del mio dolco aratro," Miss Dolby (Stradella); Symphony, in C Minor (No. 1) (Mendelssohn).

Part II. Grand Sextet, for the piano-forte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and double-bass, Miss Howell (her first appearance); Masses. Rockett, Nicholson, Mann, Wells, Chipp, and Howell (Hummel); Air, "Return, revelling rebel," Mr. Thomas (Pattini); Fugue (5th Act), "Azer and Zenim," Miss Banks; Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Thorpe Fred, and Mr. Thomas, Sobber; Ballad, "Bonnie George Campbell" (first time of performance), Miss Dolby; (Hullah); Overture, "Glorion" (Wagner).

Tickets and programmes may be had at St. Martin's Hall, and of the principal music-sellers. Stalls, five shillings; galleries, half a crown; area, one shilling. Subscription tickets for the Series: stalls, one guinea; galleries, half a guinea.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—EXTRA PERFORMANCE.—Tuesday, February 2, Thursday, February 4, and Saturday, February 6.

On Tuesday, February 2nd, LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Piccolomini; Alfredo, Giuglini.

On Thursday, February 4, LA SONYAMBULA. Aminta, Piccolomini; Lisa, Ennau; Conie Beldofe, Balletti; and Evelio, Giulini.

On Saturday, February 6th, will be produced, for the first time in England, LA ZINGARA, being the Italian version of Balfe's opera of THE BOHEMIAN GIRL. By Messrs. Piccolomini, Nannari, Sigornetti, Balletti, and Giuglini.

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December 31, 1857.

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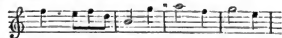
REVIEWS.

"THE YOUNG RECRUIT." Quadrille, founded on popular melodies, by Stephen Glover.

THIS "quadrille" is adorned with a frontispiece the contemplation of which might inspire the coyest of our hale and hearty earth-tillers with martial ardour, induce them to embrace the serjeant, and enlist for India with alacrity. The *tobacco* comprises a large number of military and husbandry, the one handsomer than the other, and all in such romantic attitudes that it would make a sentimental young lady's mouth water to look at them. The music is not so attractive as the frontispiece, Mr. Brandard (not for the first time) having all the glory to himself. (The tunes selected for the various figures are good enough in their way; but they are not always treated after their deserts. For example:—



Moreover, Mr. Stephen Glover alters for the worse, and neglects to acknowledge one of the most familiar of them—a part of which, according to his new version, we subjoin:—



Not content with remodelling the seventh and eighth bars, Mr. Glover harmonises them (page 8) in the following queer fashion:—



Surely, this must be an oversight.

"OUR ENGLISH ROSE." Poetry by J. J. Lonsdale, Esq. Music by W. T. Wrighton.

"MY MOTHER'S GENTLE WORD." Written by J. E. Carpenter, Esq. Composed by W. T. Wrighton.

The words of both these ballads are unaffected and nicely written. The music aims at nothing and hits the mark—although objection may be taken (by pundits) to the following:—



That Mr. Wrighton has no objection, however, is evident, since he has written the bar twice over.

ENGLAND'S PRAYER TO ALMIGHTY GOD," for the happy union of Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal of England, with His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, on the 25th day of January, 1858. Composed and arranged as a full anthem

for four voices, and most humbly and loyally inscribed to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, by Thomas Lloyd Fowle, Mus. Doc. (Author's property—T. Lloyd Fowle, Mus. Doc.)

If England cannot lift her voice to heaven in purer harmony than that of Dr. Fowle, she will do well to offer up her orisons unaccompanied by music. Here are pretty examples for a "Mus. Doc."—and in the prayer, of a whole intion "to Almighty God!"—



Dr. Fowle should refer to the Second Commandment.

"I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING," four part song, words by Gerald Griffin, music by G. B. Allen.

One of the most unpretending and at the same time one of the most charming part-songs we remember. The tune is sweet and vocal, and the harmonisation for the voices at once simple and irrefragable. The beautiful lines of the late Mr. Griffin (which, had we space, we should be tempted to quote) could hardly have been wedded to more congenial music. Mr. Henry Leslie might do worse than consider this part-song, which would be sure to please the multitude.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S *soirée musicale*, on Wednesday evening, was fully attended. The artists were Miss Julia Blendon, Mrs. Theodore Distin, Mrs. Aguilar, Mr. Graef Nicholls, and Mr. Frank Mori. Several talented amateurs also assisted. Among the principal vocal pieces were Mr. John Barnett's elegant trio, "This magic wove scarf" (*Mountain Symply*), very nicely sung by Miss Blendon, Mr. Handel Gear, and a clever amateur; Mr. Benedict's charming little song, "Ange adoré," and a trio from *Ernani*. The instrumental performances were Mr. Aguilar's "Bolero," played by the composer, two fantasias for the flute by Mr. Graef Nicholls, and Haydn's "Toy Symphony," by Mr. Handel Gear and his pupils. Mr. Frank Mori presided at the piano with his accustomed ability.

WIGAN.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Miss Graham's concert took place in the Public Hall, under the patronage of the Ladies Lindsey and the arisocracy of the neighbourhood. The artists were Madame Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Graham, Mr. Millard, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. George Russell. Miss Graham, a great favourite at Wigan, took part in various concerted pieces, and sang a ballad composed expressly for her, entitled "The maiden's reply," with taste and expression. Madame Enderssohn, who is as popular here as everywhere else, sang several new songs, among which were "The deserted bride," and her husband's "Stream beside the mill," both "composed expressly" for her, and both sung charmingly. The concert-room was crowded.

M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

M. FÉTIS has commenced a series of articles for the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*—in which he seems about to enter the lists against the modern schools, or as he insinuates, no-schools, of music—under the somewhat lengthy and solemn heading of "What can be done to ameliorate the condition of young composers, and to remedy the decadence of music?" These important problems M. FÉTIS promises his best to solve, and devotes his first article to an exposition of the state of things which has rendered their education necessary. He objects to the practice, followed in the Belgian and French academies, of sending a given number of successful students, called "*lauréats*," to sojourn a certain time abroad. When, says M. FÉTIS, the competitions were first established in France, for the election of students to be thus rewarded, it was good that young composers, having acquired a sufficient technical knowledge of the art of writing, should visit Italy, and shake off the trammels of pedantry inculcated in their course of study. Moreover, they would acquire, by this expedient, a better comprehension of the value of melody, and become familiar with the art of singing—at that time, in the schools of Italy, the point from which the education of composers started. On both these subjects the "*lauréats*" of the Institute were without the most rudimentary notions. There existed besides—in Rome, Bologna, Naples—masters who had been reared in the admirable traditions of a former age—traditions which led to writing with elegance, and making every part *zing* in a natural manner, throughout the most elaborate combinations of counterpoint and fugue. Lastly, the pontifical chapel, then at the height of its splendour, presented masterly examples of the ancient religious music, executed, too, with a degree of perfection unexampled elsewhere. A rich field was thus open for the contemplation of style, and its essential properties, in the various branches of musical composition. Fresh knowledge was acquired, routine broken through, and the circle of ideas enlarged—under the inspiring influence of an Italian sky, and surrounded by the splendid creations of art, and the inspiring monuments of the eternal city. This was offered to all the young *princes* of the government—though—the critic observes—only a few of them profited by the golden opportunity. Many, captivated by the fascinations of the "*far niente*," returned from Rome with no other experience than was afforded in the *cafés* of the Piazza di Spagna, and the villa of the Academy.

Germany, at the same period, offered immense resources for the instruction of students and the enlargement of their ideas. Haydn, his *Creation* finished, was working at *The Seasons*; Beethoven was advancing with giant strides in his glorious career; Mozart had just ceased to exist, leaving behind immortal works, which stirred the nobler hearts of his country; and the pupils of John Sebastian Bach were making the vaulted roof of the German temples echo with the colossal conceptions of their master. Thus, after the charming melodies of the Italian theatre, the calm and noble grandeur of the music of the Vatican, the "*lauréats*" were edified with deep-stirring harmony, richness of instrumentation, and variety of form.

From that period the remnants of the ancient Italian school began to disappear; the number of masters became every year less; the singers in the Pope's chapel grew old, and were never replaced; and the traditions of that school which had made the singers of Italy the greatest in the world were gradually lost. A few professors however remained, who upheld the reputation of the country; and as a compensation for the past, a great genius arose—one of those who alone suffice to illustrate an age—and seized the sceptre of the lyrical stage—Rossini. In the works of this illustrious composer, the student found abundant materials for the study of melodic writing; and in Italy alone were they to be heard, since in France, always tardy to recognise novelty, scarcely anything but the names of Rossini's operas was known until 1820.

In Germany, during the interval from 1814 to 1840, Beethoven had fulfilled his career—the genius of Weber had given birth to *Der Freischütz*, and Schubert, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn had arisen; while in Italy, the operatic stage had produced Bellini and Donizetti. Thus abundant points of interest and sources of instruction were offered to the young students sent

to travel by the French Academy. Is this the case now?—demands M. FÉTIS. Has art maintained its high supremacy? Is it any longer advisable for a student to leave his country!—and is he likely to add anything, by the step, to the sum of his acquirement? In a word, is there anything to be learned anywhere? These queries M. FÉTIS resolves emphatically in the negative, proclaiming the actual state of music—and, indeed, of art—in France and everywhere else, deplorable. All the great men are dead—have ceased to write—or write only for France. A few meritorious workers still remain in Germany—Hiller, Lachner, Heissiger (!), and one or two others. But what can these do against the extraordinary doctrines which have lately been promulgated, and encouraged by a revolutionary public? How will it fare with the student's reverence for the great masters, when he is a witness of the scorn with which they are assailed?

M. FÉTIS terminates his denunciation of the new movement beyond the Rhine, by charging its partisans with exerting every effort to arrest and counteract the influence of acknowledged masterpieces. He relates how this conspiracy was revealed to him by a young German musician, who, when one of Haydn's symphonies was performed at the Conservatoire in Brussels, gave vent to such expressions of admiration and delight as though he had not dreamed of such music before, at the same time confessing that it was never played in his own country, and that he had scarcely heard the name of Haydn more than once or twice in his life!

To the manifest dangers with which such a state of things must be fraught for the young "*lauréats*" is added another serious disadvantage awaiting them on their return home:—the assistance granted them by the State ceases at the very moment they require it most. Patronage is withdrawn, and they are no longer thought of. The *libretto*, to which they are entitled by the rules of the Academy, is speedily found to be a mere delusion; and before they can obtain an opportunity for the exercise of their talents, they are driven to the resource of teaching, an alternative which M. FÉTIS aptly designates as the tomb of genius and imagination.

A statement of the number of "*lauréats*" who have been accredited from the commencement of the institution brings the first article to an end. Between fifty and sixty in number, with few exceptions, all have died—as M. FÉTIS expresses it—of the malady incidental to the music-master.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL.—Mdlle. Rachel leaves two millions of francs to her eldest boy. She died a staunch adherent of the Mosiac dispensation, though oft and oft rumoured to have joined the prevalent form of Christianity in France. A rabbi from London presided at her last hour. She was buried in the Hebrew Cemetery at Paris. The *Pigaro* has devoted twelve columns to a kind of omnium gatherum of anecdotes, letters, and occurrences during her short but brilliant career; and some of those letters are odd enough. There is one in exceeding bad French from F. M. the Duc de Wellington, who can't go to her "*benéfice*," as he has to attend Parliament, "of which he is a member." The account of her singing "*La Marseillaise*" is full of piquancy. Her visit to Madame Lafarge in prison, her various appearances in London, her failure in America, her triumphant progress through other European capitals, are all fully dwelt on. She is computed to have received twelve million francs from the time she first appeared at the Theatre-Français, twenty-five years ago. More than a dozen sculptors have executed her bust. She was born at a small inn in Switzerland, in 1820, her father being a sort of gipsy and travelling showman. She sang for years in the *cafés* about the Palais-Royal, and the plate was handed round for stray sous. In every sense she was one of the most remarkable women of this century.—*Globe*.

NICE.—Mr. Alexander Billet gave a concert last week at Nice, where he has been staying for some weeks past. A large number of the aristocracy of the place and all the artists attended to hear the eminent pianist play some *chefs d'œuvre* of the old masters. The various performances were received with great enthusiasm.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN'S COMPLETE WORKS,

Published under the Revision of DR. FRANK LISZT.*

The firm of Herr Holle, in Wolfenbüttel, has just commenced a new speculation, in connection with the former one, with which we are already acquainted, and which again justifies us in believing that it will render general what was previously exclusive, and give the people what was formerly within reach only of the wealthy and the learned. On this occasion, Beethoven's works are promised, and the first volume, containing the eighteen sonatas, is lying before us.

Although, when these editions were first started, we expressed some apprehension about the rights of older publishers, our fears have diminished since the issue of the action for piracy brought by the Berlin publisher, Schlesinger. A complete edition of Beethoven's works in their original form, with all the *full scores*, strikes us, however, as being beyond the resources of any one speculator, and, therefore, until we are informed to the contrary, we shall understand the title, *Beethoven's Works*, as applicable only to his pianoforte compositions, with his songs, and other vocal pieces, to which the symphonies will be added in a pianoforte arrangement. Of the latter, also, we have two parts before us.

The title-page of the first volume designates Franz Liszt as revising editor. A comparison with the good old editions of Haslinger, Breitkopf, &c., shows that Liszt's revision has neither added nor omitted anything, and this is well, for we desire and wish for nothing but the genuine and original composer, without any didactic-æsthetical assistants.†

We may, as on the former occasion, remark with regard to the outward getting-up of the work, that it is successful and respectable. We hear, however, from many quarters, a quiet complaint about the dazzling whiteness of the paper, and of the fact that the notes do not produce so agreeable an effect upon weak eyes as the usual copperplates, or Breitkopf's more modern type. As we have no right to pronounce a judgment in the matter, not having experienced the inconvenience complained of, we do not pronounce the fact as a subject of concern, but simply whisper it, as an observation we have frequently heard, in the ear of the persevering and prudent publisher; he will consult his experienced and practical eye, and perceive what is the best course for him to take.

The pianoforte arrangements of the *First Symphony*, both for two hands and for four, are by F. W. Markull, Royal Musical Director in Dantzic. Herr Markull, whose name is favourably known in the musical world, by a great many compositions, such as vocal and pianoforte works, says, among other things, in a short preface concerning his work:—

"It is, perhaps, almost superfluous to mention that this new arrangement, on which I have bestowed the greatest trouble and care, lays claim to the most perfect independence, and is the immediate result of a special knowledge of the orchestral scores, without the intercession of any of the more or less excellent arrangements previously published. My aim has been to reconcile as true as possible a version of the original with an easy pianoforte arrangement, and to impart to the latter a natural flow and clearness combined with the necessary fulness. I have endeavoured to avoid all unnecessary turgidity, and, at the same time, not to fall into the other extreme of poverty and emptiness. That a pianoforte arrangement must abandon all pretensions to the richness of colouring belonging to the orchestra is a matter of course; but it is possible to convey some notion of its wealth of tone, without preparing actual obstacles for the practised pianist—and only such a one will be able to master successfully and completely Beethoven's symphonies. The arrangement for two hands naturally presupposes a greater degree of manual dexterity than that for four,

* Translated from the *Niederdeutsche Musik-Zeitung*.

† There is, however, a material addition, namely, the two-line capital letters (A, B, etc.), by which the periods or sections of every composition are distinguished. We consider this plan exceedingly serviceable. It is pursued all through, from Op. 2 to Op. 31, and we strongly hope it will be continued, since, especially in the case of the grand sonatas of the later period, it will considerably facilitate, even for dilettanti, an insight into the structure of the movements and the analysis of their form.

but still, it may, comparatively speaking, be mastered with ease, since I have exerted myself, at least, to write in a style perfectly adapted for the piano, as well as carefully to avoid all inconvenient and unthankful difficulties. The addition of the fingering for the more difficult passages in the arrangement for two hands will be found useful, especially on playing the symphonies through for the first time. I have, likewise, marked where the pedal should be used, because excess in this particular may materially injure the effect of classical compositions."

We have found, with pleasure, that the arrangements, especially that for two hands, in conformity with the principles enounced above, which we consider quite correct, and perfectly adapted to the end in view, are successfully carried out, and possess peculiar advantages over any of a similar kind previously published, without being particularly difficult. The arranger's task will, it is true, be more arduous for the other symphonies, especially for the *Eroicos*, and all the subsequent ones. With regard to the arrangement for four hands, we must, in this case, too, await the appearance of the later symphonies, for instance, of this very *Eroica*, in order to pronounce a deliberate opinion on Herr Markull's work, compared with former pianoforte versions. At any rate, the edition is, from the (happily) continually increasing popularity of Beethoven's symphonies, a very welcome and meritorious one.

L. B.

PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS BY J. S. BACH.*

Published by F. CHRYSANDER.

This collection concludes with the fourth volume, now lying before us. The volume contains the six English *Suites*, two *fantasies*, C minor, two fugues, C major, three fugues, C minor, D minor, and E minor, two preludes, and fuguettes, D minor and E minor, a fugue in A minor, three *toccatas*, C minor, D minor, and F sharp minor, *fantasia* and fugue, D minor, and prelude and fugue on the name of "Bach," by an unknown author (D major).

The wish expressed by our respected colleague Dixi in No. 8 of this year's series of our paper, with regard to the correctness of the order selected by Chrysander for the two parts of the *Clavier bien tempéré*, in his edition of that work (forming the third volume of the collection) is gratified by Herr Chrysander in the preface to this fourth volume, in so far as "it is possible for him to do so in all brevity, and with the proofs which are for the moment at his command." He says:—

"Simrock's edition, 1701, but not Peter's old edition of the same year, placed the Second Part first, and vice versa (see vol. iii., 209) simply, I believe, from commercial considerations. The Second Part was universally proclaimed the more important of the two, and, therefore the publisher thought it would be his safest plan to commence his German-French edition with it. Bach himself never called the Second Part '*Clavier bien tempéré*,' and, consequently never designated it as the second part of this work. Mizler, in his sketch of Bach's life, reckons up the latter's works, and says laconically of them not printed:—'Number 9, twice 23 preludes (*Vorspiele*) and fugues, through all the keys, for the pianoforte.' (*Musicalische Bibliothek*, Leipzig, 1756, iv., 163.) To distinguish the two collections from each other, they were named during Bach's life, and even some years after his death, not the First Part and the Second Part, but the twenty-four old and the twenty-four new fugues. Which, now, were the old ones? About 1768, Kirnberger composed a two-part fugue, which Marpurg attacked, and the composer afterwards brought out, in 1756, 'composed and defended by G. Philip Kirnberger.' This afforded Marpurg an opportunity of condemning it in detail. Both relied on Bach and the *Clavier bien tempéré*, and Marpurg, who was almost as well informed as Bach himself of the origin and age of the latter's preludes and fugues, expressed himself, on the occasion, as follows:—'In the new four-and-twenty fugues of the late Herr J. B. Bach, there is already to be found a single instance where the counter-theme stands in the place of the leader. And, in the older four-and-twenty fugues by him, we shall find only one such instance, where the conclusion of the leader, which, however, has perfectly strengthened the fundamental key, belongs to the upper fifth. Since, however, the notes, which would have belonged to the leader, must instantly strike us all, every one will see that the

* Translated from the *Niederdeutsche Musik-Zeitung*.

† Query B in that major?—There is no B (which in German stands for B flat) in the key of D major.—Ed. M. W.

author, although only once in twenty-three fugues, studiously desired to make an exception, since, on the other hand, all the rest, as well as the twenty-four newer ones, are quite regular, and exhibit clearly enough his principles in the matter. But it does not fall to the lot of every one to go to Corinth.' (*Krit. Briefe*, 1760, li., 246). I have given the passage entire, because it is instructive in more respects than one. The fugue from the *older* collection, to which reference is here made, is, as is clear from the examples adduced, the one in E minor (vol. III., p. 38, the first three bars). So much for the present, and as far as facts are concerned.

If we return once more to the third volume of the collection, the volume which contains this very *Clavier bien tempéré*, we do so principally on account of the appendix, which is especially interesting, because, in addition to the thematic catalogue of all the preludes and fugues, it offers us the "most important and most instructive" variety of readings. These readings affect principally the preludes, of the first part, too (the *older* part), and do not simply consist of isolated departures from the text, but often of important *curtailments*, and even of entirely new versions. In the case of the first, Chrysander gives in the appendix the longer form afterwards rejected by Bach (but which has passed into most previous editions), the shorter one being in the body of the work itself; in the case of the last—in the prelude in E minor, for instance—he adopts the same course, so that we have both readings, the earlier and the later, before us in all their entirety.

He explains the plan he has pursued by the passages referring to the subject in the ninth and tenth section of Forkel's treatise: *Ueber J. S. Bach's Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke*.* As this work is probably to be found in the libraries of only a few of the musicians of the present day (we have far too much to do with art-philosophy, to occupy ourselves with art-history, which is a great deal more instructive), we here give these interesting passages:—

"I have had opportunities of comparing with each other a great many copies of his principal works, dating from different years, and I must own I have often been amazed and delighted at the means he employed, in order gradually to render what was faulty good; what was good better; and what was better even still better. Nothing can be more instructive for a connoisseur, as well as for every zealous student of music, than such comparisons. It would, therefore, be extremely desirable that the edition of Bach's complete works" (then commenced by Kühnel in Leipzig) "should be followed by a separate part, in which the most important and instructive readings might be collected from his best works and placed side by side for the purpose of comparison. Why should not such a thing be done for the works of the composer, the poet in tone, as well as for those of the poets in words?"

Forkel's wish was not then fulfilled. Something of the kind is now given us by Chrysander for the *Clavier bien tempéré*.

Forkel says further:—

"In his earlier works, Bach, like other beginners, was often in the habit of repeating the same thoughts, only with other words, that is to say: the same modulation was repeated in a lower, or, perhaps, even in the same octave, or, also, with another melodic figure. Such poverty he could not bear in his ripe years; whenever, therefore, he found anything of the kind, he rejected it without hesitation, no matter in how many hands the piece might be, or how many persons it might have pleased. Two of the most remarkable instances of this are the preludes in C major and C sharp major in the First Part of the *Clavier bien tempéré*. They are both, in the first transposition of the theme into the bass, as well as in many other passages necessary for the perfect representation of the composer's thought. In the second, the transposition of the theme is inserted in the bass, as often as it occurs in relative keys. In the third, other phrases are more fully expressed, and better connected with each other. Lastly, there remained a few turns and figures of the melody which did not appear to

belong to the spirit and style of the whole work. These are so improved in the fourth copy, that this prelude has become one of the most beautiful and blameless in all the *Clavier bien tempéré*. Many people were well pleased with the first arrangement, and did not consider the subsequent alteration so beautiful; but Bach was not to be led away, he improved the work as long as it pleased him to do so." (This reading is printed only in the most perfect form in all editions. On this account, and because Forkel has described quite clearly enough the transformations it went through, it was unnecessary to give the various readings). "In the beginning of the last century, it was the fashion to overwhelm single notes upon instruments with all kinds of runs and shakes,* similar to those certain persons have for some time past introduced in vocal works. Bach proved his respect for the fashion by composing a few pieces of the sort. Such a one is the prelude in E minor, of the First Part of the *Clavier bien tempéré*. He soon returned, however, to nature and pure taste, and altered the piece as it is now printed. The Second Part of the work consists, from beginning to end, of nothing but masterpieces. In the First Part, on the contrary, there are still some few preludes and fugues, bearing evidence of the unwisdom of early youth; they were probably retained by the author, merely to make up the number of four-and-twenty. But even here he has, in course of time, made improvements in every instance that improvement was possible. He has either rejected entire passages, or given them another turn, so that, according to the later copies, there remain but few pieces open to the charge of imperfection. I reckon, among the few such, the fugues in A minor, G major, and G minor, C major, F major, and F minor. All the other are either better, or more beautiful, than the first copy, so, indeed, that not one can be thought inferior to those contained in the Second Part. The Second Part, also, although more perfect from the outset, subsequently received greater improvements, as may be seen by a comparison of older with later copies. At any rate, there is in the two parts an artistic treasure such as assuredly is to be found in Germany alone."

Bach completed the First part in Köthen, in 1722, when he was thirty-eight years of age, and the second in 1740.

AN ENGLISH PRIMA DONNA IN HIGH LIFE.

(THE following paragraph, which has obtained considerable circulation, is doubtless that to which our Turin correspondent makes allusion in his recent letters.—Ed. M. W.)

"Not very long ago a marriage took place between a member of a family of the highest rank and a young lady whose only dowry was her youth and beauty. After the wedding tour they returned to London, the bridegroom being much sought after (from his high connections and his many amiable qualities), and the youthful bride could not but hold her position among the most beautiful of the beau monde. To her many other attractions she added that of possessing a very splendid voice; and, from her being always ready to accede to the wishes of those who desired to hear her sing, she was doubly welcome in every salon. Within two years of the marriage, however, the numerous *habitués* of the bride's weekly *soirées dantesques* and occasional private theatricals were not a little surprised at an announcement that the parties would be discontinued; and a few weeks after the young couple's tastefully-arranged residence in Belgravia was closed, and ere long the furniture was publicly disposed of. Various were the reports as to the cause of this sudden change; a few friends only knew the truth, namely, that the husband's father had refused to augment his son's allowance. Our readers will not care to know where or how those who are the subject of these remarks spent the two years which have passed since what we have related took place; suffice it to say, that, not a month ago, they were residing in a small house in the suburbs of London, and that it was here, the week before last, a communication was received which is likely to effect a most important change in their circumstances. It was to the effect that the director of the Theatre Royal of Turin, having heard that the fair songstress possessed a voice far more beautiful than any he could find, even in the land of song, and dramatic talent of high order, hoped that Madame would consent to become a prima donna in his establishment during the coming season. The lady's surgeon, who had previously and correctly been consulted in consultation with her husband, she decided that what *Mlle. Piccolomini*, a lady belonging to one of the highest families in Italy, could do—what Madame Sontag, the wife of an ambassador, had done—she, the wife of an English commoner, could do also, and more especially

* On the Life, the Art, and the Artistic Productions of J. S. Bach.

* *Lautwerk*.

when there was an object so dear as in the present case—namely, that of rescuing a devoted husband from a state of poverty, into which he had been cast for the love of her. The young couple left on Monday last for Turin; and although, among the many aristocratic families to whom she and her husband are related, we fear the majority will condemn her for the step she has taken, yet we are glad to find that there are some who give her their best wishes for her success. What opera she is to appear in, and when she is to make her *début*, are questions we have heard and which we hope our transalpine friends will answer for us. All that we do know is that Fides in Meyerbeer's *Prophète* is a rôle that has been offered and has been accepted.

[Reader—observe and compare the italicised passages.—Ed.]

MUSIC AT TURIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Jan 20th.

Notwithstanding the cold, which for the last month has been excessive, and a heavy fall of snow, which has rendered all outdoor exercise anything but pleasant, night after night hundreds of persons have tramped their way to the Vittorio Emanuele. This theatre, by a very efficient representation of *Mosè*, carries everything before it, and leaves the Regio, which is, *par excellence*, the opera-house of Turin, far behind. The success of *Mosè*, far from diminishing, has so increased that the direction has determined to receive no more regular subscribers. At the Regio, in spite of the laudable exertions of Madlle. Marsi, who sang and acted pleasantly enough as Berta, and Signors Massimiliani and Benedotti, who showed themselves equal to the characters of Jean of Leyden and the chief Anabaptist, the execution of *Le Prophète* was by no means satisfactory.

Rigoletto, has been produced, for Madlle. Morcau-Sainti. The French party, which here is considerable, mustered strongly on the occasion, and applauded their fair compatriot enthusiastically. Their applause, nevertheless, failed to make the public satisfied with the lady, and the press in general is not eulogistic. Some years ago, before Madlle. Sainti had appeared on the stage, I had the pleasure of hearing her sing, and then I formed an opinion, which is still unchangeable, that she is much more suited, in every way, to the French Opéra-Comique than the grand Italian Opera, and perhaps still more suited to the concert-room than to the stage. Since I heard her she has evidently studied a good deal, but the traces of the French method, so opposed to the Italian feeling, are too visible for her to become a favourite on this side of the Alps. In her aria, "Caro nome," she showed taste, and in other portions of the opera displayed no want of facility; but she is entirely deficient in dramatic power, and has too small a voice for so large a theatre as the Regio. Signor Mirati, the tenor, looked well as the Duke, and sang and acted with vigour and energy. He was much applauded, and has already become a favourite. In Italy, however, it is not always those who have the most merit who obtain the greatest reputation. An artist, with a good robustissimo voice, and one who does not object to favour the audience with an occasional *Ut de pectore*, is sure to find admirers. Such a singer as Signor Mirati, although here he is considered a first-rate tenor, in London would be voted unrefined and noisy. When he sang the audience were most uproarious in their applause. After the popular "La donna è mobile," the demonstrations of enthusiasm were such as can only be witnessed in an Italian theatre. Though I speak of him last, the artist in the piece most worthy of notice is Pizzicati, who is the best Rigoletto I have seen anywhere, with the exception of Ronconi and Corsi, and to the latter I don't doubt that by many he will be preferred, as he has the great advantage of possessing a fine voice, which accords to notes scarcely ever found but in Italian barrytons. With a prepossessing appearance and a truly dramatic action he produces a genuine effect. In the duet with Gilda, "Sì, vendetta," in which he almost surpassed Corsi (who in this scene is exceedingly grand), he displayed some splendid notes, and also showed superior dramatic power. As a buffo I should say that he does not particularly shine, but in any part that calls for pathos there are few to whom he is inferior. Signor Benedotti's fine basso voice told well in the ungrateful part of Sparafucile; and

the secondary parts being respectably filled, and the band and chorus excellent, *Rigoletto* was entirely successful.

At the Teatro-Nazionale *Le Trouvère* has been given for the rentrée of Signor Castellani, who, eight years ago retired into private life. Had it been his *début* one would not have wondered at a little want of self-possession, but as he has sung scores of times on these boards the painful nervousness under which he laboured the first evening was unaccountable. Had I only heard him on that occasion I should not have pronounced him a diamond of the first water; but, in the subsequent performances, having recovered his courage, he has been able to do himself justice, and I do not hesitate in saying that he is a most agreeable tenor *leggiere*. His voice is exceedingly sweet, and his singing bears strong proofs of his having studied in a good school. In the scenes towards the end of the second act, in which Alfredo furiously dashes the purse and portrait at the feet of his mistress, he showed himself an energetic actor, but was unable to conceal the ravages Time had made on his voice. In the duet "Parigi, o cara," however, the *brindisi* and other parts, where the composer has not written too high, his singing was so pleasing and so skillful that the defect to which I have alluded was imperceptible. Violetta had a very efficient representative in the person of Madlle. Scotti. Her naive coquetry at the commencement, her subsequent distress, and her burst of joy when she meets with her lover, were all very good in their way, and duly appreciated by an indulgent audience. Coming so soon after Piccolomini, whose performance is still fresh in the memory of all here, subjects her to a comparison by no means advantageous. Nevertheless the papers speak well of her, and at the Nationale the audience are very lavish of applause, so I dare say the lady is satisfied. Sig. Moanri, the barytone, who possesses a clear, fine-toned organ, deserves a word of praise for the care he bestows upon the part of the elder Germont, and, as the band and chorus are much better than might be expected at a theatre where the prices of admission are so low, I have not been surprised on every visit I have made to find a large assemblage. Madlle. Lancia, who I stated in my last letter to be to have appeared as Fides, in *Il Profeta*, has informed the director that she would prefer a less arduous part for her first appearance. I am told that Roberto Deveraux has now been decided on for the lady's *début*. As I hope to be able to obtain the *entrée* to the rehearsals at the Regio, I shall have an opportunity of hearing "the prima donna in high life," as she is termed, before the public in general, and immediately I have heard her, you may rely on my giving you my opinion, without loss of time. I heard the other day that the professor under whom she is completing her studies, declares she is the cleverest pupil he ever had, and capable of great things. I must not omit to mention a fact which a musical journal here gives as new. Speaking of musical affairs in London, it says Her Majesty's Theatre is at present closed, but will open for the season in a few days with Meyerbeer's *L'Étoile du Nord*, Madlle. Piccolomini essaying the part of the heroine.

WARSAW, Jan. 14.—There has recently been a sort of national celebration at the theatre in the first appearance of a Polish opera, the title whereof is *Halka*, and the author M. Moniuszko. The public of Warsaw received it with quite a patriotic warmth, and greeted several pieces with plaudits, among these an air sung by our tenor, Dobsky. The piece is of the most primitive simplicity; but the score, though not containing many melodies and original ideas, is the work of a musician of talent.

Madame Pauline Viardot bado *adieu* to us yesterday in a benefit concert. Not a place remained empty, and this amount of support was justified by the ingredients of the entertainment as well as by the celebrity of the artist. She gave us a performance divided into four parts. 1. Excerpts from the *Barbieri*; the cavatina, the duo, and the music lesson, in which she introduced a mixture of Spanish airs and Polish melodies. 2. The grand air from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, hitherto unknown to us. 3. The third act of *Otello*, in which Madame Viardot was supported by Dobak. 4. Last, the finale and rondo from the *Sonnambula*. Overwhelmed with applause and bouquets, Made-

Viardot was recalled no less than fifteen times in the evening. In order to keep her among us a few days longer, the ladies here have hatched a small plot gracefully conceived. They have prepared a morning concert, in which Madame Viardot will be saved all trouble except that of singing. The Prince-Governor has sent 1,000*l.* for his box on the benefit night.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT SWALEEYS.—(From a Correspondent).—The hospitable institution of Mr. Clarke was thrown open on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., to the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, to witness the performance of *The Loan of a Lover*, *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger*, and *Betsy Baker*. All the characters were sustained with spirit, in particular those of Dolve and Gertrude, by Mr. Clarke Thornhill and Miss Clarke. Captain Harry Lee Carter, in the part of Charles Beeswing, in *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger*, elicited roars of laughter; and Mr. Clarke Thornhill, in spite of its being her "first appearance," played with the tact of an experienced actress. In the farce of *Betsy Baker*, Mr. Twiss and Miss Clarke, by their clever performance, kept the audience in good humour till the end. Private theatricals have seldom been carried out with greater success than at Swaleeys.

His MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS has been graciously pleased to bestow upon Mr. Henry Bradbury the Belgian Gold Medal of Merit, for nature printing.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, February 1st, and during the week, to commence at 7 o'clock, with Sheridan's comedy of *THE RIVALIA*, as performed on Friday night, January 29th, by command of Her Majesty, in honour of the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal with H.R.H. the Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The characters will be represented, as on that occasion, by the Haymarket Company: Mr. Albany Absolute, Mr. Chippendale; Captain Absolute, Mr. W. Warren; Faulkland, Mr. Howe; Acres, Mr. Buckstone; Sir Lucius O'Trieger, Mr. Hudson; Joe, Mr. Clark; David, Mr. Keeley; Coochman, Mr. Cox; Mrs. Malplot, Mrs. Hayes; Lydia Longin, Miss Reynolds; Julia, Miss Chalmers; Lucy, Mrs. E. Fitzgibbon. After which, a new grand comic Cantata, entitled *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD*; OR, *HARLEQUIN AND THE BUTTERFLY FAIRY*. The scenery by Mr. William Calcott. Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leecey; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leecey; The Princess on her tower, Miss Louisa Leechery.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for looking). **First Place**—Dress Boxes, 3*l.*; Upper Boxes, 3*l.*; Pit, 2*l.*; Gallery, 1*l.* **Second Place**—Dress Boxes, 2*l.*; Upper Boxes, 2*l.*; Pit, 1*l.*; Gallery, 6*d.* **Private Boxes**, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES ERAN.

ON MONDAY and during the week will be presented Shakespeare's play of *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*. And the *Fantoms*, every Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, **JANUARY 29th**, the new drama of *THE POOR STROLLERS*, in which Messrs. B. Webster, Wright, Paul Beilert, and Madame Celeste will appear. After which the Burlesque and *Fantoms* of *HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVER OF CUPID AND PSYCHE*. Harlequin, Miss Marie Wyatt; Columbine, Miss Mary Keeley; Panchinello, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Henderson; Pantaloon, Mr. Buckingham.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *THE TRAGEDY QUEEN*. After which the new extravaganza of *THE DOGE OF DURALTO*. To conclude with *HOOTS AT THE SWAN*. Commence at half-past 7.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—**PROFESSOR WILJALBA** IS FRISKIE!—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening at 8. Balls, 4*l.*; Balcony Balls, 4*l.*; Boxes, 3*l.*; Pit, 2*l.*; Gallery, 1*l.* **Private Boxes**, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 53, Old Broad street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHROPSHIRE.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS. UNFINISHED CONTINUED UNFINISHED SUCCESS OF *THE GREAT FANTASME OF THE SEASON*. The Transformation Scene presented unequalled Hundreds unable to obtain admission. No charge required. The *Fantoms* every Monday, Wednesday first. **MORNING PERFORMANCE** at 12 the *Fantoms* every Evening at half-past 11. Every evening to commence with the new, gorgeous, comic *Fantoms* of *GRODNEY FUDGE PUDDING AND PIE*; OR, *HARLEQUIN OLD DAVE*; OR *LONG LEGS*, with its *Fantoms* and *Tragedy*, as performed by all the best ever produced in England. To conclude alternately with the dramas of *MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN*, and *THE BAY OF BISCAY*, O!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CRANE'S letter arrived too late.
MUSICOLO.—We have no remembrance of the "Musical tale," and no room at present for "John Bull."
HABITUE.—Il Matrimonio Segreto.

MARRIED.

Recently, Henry Wyld, Mus. Doc., to Miss Jane Shuttleworth.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1858.

ANOTHER of the demigods has passed away; another genuine artistic glory is extinct. On Saturday the patriarch of the Italian stage—"notre père de tous," as his compatriots reverently styled him—died, of dropsy, at Naples. Lablache has gone to join Rachel in a better world.

The death of a great dramatic artist, whose genius and physiognomy have long been familiar to the public, leaves a void that cannot be filled up during the life-time of the actual generation. He may be replaced by another in his best parts, and even efficiently replaced; but it is not enough for those who, accustomed to the first model, have become past-worshippers out of pure affection. Which among ourselves could tolerate another Dr. Bartolo, another Don Pasquale, another Geronimo, another Don Magnifico, after having seen Lablache, who identified himself with these characters and made them his own? What other face, what other figure, what other voice, what other talent, would be accepted by the present race of opera-frequenter as substitute for his! Nor is there anything unnatural or unjust in this predilection for long-established types; on the contrary, it is honorable to humanity, since it represents gratitude for favors conferred, and shows that the public, after all, is not so unfeeling and utterly heartless an animal as certain moralists have endeavoured to paint it.

Of all the lyric artists that ever came from Italy to England, Lablache was, beyond comparison, the most popular. We make no exception. By popular, of course we do not intend the most "attractive," even the uninitiated being aware that a bass, no matter what his merits, can never by any chance expect to rival a soprano or a tenor in the eyes of managers of Italian theatres, or in direct influence upon the paying public. As in a novel, or a play, so in an opera—the hero and heroine are the personages that absorb the greatest amount of interest; and the hero and heroine being, in most operatic representations, impersonated by the tenor and soprano, it is not at all surprising that they should bear away the palm in the estimation of the crowd. An indignant parent, a deep scheming villain, a deposed monarch, a rabid priest, a besotted magistrate, an eccentric charlatan, has no chance, in the long run, against the Romeo or the Juliet of the stereotyped lyric drama. And this is quite independent of the peculiar spell which the highest voices, both in the male and female register, have exercised, exercise, and must always exercise, upon the sympathy of the masses—just as, without knowing why, nine persons out of ten, who listen to a quartet for string instruments, will award all, or nearly all, the merit of the execution to the first fiddle.

The popularity which—in common with all who have watched the progress of Italian opera in this country, during the last quarter of a century—we have adjudged to Lablache

is, therefore, apart from such considerations. He was a man *sui generis*, thoroughly original, a consummate artist, and endowed with an idiosyncrasy, both personal and mental, that separated him from his compeers, and enabled him to set his mark upon everything he took in hand. Early familiarity with the public grew at length into a sort of intimate confidence between the actor and his patrons; and this ultimately reached such a point, that, instead of undergoing the ordeal of criticism, in common with his fellow-artists, Lablache was accepted by the Opera-patrons as a sort of brother Aristarchus before the footlights, sharing with them whatever opinions, favorable or hostile, the performance might elicit. If Grisi, Sontag, or Jenny Lind sang well, Lablache and the audience would simultaneously declare their approval; if things went slovenly or ill, Lablache (invariably, and seldom otherwise than deservedly, held blameless) would convey—by a shrug, or a wink, both eloquent and unmistakable—how entirely he coincided with the audience in their smothered or openly manifested expressions of dissent.

No actor ever "filled the stage" more entirely than Lablache; and this not so much because his frame was colossal, as because he was born an actor, and the stage was his element. How dignified his deportment in tragedy—how easy and graceful in comedy—how unrostrated, intensely humorous, (and, even when most exaggerated, never verging on licentiousness) in farce.

The great artist expired where he first saw the light—at Naples—in his 64th (some say 62nd) year. All Naples will mourn his loss and respect his memory. In this one feeling, if in no other, Englishmen can sympathise with Neapolitans; for the death of such a man as Lablache is a blow to every country where art is recognised and cherished as an important element of civilisation.

THERE is in the career of the great French actress whose funeral obsequies were recorded in our last number, a point very likely to escape comment among the thousand characteristics and peculiarities, true or false, destined to form the staple of her biographers. Yet the point, though calling for no remark in her own country, as being in the common course of things, should not pass unnoticed with us, to whom it may furnish a theme for useful reflection. Rachel, who revived the faded glories of the French classic drama and upheld the proud traditions of the French stage—Rachel, whom the world acknowledged as an unmatched exemplar of the true genius and the faithful artist—Rachel was essentially a product of that effective support and fostering patronage of the arts, which is a system in French society, and a principle in French government. Not only is it a special business of the State to provide the amplest means of education for all who seek to devote themselves to the arts, and exhibit the necessary aptitude, but the French people at large follow spontaneously in the same path, and private institutions for training proficient in the various departments of art are abundant. The result of such a careful wardship of the artistic talent with which the nation is entrusted is, that scarcely any becomes lost for want of opportunity, or through discouragement and despair at insurmountable obstacles. Thus the eminence of the country for natural capacity to shine in this important element and higher grace of civilisation is comparatively enhanced.

It has been pithily said—by Goethe we think—"Take care of the beautiful; the useful will take care of itself."

Nothing can be truer than this, and no truth has been more neglected in this country. Hard necessity—mother, as the proverb has it, of invention—will drive us on rapidly enough in the way of practical progress; and such inertness and opposition as is met with only acts as a healthy stimulant to the rougher sort of energies engaged in the work of material advancement. Not so with the delicate growth of the world of art; not so with our unbidden aspirations towards all that is graceful, beautiful, and sublime: for these no nursing can be too tender, no attention too solicitous. Indifference, neglect, contempt, rouse not, but stifle the powers of the artist. The stormy turmoil and trouble of every-day life scares away the halcyon brood of the Muses. Yet England has scarcely a single institution by which assistance, fostering protection, and useful guidance, are afforded to the early struggles of the art-student. Such as do exist—the Academy of Music and the Academy of Painting—are on a narrow and stinted basis, crawling sluggishly on away from public ken and control, and lack the liberal scope and effective agency of national institutions. Strange to say, too, the only instance of State patronage systematically accorded to any branch of art—a recent innovation, from which some hope might be derived—is useless as a precedent, from the abject utilitarian motive on which it is grounded. We allude to the Government Schools of Design—a notable specimen of state solicitude for national taste! It might figure in that old burlesque play of the *Antipodes*, where old men go to schools kept by their children, and everything is conducted in a similar topsy-turvy fashion. Would not the Government of the Antipodes rule, that for actors, poets, musicians, composers, singers, painters, and sculptors, the antipodal public might even shift as it could!—while its weavers, paper-hangers, and cabinet-makers were vital concerns, and the State must look to them! They might get a sublime symphony, a soul-purifying tragedy, a heroic painting, on any hedge where such things grow; but paper patterns, designs for silk and calico, the lines of an arm-chair, the moulding of a cornice, the shapes and colours of the meanest household utensil, must be on true principles of taste, to develop which the State builds hot-houses and conservatories—at Kensington, Brompton, and elsewhere; appoints head gardeners—Owen Jones, Redgrave, Cole, &c.; supplies manure—Parliamentary grants.

Is it not worth reflection how much we are losing by this insane neglect of the worthiest and noblest ingredients of civilised life in favour of all that is comparatively "mank and gross in nature"? If haply a Siddons be wandering at this moment, tambourine in hand, from tavern to tavern, will even a miracle place her, four years hence, on the boards of Drury Lane, a proficient mistress of English, learned in all the arts of the declaimer, in all the resources of the mimic art—with all appurtenances and means to boot—to give immediate scope and efficiency to the great genius within her!

THERE are some remarkable echoes that go babbling on so long after the sound to which they owe their origin is hushed in silence, that we may almost take them for an independent voice.

Such an echo is the echo of the "Nisbett laugh," one of the most charming sounds that ever fascinated the hearts of a theatrical audience. The fact comes dryly stated to us—much too drily indeed—that Lady Boothby, commonly called Mrs. Nisbett, is dead. To the stage she has been dead for some years; and although her earthly career has

been lamentably short, she almost belongs to a past period of the histrionic profession. But still at the sight of her name the "Nisbett laugh" awakens within us.

There is, indeed, nothing to obliterate the "Nisbett laugh" from the memory. It was altogether unique—*enigmatica*—not to be rivalled. We do not remember the readings or the renderings of Mrs. Nisbett, but we dwell upon the music of her laugh. Her "Neighbour Constance"—the character with which, above all others, she is associated—was an incarnate laugh, as feminine as it was mirthful, and however other actresses may succeed in the part, they are sure to fall short of the laugh. The excellent actress, whose *début* at the Haymarket was the event of last autumn, once more added Mr. Sheridan Knowles's liveliest play to the list of "acting dramas," and Neighbour Constance became again a familiar figure. Nevertheless, she was without the "Nisbett laugh." That is sure to be unattainable.

Deeply is it to be lamented that every death or retirement in the theatrical world leaves a gap that cannot be supplied. We have few aspirants waiting in the background for a vacancy that may enable them to display talents previously hidden, but the histrionic *corps* becomes thinner and thinner with each succeeding mortality, and the rise even to comparative eminence is slow indeed.

Mrs. Glover, Mad. Vestris, Mr. W. Farren, Mrs. Nisbett—who supplies the place left by any one of these, and what can comedy be with the several gaps formerly filled by their names! No leading old man—no leading old lady—no elegant *soubrette*—no representation of feminine joyousness; and to all these negatives let us add another of longer standing—no dashing young gentleman.

Festinus Proci. This is a dismal state of things. Let us sit on console ourselves by thinking of the Nisbett laugh.

DEATH OF MRS. NISBETT (LADY BOOTHBY).

THE very sudden death of this lady, which took place on the 16th inst., at her residence, Rose Mount, St. Leonard's, Hastings, was brought on by domestic afflictions. Louisa Cranstoun Boothby, born at Ball's-pond, Islington, on 1st April, 1812, and at the time of her death, in her forty-sixth year, was eldest daughter of Lieutenant Frederick Hayes Macnamara, 62nd regiment, and Jane Elizabeth Williams, his wife. Early in life this lady was obliged, by family misfortunes, to make the stage her profession, and, appearing in the provinces at the early age of thirteen, laid the foundation of her career as a comic actress, in which she was subsequently unrivalled. After a short engagement in London, and being then scarcely nineteen, she married Captain John Alexander Nisbett, of the Life Guards, in January, 1831, who shortly after lost his life in trying a horse not thoroughly broken in. Captain Nisbett being under age at the time of his death, and the widow not being then allowed any of his property, she was again induced to appear on the stage, where she again obtained fresh fame, and added new laurels to her great name as an *artiste*. About the age of thirty she married Sir William Boothby, ninth baronet of that name. Retiring with her husband, Sir William, to Ashbourne-hall, Derbyshire, she was allowed but short domestic peace. Sir William dying shortly afterwards left her again a widow. Once more she returned to the stage, but ill-health shortly after obliged her to retire, since which time she has resided with her mother and brother in great retirement. Repeated shocks, caused by the almost sudden deaths of her nearest and dearest relations (mother and brother), so preyed upon her already over-worked and over-taxed frame, that she was unable to bear up against them, and on Thursday week she was attacked with an illness from which she never after rallied, and died on the Saturday following, deeply regretted by her family, by whom she was dearly beloved, and lamented by a numerous circle of friends, who feel greatly the loss they have sustained.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE third Festival Performance on Saturday was the best attended of the three, for reasons unfamiliar to the audience. The theatre presented a magnificent appearance: all the rank and fashion of the empire—excepting such families as were debarred from appearing in public in consequence of the deaths of the Duke of Devonshire and the Countess of Westmeath—being present. The following was the programme:—

L. A. SONNAMBULA.

MUSIC BY BELLINI.

The Scenery arranged by Mr. Charles Marshall.

		CHARACTERS.	
Count Rodolpho	Signor Belletti.
Theresa	Mademoiselle Sondina.
Amina	Mademoiselle Piccolomini.
(Her first appearance in that character.)			
Elvino	Signor Giugliani.
Lisa	Mademoiselle Sannier.
Alessio	Signor Castelli.
A Notary	Signor Mercurelli.
Conductor	Signor Arditi.

A FESTIVAL CANTATA.

Composed for the occasion by Mr. Howard Glover. The words by Mr. John Oxenford.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

A DIVERTISSEMENT ALLEGRIQUE.

By M. Massot.

Scenery by Mr. C. Marshall. Dresses under the superintendance of

Madame Copeau.

Iris	Mademoiselle Clavelle.
(Her first appearance in England.)			
L'Hyacinthe	Mademoiselle Moricchi.
Flora	Mademoiselle Pasquale.

Mdlle. Piccolomini attempted the arduous part of Amina for the first time; and, considering the difficulties presented by the music and the young lady's means, the performance was highly creditable to her talents. That she sang all the music with the requisite brilliancy and power was simply impossible; but that she surpassed expectation in more than one instance was equally true. The *rondo finale* was decidedly her best vocal achievement, and here her passion, intensity, and abandonment were displayed to infinite advantage. In the *aria d'istrata*, however, Mdlle. Piccolomini would have done better to adhere more closely to Bellini. The effect of the *rondo finale* was decisive, and at the fall of the curtain the audience were in raptures, and summoned Mdlle. Piccolomini unanimously before the footlights.

Sign. Giugliani's Elvino is in many respects one of his most remarkable achievements. True, we might have desired more grief and less display in the *scena* "Tutto è sciolto," and somewhat more earnestness in the by-play of the last scene. The feeling and power of voice, however, displayed by Sign. Giugliani in the *finale* to the first act, when Elvino believes Amina guilty, were worthy of any tenor of any time. He was rapturously applauded.

Sign. Belletti sang the music of Count Rodolpho to perfection, and Mdlle. Sannier gave importance to the unthankful part of Lisa. Mdlle. Sondina, too, deserves mention for her careful performance of Theresa.

The Royal party arrived at nine o'clock—her Majesty is punctually itself—just in time to interrupt the *finale* of the first act. The grief of Amina and the despair of Elvino could not divert the combined feelings of loyalty and curiosity from their source, and the majority of the audience turned their attention from the stage to the box, observing, nevertheless, a decorous silence.

After the opera the new festival *cantata*, prepared for the occasion—the poetry by Mr. John Oxenford, the words by Mr. Howard Glover—was performed. We subjoin the words:—

CHORUS.

"Raise on high a joyous song,
Let the world your raptures know;
In a torrent fall and strong
Let the blended voices flow.

Loyalty each bosom fires,
Deepest love each soul inspires,
Shout aloud! th' exulting sound
Will from heart to heart rebound."

SOLO—SIGNOR GIUGLIELMI.

"The great Hohenzollern will hear you rejoice,
The Guelph, lion-hearted, will list to your voice;
From Hear'n they look down on their children below,
And greet the broad earth they adorn'd long ago:
They view us now, the mighty, of the past,
A blessing on our land to cast,
The leafy palm they were.

Hail, thou shade of the hero!
Hail, thou shade of the bravo!"

CHORUS.

"Ye people of England, all sorrows forget.
This day not an eye must with grieving be wet—
This day we devote to the holiest joy,
No trouble or care must the feeling alloy.
When future years are numbered with the past,
Enshrin'd in mem'ry still shall last,
The happy day that gave
To the daughter of heroes the name of the brave."

SOLO—MADEMOISELLE PICCOLIOMINI.

"Now in gentle murmurs let us breathe a heartfelt prayer,
Guardian angels spread your wings o'er the Royal youthful pair:
Brightly has their life begun, may it still unruddled flow,
Happiness, a spotless sun, o'er them shed its softest glow.
O'er them shed its softest glow."

SECOND VERSE—SUNG BY MADAME SFZELLA.

"Soon the parting hour will come,
Joy is mingled with regret;
Royal bride, thy native home,
Girt by ocean, ne'er forget.
Gentle be the gales that bear
Britain's child to foreign lands;
Angels guard the treasure fair
Trusted to your fost'ring hands."

CHORUS.

"Rise on high a joyous song,
Let the world your rapture know;
In a torrent full and strong
Let the blended voices flow."

FINALE.

"Hail to the Queen of the white-cliff'd isle!
Still may she bask beneath fortune's smile;
Blessed by the favour of Hear'n above,
Blessed in her children's—her subjects' love."

The music of Mr. Howard Glover (who presided in the orchestra) is both spirited and clever. The opening chorus, in a jubilant strain, faithfully reflects the sentiment which the poetry aims at conveying; and the tenor solo, with its choral burden, invests the lines apostrophizing the "Hohenzollern" and "the Guelph" with a tone of martial ardour peculiarly appropriate. The solos divided between "soprano" and "mezzo soprano" contrast effectively with the foregoing, and by their tranquil and expressive character afford the necessary repose. The chorus, "Raise on high a joyous song," which commences as a four-part fugue, with regular responses in the orthodox contrapuntal manner, connects these, by an easy and natural transition, with the final chorus—"Hail to the Queen"—where the jubilant style of the opening is resumed and carried on, with increasing vigour, to the end.

We wish we could add that the execution of the *cantata* was such as to give it anything like a chance of being appreciated. But unfortunately this was not the case; the whole performance was nothing short of discredit.

The *ballet divertissement* calls for little remark. The dancing of Madlle. Chavelle—a *débütante*—was spirited and neat. The device at the end—"a somewhat doubtful combination of green fire with real water," encompassing a rampant effigy of St. George and the dragon—can only be praised from a Draconic point of view.

On Tuesday, the extra performances, at reduced prices, were resumed, and *La Sonnambula* was repeated, with Mr. Howard Glover's new *Cantata*, and the *ballet-divertissement*, *L'Hymente*. On this occasion Mr. Glover's *Cantata* stood a fairer chance of appreciation, the execution being infinitely better than on Saturday. The audience applauded liberally, and the *cantata* achieved an undoubted success.

On Thursday *Il Trovatore* was given. The state-box and retiring-room being open for admission to the occupants of boxes and stalls, on Tuesday and Thursday, attracted many to view them between the acts. The taste and splendour displayed in both were the theme of general admiration.

Last night, Her Majesty and her royal guests visited the theatre in state.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

HER MAJESTY gave a grand concert at Buckingham Palace, on Friday evening, the 22nd instant. The following was the programme:—

Overture, (*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*)—Otto Nicolai; Part-song, "O, who will o'er the downs so free?"—Pearsall; Harvest song—W. C. Macfarren; *Tas de Schal*, (*La Bagadere*)—Auber; Bridal song, "The bells ring out beneath the spire"—Leslie; Madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers"—J. Wilbye, 1598; Trio, (*Le Fri aux Clercs*)—Hérold; Part-song, for male voices, "When evening's twilight"—J. L. Hutton; Madrigal, "When all alone"—G. Conversi, 1590; Turkish March, (*Ruins of Athens*)—Beethoven; Madrigal, "Flow, O my tears"—Bennett, 1598; Song to May Morning—Henry Leslie. (The vocal music by the Members of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.)

The Queen, the Prince, and all their illustrious guests, expressed their warmest admirations for the performances of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and complimented Mr. Leslie in person, especially thanking him for his new Bridal Song, composed in honour of the Princess Royal, the words of which, by Harry Chorley, we subjoin:—

The bells ring round beneath the spire,
With light the windows glow,
The women talk around the fire
Ere to the dance they go.
Old men, the foaming cup beside,
Young children on the knee,
Join in a blessing on the bride
Who goes across the sea.

She goes not forth amid the cold,
A gloomy lot to prove,
But with a bridegroom rich in gold,
More rich in youth and love,
Of vineyards gay and forests dim
The high-born lord is he,
Old England's blessing go with him
And his bride upon the sea!

We saw her noble mother's birth,
Have loved her all life long,
We cannot see our flower go forth
But tears are in the song.

Yet smiles are better far than tears,
So full of joy sing we,
God's blessing on the wedded years,
Of the bride beyond the sea."

Among the part-songs that of Jack Hutton was biased. Her Majesty gave a State Concert on Monday evening in the New Ball and Concert Room. A spacious orchestra was erected, upwards of 50 feet wide, rising in successive stages to the level of the Organ Gallery. The band, nearly 80 in number, consisted of Her Majesty's Private Band, aided by instrumentalists from the Philharmonic Society, Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus comprised nearly 100 voices, selected from the Opera and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. Mr. W. G. Cousins, of Her Majesty's Private Chapel, presided at the organ. Mr. Anderson conducted every piece except one. The entire orchestra consisted of upwards of 200 performers. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.—Coration Anthem—Händel. Quartetto—"Placido è il mar" (Idomeneo), Madam Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Weiss—Mozart. Chorus—"The heavens are telling" (Creation)—Haydn. Aria—"Dalla sua pace" (Il Don Giovanni), Signor Giuglini—Mozart. Choral Fantasia—pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson—Beethoven.

PART SECOND.—Selection from "Lohengrin" (the words partly altered and adapted for the present occasion by Thomas Oliphant, Esq.), Bridal Procession, Wedding March, and Epithalamium—B. Wagner. Aria—"Robert, toi que j'aime" (Robert le Diable), Madame Clara Novello—Meyerbeer. Finale—"Lorelei," the solo part by Madame Clara Novello—Mendelssohn. Serenata—"The Dream" (composed expressly for the occasion of the marriage of Her Royal Highness Victoria, Princess Royal of England, and Frederick William, Prince of Prussia; the words by Mr. W. Bartholomew)—M. Costa; conducted by the composer.

The principal singers in the serenata were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The concert terminated with "God save the Queen."

The following new verses, written for the occasion by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate, were sung by all the principal performers and chorus:—

God bless our Prince and Bride!

God bless their lands allied,

God save the Queen!

Clothed them with righteousness,

Crown them with happiness,

Them with all blessings bless,

God save the Queen!

Fair fall this hallow'd hour,

Farewell our England's flower,

God save the Queen!

Farewell, fair rose of May!

Let both the peoples say,

God bless thy marriage day,

God save the Queen!

These verses are very nearly as sublime as those of the stereotyped National Anthem, at which the poet laureate must evidently have gazed with "anxious polyoscopy."

Miss Louisa Pyne being still indisposed, was unable to attend the concert, although she had been honoured by the royal command. The absence of our accomplished songstress was felt as a grievous disappointment.

PARIS.—There is something rotten in the state of the administration of the Théâtre-Italien. With such artists as Mario and Alboni, if properly managed, no establishment should fall off in its attraction. M. Calzadò seems to have wearied his public with his ventures on new prima donnas, not one of whom has been a success; and yet he persists in adhering to his faith in *débütantes*. Flotow's *Martha* is in rehearsal, for Mademoiselle Saint-Urbain, and will be shortly brought out. Madame Nantier-Didié has a part in it. Gristi is expected next month, and a new impetus will be given to the performances. The theatre will remain open during the whole of the month of April. *La Gazza Ladra*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Giuramento* are in rehearsal.—Mr. Ambrose Thomas' lively opera, *Le Cuid*, has been revived at the Opéra-Comique with success. The principal parts are sustained by Mdlle. Héritier, Mad. Decroix, Mm. Faure, Sainte-Foy, Poncehard, and Nathan. *Fra Diavolo* is performing three times a week without any decrease of attraction. One of the great features of the performance, on the occasion of Madame Ugalde's benefit, will be the appearance of that accomplished *danseuse* and great favorite of the public, Mdlle. Fanny Cerito.—The mother of M. Gonnod, composer of the new opera, *Le Médicin malgré lui*, lately brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique, died the day following its production.—Herr Richard Wagner has arrived in Paris, having been engaged, it is said, to bring out *Tanhäuser* at the Grand-Opéra. Should this work succeed, it will create a revolution in the musical taste of the French people.—M. Belart, the favourite *tenorino*, at the Théâtre-Italien, is on the point of espousing Madlle. Sulzer, a dramatic artist.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

PAZZES of matter has forced us to overlook the pleasant Saturday Concerts at Sydenham. They have been progressing, nevertheless, steadily and surely, under the direction of Herr Manns. At the sixth concert, which took place on Saturday, the 12th ult., the following was the programme:—

Overture—"Urid Acosta," Schindelmeyer. Song—"Wake, dearest, wake" (Mr. Charles Brahm), Howard Glover. Rondo for pianoforte in E flat (Miss Emma Busby), Mendelssohn. Cavatina—"Ah! quel giorno"—Semiramide (Madame Poma), Rossini. Symphony in D, Haydn. Song—"I'm but a simple peasant maid" (Madame Poma), Balle. Fantasia for violin—"Il Pirata" (Herr Pollitzer), Ernst. Song—"The Bay of Biscay" (Mr. Charles Brahm), Brahm. Overture—"Le Pré aux Clercs," Hérold.

The pianoforte playing of Miss Emma Busby, a young and very promising performer, met with unanimous approval. The sparkling and vigorous rondo of Mendelssohn, moreover, was a welcome novelty. Herr Pollitzer was much applauded in his violin solo, and Mr. Charles Brahm (who sang Mr. Howard Glover's graceful serenade with much expression), was encored in the "Bay of Biscay." Subjoined is the programme of the seventh concert (on the 19th ult.):

Overture—"Isles of Fingal," Mendelssohn. Cavatina—"Una voce poco fa" (Signora Finoli), Rossini. "Meditation" for piano and violin, on the first Prelude of Bach (Mr. Gunther and Mr. Manns), Gounod. Song—"The Russian lover" (Mr. Charles Brahm), Moore. Pianoforte Concerto in C, Op. 11 (Mr. J. F. Goodban, R.A.M.), Weber. Duet—"Si la stanchezza"—"Trovatore," (Signora Finoli and Mr. Brahm), Verdi. Sinfonia Eroica (No. 3.), Beethoven. Rondo—"Al piazzer" (Signora Finoli), Ricci. Ballad—"Sally in our alley" (Mr. Charles Brahm), Caray. Overture—"Olympia," Spontini.

The novelty was Weber's pianoforte concerto in E flat, an early and unequal composition, containing difficulties, nevertheless, which would tax even a less experienced performer than Mr. Goodban. The overture to the *Isles of Fingal* and the *Eroica* are always welcome, while Spontini's *Olympia* (with far less exalted merit) deserves to be heard oftener, being a fine piece of its class. Signora Finoli confirmed the good impression produced at a former concert, and is already a favourite at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Charles Brahm was again in high favour. The programme of the eighth concert (on the 26th ult.) was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in G, Haydn. Song—"The brave old Téméraire" (Mr. Winn), Hobbs. Solo—Violoncello (Mr. Daubert), Servais. Song—"Auld Robin Gray" (Madame Poma). Invitation à la Valse, Weber. Overture—"Der Freischütz," Weber.

PART II.—Overture—"Robespierre," Litolff. Song—"The Prisoners" (Madame Poma), Vianesi. Solo for Flute (Mr. Swendon), Artz. Scherzo from the *Otello*, Mendelssohn. Song—"The Village Blacksmith" (Mr. Winn), Weiss. English Melodics, A. Manus.

The first symphony (in C minor) of Mendelssohn, one of the most interesting productions of his early youth, should have been given entire, instead of the *scherzo* from the string *ottetto* which Mendelssohn shortened, instrumented for the orchestra, and substituted for the original minuet and trio, when the symphony was first performed at the Philharmonic concerts. Moreover, it was wrong to describe it in the programme as "Scherzo from the *Otello*," since its form was entirely modified, when it quitted the chamber for the orchestra. The overture to *Robespierre* is more remarkable for noise than for any purely musical interest. This concert was, on the whole, inferior to its predecessors.

The next fortnight was devoted to the "Christmas Revels." At the concert on Saturday, January 16th, the programme was as subjoined:—

Overture—"Son and Stranger," Mendelssohn. Andante and Rondo—"Noe pia mesta" (La Signora Finoli), Rossini. Concerto for violin—(Herr Louis Ries) Mendelssohn. Scene—"The Slave's Dream" (Mr. Winn) Hatton. Symphony, No. 4.—(B flat) Beethoven. Valse—(La Signora Finoli) Keitens. Introduction and Variations for violin—(Herr Louis Ries) F. David. Serenade—"My bark is bounding near" (Mr. Winn), Balle. Overture—"Clemenza di Tito," Mozart.

The most interesting features in this performance were the "Entrainant," fresh and exhilarating symphony of Beethoven, and the overture to Mendelssohn's comic opera, an unpretending but delicious work, redolent of the composer. Both were well played. Herr Ries is a clever violinist, but he was more at home in the variations of David than in the concerto of Mendelssohn. Signora Finoli again pleased very much; Mr. Winn, one of our most rising basses, sang extremely well; and the capital overture to Mozart's last opera wound up the concert with great spirit.

On the Saturday following there was a fine selection, as the annexed particulars will show:—

Overture (Euryante)—Weber; Duet, "Parigi, o cara"—Verdi; Bonds brilliant—Hummel; Ballad (Rose of Castile)—Bello; Symphony in E flat—Mozart; Aria, "Ah, forse lui"—Verdi; Grand Fantasia for pianoforte (on airs from Massiniello)—Thalberg; Air, "Sound an alarm"—Handel; Overture, "Crown Diamonds"—Auber.

Of this excellent concert, which we were prevented from attending, a contemporary wrote as follows:—

"The Saturday concert, under the direction of Herr Manne, are evidently progressing in the estimation of visitors to the Crystal Palace. The music-rooms is almost invariably full, and the performances are listened to with marked attention. This is the more satisfactory since the programmes are constructed of such materials as to conciliate genuine amateurs of music, and to reflect credit on the Crystal Palace as an emporium where the arts are presumed to be worthily represented.

"The concert on Saturday afternoon was excellent in every respect; and at the same spirited and careful manner, Herr Mozart's fine orchestral symphony in E flat was executed, affording gristful praise. The overture was Euryante (Weber), and La Gazza Ladra (Rossini), both models of their class, the last terminating the concert as effectively as the first had commenced it.

"Miss Arden's very successful forture with the patrons of these concerts—as she must be, indeed, wherever consummate talent and varied requirement, unaccompanied by pretence or affectation, are held in esteem—gave two performances on the pianoforte in a brilliant and highly-finished manner. The first was Hummel's Rondo on a Russian theme, with orchestral accompaniments, which—although one of its composer's most elegant and masterly works—has been long and unaccountably neglected; the second was M. Thalberg's *fantasia* upon subjects from the opera of *Massiniello*, whose difficulties are heaped on difficulties without mercy to the player. Both were executed to perfection, and the audience were enchanted both with Hummel and Thalberg,—connoisseurs, however, entertaining a sly preference for the Rondo, which, it is hoped, may be allowed to officiate now and then during the approaching season, instead of certain admired pieces that of recent years (to their own partial detriment) have excluded almost everything else, ancient or modern, from the concert repository. True, something like the talent of Miss Goddard is required for its correct and effective performance, and such gifts as hers are not to be met with indiscriminately. Such golden fruit grows not in every orchard.

"There were also several attractive vocal pieces entrusted to Signora Fumagalli (a sister of the late pianist and composer, Mr. Charles Braham), with which the audience seemed especially gratified. The most effective performance of the lady was the 'cavalier' ballad from the *Traviata*, sung with so much expression, facility, and taste as to elicit an encore. Signora Fumagalli, however, was discreetly content to reappear and acknowledge the compliment. Mr. Braham's best effort was the splendid martial air from *Judas Macabeus*—"Sound an alarm"—which he declaimed with remarkable vigour and animation. He too was loudly applauded. A duet from the *Traviata*, "Parigi o cara" (becoming tribally hackneyed) and a duet ballad from the *Rose of Castile*, sung with real feeling by Mr. Braham, completed the vocal selection. The concert afforded unanimous satisfaction to the audience, the majority of whom remained to the end."—*Times*, Jan. 25.

The praise accorded to Herr Manne is deserved, and we trust it may persuade the directors of the Crystal Palace to enable him to remodel his orchestra on a less economical (say "penny-wise and pound-foolish"—for that is nearer the truth) system. At the Crystal Palace all the arts should be worthily represented.

DR. MARK and his young pupils have lately been playing at Preston, where he gave half the proceeds of his concert towards the relief of the poor of the town.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second performance of the *Creation*, on Friday night, the 22nd inst., was marked by another disappointment, in the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose continued indisposition prevented him from attending. The visitors, however, could not reasonably complain on this occasion, since timely notice was given of Mr. Reeves' illness. Moreover, the first appearance this year of Madame Clara Novello, in a great measure made amends for the absence of the great English tenor. In no sacred work, perhaps, in Madame Novello's heard to greater advantage than in Haydn's *Creation*. The music is wonderfully suited to her voice and style, and more perfect singing has rarely been heard than the airs "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," by the accomplished soprano. Madame Clara Novello's voice is as fresh and clear as ever. It is not surprising, therefore, that the audience should be enraptured with the singer.

Mr. George Perren, a careful and correct singer, supplied the place of Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley was again the bass. The band and chorus went magnificently under Mr. Costa's direction.

MUSIC AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Monday, the nuptial day of the Princess Royal, was not likely to be passed over by the directors of the Palace at Sydenham without a special demonstration, and accordingly a vocal People's Concert was given, which embraced a number of popular pieces, and included the services of Miss Fumagalli, Mr. Charles Braham, and Mr. Weiss, as solo singers, with the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. The band, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Manns, performed the overtures to *Oberon*, the *Barbiers*, and the *Crown Diamonds*, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Meyerbeer's *March aux Flambeaux*, besides a selection from the *Rose of Castile*. The chorus, with Mr. Smythson at their head, sang the madrigals "Who shall win," and "Who shall o'er the doves so free"—both by Pearcall; Morley's "Now is the month of Maying;" Benedict's serenade, "Blessed be the home;" the Bridesmaids' Chorus from *Der Freischütz*; the "Hallelujah" Chorus from the *Messiah*; and a new Hymn, written expressly for the wedding ceremony by T. Oliphant, Esq. All were highly effective, more especially the madrigals, which were received with great applause. The solo pieces were all more or less honoured by the approbation of the audience. Mr. Charles Braham, who was in his best voice, obtained an enthusiastic encore in the "Bay of Biscay," and the same compliment, with Mr. Weiss, in the duet, "All's Well," and "Charles Braham was also highly successful in the ballad, "Sally in our alley." Signora Fumagalli created a marked sensation in the air from *La Traviata*, "Ah! forse tu mi." This lady, although she has appeared but a few times at the Crystal Palace, has already become a great favourite.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, after a long and successful provincial tour, have returned to London, and appeared in their popular entertainments, on Monday evening, at their old locality, the Gallery of Illustrations, Regent-street, and were welcomed back by a large concourse of friends. The Gallery has been improved both in point of convenience and appearance. Special attention has been paid to the ventilation. Both Mr. and Mrs. German Reed were loudly applauded in all the old parts and old points.

LEADS.—(From a Correspondent).—The People's Concert, on Saturday last, was very successful in many respects. Miss Theresa Jefferys sang, with great taste and expression, "The meeting of the waters," and a song by Mozart, being warmly and deservedly encored in the latter. The other performers were Mrs. Gill (*contralto*), Herr Henry Johns, Mr. Delavanti, and Mr. Richardson, clarionetist. The loyalty of the town was displayed with great spirit, last Monday, in honour of the Princess Royal's marriage. After the procession a dinner was held at Herschman's hotel, at which the mayor (P. Fairbairn, Esq.) presided, and about three hundred gentlemen sat down. The vocalists engaged were, Miss Thirwell, Miss Freeman, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Ferdinand Glover; Mr. Broughton presided at the piano. In the evening a festival concert was given in the Music-hall, before a very crowded assembly. The artists were, Miss Frye, Miss M. Walker, Mr. S. A. Harrison Braham, and the band of choral soloists, belonging to the Frye and Harrison opera company (assisted by local talents).

Mr. Alfred Mellon and Mr. Spark conducted. The programme was appropriate, and included selections from *Acte and Galateo*, *Sos and Stranger*, the *Wedding March*, *Bombay's Promises*, &c.

MANCHESTER.—At the Monday Evening Concerts, Miss Theresa Jefferys has lately been the vocalist. Her singing was greatly admired in an *aria* by Mozart. Mr. Brooke, Messrs. Edmondson, Inkerhall, Slater, and Smith, were the other vocalists. Mr. Walter Montgomery also gave one of his "recitals," and Mr. De Jonga played some solos on the flute.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The next meeting of the three choirs should be held at Hereford, but an untoward delay has arisen in the necessary arrangements, which is becoming serious. The *Hereford Journal* of last Wednesday, referring to the delay in the choice of stewards, and obtaining the requisite pecuniary guarantee, observes:—"Although we cannot but hope that the difficulty will be a merely temporary one, we are induced to allude to it from the circumstance that it is an important feature in the musical arrangements to secure early the requisite professional assistance; and that the mention of the fact may, perhaps, be the means of inducing a prompt effort on the part of those influential persons who would come forward rather than allow matters to go to extremities. As to the contingency of a lapse in the sequence of the performances, it is one, we hope, not to be contemplated. It would, we are sure, be a source of deep regret to the inhabitants of the city and county, that any impediment should cause the first break in the time-honoured festival of 'The Three Choirs' to happen in the case of Hereford. In the last resort, we should expect a rally of the whole *posse comitatus*, and the proffer of a large subscription in small amounts, to save, alike in the matter of benevolence, and of musical taste, the reputation of the county."—*Worcester Journal*.

NEW ORGAN FOR THE NEW MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT HARROW SCHOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE new chapel at Harrow School, replacing the former sacred edifice (a small, plain brick building, erected only eighteen years ago), was consecrated by Lord Bishop Tait, of London, on All Saints' Day last. The new structure is built of stone, in a Gothic architecture, in the style of the middle-pointed period—and is one of the most beautiful works of its architect, Mr. Gilbert Scott; and additionally interesting from the circumstance of its being designed to form an enduring sacred monument commemorative of the officers educated at Harrow School (twenty-two in number), who fell in the late Russian war. The funds for meeting the expense of the work, amounting in the aggregate, to about £10,000, have been raised by subscription, of old and present "Harrovians," and their friends; inclusive, however, of the sum of about £3,000, the separate cost of the construction of the chancel, supplied solely by Dr. Vaughan, the present head-master. The plan of the interior of the chapel is rare and simple, separated by arcades carried on slender columns, with richly finished capitals, and a special chancel of great elevation—the roofs showing the open timbers, and the floor being benched in light oak. The windows, when completed, will form an elegant feature of adornment; they are all intended to be of stained and painted glass, the work of which is proceeding gradually. The fire in the space—double lancets, with foliated circle heading—have already been filled in, in one of them a gift by an old "Harrovian," now at Oxford, the others contributed by little coteries of the boys, the residents of different masters' houses. Of the side windows of the body of the chapel—triple lancets, with traceried heads—those on the south side are to be exclusively obituary to some of the individual officers in whose collective honour the structure has been raised. The whole of this side of the chapel (the south aisle) is intended to bear a memorial character, having reference to the Crimean war.

The chapel now receives a new organ, purchased by a separate subscription of the boys at present in the school, and used in Divine service for the first time, on Sunday, the 17th inst.

The instrument has been constructed by Messrs. Bishop, Starr, and Richardson, successors to the business of the late Mr. James Bishop, the former being the son, and the others workmen long in the employ of that artificer; it is of two uniform rows of keys and pedals, the scale and disposition of the latter being that of the old-established German usage, professionally distinguished in England by the term "C." The great organ contains nine registers. The swell, six. The pedals, a single rank of 16 feet open wood pipes. The swell stopping at tenor C, the keys of the octave below that note speak on the diapasons of the great organ.

Of the "C organ" above referred to, it may be observed, that in Germany the fatherland of organ-making—this particular constructional arrangement of the instrument has been exclusively in use for several centuries past; that, introduced into England about twenty years ago, it has gradually worked its way into general approval of both builders and performers, and seems likely, from its superior capabilities, eventually to entirely supersede the old "shortcoming" English plan; which latter owes its origin and long continuance in use to the supposed necessity of preserving uniformity of manipulation in the organ and harpsichord, (now the pianoforte), in order that the mere performer upon the latter could be an organist.

The peculiarity of the "German plan" of organ, as distinguished from that of the English, consists chiefly in the addition of a pedal keyboard, with a somewhat shortened compass of the finger keys, 22 at the bass-end. Upon this pedal—which embraces a scale of 2½ octaves of notes—the organist plays the bass part of the music with his feet, whilst his left hand—released from having to play bass notes—is set at liberty for employment in the production of additional harmonies, or distinctive parts, on the tenor section of the finger keyboard, thus dispersing the harmonies equally through the entire range of the scale, instead of their being confined, as is necessarily the case in the old English mode, to close chords in the treble at the top of the scale, and the bass at the extreme bottom. This method of performing upon the organ has, however, been attended with much inconvenience to very many old organists, who, unable to accommodate their manipulations to the greater complexity of the altered system, have suffered the mortification of seeing themselves eclipsed in executive skill by young ones.

The Harrow Organ, whilst standing in the erecting-room of the builder's factory, had its musical properties tested in a series of performances by various artists, in the presence of a numerous auditory of professors and amateurs.

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2.	"	4	11.	F	"
3.	"	3	12.	"	3
4.	"	3	13.	"	3
5.	G minor	3	14.	"	3
6.	G	3	15.	B flat	3
7.	D	3	16.	"	3
8.	"	4	17.	"	4
9.	"	4	18.	Fantasia & Sonata, C minor	6

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1.	C	10	5.	A flat	3
2.	D	6	6.	F minor and G	7
3.	"	12	7.	Thema with var. in G	7
4.	B flat	3			

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No.	Key	Movements	No.	Key	Movements
1.	C	3	11.	A	4
2.	"	4	12.	F	6
3.	G	4	13.	"	6
4.	"	4	14.	B flat	6
5.	E minor	4	15.	"	7
6.	"	4	16.	"	6
7.	D	4	17.	B flat	6
8.	"	3	18.	"	7
9.	A	3	19.	"	7
10.	"	4	20.	"	6

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VOL. 36.—No. 6. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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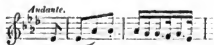
<p>"Come innocente giovane," and "Non via sguardo" ("Anna Boleyn") 3 6 "My boyhood's love," and "Waltz from 'Leoline'" "L'égis of Barchin," and "Oh, whistle" "A lovely youth" ("Maidie") 3 6 "Beauty's praise" - W. Gess "My skiff on the shore" "Thou art gone from my past"</p>	<p>No. 27. Lucia di Lammermoor. Pur correte le signora; Cruda unesta; a d. Bagnava nel; Sulla tomba 4 0 28. ditto Rottiva nel piano; Chi mi frusta; Alfin di me 4 0 "Fra poco a me, from 'Lucia di Lammermoor'" "Ah! non credes, and Ah non giunges, from 'Somnambula'" Glee from "The Italian," "The Pirate" 3 6 Ermani, Ermani, invola, ditto 3 6 Fantasia from "The Italian," by HUBERT BLACHE 3 6 "Quanto la mia in Normandia," by HUBERT BLACHE 3 6 HALL 3 6 "All is lost now," by HENRY FARMER 3 6 Variations on a favourite Air from "The Somnambula," - HENRY FARMER 3 6 Pot-pourri on Airs from Verdi's "I Lombardi" - J. SCATES 3 6 "Adelaide," by L. van Beethoven - SCATES 3 6 Polka, by Charles D'Albert - J. SCATES 1 6</p>
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REVIEWS.

"THE CLASSICAL PIANIST" (used at the Royal Academy of Music)—a selection of movements from the works of the great masters—edited by Brinley Richards (Honorary Member, Associate, and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music.)

(Continued from page 36.)

Among the remaining seven pieces included in Vol. II. of Mr. Richards' "selection of movements," we find the *whole* of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26, commencing with variations on one of the loveliest themes that ever Beethoven imagined:—



Any of our readers can supply the rest. Familiar as is this sonata (so familiar that Mr. Richards might with more general advantage have substituted something else), it never seems to lose a particle of its freshness.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

expresses a great truth in one of the happiest lines ever constructed by a poet; and probably in no work of Beethoven is the element of abstract beauty more unceasingly conspicuous than in the sonata, Op. 26. The melodies, like thick clusters of grapes, hang luxuriantly from the artistic frame-work, leaving the ear no repose from delight. And then what variety! Although the four movements are so admirably fitted to each other as not to be separated without detriment, they are at the same time so well constructed that every one produces a distinct impression on the mind—an impression only subordinate to the feeling of entire satisfaction with which the complete work is regarded. We have always thought, however, that the last, most finished, most original and Beethovenian movement of the four was less commonly appreciated than its companions. How often, in alluding to this sonata, do we hear praised, in enthusiastic terms, the melodious *andante*, with its variations—the spirited *scherzo* (minuet in reality), with its graceful trio—and the solemn *adagio*, in A flat minor, the *Marcia Funebre sulla morte d'un Eroa*, which M. Oulibicheff, in his dandy-cynical and half-Frenchified manner, affects to hold in greater esteem than the magnificent slow movement of the *Eroica* symphony!¹ But how seldom, except from the lips of "absolute musicians," as the eccentric M. Wagner designates them, is one word of praise awarded to the delicious *allegretto* which terminates the sonata, and which, notwithstanding the verdict of M. Oulibicheff,† who judges works of art and genius in as despic a tone as though he were a literary Czar, is one continuous stream of limpid gushing melody from end to end—melody as soft as the down on the cheeks of a peach, as bright and alluring, yet as modest, as the tints on those of a virgin. Two bars will recall, to intelligent and music-loving readers, the whole of this exquisite piece:—



The fantasia and sonata in C minor, of Mozart (entire, as usual), are also included in the volume. Why these two works should be invariably published together, as Op. 11, it is difficult to determine, since the sonata, which is always printed last, was composed in 1785, and the fantasia, which is always given first, in 1784.‡ Moreover, they have no connection whatever, each

¹ Beethoven, see Critiques, et ses Glorifications. Page 126.

† "Le finale est un morceau brillant pour le pianiste, quoiqu'il n'y ait presque pas de *m-lodie*." Page 127, ditto.

‡ In these two years, besides quartets, quartets, sonatas, and a great many other important compositions, Mozart wrote nine of his piano-forte concertos, including the great D minor.

being complete in itself. The fantasia will be at once recognised by the opening bar:—



The sonata—the very finest example of its class that came from the pen of Mozart, and the one which exercised the strongest influence upon the plastic mind of Beethoven, before that period when, having shown himself independent of his predecessors, even of him who was the greatest of them all, Beethoven exposed himself to the criticism of Nijni Novgorod!—begins, as our well-informed readers will remember, thus:—



The pianist who is thoroughly conversant with the works of Mozart, can hardly fail to have remarked the striking resemblance between the opening of this vigorous and splendid *allegro* and that of another composition of the illustrious musician—the quintet (*notturno*) in the same key:—



It is unnecessary to say more, however, about a work with which our musicians are, no doubt, for the most part (at least they ought to be), well acquainted. The C minor sonata is immediately followed by another composition of Beethoven's, to which the same amount of notoriety has not yet been accorded—owing, we suppose, principally, to its being written in the unfamiliar key of F sharp. At any rate the sonata, Op. 78, does not belong to the so-called "third period;" nor is it one of those compositions which most severely tax the mechanical skill of the performer. The pianoforte sonata in F sharp major is strikingly original, from the first bar to the last, and as unlike any other sonata of Beethoven as it is unlike any other production of any other composer. The melodious and expressive theme with which, after a few bars of *adagio cantabile*, the *allegro* commences:—



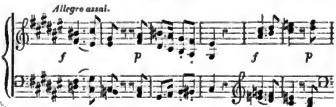
at once shows the pianist, initiated in the phases of Beethoven's many-sided genius, that an inspiration of one of the most tranquil and happy moods of the master is before him; and how this is verified by the whole movement we need hardly remind those who are happy enough to be acquainted with it. At the end of the first period, the key of the second theme is approached by one of those bold transitions for which Beethoven is eminently celebrated:—



¹ The Russian town from which M. Oulibicheff, like Napoleon at Moscow, issues his decrees concerning art.



The sonata is very short, and only consists of two movements—which justifies the repetition of the second, no less than of the first, part of the *allegro*. In the last movement, *allegro assai*, also in F sharp major, Beethoven appears in as playful a humour as in the first he was calm and gracious. The very opening announces what the author of *Music and Manners in Germany* would designate the "freakishness" of his purpose:—



This pretty theme is treated with exquisite caprice and indefinable grace—always coming in unexpectedly, and always interrupted by some modification of the following wilful counter-theme:—



A strange kind of subject, half in the major and half in the minor, which first appears in the key of the third below, and then in the tonic—



and an equally singular passage, now climbing up—



now tumbling down—



as if in search of the theme, one of which it is sure to catch, complete the materials of which this deliciously fantastic movement is composed. The peculiar structure of the principal subject, in twelve-bar rhythm, with its sudden termination at the end of the third section, tantalises the ear until the ear has become accustomed to it, and is admirably in keeping with the rest. No doubt the feeling of its originality pleased Beethoven, and encouraged him in carrying out the whole piece in the playful style that characterises its beginning. The sonata in F sharp major should be oftener resorted to by pianists, since, if executed with neatness and point, accompanied by a certain *indispensable humour*, it is sure to please the public.

(To be continued.)

DUBLIN.—Notwithstanding the inclement character of the weather, Herr Oberthur's Harp Recital was numerously attended. Two o'clock was the hour named for its commencement, but before that time the spacious new *salon* of the Ancient Concerts was thronged. The performances opened with a *fantasia* on Swedish airs, for violin, violoncello, and harp, executed by Mr. R. M. Levey, Herr Ellsner, and Herr Oberthur. The harp solos of Herr Oberthur displayed great ability and command over the instrument. A duet for harp and pianoforte, by Miss Flynn and Herr Oberthur, was much admired. The vocal music consisted of two quartets, sung by Messrs. Richard Smith, O'Rurke, Yonkley, and Dunne. The instrumental attraction was a trio for violin, violoncello, and harp, performed by Mr. Levey, Herr Oberthur, and Herr Ellsner, and warmly applauded. A pianoforte solo by Miss Flynn was cleverly played. The entertainment closed with a duo for pianoforte and harp by Herr Oberthur and Miss Flynn. The audience seemed thoroughly gratified with the concert.

HOLMFIETH.—The fifth quarterly concert of the Choral Society was held last Wednesday evening, in the Town Hall, when, the *Messiah* was performed, the band and chorus numbering some seventy performers.

QUEBEC.—On Sunday two sermons were preached in this church, and collections made (amounting to £41), in aid of defraying the expenses incurred in the erection of a new organ, by Mr. Wood, of Mid-dleton. This is the second new organ which Mr. Wood has erected in Oldham within the last two years.

TRAGIC ACCIDENT.—A letter from Nantes states, that M. Duprat, in playing there the character of the Moor, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*, was so carried away by the part, that he forgot that the dagger which he threatened Desdemona was a real weapon, and the blow which he gave Madame Struiski passed through her dress, her stays, and entered her side. The wound bled profusely, but it is not expected that it will be attended with serious consequences.—*Morning Herald*.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LABLACHE.

LAMENTATION for the loss of a great artist is too frequently accompanied with regret that his place may never be supplied. Within our own recollection how many actors and singers have quitted the scene without the remotest chance of leaving a successor behind them! Time was, when on the lyric and dramatic stage the disappearance of one star was followed invariably by the advent of another. The chronicles of the Italian Opera and our own theatres will show this. The line of eminent tragedians was kept up in one unbroken series from Betterton to Macready. The list of renowned singers at the Italian Opera, from Pacchierotti and Banti, down to Mario and Gridi, indicates no interruption. But here it would seem to come to a full stop. What tenor or soprano at present on the lyric stage is likely to fill the seat occupied by Mario or Gridi? Have we any barytone left worthy to supply Tamburini's place? Is not Albert the last of the great race of contraltos who figured so conspicuously in Rossini's operas? Above all, does it lie within the bounds of probability that a bass singer like Lablache will in our time adorn the boards of the Italian stage? Everybody will answer these interrogatories without hesitation in the negative, and will deplore with us the lamentable and unaccountable deterioration of the modern stage.

Louis Lablache was born at Naples on the 6th of December, 1794. He was, as his name indicates, of French extraction. His father, Nicolas Lablache, had been a merchant at Marsailles, but removed to Naples in 1791. He was one of the victims of the persecutions exercised against the French by the Italians in 1799. Afterwards, when the Neapolitan kingdom was subjected to French domination, Napoleon, whose policy inclined him to conciliate all parties, to make atonement for the ill-treatment offered to his family, had the young Lablache placed as a pupil in the Conservatoire of *La Pietà de Turchini*, at Naples. He was twelve years old when he was admitted. He commenced studying at the same time singing and playing on several instruments, but appeared to have little taste or inclination for music. He was negligent in his practice, and was not cited among his companions for the regularity of his conduct. An unforeseen occurrence took place a few years after he entered the Academy, which revealed the natural bent of his mind, concealed up to that time. One of his comrades, on a certain occasion, was engaged to play the contra-basso at a concert. He fell ill three days before the performance, and a substitute had to be sought. Lablache had never played the contra-basso; he nevertheless offered to supply the place of his sick companion, and three days' practice sufficed to enable him to undertake his part. His success did not increase his inclination to become an instrumental performer. He felt that his vocation was the stage. Five times he fled from the Conservatoire to seek an engagement at the minor theatres of the capital. It was during these escapades of the young Lablache, if not in consequence of them, that a royal ordinance was issued, interdicting managers of theatres from engaging a pupil of the Conservatoire without special authority, under penalty of a fine of two thousand ducats, and the closing of the theatre for fifteen days.

Having at length terminated his studies at the Conservatoire, and being free to follow the bent of his own mind without fear of superiors or royal denunciations, Lablache accepted an engagement, in 1812, at the San Carlo, one of the minor theatres of Naples, as *buffo Napolitano*—a specimen of which character was presented for the first time, a few weeks since, at the St. James's Theatre, in the person of Signor Carrione. Lablache was only in his eighteenth year, when he entered upon his first engagement, at a theatre. Soon afterwards, however, he married a daughter of Sig. Pinotti, an Italian actor of great reputation in his own country. The following year he went to Messina, and appeared again as *buffo Napolitano*. But this line of characters he was not long destined to fill. While at Messina he received an offer to sing at Palermo as *primo basso cantante*, with which he at once complied, and made his *début* in an opera by Pavesi, *Ser Marc Antonio*. His success was so decided as to induce him to remain

at Palermo for five years. Although removed far from the centre of Italy, Lablache was not unknown. Insensibly his reputation extended, and the administration of the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, engaged him in 1817. He made his appearance as Dandini in Rossini's *Cenerentola*, written a short time previously for De Begnis, and was received with the utmost transports. Soon afterwards Mercadante wrote *Elisa e Claudio* for him. The renown of the young artist now in reality spread throughout all Italy. From Milan he proceeded to Turin, where he performed Alberto in Paer's *Agnese* with great success. He also appeared in his favorite parts in other cities of less note, and in 1822 returned to Milan. Thence he proceeded to Venice, where he remained some time, and in 1824 accepted an engagement at Vienna. Here he eclipsed all his compatriots, and the public journals were never tired eulogizing the grandeur and quality of his voice, his profound intelligence, and the truthfulness of his acting. The Viennese carried their admiration so far as to have a medal struck in his honour, which bore the following inscription:—

Actione Roscio,
Jope Cantu Camparandus
Uraque Lauræ Consortia
Ambobus Major.

After the Congress of Laybach, Lablache obtained at Vienna an audience of Ferdinand the First, King of Naples, who received him with infinite kindness, appointed him singer to his chapel, and gave him an engagement for the great theatre San Carlo. After an absence of twelve years Lablache returned to Naples, a different person altogether in regard to accomplishments and acquisitions from the youth who hurried away from his native city to Messina to accept an engagement as *buffo Napolitano*. He was now the accomplished singer, the finished actor; and all first-rate parts, whether bass or barytone, were his by right. He made his first appearance at the San Carlo as Assur in Rossini's *Semiramide*, in which, although the music was composed for Filippo Galli, a singer remarkable for the flexibility of his voice, he produced a deep impression. He stayed two years at the great opera-house of Naples, and was not only increasing his fame, but making rapid strides in his art. He next appeared at Parma, in an early opera called *Zaira* by Bellini, whose star was just beginning to glimmer on the musical horizon.

In the year 1830 Lablache first appeared at Paris, and created a powerful impression. His talent at once conciliated all grades and all tastes of the musical cognoscenti—more especially as it had not passed the ordeal of a London examination. Certainly an artist like Lablache had not hitherto adorned the brilliant stage of the Italians. The critics were divided as to the superiority of his comic and tragic powers, but there was no second opinion about the beauty, grandeur and majesty of his voice, his admirable singing, his musical instinct, and his noble and striking appearance. The first comic parts in which he performed at Paris were Geronimo in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, the Podestà in Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, Dandini and the Baron in *Cenerentola*, and the old manager in *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*. His serious characters were Henry the Eighth in *Anna Bolena*, and Oroveso in *Norna*. His success could not fail to cross the Channel, and a London engagement being offered to him, we find him making his *entrée* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the 13th of May, in the same year (1830), as Geronimo in the *Matrimonio Segreto*—the first of the "glorious quartet" who appeared in this country, Rubini coming to London in 1831, Tamburini in 1832, and Gridi in 1833. He returned to London the two following seasons, adding each year new characters to his *répertoire*, but for some cause unknown, or unexplained, most probably prevented by his engagements in Italy, he did not appear at the King's Theatre in 1833. In the season of 1834, Lablache, Gridi, Rubini, and Tamburini, united their talents for the first time, if we mistake not, in *La Gazza Ladra*, which was the favourite opera of that and the two subsequent years. In 1835, he returned to Naples, and in the autumn, appeared for the first time as Dulcamara, in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, written especially for

him, with prodigious success. He returned to Paris in 1834, and thence to London in the same year, from which time up to the disastrous closing of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1853 he was one of the greatest ornaments and staunchest supporters of the operas in the Haymarket. For many years Lablache's time was fully occupied between the London and Parisian operas and his engagements at the Festival Concerts in the provinces. In the season 1850, he succeeded Tamburini in the direction of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and remained at the head of the administration for five years. It would have been well, however, for the art if neither Tamburini nor Lablache had ever been tempted to the city of snows. It is nearly certain that the former lost his voice there, and the death of the latter was in all probability accelerated by the rigour of the climate.

In 1854, Her Majesty's Theatre still continuing closed, Lablache made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, on the 9th of May, in his famous part of Doctor Bartolo in *Il Barbiere*, Mario being the Count, Bonconi the Barber, and Mad. Bosio making her first appearance as Rosina.

For two seasons, Lablache did eminent service to the cause of the Royal Italian Opera, during which time he played the rôles of nearly all his great parts, and appeared in one new character, the Tartar Corporal, Gritzeno, in Meyerbeer's *L'Étoile du Nord*, the music of which was altered, and the recitatives written for him. Perhaps the most interesting event in the history of his career at the Royal Italian Opera was resuming the character of Don Pasquale, in Donizetti's popular opera of that name, with Grist, Mario, and Tamburini, the original cast, as it was first represented in Paris, in 1843. This was performed on Thursday, June the 28th. Although announced in the prospectus, he was unable the following year, from ill-health, to join the Royal Italian Opera troupe, when the disastrous burning of Covent Garden Theatre drove them to the smaller house in the Strand. Lablache's final appearance on the Italian stage took place on Thursday, August 9th, in *L'Étoile du Nord*, the last night of the season of the Royal Italian Opera.

Lablache was one of the greatest ornaments of the Italian Opera in this or any other age. His voice was perhaps the grandest and most powerful ever heard. In depth and extent it certainly has been surpassed; but for volume and quality combined has never been approached. Such an organ, indeed, was as effective and capable as twenty singers in a chorus. Who does not remember how it pealed in the finales and concerted pieces like thunder in the tempest! No strength of band and choir was able to drown the echoes of those tremendous tones. The quality was no less admirable than the power was stupendous. Open, clear, and produced directly from the chest, without, we may say, one head note, Lablache's voice differed essentially from all the basses we ever heard. His was, in fact, a purely natural voice, and did not seem to include one made note. Hence it retained nearly all its force and fullness to the last; and at sixty years of age Lablache, in many respects, sang as powerfully as in his best days. Flexibility and facility in the voice have never yet been united with volume and weight, and Lablache constituted no exception to this rule. How he sang the music of *Assur* (*Semiramide*), Dandini (*Cenerentola*), or even Figaro (*Barbiere*), we cannot say, never having heard him in any one of the parts. We can only suppose his amazing rapidity and distinctness in enunciating the words made amends for his deficiency in execution. Rapid articulation was one of the special merits of his comic singing. The celerity, ease, and distinctness with which he uttered a quantity of syllables in a breath was truly amazing. For this reason, if for no other, his "Largo al factum," which we once heard him sing at a concert, was incomparable. On the other hand, to slow and grave passages, the grandeur, breadth, and majesty of his voice gave immense effect. As an instance, we may cite the exquisite phrase, "Nella bionda," in Leporello's song, "Malamina," in *Don Giovanni*; the grand air, "La Vedetta," from the *Nozze di Figaro*; the Grand Prayer in *Mosè in Egitto*; the song previous to shooting the arrow in *Guillaume Tell*; and sundry passages in *Puritani*, all familiar to the modern frequenter of the opera. In pure abstract singing, both from his voice and a judgment that never led him into extravagance, Lablache had

no equal as a bass singer. His style and method were founded on the best models, and his own admirable instincts supplied all else that was required. Lablache possessed one advantage which few singers can boast of. He was a good musician. It is strange how many of the most renowned Italian vocalists were, and are, utterly deficient in musical education. When we hear and see such artists as Catalani, Pasta, Gristi, Rubini, Donzelli, Tamburini, Mario, and others, almost incapable of distinguishing one chord from another, we are compelled to believe that musical instruction beyond the art of vocalisation is not necessary to become a great singer. Lablache, however, was an honourable exception. He was in reality a good musician, which was entirely owing to his having undergone his earliest course of education as an instrumental performer.

To be concluded in our next.

SINGING BECOMING AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

(Translated from the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*.)

WHERE is there a composer sufficiently skilful and sufficiently powerful to enter the lists against the mournful melodramas with which we are saturated daily, to put an end to screams and howlings on the stage, and bring back singing to its natural simplicity and purity?

The decline of taste has, doubtless, contributed to produce the excesses against which we raise our voice, but, combined with it, there are, we believe, several material causes. How about the diapason which serve to regulate voices and instruments in our theatres? Have we preserved the measure of that which, in Gluck's time, allowed counter-tenors to sing without effort the part of Orpheus, which tenors no longer dare approach? May it not be possible, as I have heard stated, that, in consequence of wind-instruments having for a long time past been employed more frequently in the open air, either at the head of regiments or at public fêtes, their diapason has been gradually raised at least three-fourths of a tone, to render the sound more brilliant and sonorous? Is it true, too, that the musicians who in the morning took a pleasure in the extraordinary resonance of their brass instruments, would not give it up, when they went in the evening to the orchestra of the theatre, and that their colleagues, the violins, altos and basses, were soon obliged to screw up their strings so as to keep in tune with them? In a word, is the elevation of the diapason in lyric theatres as certain as the augmentation of noise in the orchestras? If such is the case, what will become—indeed, what has become—of the poor human voice, to which the Creator has assigned insuperable limits, with regard both to extent and intensity? Alas! what we hear every day, tells us its fate; it is compelled to have recourse to screaming in order to be heard, which is not always the case, despite the efforts it makes to obey the tyranny of the instruments which oppress it.

In a word, the art of singing lies, now-a-days, enclosed in a vicious circle. With the new system of musical composition, the voice is smothered beneath the tempest of the orchestra; while, on the other hand, if an attempt were made to moderate the accompaniments and lower the diapason, the audience, suddenly deprived of that to which their ears are accustomed, would cry out with as much vivacity as if they were, all at once, deprived of the brilliant light of gas, in consequence of the gentler and more modest light of simple wax candles being substituted for it. The only probable chance of any return to simplicity and good taste, lies, I think, in the impatience and subsequently the lassitude which will be produced by the excesses resulting from a false system, which is tending to nothing less than the annihilation of the art of singing.

E. J. DELÉCLUSE.

BRADFORD.—At the annual meeting of the Bradford Infirmary subscribers, on Tuesday last, Samuel Smith, Esq. in alluding to the circumstance that that charitable institution had ever been a struggling one, intimated that the Triennial Festival, to be held in St. George's Hall in 1859, would be for the benefit of the Infirmary Fund, and added that he had no doubt it would be exceedingly successful.

THE FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

MR. EDITOR.—In your paper of January 17th, in an article respecting the State performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, it was stated, among other reports, that *The Love Chase* was wanted, but that the Court declined to accept Miss Sedgwick for the chief part, and required Miss Faucit; that *The Rivals* was thought of, but that unless Mr. Hudson could be prevailed upon to revisit the glimpses of the moon, the comedy was to be rejected. Now, sir, my object in writing to you, respecting the above report, is to see you right as regards Miss Sedgwick, a young lady who recently made the most successful debut in London known for many years. I suggested to Mr. Mitchell *The Love Chase*, which was not, as you state, wanted; also *As You Like It*, and other comedies. Miss Sedgwick was not objected to in any way; and, as Miss Faucit has never performed the character of Constance, and is not likely at any time to do so, her being required for that part is equally untrue, more especially as a comedy was requested to be performed by the Haymarket company, of which Miss Faucit is not a member. As to *The Rivals* and Mr. Hudson, you must know by this time that the comedy named is selected, and that Mr. Hudson is under an engagement at this theatre. Although at the head of the "Town Talk and Country Gossip," in which the above reports appeared, you profess not to indorse such gossip and opinions, yet I must beg of you to insert this contradiction of such reports, in justice to the feelings of a talented young lady whose professional and private reputation must suffer if such a statement is thought to be authentic. I am sure the writer would not have wantonly inflicted the pain he has done, nor could he have contemplated the mischief his "gossip" might cause to the professional prospects of Miss Sedgwick, when he penned it for publication. I should have called your attention to these reports earlier, but I wish to be certain of the facts before I founded, and trust that those papers that copied the "Gossip" will do but common justice to the lady in question by also giving this contradiction.

J. B. HUCKTAGE.

[We have great pleasure in inserting Mr. Buckstone's letter. The expression objected to was inadvertently used by the writer in recording the gossip of the day. It was not intended to reflect in any way on the young lady's character, but to point out the unfairness of the talents of another actress. We deeply regret that Miss Sedgwick, one of the most promising performers of the day, should have been pained by the remarks of our contributor.—Ed. W. D.]

ELECTION OF A SHOREDITCH ORGANIST.

(From the "Shoreditch Observer.")

THE time for sending in applications for this vacant place has expired, and doubtless there are a goodly number of aspirants for the position, and the parish will, in all probability, be thrown into the excitement of a popular election, in which far more interest will be taken by the inhabitants, and more strenuous exertions made by the friends of the candidates, to secure their return to a place of emolument of £10 or £50 per annum, than is the case in the election of persons to a place of trust who are intrusted with the raising and expenditure of £20,000 or £50,000 a-year. That such a thing should be speak little for the fitness of the people for the exercise of, or the benefits of, the right of self-government. To us the election of an organist is a matter of the utmost indifference, and for personal purposes we shall support no one; but we think it right to say a few words to those who will take some interest in the matter, and to expose a trick that will be, in all probability, be attempted by some party or other.

It will be recollected that at the preliminary meeting it was resolved that an umpire should be appointed; but no resolution was passed as to what should be his duty, or what should be the effect of his decision; the umpire is to be appointed by the committee then constituted. We will suppose that they appoint a man perfectly competent and independent, and that the six candidates they return for trial are all in point of respectability, and that the question of skill is the only one to be determined by the umpire. The trial takes place; the arrangements should be such that the umpire should be a stranger to the candidates, that he should be placed behind a screen where he could neither see nor be seen, so that no signalling or telegraphic communication can take place between him or any other person; that he should not know the name of the party performing; and that he should give his decision by signing a card containing, as far as possible, and as early as they are performed, on the order. Suppose, all this is done, and the six candidates are referred to the Vestry; one is selected by the umpire; the friends of that candidate will insist that the person so returned is virtually elected, and the umpire's decision should be con-

firmed by the Vestry, or what was the value of appointing an umpire? While the other parties will insist upon a vote of the Vestry being taken for each, and perhaps even a poll of the parish.

There is one party who, in all parochial elections and all other parish concerns, by some "fortuitous discovery of votes" are always lagged together, and we see signs of the same thing in this election; they will denounce with great violence any interference with the umpire's decision if it should be in favour of their candidate, be he or she who they may; but if it is against them, they will insist upon a popular election, and stigmatise the umpire's decision as a single opinion, and have a poll of the parish, on the ground that every ratepayer has a right to an opinion—and from their long experience in parish elections, from a system of plurality of votes which will be adopted, and their influence with the pluralists, and a knowledge of the whereabouts to find them, there is little doubt but that they will be successful, let the qualifications of the candidate be ever so low.

We make these observations to put both the ratepayers and candidates on their guard, with a hope that if the matter does go to a poll of the parish, the inhabitants will support merit by confirming the umpire's decision, if there is no reason to believe that it is partially given. Such is the course we shall adopt if there is an opportunity offered between the decision being known and the day of election; but we shall not endeavour to improve or damage the chances of any candidate by in the slightest way alluding to their names or their connections, until after the umpire's decision, when, should we find signs of unfair practices, we shall not hesitate to expose them.

P.S. Since writing the above, we had the honour of that a meeting of the committee took place on Thursday evening last. There were thirty-six candidates whose applications were read; the committee resolved to appoint an umpire, and to offer, as the remuneration for his services, ten guineas. The vicars and churchwardens are to wait on Dr. Stenedale Bennett, Professor of Music at Cambridge University, Mr. Goss, Mr. Cooper, and other eminent musicians; and the duty of the umpire is to select, not one of the six, but the best ear of each of the parish is to choose the man by a poll. This arrangement will secure the desired object of the parish party; and none who cannot bring great interest to their assistance will stand the shadow of a chance, let their qualifications be ever so high.

To the Editor of The Shoreditch Observer.

SIR.—It is only by the medium of local papers like yours that we ratepayers glean information of the fantastic tricks played with mock solemnity by those who take the lead in parochial affairs. In your last week's number, under the head of "Election of Organist," in a P.S. to the article, you make public a resolution on the part of the committee, so ridiculously absurd, so opposite to the usual method, and so contrary to experience and precedent, that I can receive the intelligence only as a fact, in the absence of a contradictory statement. What is it possible that a deputation, conducted, we may suppose, by Momms, is to wait upon Stenedale Bennett, or Turle, or Goss, or Cooper, or some other eminent musician, with ten pounds in one hand, and a huge bundle of applications in the other, for the purpose of having six candidates—not one, but six—selected out of six-and-thirty, for the parish to choose one of the six by a poll?

There will be, of course, patronage and party feeling, canvassing and cabal, interest and intimidation; and, after much trouble and expense on the part of the candidates, it by no means follows that the one best adapted for the situation will be chosen. Oh, no! merit and talent are not to be the desired objects, so much as recommendation and interest. Just as, private committees, printed circulars and cards, headed "Your vote is solicited on behalf of Miss Pipes, or Mr. Pedals, are respectfully interested," &c., &c., will be the order of the day; and the parish is to have the treat of an election for an organist. It is rather to be regretted that this affair did not come off at the period of the commencement of the Christmas pantomimes, because the daily press might have had a chance of noticing this inconsistent performance under the same head. In those annual extravaganzas, the flowers and pantomimes are made to do everything which common-sense people do not do, and which we do not expect to see imitated by an august and solemnly deliberative committee. The idea of asking Dr. Stenedale Bennett to examine the testimonials, and test the musical abilities of thirty-six candidates, for the purpose of returning six, is a novel idea, so preposterously ridiculous, that should that eminent musician, just for the humour of the thing, condescend to carry out the deputation, the flowers and pantomimes are made to do everything which common-sense people do not do, and which we do not expect to see imitated by an august and solemnly deliberative committee. The idea of asking Dr. Stenedale Bennett to examine the testimonials, and test the musical abilities of thirty-six candidates, for the purpose of returning six, is a novel idea, so preposterously ridiculous, that should that eminent musician, just for the humour of the thing, condescend to carry out the deputation, the flowers and pantomimes are made to do everything which common-sense people do not do, and which we do not expect to see imitated by some of the publications devoted to harmony, may at least make known the fact to the musical world. At the same time it is to be desired that no other parish requiring a capable and clever organist will copy the example.

A FRA LA POMA.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under

the management of Mr. Buckstone, on Monday, February 8th, and during the week, to commence at 7 o'clock, with Sheridan's comedy of **THE RIVALRY**, as performed on Friday night, January 29th, by command of Her Majesty, in honour of the spectacle of S. R. H. the Princess Royal with S. R. H. the Prince Frederick, William of Prussia. The characters will be represented, as on that occasion, by the Haymarket Company. Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Chippendale; Captain Absolute, Mr. W. Ferris; Faulklands, Mr. Howe; Acres, Mr. Buckstone; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. Hudson; Mr. Hudson; Mr. Clark; David, Mr. Kealey; Conshaman, Mr. Cox; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Poynter; Lydia Langham, Miss Haywards; Julia, Miss Chalmers; Lucy, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam; and the new grand comic Christmas Pastime, entitled **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE SINFUL FAIRY**. The scenery by Mr. William Calcott. Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Lecker; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Lecker; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Lecker.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for looking), 6s. each. First Pack—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Pit 5s.; Gallery, 1s. Second Pack—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes 3s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and Friday, HAMLET; Wednesday, THE COMICAL BROTHERS; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, A WID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. And the Autonomic every Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, February 8th, the new drama of **THE POOR STROLLERS**, in which Messrs. B. Webster, Wright, Paul, Bedford, and Madame Celeste will appear. After which **THE SPITALFIELD WEAVER**, as performed by command of Her Majesty. Characters by Messrs. Wright, C. Soley, Billington, G. J. Smith, Henry, and Miss Arden.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with **YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRAND-MOTHER**. After which **THE DOGE OF DURALTO**. To conclude with **BOOTS AT THE SWAN**. Commence at half-past 7.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRICKEL.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2, and every evening at 8. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Broad-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE

BHOREDITCH—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS has great pleasure in announcing he has made arrangements for a **MONTHLY MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT** never before attempted at the East End of London, on Ash Wednesday, consisting of Haydn's **ORATORIO OF THE CREATION**, and a Miscellaneous Concert, in which the first vocalists of the day will appear, aided by a band and chorus of squads of Two Hundred Performers, selected from the Italian Operas and Exeter Hall; Conductor, Mr. Isaacson. The particulars and programme of this extraordinary entertainment will be published in a few days.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BULLY.—Yes, certainly, Brighton.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1858.

It will be readily conceived that in music, as in every other art, there are two paths to success—the one, showy and superficial, open to ordinary labourers; the other, less immediately attractive, because more arduous to follow, and only accessible to those who unite perseverance and self-denial to uncommon natural capacity. In the former, reputation, so to say, may be achieved at a gallop, and endure just as long as the caprice of the hour, through ministering to which it has been obtained—and no longer; in the latter, nothing but a stout heart and steadfast faith can avail; but when the goal is once reached, the fame acquired is solid, and therefore lasting. For one who prefers the second and nobler path, one hundred are impelled to choose the meaner. The "hundred" and the "one" may, however, with equal show

of reason, plead, that "life is short, and art is long;" but each interprets the text after his own fashion. Each plays his part with more or less distinction, and each is enabled to reap a certain harvest of notoriety by the exercise of the gifts he has received and the uses to which he has been able to put them. But the space that divides the two is as wide as that which separates the poetical from the ordinary nature, the enthusiast from the realist, the artist who forgets himself in the pursuit of a worthy object from the one who, believing only in himself, can conceive no worthier pursuit than the gratification of his particular egotism.

It should be remembered that in music, as in the drama, there are those who invent and those who interpret; and that, however richly an executant may be endowed, he cannot be accorded the same credit as a composer. One thousand Liszt's would not make one Beethoven. A composer writes for posterity—a player enchants for the hour; posterity decides whether what the composer has bequeathed us is worth preserving, while the tribunal before which the player appears can only adjudge him an ephemeral celebrity—since, when his fingers are cold, he plays no more, and all that he leaves behind him is his name. This has led performers of exceptional talent to lose sight of the great objects of art, in a desire for personal aggrandisement, and to make music a means of surprising and "tickling" the ear—as if that were the *alpha* and *omega* of its mission. A showy though hollow exhibition has been promulgated, while real art is too frequently overlooked in the selfish passion for display.

What is called, by general consent, throughout Europe, the "*virtuoso*"—in plain language, the thoroughly skilled performer on any instrument—has done incalculable injury to music. The "*virtuoso*" has either impudently trafficked with the works of the great masters, or concocted music (so-called) for himself—by either process coaxing and flattering his own idiosyncratic mechanism, as if the gift of execution were anything else than a means to an end. Through such influences music has been neglected in favour of what can scarcely be called the semblance of music; and if there were not some healthy antagonistic influence, art might speedily come to a stand-still. It would be a lamentable catastrophe were music to become the exclusive property of a tribe of quasi-acrobats. Yet to such a point alone can tend the present rage for "virtuosity." One Liszt is amusing enough; and one Rubinstein may be tolerated; but a swarm of Liszt's and Rubinstein's, mushroom and full-grown, is no more to be desired than a renewal of the plague of locusts. Surely the pianoforte was intended for better uses than to be thrashed and belaboured, until the wooden frame-work cracks. Surely all good music was not written only to be consigned to oblivion? Let there be "virtuosity" if you please; but let there also be music. "Virtuosity" is not essentially musical; for the most part, indeed, it leans exactly in the opposite direction, and can scarcely lay claim to a higher place than is accorded to mere arts of agility.

It is the misfortune of the age that, no sooner does a young pianoforte player acquire a certain amount of manual proficiency than he begins to write music to suit his peculiar talents—and that without having learned even the elementary rules of composition. Thus he comes before the world, eager for fame, accomplishing a series of mechanical feats which have no closer connection with music than is involved in the fact of their being made evident through the medium of musical sounds. The works of the great masters, ancient and modern, having been laid aside (if, indeed, they have ever

been taken up) with contempt, the rhapsodies of Liszt and tail, the smooth and polished sophistries of Thalberg, having been studied for a while, but not long enough to be thoroughly mastered, are abandoned in their turn; and then, with the scales, chords, and arpeggios imposingly distributed (in such a manner as to lie easily under the hand) into the vague proportions of *fantasia* (distinguished by this or that fantastic title—from *Elephant*, or *Tremblement de Terre* to *Papillon* and *Aubade*), the newly-trained "lion" steps upon the platform, shakes his mane at the public, grins the whole key-board in a couple of *poignées* (fists-full), just as a pantomime-sprite will cross the stage in as many bounds, and satisfied with his proficiency, sets himself down at once as a *virtuoso* of the first water, *tout frais et fait à la main*.

Mind, reader, we are speaking of the foreign *virtuoso*. Happily no such thing exists in England. We pay for it and we are amused with it—just as we pay for and are amused with other exotic trumpery, which the British soil itself is far too healthy to generate. The "virtuosi," though artistically incontinent, are exclusively continental. But the time comes when these light-fingered gentry, having won a sort of reputation for "virtuosity" in their own country and its adjacencies, begin to thirst for English gold. The "heavy Saxon" can dispense bank notes, if not musical. The voyage is resolved upon. The *Manche* shall be crossed, and the "diggings" explored in the fog. But suddenly, some kind (perhaps envious) friend—a long-haired scrofab of the musical genus, who has himself made a *fiasco* in London—accosts our money-seeking "virtuoso":—

"Ha çà! Est-ce vrai? Tu vas à Londres? Hein?"

"C'est parfaitement vrai. Pourquoi non? J'ai assez de gloire, il me semble. Maintenant il me faut de l'or—des *bonnettes*. L'Anglais, quoique le vrai goût lui est interdit, aime assez se faire passer pour connaisseur. Je vais lui fourrer mon *Papillon* dans l'oreille. Ça le chahonillera. Tu connais mon '*Papillon*'?"

"Je crois bien. Qui ne le connaît pas—ten '*Papillon*'? Sacre! que c'est bien. Mais—entends tu?—le lourd Saxon a la manie d'aimer (prendre aimer—to comprendre) la musique embêtante—enfin ce qu'on appelle la 'musique classique'—bref, la musique de Handel, de Mozart, et du pauvre Mendelssohn, l'oncle de feu Mose, celui qui a mis Platon et Shakespeare en musique."

"Après?"

"Il faut leur en joner. Sans cela tu feras four. Tu seras eloué à *Lé-œr-tère*, sans quoi t'acheter des gants. Crois-moi—je ne plaisante pas. J'en ai eu l'expérience. Ces *insulaires* sont drôles; je leur ai flanqué mon '*Aubade*' (tu connais mon '*Aubade*'), mon '*Papillon*' (qui ressemble au tien comme deux gouttes d'eau), et mon '*Pié de crève*' (tu connais mon '*Pié*'); mais, schtère—je n'a eu que cinq rappels. Il leur faut du 'classique'—du *ro-bif-du-boudin*—du *bif-ték*—que dirai-je?—du *porter-beer*—*haf-naf*. 'C'est leur goût en musique,' comme dit leur bien-aimé Takeri, dans son fameux roman *d'Albert Smit*—'*Wisout ero*.'"

"Cela me sourit à ravir. J'ai fait une sonate. Du reste, je leur flanquerais le *Scepteur* de Hummel. Bah! ils ne connaissent pas cela en moins. Puis, je célébrerai Hilde (de L'Union) m'a *pris* de venir—car il paraît que l'Allemand, Hildé, ne plait plus, et que la petite Goddard (qui, d'après ce que l'on m'a rapporté, ne joue pas mal pour une Anglaise, surtout la musique lourde) se moque de lui. Mille bombes de bombes!—tu m'a rassuré. Je filerai demain. Adieu! Victor."

Victor. "Adieu! Antoine—bien du succès. (*Aside*). Qu'il est bête, celui là. Moi-même—soit dit, entre nous—je n'ai rien fait. Et lui donc?"

And the "virtuoso" sails for England, bringing with him a sonata (so-called) of his own, Hummel's (unknown) *scepteur*, one prelude and fugue of Bach, Weber's overture to *Obéron* ("arranged" by Liszt), and a torrent of "cascades," "*Phuies*," "*Transpirations*," etc. The result

* For translating the above, the reader unskilled in (doubtful) French may consult the dictionary.

need hardly be dwelt upon. He makes a "fiasco," and re-crosses the *Manche*, with a lurking contempt for something, of the identity of which he is mentally uncertain; it may be for the "heavy Saxon;" it may be for himself. Whichever of the two is, to the "insulaire," a matter of profound indifference.

WITH a consistency of badness the "festival performances" have waddled on from their wretched beginning to their wretched close, disappointing all who went to witness them, splitting into adverse factions all who take an interest in theatrical matters beyond that which is implied in a payment for admission,—disgracing London in the eyes of civilised Europe. The dull *Rivets* was the climax to the insipid *Macbeth*; and to the very end of the quadripartite entertainment, one might rightly conjecture that "worse remained behind," notwithstanding the vast amount of bad that had already been exhibited.

The misfortunes of this luckless "festival" began, like those of *Tristram Shandy*, before its birth. The very programme, advertised in the papers, foreshadowed a failure. Who, in the name of wonder, would dream of producing *Macbeth*, even with every advantageous accessory, as a fitting piece for a nuptial festivity,—of regaling royal guests with the ghastly tale of a royal guest murdered from motives of ambition? Who would think of putting the *Rivets* on the stage as a representative of the English comic drama, unless some special concentration of talent, far beyond the resources of the present day, were obtained to restore the comedy to its ancient effectiveness? Who would consider the tragic branch of histrionic art represented at all in the absence of Mr. Charles Kean, or the vocal talent of Britain represented in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves? Who would? All this host of sins, both of omission and commission, actually took place before the rising of the curtain for the first unlucky failure—nay, before the first victim paid his guinea for a right to participate in the general dullness.

So much for the faults of plan,—the hereditary diseases into which the hapless performances were born. As for the faults of execution, they march before the memory like the spectral kings in *Macbeth*, the last with a mirror in his hand to make the number appear infinite. Indeed, the only excuse for producing that tragedy was the aptness with which the series of dull failures was symbolised by the file of dreary ghosts.

Yes; there was *Macbeth* itself drawn forth without the slightest attempt to diminish its tediousness on the part of the actors, or the slightest effort to decorate it appropriately, the witches or conjurers under whose guidance the whole was brought out, "showing our eyes" nothing, and "grieving our hearts" very much indeed. Then was Mr. Howard Glover's really clever cantata so far spoiled by vile execution as to occasion the unseemly hiss to intrude its snaky peculiarity upon the august ears of royalty itself. There was "God save the Queen," sung immediately after the cantata, in a style that caused the ill-usage of that hapless composition to be for a while forgotten, such was the reckless butchery of the National Anthem. Then, as a crowning *fiasco*, there was the comedy of the *Rivets* played, with the exception of the broadly comic parts, in the most milk-and-water fashion, all the scenes out of doors being backed by the picture of an Italian city. At the present day, there is not a theatre in London at which such an absurdity would be tolerated. Could the projector have been of opinion that anything was

good enough for royalty, and those who shovelled out their guineas to stare at it!

We rejoice greatly—happy under such dismal circumstances, that we can rejoice at anything—we rejoice greatly, we say, that some of our contemporaries have taken care to inform the foreign visitors who have lately honoured our soil, that what they have seen is no fair sample of English dramatic entertainments. Had any one of those illustrious personages whose countenance it was so delightful to behold, and whose name it was so hard to pronounce, taken five shillings in his august pocket and paid for admission to any theatre to which chance might have directed his footsteps, he would have found better entertainment than he derived from performances ostensibly provided for his express gratification.

The record of the "festival performances" occupies a sad page in the history of æsthetic England. What is done cannot be undone; and the righteous disrespect with which returned foreigners are now describing to their friends and relations at home our ridiculous attempts to amuse them must be borne with all patience. But let not the managers of London preserve the memory of the inglorious fortnight, by proclaiming in their bills that this or that piece was acted on one of the unhappy occasions to which we are now referring. The bustle consequent on the session of Parliament will perhaps make us speedily forget that there ever was a "festival performance" at all. Why, then, thwart the merciful intentions of Providence in using our legislative institutions as the means for producing so desirable an end!

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—You doubtless were present, either in person or by a fitting representative, at Miss Goddard's first concert, given at her own residence, on Tuesday evening; and in either case an abler pen than mine will chronicle what took place. Yet I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the very remarkable progress which this young artist is still making, even after having attained a degree of excellence at which so many (and those not unambitious) performers are content to place their standard of perfection. Miss Goddard, however, is not merely a performer; she is, in the truest sense of the word, an *artist*, taking for her motto "Excolat" impelled onwards by a pure and disinterested love of art. Her very attitude when seated at the piano would seem to prove how free she is from all affectation and pretence. Her gentle and graceful bearing wins sympathy before she begins to play; and although the hearer is prepared to admire her extreme delicacy and elegance of touch, he is probably astonished at the masterly breadth and energy which equally characterise her delivery. And it may be remarked, that while her faultless and wonderfully brilliant execution enables her to overcome with apparent ease even the greatest difficulties, it is ever made subservient to true musical sentiment and cultivated taste. Being in possession of such splendid means, Miss Goddard is enabled to give almost unparalleled variety to her *répertoire*; and the composition of her programmes, on more than one occasion, has shown that she has carried her researches to the most recedite corners of the musical library. Nor indeed are her programmes disfigured by the introduction of self-laudatory remarks, vainly endeavouring to hide, under the veil of criticism, their obvious and shallow vanity. Miss Goddard does not

set herself up as guide and instructor to her audience. She *practises* so well that she has no need to *preach*—and it is her audience, not herself, that proclaims her artistic refinement. I am much mistaken if her influence in advancing sound musical taste will not eventually become very considerable, for she already commands a constantly increasing attendance of intelligent listeners.

I was astonished as well as delighted by the variety of colouring and delicacy of phrasing which distinguished Miss Goddard's performance of the *Didona Abbandonata*. Such effects could only be produced by a pianist who has under perfect control all the most subtle gradations of tone. Assuredly Clementi's fine work was never heard to greater advantage. Nor was the performance of Bach's fugue *à la Tarantelle* (a composition of almost unparalleled difficulty), less remarkable for breadth and vigour, combined with the most perfect ease and fluency. Some passages seemed to hold the listener spell-bound—so extraordinary were the intelligence and skill which seemed to play with the most formidable difficulties, binding and moulding them at will, with ever-varying but ever-graceful expression.

Possibly, sir, my praise may seem exaggerated to those who have not had an opportunity of hearing Miss Goddard play music such as that to which I have alluded. I am convinced, however, that I do not stand alone in my opinion of her merits, and that all true lovers of the art will join me in wishing her the success which her remarkable talent so well deserves.

I am, Sir, very obediently yours,

DILETTANTE.

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ, who, some time ago, sent a copy of his *Te Deum* for three choirs to the Emperor of Austria, has just received from that sovereign a magnificent diamond ring, accompanied by a most flattering letter.

MADAME JENNY LAND-GOLDSCHMIDT will, it is reported, shortly set out for Russia. The rumour of her losses through a Hamburg failure is, it is said, unfounded.

M. LITZLO, the pianist and composer, has arrived in the French capital, and will shortly execute some of his own compositions in public.

MADAME JENNY LAND.—The *Gazette Musicale* of Vienna contradicts the statement which lately went the round of the German papers, that the celebrated songstress has lost a part of her fortune by the disasters at Hamburg.

BERLIN.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been definitely selected for the gala performance, at which the newly-married royal couple will appear.—Madame Viardot-Garcia intends giving a few concerts. The first was announced for the 25th ult.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival have decided on presenting Mr. Henry Leslie's new oratorio, *Jedith*, at the next meeting (in September). It will be given on the fourth morning.

WINDSOR.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Charles Braham and his tour-party, including Signora Fumagalli, Signor Di Giorgi, and Signor Vianesi (accompanist), have given concerts recently, with great success, at Windsor, Slough, and Egham. At Windsor the performance took place in the theatre, which was crowded. The entertainment went off with the utmost possible *éclat*. Signora Fumagalli was compelled to sing W. Wallace's "Gipsy song," and "Ah non giungo," twice. Signor Di Giorgi was similarly taxed in two airs, one from *I Masnadieri* (Verdi), the other from *Maria di Rohan*, and Mr. Charles Braham, after the "Bay of Biscay," being unanimously recalled, substituted the charming old song of "Sally in our Alley." He was equally successful in Mr. Hullah's "There's a charm in spring," and his own father's "Death of Nelson." The duets, "I mulietti," "La ci darem," and "Sulla tomba," were also immensely applauded. Another concert is already on foot, so warm has been the reception accorded to the new visitors.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD has resumed her performances of classical music for the piano, in a manner both to maintain her own credit and that of the art she professes. It is pleasant to recognise, in one so young, an entire devotion to what is genuine, healthy, and true, at the expense of applause that might be more easily, though less honourably, elicited through a wholly different course.

Her first programme, on Tuesday evening, was marked by the same adherence to the great and imperishable models which last season made the *soirées* in Welbeck-street a topic in every musical circle. The subjoined is an outline:—

PART I.

Sonata in F major, Pianoforte and Violin	Haydn.
Grand Sonata in G minor, "Didone Abbandonata," (Scena Tragica), Op. 60	Clementi.
Prelude and Fugue, in A minor (à la Tarentella), from Book 9 of F. C. Griepenkerl's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach"	J. S. Bach.

PART II.

Grand Sonata in E major, Op. 24	Weber.
Grand Trio in C flat, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello	Beethoven.

Haydn's sonata was played to perfection by Miss Goddard and M. Sainion, one of the most consummate masters of the classical style now living. The freshness and vigour in this work—which, though simple and vigorous on an extended plan—are remarkable, and the wonder is that it should have been so long neglected. The sonata of Clementi is the grandest and most largely developed of all the pianoforte compositions of that very eminent master. Each of the three movements is in the minor key, and yet the sonata, as a whole, exhibits an extraordinary variety. It is aptly entitled *scena tragica*, since the style is alternately sombre and vehemently passionate, scarcely a single bright phrase or brilliant passage presenting itself. To interpret such a work in the proper spirit requires an unlimited command of expression, to say nothing of mechanical facility. Miss Goddard played it as nobly and as poetically as it was conceived, and as the *Morning Post* justly remarks—"with such sentiment, truth, and intensity of feeling, that she might have been taken for the bereaved Dido herself, bewailing in musical tones her unhappy fate and the desertion of her hero." The immensely difficult *Prelude and Fugue* of Bach were, if possible, executed with more wonderful fluency than at the concert of Mr. Leslie's choir in St. Martin's Hall, when Miss Goddard had the courage and the *faulx* to introduce it before a mixed audience of 1800 people. To surpass such a performance as this we believe to be simply impossible. Then the sonata of Weber—a *pezzo di bravura* in the strictest sense—involved another display in which mind and fingers were equally taxed, and feeling and mechanism equally displayed. The exquisite reading of the *adagio*, and the prodigious execution of the *presto* at the end, represented two opposite styles of piano-forte playing at the ripest stage of perfection, while the most refined taste predominated in both. Thus to interpret Clementi, Bach, and Weber, in immediate succession (each master, too, at his highest point of excellence), was surely nothing less than an effort of genius. The gorgeous trio of Beethoven (in which M. Sainion took the violin and Herr Lidel the violoncello) brought this admirable concert to a climax with appropriate effect.

The audience filled the rooms to inconvenience, and were enthusiastic beyond measure. Every movement in every piece was applauded with warmth; but the *Prelude of Bach*, and the *Presto of Weber* created nothing short of a "furore." At the second *soirée* Dussek is to take the place of Clementi, and Beethoven that of Weber—John Sebastian, the genial and profound, retaining the post of honour. So that, virtually, this series will be a Bach-series, as that of last year was a Beethoven-series—the least-known works of each composer constituting, in both instances, the staple of attraction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night Mendelssohn's *Eljah* was to be given for the first time, accompanied by the long-hoped-for return of Mr. Sims Reeves.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

MR. LESLIE does not allow us breathing time. On Thursday night he gave his fourth concert (his third in St. Martin's Hall) to a crowded audience. The programme included, among other interesting matters, the selection lately performed before her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, which has already appeared in the *Musical World*. Mr. Leslie's "Bridal Song" (with Mr. Chorley's words) was encored, and the same compliment was paid to Mr. Hatton's "When evening's twilight" (for male voices), and Pearsall's choral, "O, who will o'er the downs." The finest pieces in this part of the selection were the madrigals of Wilbye, Converso, and J. Benet ("Flora gave me," "When all alone," and "Flow, O my tears"), which do honour to the taste and learning of the sixteenth century, and which were admirably executed. Mr. W. C. Macfarren's jovial "Harvest Song," and Mr. Leslie's "May Morning," completed the selection. This formed the second part of the concert. The first comprised the following pieces:—

Madrigal, "Hard by a fountain"—H. Waelrent, A.D. 1560. Madrigal, "I saw lovely Phillis"—R. L. Pearsall. *Prelude and Fugue in F minor* (piano-forte, Mr. Walter Macfarren)—Mendelssohn. Two-part Song, "I would that my love," Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Leslie—Mendelssohn. Part-song, "Ave Maria"—Henry Smart. Glee, "Health to my dear," Messrs. Fielding, Lovett, Busby, and Matthews—Reginald Spofforth.

Waelrent's madrigal is charming, and that of Pearsall is worth a dozen of the more popular one that was set before the Queen (and is known to Paddy Green). The gem of the whole part was Mr. Henry Smart's delightful "Ave Maria," which was sung to perfection, and encored "tumultuously." Spofforth's glee is poor, and produced little effect. The two-part song of Mendelssohn (accompanied by one of the Misses Lefler on the piano) would have been more effective had the "tempo" of the composer been consulted by the singers. Mr. W. C. Macfarren played Mendelssohn's prelude with true expression. With the figure we were less pleased.

There was still a third part (as subjoined):—

Glee, "There is beauty on the mountain," Miss Lucia Fosbroke, Mr. W. Fielding, Mr. Regaldi, and Mr. Read—John Goss. Part-song, "The shepherd's farewell"—Henry Smart. Romance, "Teneresse"—Yale. "The skylark"—Walter Macfarren. Romance, "Walter Macfarren." Madrigal, "Lady, when I behold the rose sprouting"—Wilbye, A.D. 1598. Part-song, for Male Voices (by desire), "Integer vite"—F. Fleming; "War Song"—Kücken. "Rule Britannia" (arranged by Henry Leslie)—Dr. Arne.

Kücken's "War Song" (rather rapid) was encored; and Mr. Macfarren's *Sky-lark* (which we should like much better with a less romantic title) were much applauded.

The concert gave infinite satisfaction. Mr. Leslie, however (who conducted with his accustomed talent), must look out for something new—we mean in the madrigal and part-song, not the psalm and anthem way.

DOCTOR FOWLE in re HIS "HIDDEN FIFTHS AND OCTAVES."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have seen the *critique* of my Anthem in your last number, and am quite aware of the errors in the passage you have represented to the public—such errors being consecutive fifths and hidden fifths and octaves. I was very awkwardly situated at the time the proof arrived from the publishers, and consequently it was corrected by an inexperienced hand. I am very much annoyed at the said errors you have represented to the public, and also some others, regarding which you have been silent; but I will venture to send you a correct copy of the Anthem in a few days, and request that you will be good enough to insert this letter in the next number of your paper.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

THOMAS LEVY FOWLE, Mus. Doc.
[We have inserted Doctor Fowle's letter, and trust he will return the obligation by not sending another copy of the Anthem.]
—Ed. M. W.]

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH'S second "Orchestral Concert" was well-attended, in spite of the serious opposition of the weather. The programme, as the following will demonstrate, was again full of interest:—

PART I.—Overture, "Leonora"—Beethoven; Recitative and air, "Hide me from day's garish eye," Miss Banks—Handel; Aria, "O del mio dolce ardor," Miss Dolby—Stradella; Symphony, in C minor (No. 1).—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Septet, *Fischorte*, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double-bass, Miss Howell, Messrs. Rooten, Nicholson, Mann, Webb, Chipp, and Howell—Hummel; Air, "Retour, retour, revoltant, rebelle," Mr. Thomas—Parcell; Finale, (2nd Act) "Azor and Zemira," Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Thorpe Feed, and Mr. Thomas—Spohr; Ballad, "Bonnie George Campbell," Miss Dolby—Hullah; Overture, "Oberon"—Weber. Conductor, Mr. Hullah.

The "giant-overture" of Beethoven was executed with spirit by the band. Miss Banks sang Handel's air creditably, Miss Dolby that of Stradella, to perfection. There was a strong attempt to encore it, but Miss Dolby would not yield this time. It was her first appearance for some period, and the audience accorded her a reception of the warmest kind.

Mendelssohn's early symphony was a genuine treat. We can remember when it was first played by the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of the composer. The *scherzo* in G minor (abridged from the *Ouverture*, Op. 20, and scored for the orchestra) had already usurped the place of the original movement, to which it is vastly superior. On the present occasion it was rapturously encored, and deserved the honour, since it was executed with infinite point and delicacy. Still, we confess we should like to have heard its predecessor, which should not wholly be forgotten. Mr. Hullah might have presented it in parenthesis, and thus afforded his patrons an opportunity of comparing the two. Although not altogether a perfect work, there being occasional "longues" in the *finale*, we are of opinion that, considering the tender age at which it was produced, this symphony in C minor is the most wonderful *first symphony* ever composed. What energy and fire in the *allegro*, (and how lovely the second theme, which seems to have been born of the *Coriolan* overture)—what tender grace in the *andante*, what animation and vigour in the *finale* (with a second subject, by the way, as original as it is beautiful—we mean, of course, the *cantabile* with *pizzicato* accompaniment)—what freshness and vigour in the whole! And then, when the new *scherso* becomes incorporated in the work, if we could only cut out a few measures of the *finale* (not a note of the twice-occurring fugue, be it clearly understood), we should have a symphony as perfect as the No. 1 of Mozart, or the No. 1 of Beethoven (both in C), and far more romantic than either.

Miss Howell, the new pianist, was favourably received. She has evident ability; but why did she select so difficult a work as the formidable *Septuor* of Hummel? Luckily she was accompanied by practised musicians (her respected father among the rest), who kept her well in hand, and could skip a half, or a whole, bar at an emergency. We hope to hear more of Miss Howell.

Mr. Thomas gave Parcell's rather pompous air with his usual vigour. The *finale* of the second act in that lovely opera of Spohr (which, when produced at Covent Garden Theatre, with Miss Inverarity and the Misses Cawse, some twenty-five years since, turned the heads of all the most enthusiastic of our young musicians), would have been as great a treat as the early symphony of Mendelssohn, but unluckily it was even more imperfectly executed than the *finale* from *Così fan Tutte* at the present concert. Mr. Hullah's new ballad is pretty enough in its way, but was altogether out of place in such a selection. Nevertheless Miss Dolby had to sing it twice, and a great "demonstration" was made for Mr. Hullah. We have heard the overture to *Oberon* go better.

At the third concert Mr. Hullah should give us Mendelssohn's so-called *Trumpet Overture* (in C minor), or the *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. For symphony, we recommend *Mébul* in G minor, as a novelty.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE programme of last Saturday's concert was not quite so good as that of many of its predecessors. The vocalists were Signora Finoli and Herr Deck; the instrumentalists, M. Kettenus (violin), and Mr. Svendsen (flute). Conductor, Mr. Mann.

The selection was as follows:—

Overture (Egmont)—Beethoven; Aria, "In diesen heiligen Hallen"—Mozart; Capriccio fantasia, violin—Kettenus; "Di Tanti Palpiti"—Rossini; Symphony, No. 3 (Scott)—Mendelssohn; Duett, "Dunquo io son"—Rossini; Fantasia for flute—Bosch; Aria, "Le Moine"—Meyerbeer; *Scherzo*, violin—Kettenus; Brindisi, "Il Segreto"—Donizetti; Overture (*La Sifide de Rochelle*)—Balfé.

The overture of Beethoven and the symphony of Mendelssohn were the great orchestral features of the performance; and a violin concerto would have been in better keeping with such masterpieces than the "fantasia" of his own composition introduced by Herr Kettenus. The most successful vocal pieces were Rossini's "Dunquo io son," in which Signora Finoli and Herr Deck were much applauded; and the *brindisi* from *Lucresia Borgia*, which obtained for Signora Finoli the honour of a recall.

DEAR KITTY.

[The following exquisite lines, from Mr. W. Chappell's *Old English Ditties*, are due to the accomplished pen of Mr. John Oxenford.—Ed. M. W.]

My song 's of a maid that charms our vale,
For well she deserves a ditty;
Search all the world through, you'll surely fail
To find out a match for Kitty.
Though bards of wondrous beauties sing,
The stars above, the flowers of spring,
The spotless snow, and the swan's downy wing,
Yet nothing are these to Kitty—
Dear Kitty—
Yet nothing are these to Kitty.

At night the full rose that bloom'd at noon
Will close—is it not a pity!
But see Kitty dance beneath the moon,
And beautiful still is Kitty.
The snows of winter sadly are spread
About the earth, when summer is dead;
But snow that blueses with warm glowing red
You'll find on the cheek of Kitty—
Dear Kitty—
You'll find on the cheek of Kitty.

The stars over head are gems of night,
They sparkle o'er plain and city,
But cold is their gleam, while love's soft light
Is seen in the eyes of Kitty.
The flowers of spring may wither and pine,
The stars fade out, and never more shine;
I'll be content if one treasure be mine,
That treasure, you know, is Kitty—
Dear Kitty!—
That treasure, you know, is Kitty.

DR. MARK and his young pupils have been giving concerts in Hull and Sheffield with the greatest success.

LEADS.—At the seventeenth People's Concert, on Saturday last, the performers were Miss Armstrong, Miss Newbound, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Henry Phillips—Mr. Spark being the accompanist. The programme was miscellaneous, including amongst the novelties, Mr. Henry Smart's trio, "Queen of night," and "A marriage song," composed for the occasion by Mr. Spark, which was sung by Miss Newbound and encored. The interest in these cheap concerts has not in the least abated. The directors have taken care that good music and good performances should form the main elements of attraction.

"GOD BLESS THEM BOTH."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Journeying some time since on the top of an omnibus, along Piccadilly, my eye was arrested by two pictures, one of the Rhine, the other of Mont-Bianc, on the facade of Egyptian-hall, with an inscription in the centre—"God bless them both!"

Can you, or any of your readers, interpret the hieroglyph? BROMPTONIAN.

MANCHESTER, 30th January.—There was a large audience on Wednesday evening in the Free Trade Hall, to hear the closing concert of Jullien's winter series, and the celebrated conductor was received with a hearty welcome. The programme presented more than the usual variety, including a fine selection from *Il Don Giovanni* and the grand *Jupiter Symphony*, which M. Jullien developed with a delicate appreciation of its noble character. Equal in talent was the conducting of the lighter pieces of the evening; for who is there that can give like him the sparkle and dash to the quadrille or polka? It is, indeed, under his magic touch, "dance music," for there is a difficulty under its influence to keep the feet steady. Take again his *British Army Quadrille*, one of those pictures of sound which carry to the ear what canvas presents to the eye. Though we are not permitted by the classic school to call it first-class music, it is first of its kind, and has the happy knack of setting the blood running quicker through the veins even of the lymphatic. In this piece, as in others of the evening—*The Wedding March*, for instance, of Mendelssohn—the orchestra was augmented, and most efficiently, by the band of the 4th Dragoon Guards. We are among those who listen to Mad. Grixi with the highest gratification, not only in the associations which cannot fail to recall the greatest days of opera in this country during the present century, but because she remains, in certain classes of music, unapproachable by any modern soprano with whom we are acquainted. Mad. Grixi is, in every sense of the term, an artist; she exhibits art in the management of the voice, as she does in the much greater quality—that of expressing the meaning of the poet and composer. What energy as well as feeling she threw into the touching old Irish ballad, "The Minstrel Boy!" She might have caught it up by inspiration on the green hills of Connaught. An encore brought the charming "Home, sweet home." Madame Grixi met with another encore in the "Convent Cell;" and, throughout the evening, the audience seemed anxious to evince their loyalty to one who had brought musical enjoyment to so many thousands through a long series of years. Miss Witham sang the scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Softly sighs," and deserved the compliment paid her at its close, of being called to repeat the last movement. The concert was a decided success; and M. Jullien may leave us with the conviction that he retains the unanimous estimation of the Manchester public.

PARIS.—The question of building the new opera-house upon the ground occupied by the Hotel d'Osmond, rue Bassin-d'Emparte, is seriously entertained. If this project be carried out, the opera, French and Italian, will, in all probability, be united in one locality, and under one administration, which will involve an immense saving in the expenditure of both theatres. On a former occasion, when the junction of the two operas in the Rue Lepelletier was first taken into consideration, the main objection was that neither the present theatre itself, nor the ground belonging to it, was sufficiently capacious to admit of two rehearsals taking place at the same time. The Hotel d'Osmond covers a vast space of ground, and offers plenty of room to build two large halls for rehearsals apart from each other. Thus the two great theatres might be conducted under a single management, possess a band and a chorus in common, and be allotted alternate nights for their performances. The Italians, at all events, would gain by the change, and the public certainly be no loser.

A full rehearsal of the *Magicienne* of M. Halévy, chorus and principals, has at last taken place. The whole five acts were gone through. Some of the pieces in the last act were loudly applauded by all present. The band, too, have commenced

their rehearsals, so that the performance may be expected about the last week of the month.

Auber is once more stealing into the ascendant at the Opéra-Comique. The revival of *Fra Diavolo* has been one of the greatest successes of the last dozen years. Another charming opera by the same prolific composer—*La Fiancée*—is in a forward state of preparation, and will be produced in a few days.

A new Figaro, M. Winter, has appeared at the Italiana, in the *Barbiere*, with Mario, Albini, Zucchini and Angelina. He has not, however, succeeded in effacing the recollection of Ronconi.

Madame Vandenhendup-Duprez took her farewell benefit at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Saturday last. The greatest curiosity was excited to see M. Duprez in Ronconi's great scene of the second act of *Rigoletto*, when the Jester finds his daughter in the Duke's palace. Madlle. Léman, M. Duprez' favorite pupil, appeared as Gilda.

In alluding to the Festival Performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, the *France Musicale* declares that the new ballet-débutement *L'Hyménée* was "put on the stage with great magnificence, and completely succeeded." That Madlle. Hortensia Clavelle, charged with the principal rôle, had obtained an immense success as dancer and mime; that "all her steps were covered with applause, and the variations of her final step encored at the demand of the august assembly." We can assure the readers of the *Musical World* that the writer has drawn entirely on his imagination for these pretty little anecdotes.

CHERUBINI'S COAT.

SINGULAR destiny of Academicians, and of their coats with the green palm-leaves! A little time since a passionate *dilettante*, intimately acquainted with all our musical celebrities, made a journey to St. Quentin. He was going to one of his estates, two leagues from the town. One Sunday he went to hear mass at the village church. What was his astonishment, on beholding the beadle gravely dressed up in the verdant uniform of the members of the Institute!

After mass he sent for the beadle. He questioned him, and examined his coat. The following was its history.

The church had no beadle. A beadle was appointed for the first time. The new functionary had, consequently, no traditions regarding his costume. He wrote to Paris, to a friend, from the same part of the country as himself, telling the latter to buy him a second-hand beadle's costume, and send it down. This friend, who liked a joke, happened to see the coat with the green foliage in an old clothes-shop. Having purchased the garment, he forwarded it to the beadle, who decked himself out in it, without suspecting, any more than his *cursi*, that he was dressed in the spoils of an *immortel*.

The coat, which had passed from the Institute to the back of a village beadle, had belonged to Cherubini. The *dilettante* brought it once more to Paris, undertaking to send down a real beadle's costume in exchange.

AN EARTHEN VESSEL LAUNCHED.—(From Punch).—"But the cream and flower and glory of the *Earthen Vessel* is an advertisement in which we can find nothing censurable, except a little pardonable Borough Grammar, and which contains some most sound and valuable hints to all singers. If our eccentric friend, the *Musical World*, had not become slightly distracted of late, and taken to calling wrong names, we should ask him to reproduce this bit for the benefit of the British and Foreign vocalists. The italics are in the original:—

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language to pronounce his words with propriety; one who knows whereabouts accent and emphasis ought to rest. It is not desired that the hymn, in giving out, should be growled out, nor squeaked out, nor bawled out, nor whispored out, nor hurried out, nor dandied out, but given out as dictated by common sense and a feeling heart, in a voice distinct, earnest, and impressive.

Also it is desirable that he should be one who in singing pronounces his words; not glide with *le, la, lo*, through the hymn, and nobody know what he is singing; nor is it desirable that he should have ready to split his throat, but sing easily and melodiously. Of course, perfection cannot be expected, but the above will serve for a hint as to the kind of article that is wanted. Direct to the Deacons of Surrey Terrace, care of J. Cox, 100, Borough Road, S. E.

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PROGRAMME OF MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SECOND SOIRÉE OF CLASSICAL CHAMBER PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at her residence, Welbeck-street, Covent-garden, on Tuesday, February 16th, 1858, when she will be assisted by M. SAINTON and M. FAURE. To commence at half-past eight o'clock. Part I. Sonata in F major (pianoforte) and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. SAINTON. Mozart: Grand Sonata in A flat. "Fine Urta" (Le Retour à Paris) (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Duettino; Tocatta with Fuga in D minor, Fortissimo con Fughetta in D major (from Book 4 of F. C. Arpe's) Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of J. S. Bach) (Miss Arabella Goddard) Bach. Part II. Sonata in C minor, Op. 111 (the last Sonata of Beethoven) (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Grand Trio in D minor (No. 1) (pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Arabella Goddard, M. SAINTON, and Sig. PLATTI) The third and last performance of the series will take place on Tuesday, 23rd, March, at 8 o'clock. Single Ticket, half-a-guinea; to be had only of MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—BOHEMIAN GIRL.—On Monday, February 16th, Tuesday, February 17th, and Saturday, February 20th, will be recited *LA ZINGARA*, being the Italian version of Belli's opera of *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*. Artists: Mlle. Fieschi; Queen of the Gipsies, Madlle. Bonnier; Count Zerkotte, Signor Bologni; Irishman, Signor Fieschi; Friar, Signor Mercantini; Captain of the Guard, Signor Castell; T. de Sade, Signor Giuglini. In the second act will be introduced a new Diver assumed by M. Masot, the comic entirely new, composed of M. Balfe, by Mendles, Cavelli, Moricchi, and Paquette. To conclude with the successful *Divertissement*, by M. Masot, entitled *L'HYMNÉE*. Boxes—Pit stalls, 12s. 6d.; boxes (to hold four persons) pit and one pair, 2s. 2s.; grand tier, 4s. 6d.; two rows, 4s. 6d.; three pair, 1s. 4d.; gallery boxes, 1s. 4d. Galleries, 6d. and 3d. The doors will be opened at half-past seven, and the Opera commence at eight o'clock.

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7. Tutto è spravo	ditto
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9. E il sol dell'anima	Rigoletto
10. E li soed' quella	ditto
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14. Muzere—Ah! che la morte	Travata
15. Il balzo del suo	ditto
16. Si la stato beata	ditto
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18. An le cœur d'Illéno	ditto
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REVIEWS.

"PENSÉE FUGITIVE" (Morceau de Salon)—"NOCTURNE"—composées par Henri Wolfgang Amadée Beale.
In the *Pensée Fugitive* occurs the following:—



Now, if "Wolfgang Amadée" (not Mozart) will contrive to mend this point, we will refrain from reminding him that Mendelssohn wrote a certain song in F sharp minor. Moreover, if "Wolfgang Amadée" will be more tender of the health of his 0-4-3—



we may be inclined to pass over the unceremonious vigour with which he presents his discords:—



(Very like "consecutive fifths," by the way, struggling desperately to gain admission into orthodox society.)

A few more strokes of similar impetuosity may entitle our composer to the codon of the *Zukunft*. But then he must change his prenames, and for "Wolfgang Amadée" substitute Richard Franz. Once admitted a "Knight of the Future," the subjoined—



—no, we beg pardon, the subjoined—



would serve famously as a device, with which, emblazoned on his shield, Sir Richard Franz Beale might scare away the most formidable giant from Mount Parnassus.

The "Nocturne" (in G sharp minor)—although the opening is more like a funeral march than a *nocturne*—has not the same peculiarities to distinguish it, and would consequently be scouted by the *Zukunft*, if presented as an exercise for a diploma.

"WHERE DOES PLEASURE DWELL"—Ballad, composed by Stephen Glover.

A piece of sentimental insipidity. If pleasure dwells in stalesness, we can recommend this ballad to the author of the verses, who, though he has done all sorts of (seemingly) pleasant things—and among the rest has

"Kiss'd the bloom off beauty's cheek"—
cant find any pleasure at all (in the first verse).

LABLACHE'S LAST APPEARANCE AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I beg leave to inform you that Sig. Lablache's last appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, was on Monday, 30th July, 1855, in *L'Étoile du Nord* (5th time). In the following four performances of that opera, the part of Gritzenko, was entrusted to Sig. Tagliafico.

I am, sir, yours very truly, G. C.

10th July, 1858.

"OXON.," "CANTAB.," OR "LAMBETH."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Has the gentleman who signed himself in your last "Mus. Doc.," the honour of holding one of those world-renowned degrees generally called by the musical profession "The Lambeth Dub?"

I have looked over the names of those to whom the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have granted musical degrees, but really cannot find the name of this "Mus. Doc."

Another point which has weighed considerably with me, is the fact of those who have graduated at either of the above Universities being particularly careful in their publications not to leave the world in doubt as to the legality of their title, or the locality in which it was acquired. Consequently the usual ending to their "Mus. Doc.," would be either "Oxon.," or "Cantab.," as the case may be.

Believe me ever to be, Mr. Editor, yours very truly, OXON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

X. Y. Z. wishes to know what University claims the honour of conferring the degree of "Mus. Doc.," on Mr. L. Fowle, and who was the Professor that passed his exercise?

["X. Y. Z." must apply to the proper authorities.—Ed. M.W.]

MUSIC PRINTING.—A patent has lately been obtained by Mr. Scheurmann, the eminent music-publisher in Newgate-street, for a new method of printing music, invented by him. It is well known that the present comparative cheapness of musical publications has been caused by the adoption of type-printing as the substitute for engraving. But Mr. Scheurmann's invention will carry this advantage much farther, and will be much more generally applicable. Even in the best of the present cheap publications (such as those of the oratorios used at Exeter Hall), the immense number of separate pieces of type—in some instances between three and four thousand being employed in setting up a single page—causes a waste of time and labour, and also gives the printing a disjointed and broken appearance. These things are obviated by Mr. Scheurmann's mode of setting up the lines and the notes on two separate plates, the whole of one stere forming a single piece of metal, and the notes also being solid. The result, independently of the great diminution of labour, is a clearness and sharpness of appearance quite unobtainable by the old process—a fact shown by the specimens which we have examined. The lines and notes being thus separately set up, in order to avoid the necessity of double printing a cast is taken of the notes, and into this mould thus obtained the frame containing the lines is pressed. A matrix combining the two plates is thus formed, which is then placed in a galvano trough, where it receives a thin shell of copper of a few ounces weight, obtained by the electrotype process; and the plate, being backed with lead, is ready for printing.—*Daily News*.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LABLACHE.

(Concluded from page 86.)

LABLACHE proved himself a consummate vocalist in every school of music, from Mozart down to Bellini. Whether in Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Doctor Bartolo in *Il Barbiere*, the old wife-seeker in *Don Pasquale*, Gerolamo in *Il Matrimonio Secreto*, Giorgio in *Puritani*, or the Corporal in *L'Étoile du Nord*, embracing all the principal modern operatic schools excepting one—he was equally admirable. Verdi alone he avoided, or perhaps was not called upon to attempt; and indeed it is questionable if Lablache could have sung Verdi's music at any time, and in all probability would not if he could. It is curious that neither he nor Tamburini ever played a part in any of the operas of the modern maestro, whose works are now laid hold of by all singers, sopranos, contraltos, tenors, bary-tenors and basses, as if there existed only one kind of dramatic music worthy to be designated good, and adapted to display the powers of the singers to advantage. Lablache's *repertoire* belonged legitimately to the pre-Verdian composers, and stopped with Donizetti and Bellini.

Perhaps in no branch of the vocal art did Lablache so triumphantly declare his genius as in recitative, whether accompanied or *parlante*. In the former he was always forcible and impressive—in the latter, he had the peculiar skill of half intoning the notes, which was neither speaking nor singing, but seemed wonderfully to coalesce with the spare chords of the violoncello, always, as it seemed to us, out of keeping with the perfect enunciation of the tones of the voice. But, withal, he gave you no idea of being out of tune, and his time was as correct as that of a metronome. In fact, if Lablache only made a motion with a limb, or a grimace with one of his features, he never broke his time. He sang in time—he acted in time—he thought in time. What a splendid example such a singer might have afforded the modern race of vocalists, if they could only have followed him.

All the renowned Italian singers have been remarkable for their power of sustaining notes, which can only be attributed to capaciousness and expansibility of the lungs, in which a large supply of air can be obtained at a breath. Lablache was perhaps more extraordinary than other Italians in this respect. While singing the lowlest, or articulating the most rapid passages, unless you paid the most earnest attention, you could not ascertain when he took breath.

As an actor Lablache has hardly enjoyed less reputation than as a singer. The name of "great comedian" and "great tragedian" have been almost universally coupled with that of "great vocalist." Lablache, beyond all dispute, was one of the most original, powerful, and varied comic actors that ever trod the boards of the opera. High comedy, middle comedy, low comedy, were equally native to his genius. None who ever saw him will deny this. The universality and force of his humorous were seen and felt in all his performances. Other artists you were compelled to see frequently, to consider thoughtfully, to compare with others, to sit in your judgment, to hesitate before pronouncing a verdict upon, or fear the influence of prejudice when weighing their merits. With Lablache you were immediately and for ever satisfied; you were assailed by no conflicts of reasoning; you utterly rejected hesitation, and felt satisfied with your judgment; you dreaded no results from prejudice; and bounded from safe and sure premises to a consolidated conclusion as an Alpine chamois leaps from a series of rocky heights to *terra firma*.

Lablache was the most original as well as the greatest of comic actors. He possessed no stage conventionalities; subscribed to no tricks of the scene; smelt out of the foot-lights. In playing old men he did not deem it necessary, as is the invariable custom, to crook his knees into an acute angle, open his legs wide apart, and shake his head as though he was troubled with the palsy. He had seen many old men with straight knees and perpendicular legs, who displayed very steadfast heads on firm shoulders. He preferred copying what he observed outside to what he witnessed inside the theatre, or, in all probability, when he acted, like Dudu—

"He never thought about himself at all."

but was governed by his instinct. His natural gifts were prodigious. His walk was wonderfully easy and life-like. How he filled up the stage—not with his size but with his intellect! Every action had its propriety—every movement its meaning—every look its significance. No artist ever took greater liberties with his audience; but in all his freedom and "gagging" there was no extravagance or caricature. The very absurdities in which he indulged became intrinsic qualities of the character as soon as Lablache created them. In his hands alteration suffered no change. Nay, new-model it as often as he might, the character lost neither force nor vitality. The mould alone was broken—the clay remained the same.

A great many of Lablache's comic characters would furnish matter for lengthy essays. What a world of genial fun and racy humour, for instance, was comprised in his performance of Doctor Bartolo—certainly one of his most striking impersonations! The very spirit of Beaumarchais seemed incorporated in him, and Rossini's *spiritual music* acquired new force and character from his interpretation. As we think of this wondrous personification, what looks, and tones, and attitudes, and gestures come back to us and fill our hearts with merriment once more! We again behold the amorous old guardian, with mincing step and slightly-shaking head, play the gallant before his tender ward, leering at her as his huge shadow walks into the light of her loveliness. Now with Basilio his jealousy is fired, and he whispers him aside and consoles himself with his sage adviser, and, as he listens to the tempter—"La Calunna"—rubs his hand at the prospect of the gigantic plot laid for the discomfiture of his rival. Figaro enters, and a severe look of cunning is assumed, and he perambulates the stage, snuffing himself before the spectators, saying as plainly as is possible without words—"See how wise and cunning I am! But this rascal here is more wise and more cunning, and I must become his victim! Behold how I make myself a martyr!" And straight he sits down in his arm-chair, and the barber proceeds to lather him forthwith. Lablache, with instinctive genius, perceived that in Rossini's opera, whatever necessity might have existed in Beaumarchais, comedy to carry out the contrary, the character of Doctor Bartolo should not be played precisely with a view to rendering it real and natural. The actual guardian of the comedy is not intrinsically a comic part, and the more closely it is allied to truth in the performance the further removed will it be from creating that effect which is the direct end of all comic acting. Had Lablache preserved the verisimilitude of the part, Doctor Bartolo would have resolved himself into an amorous, jealous, and disappointed old man, whose sudden forgiveness at the end of the piece would have been utterly unaccountable. He did not assume the natural or real side of the character, but the comic and effective. From the earliest scene in the opera it was plain that Lablache took the audience into his confidence, and, as it were, exclaimed to them aside—"They think me an old fool! Well, I know I am, but I'll plague them before I have done with them. If you stand by me, I'm a match for a dozen rascally Figaros and twenty intriguing Counts!" And so he went through his part, and appealed to the audience in every dilemma and strait, and pretended to receive consolation from their laughter and approval. In the last scene, when the Doctor's long hopes of happiness are blasted by the very rival he hated and the servant he fostered, would it not have been the most natural act in the world for the man to have gone mad in despair, or at least have fled the scene in wrath, and not have braved the gibes and sneers of all the lookers-on by remaining. Lablache knew all this, and could have interpreted so had there been a necessity. But he went beyond the poet and musician, and realised more fun in the character than ever was contemplated by either. In short, when he played Doctor Bartolo the spectators became as much a part of the performance as Figaro or Rosina, and his exaggerations were consequently the result of the intimacy between audience and actor. How if these exaggerations had been dispensed with? The world would have lost some of the most exquisite displays of comic fancy ever beheld or recorded. Every scene was full of them, and they alone who have wit-

nessed the performance of Doctor Bartolo by Lablache can imagine how capable such a part is of being translated into the highest regions of comedy.

Of Lablache's tragic powers we do not hold as lofty an opinion as many of his admirers, and believe that the celebrated saying of Dr. Johnson respecting Shakspeare's genius might, with far greater propriety, be applied to him—namely, that "his comedy was instinct, and his tragedy skill." In such parts as Oroveso in *Norma*, Elmiro in *Otello*, Giorgio in *Puritani*, the Doge in *Marino Faliero*, Henry the Eighth in *Anna Bolena*, and others, he certainly was grand and imposing, but these did not require the purely tragic element so much as a commanding look and figure, power of voice, and an amount of feeling and passion which as often appertains to comedy as tragedy. In the higher walks of passion, Lablache did not feel at his ease. He had "no laughing devil in his sneer," to give seeming and force to the terrible Duke in *Lucretia Borgia*, nor could he invest such a part as Enrico in *Maria di Rohan* with that concentrated fire and energy so necessary to endow it with vitality on the stage. Sogrand singers, with so magnificent a voice, so perfect an artist, so experienced an actor, gifted with such splendid personal qualifications, could not fail to render any part attractive and important; nevertheless, upon examination, it will be found that some of the serious parts with which his name is identified contains the real tragic element. Lablache has played first-rate tragic parts both in London and Paris—Assur in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and the father in Paer's *Agnes*, for instance—but has left behind him no reputation in their assumption. The Doge in Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*, written expressly for him, may be cited as an example to the contrary, as exhibiting him in a tragic character of the loftiest kind. The fact, however, that the opera, although one of the composer's most masterly, had no success in England or France, and has now been laid on the shelf for a number of years, is some proof, at all events, that the performance of the leading character was not superlative. How different the fortune of other operas written for him—*Editta d'Amore*, *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, &c. &c. In *I Puritani*, Count Popoli and Bellini measured to the greatest nicety the serious capabilities of Lablache, and consequently the Giorgio of the artist was a consummate performance—grave, earnest, solemn, tender, pathetic, and powerful in the extreme. Like our own Charles Kemble, Lablache rose to a certain height in tragedy, and then stopped short. He was no more a Tamburini or a Ronconi than Charles Kemble was a Keen or a Macready. But this is not depriving him of any praise. Every great artist has his speciality and his limitation, and of him who plays everything well it may be predicated that he plays nothing transcendently. Genius—to start an odd metaphor—like the solar beam, requires concentration to give it its greatest force, and when the rays are separated its power is lost. Lablache's genius was concentrated and burned in the focus of comedy. It is his just and deserved eulogy, that he was one of the greatest comic artists that ever adorned the operatic stage.

THE celebrated amateur, Mr. Charles Wilkinson, in conjunction with Mr. Raigh, acted on Monday evening, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, to a crowded audience.

OSWICK.—The literary institution of this place, established in June, 1856, under the patronage of the nobility and gentry of the county, has reached a very flourishing condition. On Monday last a lecture on "The History and Principles of the Science and Art of Music" was delivered in the Town-Hall, before a numerous and fashionable audience, by the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington, M.A. The lecturer dwelt long upon the philosophy and science of music, exhibiting its nature and its office in a very learned and elaborate manner. To this was appended a history of the art, of artists and instruments from the earliest times, which displayed a great deal of research and knowledge. The rev. lecturer ended with some useful practical remarks upon the right use of studying and delivering music, both vocal and instrumental. A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded at the end of the lecture.

M. FETIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

WHAT CAN BE DONE TO AMELIORATE THE CONDITION OF YOUNG COMPOSERS, AND TO REMEDY THE DECADENCE OF MUSIC.*

(See the *Musical World*, January 30th.)

WE have here two questions in one; namely, to save art from too evident a degradation, and to lead to the goal artists, for whom the way has been thrown open merely to be closed when they were on the point of arriving at their journey's end. The melancholy truths I adduced in my first article result from several causes, some belonging to the moral and political state of society, and the others to our institutions. For the first, there is no remedy but that which time and unexpected circumstances may bring. For the others alone our will may effect the necessary ameliorations.

One of two things is true; art either flourishes in consequence of the patronage of princes, or finds a support among the people. When I say, princes, I mean, also, grandees, courtiers, and, above all, the higher aristocracy; for, when the master loves art and fosters artists, all those around him imitate his example. Italy offers us some remarkable instances of this in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. In France, music began to take a start under the administration of Mazarin, because he had a taste for it. The reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans were favourable to it. There were four superintendents of the music of the King (maîtres-de-chapelle), four court organists, music masters of the chamber, harpsichordists of the chamber, composers of the King's private music, and professors and masters of the music pages, all having apartments at Versailles; lastly, there was a whole train of singers and instrumentalists—all these persons, I say, were organised and maintained until the end of the monarchy; they were pensioned after a fixed period of service. There was music, with a fête every Sunday in the Chapel Royal; an opera at court; and a concert in the grand and the small apartments. If any men of talent appeared, they were sure of success, the means of living, and prosperity.

In imitation of the court, the great nobles, the really great nobles of those days, the Duke du Maine, the Prince de Conti, the Prince de Guéméné, and even the Farmers-General, had in their service singers and bands, besame empowered to direct them. It was by this means that Baame emerged from obscurity; it was by this means that Gossec was enabled to create in France the style of the symphony, which was unknown there, and which opened the door to Haydn.

It was to the passionate love for music entertained by Queen Marie Antoinette, and the patronage she extended to it, that France owed the happy transformation of her dramatic music, effected by Gluck, Piccini, Sacchini, and Grétry. To this same princess, to her partiality for good singing, and to her active patronage, belongs the introduction in Paris of an Italian Opera, all the members of which were artists of the first class, and became the models of Garat; while Garat, who had a genius for art, and Mengozzi, who was acquainted with its good old traditions, afterwards founded the school of French singers, which produced such vocalists as Nourrit, Madame Branchu, Ponchard, Levasseur, Madame Damoreau, and many others.

All the princes of Germany had private musical establishments, and renowned masters to direct them. These masters, in the tranquillity of their position—which, though modest, sufficed to support their families—and happy amid the calm of these little courts, of which art constituted the entire round of pleasures, wrote works which still enjoy the admiration, or, at the very least, the respect of connoisseurs. And we must remark that the patronage extended to music, and the attraction it possessed for the great, was not limited to the sovereigns of the smallest states; high and illustrious families of Bohemia, of Hungary, of Silesia, and of Saxony, likewise, had orchestras, chapels, and even theatres. All the immortal works of Haydn were produced at the winter or summer residences of the Princes of the Esterhazy family. It would be far too long a task to enumerate the distinguished artists who found powerful

* Translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

patrons in the noble families of Metzi, Thun, Lobkowitz, Kinski, Fürstenberg, &c. It was to the patronage of a Count de Thun, and a Prince Lobkowitz, that Mozart owed his engagements at the Prague Theatre, to compose *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*: it was they who paid the manager the largest part of the expenses he incurred. The same families, the Prince de Kinski, and the Arch-Duke Rudolphe, all eminent connoisseurs, and passionately fond of art, were the patrons of Beethoven, too, placing him above the difficulties of material life, and securing him the independence necessary for him to deliver himself up to his sublime inspirations.

All this has disappeared; revolutions have shaken and destroyed everything; misadvent of calamities have struck the highest families, and the enlightened taste of these select amateurs has ceased to direct that of the public. Vienna, once the musical city, *par excellence*: Vienna, where the colossal works of Gluck, Salieri, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, were produced, not to mention a multitude of authors, who, without attaining the same elevation, have rendered their names celebrated by some fine efforts; such men, for instance, as Krommer, Hummel, Gyrowitz, Schubert, and others, a complete list of whom would be too long; Vienna has descended, in a short time, to the lowest degree of musical intelligence; it is a city which no longer knows angit but *Ländler*, polkas, and fugitive compositions of no value.

A fatal moment for music seems to have arrived. To the time when emperors, kings, princes, and nobles not only were partial to, but truly fond of music, there has succeeded the period in which we now are, when, with very few exceptions, none of these great personages appear to care about the art. I will not even assert that it is an amusement for them, because they would willingly dispense with it, were it not for a sense of decorum which requires them to appear to do something for it, because it is acknowledged that whoever does not like music possesses an incomplete organisation; but this seeming patronage is reduced to the smallest possible proportions. Where should we find, now-a-days, a monarch who, supposing there were another Mozart, would say to him, as King Frederick William II. of Prussia did, after offering him the most magnificent salary: "Stop with me, my dear Mozart; you know that my greatest delight is to listen to your music."

Another enormous evil resulted after the French revolution of 1789, from the alienation of the church property, and the consequent impossibility of reconstituting in a solid and worthy manner the musical establishments of the cathedrals and collegiate churches, where divine service was performed wholly in music. These establishments possessed so many posts of *maître-de-chapelle*, who enjoyed an existence free from all care, and were able to devote themselves as they chose to composition and sacred music, the means of executing which were ready to their hand. For some forty years past attempts have been made to resuscitate these institutions in certain places, but the insufficiency of means has, up to the present day, not allowed of anything being done really useful to the art.

We must not dissimulate the immense evil which has resulted from the causes of which I have just spoken. This evil is the annihilation of the two kinds of music in which art soars to its most idealistic conceptions; I mean instrumental music and sacred music. Musicians cannot live by the composition of symphonies, quartets, sonatas, masses, or vespers; they never have done so yet. The requests made to Haydn, when he already enjoyed universal celebrity, for six symphonies, by the society of amateurs called "La Loge Olympique," and for twelve other grand symphonies, for the concerts given as a speculation in London by Salomon, are exceptional cases. The publishers, especially in the actual state of affairs, cannot purchase the manuscripts of works of this description. It would be a very great step for them even to consent to undertake the expenses of publication, and they certainly would not think of doing so, except in the case of composers whose reputation was already established. With the exception of Beethoven's later compositions, symphonies, quartets, and quintets were never written to be sold and considered as a means of existence. Most of such works, written for princes and nobles, in the calm

of a certain position, were spread about in manuscript copies, and then published in Leipzig, Mayence, Offenbach, Amsterdam, Paris, and London, without the authors ever deriving a penny from the proceeds of the sale. In Paris, the old firms of Sieber, Ledou, Boyer, and Imbault, published innumerable editions of the works of Haydn, Mozart, Wranaltz, Sterkel, Stamita, and others, and in our own day, the same thing is true of the compositions of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and the collections of the complete works of the great masters all over Europe.

It was thus that, when a composer possessed talent, he achieved celebrity by the composition of instrumental works. Now-a-days, public morality has stepped in to assist the propriety of authors, and, thanks to the protection it accords, the latter are tolerably certain of remaining entirely unknown. Let us suppose, for instance, the case of one of those rigorously constituted artistic natures which can live on poverty, provided only they produce. Such an individual has written quartets and symphonies. For the first, he goes to the friends he possesses among violinists and violoncellists of talent, and asks them to give his work a trial. But friends have a thousand various occupations; they have not the time, even if they do not want the will. Worn out at last, however, by his entreaties, they consent, and the trial takes place in a corner. The work contains beauties; these move the performers, who burst out into applause. The heart of the poor artist expands; thank Heaven, the day has come, as he flatters himself, when happy inspirations, the only work of art, and the life of self-denial, are about to receive their reward. What illusion, however, are contained in these hopes! Delighted with the success he has just achieved, the composer begs his friends to play his work at one of their public quartet performances, attended by an audience of enthusiastic amateurs, but he is completely annihilated at the answer he receives:

"My dear friend, your quartets are excellent, but our public are enthusiastic only for those names which they know. When called upon to judge a new work, they are uncertain what to do, fear to compromise themselves, and remain cold. This is the reason why they only require, or, rather will not have anything but Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or, at most, Mendelssohn. You must see, therefore, that, however great our desire may be to oblige you, it is impossible for us to accede to your request." After such a disappointment, every one can understand the impossibility of finding any one to listen to a proposition about an unknown work. I will, however, suppose, as an impossibility, that there is a person sufficiently bold to undertake the expenses of publication. When the edition is printed, he forwards copies, on sale or return, to his correspondents in the departments and abroad. These individuals, not being able to pirate the work, if it is good, do not trouble their heads about it, but leave it on their shelves, and its existence remains forever unknown. With regard to the provincial correspondent, he knows only one fact: the Paris papers have not said a word about the work, which, doubtless, is worth nothing, and, as the copy is for the publisher's account, he does not care about it.

But again: I will suppose that some popular artist, having been desirous of becoming acquainted with this so despised work, has tried it at home and has the same opinion of it as the author's friends. He gives public quartet performances in the town where he resides, and resolves on executing the work in question, but, at the moment the audience has assembled, and the four artists are tuning their instruments, a gentleman makes his appearance and says to the artist for whose benefit the performance is given: "Sir, I am the agent of the Society of Composers and Music-publishers, and I am charged, according to the terms of the law of 1791, the decree of such and such a day, and the agreements concluded between such and such governments, to forbid you to execute the works announced in your programme, until you shall have paid into my hands the sum laid down in the tariff, under the penalties named in such and such an article of the penal code!"

Another class of obstacles has sprung up during about the last half century. The first public quartet performances were given in France by Baillet. Previously to that there were quartet performances, every week, at the houses of a great

number of distinguished amateurs in Paris, among whom I may mention Ardisson, a very able violinist; the Princes of Chimay, Lacépède, Laforest, Vill-blanc, Noailles, Sermental, and a hundred others, who paid artists to accompany them. I have been connected with more than fifty towns in France, where this was the case, and where quartet performances formed part of the amusements most eagerly sought after. Nothing of the kind exists now-a-days, because the feats of strength and legendmain, distinguishing the modern violin school, having cast into the shade the art of Viotti, Rode, and Bailot, which it has replaced by the astonishment caused by the subjugation of immense difficulties, amateurs, not being able to decide on adopting the violent gymnastics of our artists, have been seized with discouragement. The consequence is that the amateur on the violin is, now-a-days, an exception; that quartets are only played at artists' houses, and, therefore, no longer published, for a tradesman orders only those things which will sell.

What is true of instrumental chamber-music is still more so of the symphony, because it is far more easy to collect four performers than to form an orchestra. Those now existing, have programmes really made, in which it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for new efforts to obtain admittance. I know this by my own experience. Being absolute master of the orchestra, which I direct, and desirous of advancing artists in whom I perceive any talent, I every year give new works a trial, and I have always conflicts in consequence with the regular attendants at the Brussels Conservatory. This state of things did not exist when a taste for serious music was generally diffused. Everything was tried, and what was really good came out triumphantly from the ordeal, and took its place among classical works. I am speaking of what I have seen. In the older times to which I refer, works of genius and of superior talent were rare, as they always will be. A great many mediocre works were produced with masterpieces, but they are now forgotten, as they deserve to be. Such were the symphonies of Guérin, Cambini, Tokski, Van Malders, and many others. All these were engraved, spread abroad, and played at concerts in the provinces. Well, where was the harm? The expenses of engraving were about covered. If among all these poor specimens there had been a spark or two of real talent, it would have produced its effect. The artist would have been known, and we should not have seen him judged, as is the case now-a-days, without having been heard.

What are the consequences of all I have just said, with a certainty and knowledge founded on facts? They are as follow: the two most elevated, freest, and most ideal branches of music threaten to disappear under the influence of this state of things, for they neither offer a means of livelihood, nor do they satisfy the souls of those whom natural talent would impel to cultivate them. The essential cause of this evil is the enfeeblement, at the top of the social scale, of the sentiment for what is musically beautiful, as well as the occupations and prejudices of other classes. Having nothing more to hope from labours of this description, all young composers rush to the stage, without inquiring whether they possess the necessary talent and instincts for it, because, despite the obstacles of which I have already spoken, it is still the easiest road for becoming known, and that which demands the least serious study.

Now when the state of things is such that there is no longer ought to be hoped for from society to prevent the decadence of an art indispensable to its happiness, the various governments are bound to arrest this decadence, by institutions which shall counterbalance the pernicious influence of any one epoch. These institutions, which I shall enumerate, in my next article, would, without doubt, entail expense, if they are realised, but I firmly believe they would be attended with beneficial results.

I fancy I already hear the following observation, which some one will not fail to make: "What institutions do you desire which shall replace genius?" None, assuredly. But who will dare to affirm that men of genius, if they exist—and why should they not exist, for God does not disinheret one generation any more than another—who will dare to assert that, under the circumstances of which I have just drawn the picture, such men can make themselves known for what

they are? The only object of the institutions to which I refer will be to ameliorate these circum-stances, and foster genius when it appears. Genius is not everything; it wants the knowledge how to develop its strength; it requires support to enable it to reveal itself; in a word, we must add to it strength of character if it is to triumph over obstacles. Now this last quality is not always found combined with it.

Féris, Senior.

(To be continued in a future number.)

"ELIJAH" IN LONDON.

(Communicated.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY PERFORMANCES OF "ELIJAH"—1, (1817) 16th April; 2, 23rd; 3, 28th; 4, 30th; (Mendelsohn conducted). 5, 17th Nov.; 6, 3rd Dec.; (conducted by Mr. Surman). 7, (1848.) 12th April; 8, 12th May; (conducted by Mr. Ferry). 9, 1st Nov.; (1st performance conducted at Exeter Hall by Mr. Coe, who has conducted all the rest. 10, 17th Nov.; 11 (1849), 23rd April; 12, 27th; 13, 8th May; 14 (1850), 5th April; 15, 12th; 16, 26th; 17, 23rd Dec.; 18 (1851), 20th Jan.; 19, 2nd May; 20, 16th; 21, 6th June; 22, 27th; 23, 4th July; 24, 25th; 25, 5th Sept.; 26, 26th; 27 (1852), 6th Feb.; 28, 13th; 29, 23rd April; 30, 11th May; 31, 24th; 32 (1853), 21st Jan.; 33, 29th; 34, 13th May; 35, 10th June; 36, 21st; 37 (1854), 20th Jan.; 38, 9th Feb.; 39, 17th; 40, 26th Mar.; 41 (1855), 5th Jan.; 42, 13th April; 43, 15th June; 44 (1856), 11th Jan.; 45, 11th April; 46, 6th July; 47 (1857), 30th Jan.; 48, 6th May; 49 (1858), 6th Feb.; 50, 12th Feb.

In the above period the Society has given 196 concerts, more than one-fourth of which have been devoted to *Elijah*. The *Nesiah* has been produced 48 times within the same period; so that half the number of the performances has been absorbed by these two oratorios.

It is by no means the wish of the Society to recur so frequently to the same oratorios, but the committee must go with the public; and the proceeds derived from the more generally popular works that enables them to carry on their operations.

PROGRAMME OF

GENERAL REID'S COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

(To day)

February 13, 1858, in Edinburgh University.

PART FIRST.		
Oratorio, "Marguerite,"	Mellon.	
Romanza, "O vecchio cor eh' balte,"	Verdi.	
	<i>I due Foscari.</i>	
Vocal Quartette, "When the West,"	Mendelssohn.	
	Miss Thirlwall, Miss S. Pym, Mr. St. Alban, and Mr. Wallworth.	
Concerto in C Minor (Pianoforte)	Beethoven.	
	Miss Arabella Goddard.	
Cavatina, "Casta Diva," (Norma)	Belini.	
	Miss Louisa Fyfe.	
Solo, Violin, "Otello,"	Ernst.	
	Mr. Carrodus.	
Song and Chorus, "Rotaplan," (<i>Huguenots</i>)	Meyerbeer.	
	Mr. St. Alban.	
Overture, "Zampa,"	Herold.	
PART SECOND.		
Pastorale, Minuet, and Grand March (the Garb of Old Gaul)	Composed by General Reid.	
	"I love her,"	Balf.
	Mr. W. Harrison.	
Fantasia (Pianoforte), "Home, Sweet Home,"	Tsialberg.	
	Miss Arabella Goddard.	
Duetto, "La Figlia incanta," (<i>Maria Padilla</i>),	Donizetti.	
	Miss Louisa Fyfe, and Miss Susan Fyfe.	
Ain, Buffo, "Madamina," (<i>Gioacchino</i>)	Mozart.	
	Mr. H. Braham.	
Chorus, "Here we'll rest," (<i>Sonambula</i>),	Belini.	
Finale, "God save the Qu-ee," (Band).	John Bull.	
	Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.	

THE FUMAGALLI PARTY AT WINDSOR.

(From the Windsor and Windsor Castle, Eton, Ascot, Slough, and Eton College Express, Berks, Reading, Bucks, Maidenhead and Middlesex, Ditchley Journal, West Surrey, Epsom, and Egham Gazette, and Micham Intelligencer, January 30, 1858).

The second concert at the theatre on Wednesday evening, given by Signora Fumagalli, Sig. Di Giorgi, and Mr. Charles Braham,—Sig. Vianesi, conductor, was well patronised. The programme was varied, and judging from the applause and encores, the selection could not have been better. The vocalists fully sustained their reputation. The singing of Signora Fumagalli electrified the audience.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under

the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, and Tuesday, February 15th and 16th, to commence at 7 o'clock, with Sheridan's comedy of THE RIVAL, as performed on Friday night, January 29th, by command of Her Majesty, in honour of the nuptials of H.R.H. the Princess Royal with H.R.H. the Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The characters will be represented, as on that occasion, by the Haymarket Company. Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Chippendale; Captain Absolute, Mr. W. Farren; Faulkland, Mr. Howe; Acres, Mr. Buckstone; Sir Lewis Trigrig, Mr. Hudson; Fag, Mr. Clark; David, Mr. Keeley; Coaklam, Mr. Cox; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Poyesser; Lydia Languish, Miss Reynolds; Julia, Miss Childs; Lucy, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pastime, entitled THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY. The scenery by Mr. William Callant Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louisa Leclercq. On Wednesday, February 17th, being Ash-Wednesday, NO PERFORMANCE. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 18th, 19th, and 20th, the Comedy of THE HEIRS AMANSADORA, as usually performed by Mr. Hudson will appear, being the last three nights of his engagement. After which, so lively for these three nights only, the Farce of TWICE KILLED, as performed by command of Her Majesty, which Mr. Keeley and Mrs. Keeley will sustain their original characters. With the Follies.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained to the end of the evening, and for which there will be one-angel for look-back 6s. each). First Price—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery, 1s. Second Price—Dress Boxes, 4s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two G-Boxes and One Thomas and a-half each. Stage-Manager, E. Chippendale.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, February 13th, the comedy of THE FOUR STRAGGLERS, to which Messrs. Webster, Wright, Paul Bedford, and Madame Celeste will appear. After which THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER, as performed by command of Her Majesty. Characters by Messrs. Wright, C. Paul, Wellington, C. J. Smith, Henry, and Mrs. Arden. To conclude with THE DRAPERY QUESTION; OR, WHO IS FOR INDIA?

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and Friday, HAMLET; Tuesday and Wednesday, A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM; Wednesday, THE TWO CORNICAN BROTHERS. And the Follies, every evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER. After which THE DOGE OF DURALTO. To conclude with DOUTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILYALBA & FRIKELI.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 3, and every evening at 8. Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two G-Boxes, One G-Box, and One G-Box. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bow-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE

SICARDIOTTI—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOTOLASA. Mr. John Dotolasa has great pleasure in announcing he has made arrangements for a MONTHLY MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT never before attempted at the East End of London, on Am Wednesdays, consisting of Haydn's Oratorio of THE CREATION, and a Grand Concert. The solo vocalists will include the names of Madame Ederobson, Mr. Hillard (the popular tenor), Mr. Allan Irving, Miss Fanny Hubbard, Miss Garcia, Miss Peto, M. de Simon, Mad. Carpentier, Mad. Proust, Mr. Charles W. Herwin, Mr. Lester, Mr. Glover, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. George Russell, and a host of talent from Exeter Hall and the Italian Opera, including a Band and Chorus of 500 performers, under the direction of Mr. Isaacson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN AMATEUR.—The articles in an evening paper of high repute—upon the performances of "a certain musical institution which has removed from Willis's Rooms to Hanover-square, and anticipates increasing glory at the new St. James's Hall"—are generally supposed to proceed from the pen of the director of that institution. The style—notwithstanding the careful corrections and erasures of the Editor, or sub-Editor, of the esteemed evening paper (which has always deservedly prided itself as much on good English as on good sense)—warrants the supposition. Thus the impartiality and fearless independence that characterise these notices of the "unique performances" in question, are easily accounted for.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1858.

THE *Athenæum* inquires—"How long will it be in England before a classical concert, which shall be profitable, must cease to be an ancient concert?"

We should first like to know the precise meaning attached by our contemporary to the terms "classical" and "ancient." Presuming that he includes among the "ancients" every dead composer of eminence, and among the "classics" only the acknowledged great masters, his query is by no means difficult to answer. The "classical" concert will remain an "ancient" concert until modern composers apply themselves more seriously to the study of music. The rare gift of genius is not absolutely necessary in the production of works good enough to be preserved as classical; but a thorough knowledge and mastery of the science of the art, combined with a remarkable natural aptitude (not essentially derived from genius, as many instances have shown) are indispensable.

The chamber-music (for it is of chamber music that our contemporary is speaking) composed during the last quarter of a century, with rare exceptions, is shown to be of a very flimsy texture, when compared with that of the masters who have ceased to write; and it is well known that nine amateurs out of ten infinitely prefer the old music to the new—a preference in which, for the most part, we heartily concur. Moreover, even now, only a small portion of the music of the really great composers is familiar to the public, while, on the other hand, the public generally is becoming utterly wearied (nauseated, indeed) with the Fantasia-school, and its twin sister, the "Rhapsodic," so grossly misnamed the "Romantic." M. Thalberg, the most illustrious modern representative of the former, has been of late years going out of fashion; and no wonder, since he has flourished for a lengthy succession of years on the eternal modification of one idea. Take away his thumb and his arpeggio, and what becomes of M. Thalberg? On the other hand, Dr. Liszt, the most renowned preacher of the "Rhapsodic" school, never was—and it is to be hoped, for the interests of music, never can be—in fashion. Happily very few possess sufficient mechanical skill to execute his pieces at all; and among the highly endowed minority there are some who have too much good sense to devote attention to such inharmonious effusions. Whatever may be thought of the two, as "virtuosi," M. Thalberg is likely to outlive his contemporary and rival—since his compositions, meagre as they may be pronounced in the quality of invention,

can claim to be regarded as what those of Dr. Liszt cannot—viz., genuine music for the piano. Every new piece that comes from the pen of Dr. Liszt (and we have now before us a series, entitled *Rhapsodies Hongroises*) is more vague, extravagant, incoherent, and unmeaning than its predecessors. Either this eccentric gentleman was not born to be a musician, or, like his (*ante-gaumen*) hero, Robert Schumann, has lost his senses. The first alternative has always been our opinion; but we are willing just now to grant him the benefit of the last.

The *Rhapsodies Hongroises* have been noticed by the *Athenæum* in highly eulogistic terms. "They are addressed"—it appears—"to only pianists of the highest accomplishment, and by those whose 'be all and end all' is a sonata, a concerto, or a fugue, they had better not be touched." We agree with our contemporary; and may add that those who are able to play the greatest sonatas, concertos, and fugues of the greatest masters, can do so much more, both mentally and mechanically, than those who have mastered such things as the *Rhapsodies Hongroises*, that their time is too valuable to waste upon anything Dr. Liszt ever put upon paper. But, theory apart, we have sought in vain for the good things enumerated in the *Athenæum's* review of the *Rhapsodies Hongroises* ("ante"—page 185). Perhaps we may have lost all apprehension of the beautiful in music; and if the merits pointed out in Dr. Liszt's new compositions are real, that, or something like it, *must* be the case. We own, with submission, that their "wild gipsy character," their "quaint life and elegance," their "exquisite calculation, as *vagaries*, to display the instrument for which they are written," and even their "rich *freak* and spirit," have escaped us. We look for such characteristics in vain.

At any rate we should be grievously hurt to find a spirit now abroad, in England, for reviving those masterpieces of great composers which should never have been forgotten (many of which, indeed, have not at any time elicited the notice and admiration that are their just due), checked by a desire for according publicity to what we are forced to regard as nothing better than rhodomontade—in the shape of music (so-called), by Dr. Liszt and his satellites. Last year a Russian pianist—Herr Rubenstein—favoured us with an inkling of what we may expect if ever this false and vicious school predominates. Mad. Schumann, too, provided us with one or two specimens of Herr Brahms, another of the "apostles," while players of inferior rank have also put forth what little was in them on behalf of the "belabourers" of the pianoforte; but if such music ever makes way in England, it will involve a dangerous crisis for the purity of art.

With these convictions we cannot share in our contemporary's regret or anxiety about "classical" concerts being always "ancient" concerts. On the contrary, we trust that such may continue to be the case, until it becomes an acknowledged condition, that pianists, who prefer writing, to show off their own peculiarities, shall first make themselves masters of the elementary rules of composition. Otherwise music will incur the risk of degenerating into an art not much worthier than that professed by Mr. Flexmore (short, moreover, of the *humour* which distinguishes the antics and evolutions of that distinguished "*virtuoso*"); and with variations, will apply to pianists and their performances Mr. Thackeray's satire upon "Such a getting up stairs," without exception.

THAT great Moorish temple of ill-success, which with its dingy magnificence adorns the eastern side of Leicester-square, and which for many years has been called the "Panopticon,"—possibly because nobody ever wanted to see the interior—has been recently taken by Mr. E. T. Smith, and blessed with the name of "The Alhambra."

Now, Mr. E. T. Smith is a most ingenious speculator, alike comprehensive in his views, and various in his expedients. It would be too much to apply to him the expression, "*nihil legit quod non conavit*," but as we may fairly say, that if a fallen property does not give some little sign of returning vitality at Mr. Smith's magic touch, its case must be desperate indeed. It would be too much to say that he has made of Drury Lane Theatre a home for the National Drama in every way worthy of a great metropolis; but at all events he has done what no one else has done for many years. He has converted that theatre into a rent-paying institution having found it a mere useless heap of bricks and mortar.

The energies of Mr. E. T. Smith are not easily exhausted. Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre—proprietor of a weekly newspaper—owner of an huge luncheon-house,—he nevertheless finds that these three vocations are insufficient for the full employment of his faculties. The poor neglected shut-up Panopticon,—a big house, without a tenant, is just the thing to tempt a genius of such boundless vitality, and so anxious to communicate vitality to anything with which it comes in contact. We do not marvel that Mr. Smith takes the "Panopticon,"—and we have no objection to his calling it the "Alhambra."

Possessed of his vast edifice, Mr. Smith doubtless began to reflect what could be done with it, and in the process of reflection reviewed several features of the present age. He saw that preaching in places not being churches or chapels had become the fashion, and that Mr. Spurgeon, taking the Music Hall in the Royal Surrey Gardens, was enabled, by virtue of pulpit-eloquence, to draw a revenue far beyond the sum expended for the hire of the premises; at the same time leaving the hall perfectly free for secular uses on the weekdays. He probably observed too, that with a considerable number of pious folks, it is the habit, on leaving a place of public-worship, to visit the nearest public-house—an innocent habit too, the laws of moderation being observed, for pious people have as much right to take "something to keep the cold out," as any ungodly man who encumbers the face of the earth. Also there is a strong belief gaining ground in spite of opposition, that the masses ought to be better provided with means of innocent recreation on Sunday than we find to be the case in the present Sabbatarian state of things, and this state of public opinion no doubt came into the vast sphere of Mr. Smith's observation.

A whole series of *desiderata* is thus presented to the speculative mind, and the possession of the Alhambra suggests the supply of them all at one single *coup*. Why should not Leicester-square have its popular preacher in a secular edifice, as well as Kennington or the Strand? Mr. Rutherford, an eminent divine, is secured to furnish oratory at the Alhambra; with this difference from the Surrey arrangement, that whereas on the other side of the water the preacher hires the premises, here the owner of the premises engages the preacher—a mere financial distinction, not affecting the soundness of the doctrine taught. It is already declared by the voice of public opinion that the secular use of an edifice during the week does not render it less available for sacred purposes on Sunday, and, therefore, Mr. Smith, with due deference to that voice, takes out a license for dancing.

Again, if a certain number of persons quitting the place of worship are seen to visit houses where alcohol is vended, this propensity may easily be rendered beneficial to the religious establishment. A spirit-license is obtained for the Alhambra; and thus the sale of spirituous liquors, instead of being conducive to the benefit of the profane alone, may be rendered subservient to the great purpose of religious instruction. For the serious recreation of the people after the sermon, a concert of sacred music is supplied, and M. Henri Laurent, conductor of the Casino, likewise directs the band in its execution of the sublime music of Handel.

The more we contemplate this scheme, the more do we find to admire. One edifice, under one speculator, combines the functions of Church, Casino, Concert-room, and Public-house,—and these functions are made so perfectly to harmonize with each other, that nothing like the shadow of an inconsistency is to be found in that arrangement. Deeply therefore, have we been grieved at finding in a morning paper the following letter addressed to the Editor, by Mr. Rutherford, who was to have supplied the oratorical portion of the complex entertainment:—

Sir,—In your paper of to-day, in remarking on my preaching, at the opening of the Alhambra Palace, you say, "With Mr. Rutherford there must be a reckoning on the score of inconsistency; since he who vehemently opposed, in public meetings, the Sunday opening of national institutions, now lends himself to a palpable violation of the law forbidding Sunday amusements."

In justice you will allow me a few words of explanation.

I consented to open the Alhambra Palace, because it has long been my conviction that we cannot have too many places for the preaching of the Gospel; and because my stipulation was agreed to, that, in the morning, it should be open to all classes, free of charge. I had reason to expect that the selection of music would be such as is sung in the choral service of the Church of England, and that nothing would occur incompatible with true worship. When, at the close of my sermon last night, I found the singing was turned into a "Sunday amusement," at once stated that I would not again preach under similar circumstances.

The notice of application for a spirit license, of which I was not aware till I saw your paper, makes me all the more regret my having any had co-operation with the place.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. H. RUTHERFORD.

44, Oxford-terrace Hyde Park,
8th February, 1858.

Mr. Rutherford, then, backs out of the Alhambra. Still, let us hope that a plan so comprehensive and so beautifully symmetrical is not about to be rendered abortive by the fastidiousness of a single preacher—who is evidently a man much behind his age. Don't despair, Mr. E. T. Smith. Look out for another preacher. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

THE Reid Commemoration Concert takes place to-day, and the University Professors—who have given an interpretation of General Reid's testament so little in harmony with the meaning of the testator—will be enabled to provide their relatives and friends with a musical treat of a higher order than usual. True, the programme (which appears in another column) contains no "fute solo;" but, in revenge, the "Pastorale Menuet" and "Grand March" (*The Gard of Old Gard*)—compositions of General Reid—form preludes to the second part of the concert. So that one of the General's wishes, which was to have his own music and the instrument of his predilection annually glorified, will, at least, be fulfilled.

The Commemoration Concert, like every other point in the will of General Reid, is made light of by those who have

the control of the magnificent fund with which he endowed the University. Many of the Professors protest against it altogether, as a misapplication of College property! Others only afford it a lukewarm support, as if ashamed to act directly in the teeth of the bequest.

As anybody can see Dr. Reid's will at Doctors Commons, for a fee of one shilling, there is no secrecy about it. The authorities of Edinburgh University may, therefore, be charged with having used the money for all sorts of objects except those of the testator, which were—the foundation of a musical chair, the institution of an annual concert, on a grand scale, the erection of a music-hall for the purposes of the concert, &c. The interests of music (and nothing else) were in the mind of General Reid when he bequeathed his large possessions to the University, with ample directions for their disposal; and the interests of music are precisely those which have been ignored by the trustees, from the moment they got the funds into their hands.

The successive Professors of Music, in Edinburgh University, have had anything but a pleasant task. Those who were inclined to take what they could get, and remain inactive, have led an easy life enough. They have done little more than provide themselves with the necessaries of existence out of the Reid fund, letting music in Edinburgh remain at a standstill. Those, on the other hand, with greater energy of character, and greater self-respect (to say nothing of a clearer perception of right and wrong), have been in continual strife with the heads of the University—in this particular matter, it would appear, both wooden and thick. Professor Donaldson, the circumstances connected with whose advent to the chair are no doubt well-remembered, has exhibited greater determination than any of his predecessors. A lawyer himself, he is able to cope with the legal quibbling of his adversaries. He considers that he is entitled to the *maximum* which the testament of General Reid appoints the Musical Professor, as annual salary—viz.:—£1,000 a-year. At first he could only obtain the *minimum*—£300 a-year; but, by dint of perseverance, threats and protestations, he has raised the stipend to £450.

Our present business, however, is exclusively with the Commemoration Concert, for the expenses of which a clause in General Reid's will provides the annual sum of £300. Although nothing like so much is ever laid out on the performance, it seems that Professor Donaldson has no small difficulty in obtaining from the University a considerably less amount; and that only recently (as appears from a correspondence between himself and Mr. George Wood) he had to furnish a deficit of £80 out of his own pocket. The concert is got up under the superintendance of the Professor, and the engagements are made through the agency of a music-publisher. A certain sum is voted for expenses, by the University (in utter disregard of the clause in General Reid's will), and the Professor and the music-publisher are compelled to make the best of it. Thus, to meet the exigency of the case, either a shabby concert is given, with mediocre singers and players, or artists of eminence are beaten down in their terms. In either case the testament of General Reid is dishonored, the musical Professor and his agents are brought into disrepute, and the University is degraded.

We shall return to the subject.

M. JULIEN has arrived in London, after a brilliant tour in the provinces, accompanied by the greatest solists in his orchestra, and Mad. Griet for *prima donna*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE experiment of putting the *Bohemian Girl* on the Italian stage, in the Italian language and interpreted by Italian singers, was entirely successful on Saturday night. Had the opera, now called *La Zingara*, been written for the principal singers, it could hardly have suited them better. Madlle. Piccolomini has had no part for which she is better adapted than Arline. The music is not too florid, and affords her frequent opportunities of exhibiting her vivacity and expression. Perhaps the popular air, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," was never sung with more unaffected sweetness. How she acts the part of the gipsy girl may readily be imagined from recollection of her previous performances.

Signor Giuglini's Thaddeus can scarcely be cited as a powerful piece of acting, since, histrionically speaking, the part is not well adapted to his energetic style. On the other hand, his singing is extremely fine, and the ballads "When other lips and other hearts," and "When the fair land of Poland," were encored, on Saturday night, with thunders of applause, the former being insisted on a second time.

Signor Belletti sang the music of Count Arnheim most admirably, and with great effect: he, too, was awarded an encore in the well-known ballad "The heart bow'd down."

The remaining character, the Gipsy Queen, by Madlle. Sannier, and Florestan by Signor Mercuriali, were performed and sung with more than ordinary zeal and carefulness, and added largely to the general effect. The character of Devilshoof, by Signor Vinatei, was more obtrusive than comic. This part would have been infinitely better sung and acted by Signor Castelli, of the Opera-buffa, St. James's Theatre, to whom it should have been intrusted.

The *mise-en-scene* cannot be compared with that of Drury Lane, where the opera was originally produced. Nevertheless, taking into consideration that a run of fifty or a hundred nights could not have been anticipated, and that the regular opera season had not commenced, it must be allowed that sufficient care and pains have been expended in the production. At all events, some other scene than the old Italian one, which did service as a picture of Bath and the open campaign generally in the *Riviera*, at the Festival Performances, should have been provided for the Fair supposed to take place in Bohemia. To increase the attraction, according to announcement, two new songs were written and a *ballad-divertissement* composed expressly for the occasion. The songs were an *aria d'entrata* for Signor Giuglini, and an air for Madlle. Piccolomini in the third act. Neither achieved an extraordinary success, and the public remained faithful to the selections of their earlier days. The *ballad-divertissement* is lengthy and inopportune, and rejoices in the appellation *La Bonne Aventure*. The music is pretty and characteristic, and was danced, as far as the principal parts were concerned, with great point and animation by Madlles. Hortensia Clavelle, Morlaechi and Pasquale. The former especially is a clever and intelligent *danceuse*, and is decidedly an acquisition to Mr. Lumley's choreographic troupe.

The costume of Signor Giuglini was open to criticism on the first night, and provoked the expression from a morning contemporary, "that he looked like an early remover of dust." The popular tenor also included in an infinitude of thumps on the forehead while singing the "Fair land of Poland," and was called to order by the same journal. Signor Giuglini did not disdain the proffered counsel, but modified both his dress and his gestures.

The recalls were too numerous to remember, but we must mention the enthusiastic summons for Mr. Balfe, and the *furor* with which he was received when he appeared.

La Zingara was repeated for the second and third times on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be given for the fourth time this evening. The *divertissement L'Hyacinthe* follows the opera nightly. Mr. Balfe has legitimate cause to rejoice in the new success of his favourite opera.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE concert last Saturday comprised a fair average selection, as the programme will show:—

Overture (Athalie)—Mendelssohn; Aria, "Ah, perfido," Madame Borchardt—Beethoven; Fantasia for violin, Mr. Watson—Perry; Song, "Frühlings Toaste," Herr Deck—Lachner; Symphony No. 4—R. Schumann; Duet, "O lieto momento!" Madame Borchardt and Herr Deck—Boisdeieu; Scherzo from Symphony No. 1—Mendelssohn; Song, "I dreamt that I dwelt," Madame Borchardt—Halpe; Bachman's Song, Herr Deck—Dorn; Triumphant March from the tragedy of *Tersites* (first time of performance)—Beethoven. Conductor—Mr. A. Mason.

Mendelssohn's overture went extremely well, and was loudly applauded. Madame Borchardt possesses many recommendations as a vocalist, and took very great pains with Beethoven's fine song. Mr. Watson played the violin *fantasia* in such a manner as to make us wish he had selected better music. Neither Lachner's song, nor Schumann's symphony appeared to afford much gratification. The charming duet from the *Dama Bianca* was so well sung as to elicit a decided encore. The *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's symphony was a very creditable performance, and we are glad to repeat our impression that the band is getting better and better. Herr Deck, who has a fine voice, was encored in Dorn's drinking song. Beethoven's Triumphant March was a spirited climax to the entertainment.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—next to the *Messiah* the most popular of oratorios—attracted an immense audience yesterday week to Exeter Hall. The announcement that Mr. Sims Reeves had thoroughly recovered from his late serious indisposition, and that he would sing, added largely to the attraction, and we were therefore not surprised to see every seat in the hall occupied, and even the side-balconies, so often comparatively empty, crowded. The principal solo vocalists, besides Mr. Sims Reeves, were Mad Clara Novello, Mrs. Temple, Miss Dolby, Miss Palmer, Messrs. H. Barnby, Walker, Snythson, and Santley.

Excepting that the audience gave Mr. Sims Reeves a most hearty reception, the decorum enforced, or, more properly, attempted to be enforced by the directors, and anxiously desired by Mr. Costa, who knows that every interruption must necessarily weaken the effect of the performance, was generally observed in the first part. An effort to get up a demonstration after Mr. Sims Reeves sang in his most inimitable manner "If with all your hearts," was politely suppressed; and so the first part was brought to a termination with "Thanks be to God," to prevent manifestations of delight after which tremendous psalm would be simply impossible.

In the second part the audience considered they had a prescriptive right to encore the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," which was nevertheless rather slowly and heavily sung by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Palmer, and Miss Dolby. The restriction once broken through was no longer regarded, and the air, "O rest in the Lord," by Miss Dolby, one of her most chaste performances, and "Then shall the righteous," which Mr. Reeves sang magnificently, were both encored, the last vociferously. Mr. Costa could not refuse assent to such unmitigated demands.

The beautiful quality of Madame Clara Novello's voice was exhibited with remarkable effect in the air, "Hear ye, Israel," which we do not remember to have heard her sing better. Miss Dolby was loudly applauded for the energy she displayed in the great scene between Jezebel and the people. These were the other noticeable points in the solo performances.

Mr. Santley has hardly weight and power sufficient for *Elijah*, He nevertheless sang carefully, and will, no doubt, improve as he becomes more familiar with the music.

The chorus are as much at home in *Elijah* as in the *Messiah*, and sing it as finely. The grand chorus, "Thanks be to God," was as splendid a performance as was ever listened to in Exeter Hall. Another glorious example of choral execution, in a dif-

ferent style, was presented in "He watched over Israel," which was delivered with extraordinary smoothness and delicacy.

Elijah was repeated last night with the same principal singers as on the previous Friday.

Handel's *Samson* will be performed on Friday the 3rd of March, Mr. Sims Reeves sustaining the great tenor part.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—The eighth annual concert was given here on Wednesday evening, on behalf of the Milliners' and Dressmakers' Provident and Benefvolent Institution. The attendance was numerous, but hardly so distinguished as we remember for the last three or four years. The artists were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Dolby, Mr. Loecky, and Mr. Frank Bodda, solo vocalists; Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sain-ton, and M. Paque, solo instrumentalists. The members of the St. George's Glee Union also gave their assistance. The selection was entirely of a "miscellaneous" character. The first part commenced with Benedict's and De Beriot's Grand Concertante Duet for pianoforte and violin on airs from *Sonambula*, played in a brilliant and highly effective manner by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sain-ton, the effect of which was considerably marred by the unavoidable accompanying of a host of "late arrivals." (The concert began punctually at the hour appointed.) The programme included in all twenty-two pieces, from which it must suffice to single out those which obtained most favour, according to the caprice of the audience. Miss Dolby, in Balfe's (Longfellow's) "Green trees," won a unanimous encore. Madame Clara Novello was encored in a new song by Miss Macriore, entitled "The recall;" and Miss Louisa Vinning obtained the same compliment in the cavatina from *La Traviata*, "Ah! fors'è lui," and in a new and very pleasing ballad by Mr. S. Fratten, "Too late, too late," which was repeated twice. Among other encores were Mr. Frank Bodda, in the Irish ballad, "How to ask and how to have," and Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Vinning, and Miss Dolby, in the trio from the *Matrimonio Segreto*. Miss Arabella Goddard obtained a tremendous encore in Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" fantasia, which she executed with a taste, expression, and mechanical perfection beyond all praise, singing the melody as sweetly as she performed the variations brilliantly. The whole performance was a "gem." The fantasia on airs from *Il Trovatore*, by M. Sain-ton, was a masterpiece of bravura playing, and obtained the loudest applause. The members of St. George's Glee Union did not cover themselves with glory in their first attempt; but as they proceeded they improved. They contributed both glees and part-songs. Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied all the vocal music, and M. Sain-ton's solo, with musicianlike ability.

MAD. VIARDOT AT BERLIN.

THE success of Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia, in the capital of Prussia, if we may credit the local papers, has been immense. A few extracts will suffice to show. The *Gazette de Voss*, of Jan. 29, writes:—

"Whether Mad. Pauline Viardot belongs to the Alps or to the Pyrenees, matters little. Enough that she is one of the culminating *sommets* of the world—the world of art, be it understood. She is the singer of all languages, of all epochs, and of all styles—universal power, which perhaps is even more difficult in art than in politics. Europe counts five great powers; if it were necessary to cite five great powers in the domain of song, taking the standard from our celebrated visitor, we should be very much embarrassed."

The remainder of the article (signed "Bellast") proceeds to show the empire of the artist over every style. The *Gazette d'Etat* speaks as follows:—

"The public was anxious to know how the strength and quality of the voice was preserved, since about the artistic elevation of the *cantatrice*, who holds the front rank among all her living rivals, was not a question in Berlin."

(The article winds up by stating that the voice is *affermie*, and that in all its registers it is more beautiful than ever.)

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Carnival Season, when Italians awake as from a lethargy, and claim the national privilege "di fare un poco di *Mutto*," has been this year, as yet, a very dull and sorry affair. One material cause of this has been the extreme severity of the weather, which has been colder than has been known for upwards of thirty years, accompanied by frequent heavy falls of snow. This has produced a general illness, and instead of the usual cry—"Allegri"—"Allegri"—"Allegri" on all sides has been heard in melancholy accents—"La Grippe"—"La Grippe!"

The singers as usual have been among the earliest and greatest sufferers, and the lyric art has been obliged to succumb to the caprice of the thermometer. For some time, out of the twelve principal artists of La Scala, ten of them were quite unable to appear from illness. The consequence has been that the theatre has either been obliged to be closed, or the chief parts executed by such of the "supplementary" singers as were fortunate enough to escape the claws of the "influential" monster. Pardon the horror in my pen is guilty of. This, of course, highly displeases the Italians, who have no notion of listening to ladies and gentlemen whose talent and services are estimated and rewarded by a salary of about 30*s.* a week, instead of the artists of *Carlo*, who receive upwards of 30,000 *zwanzi* for a season of rather more than two months duration.*

No wonder, therefore, that under this state of things all the theatres (with the exception of the Carcano, of which I shall hereafter speak) have exhibited a lamentable account of empty benches. The only opera hitherto performed at the Scala have been *Giovanna di Gusmano* (*Les Vèpres Siciliennes*), *Nabucco*, and *Petrella's* new opera (written expressly for the theatre), *Ione*, taken from Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*. The last was produced a few days since with very moderate success. To say the least of it, better things were expected from the composer of *Marco Fiescanti* and *L'Assedio di Leida*. Some of the partisans of the maestro blame Madame Albertini, the *prima donna*, ("L'Ombra," as they now call her) for her want of ability to execute the music; while Ricordi, the well-known music publisher, has been charged by others with sending a numerous party into the theatre to "hiss" the new opera on the first night of its representation. Ricordi—who, as you of course are aware, holds the copyright of all Verdi's music—has indignantly denied the charge, and that, too, in such a frank and honourable manner, as leaves no doubt of the libel upon him, although his upright and honorable conduct, by which he has realised a handsome fortune, was of itself a sufficient refutation of such an infamous calumny. In the meantime, *Ione* is gradually gaining in public favour, and Madame Albertini, Signors Negrini and Guicciardi, the principal artists, have recovered their lost voices, and are more "at home" in the music. In the *ballet* department, three new *ballètes* have been produced, but all the most decided failures.

At the Carcano, the barytone, Felice Varesi, and his sister-in-law, Virginia Boccabadati, have created a *furore* in *Rigoletto* and the *Traviata*, the barytone parts in which were originally written for Signor Varesi. This artist now returns to Milan, after many years absence, not having sang here since the events of 1848. Those who knew him in his prime say that his voice is considerably impaired. It may be so; but the consummate lyric artist—the actor—the man of genius, remains; and, in common with all the true admirers of these, I have been quite contented to take him as I find him. I have seen and heard Corsi and Ronconi in the *Rigoletto*, and admire both immensely—the latter especially; but the Jester of Varesi, nevertheless, is an original conception—a bold and masterly picture standing out from the canvass.

In the *Traviata*, the barytone part (Giorgio Germont) is not of equal importance, but here also the presence of a great artist was clearly manifest. The first honours, however, belong to Madlle. Virginia Boccabadati, who has proved herself one of

* I have good authority for stating that Albertini gets 36,000 *zwanzi*, and Negrini, the first tenor, 33,000.

the best representatives of Violetta that have been heard in Milan. Her voice is small, but capable of great expression, and what it wants in force is amply atoned for by soul and feeling, independent of great brilliancy of execution. Her acting in the latter part of the opera was perhaps rather exaggerated—at any rate, if true, it was painfully true. But not being an ardent admirer of the "consumptive" school of acting, which pleases the Italians so much in this opera, in *Suppico*, and in *Idogonda*, my humble opinion becomes of little weight. I mean no deterioration of the talents of Madlle. Boccabadati by these remarks.

Asprope of the "consumptive" school. A young and clever English girl—very good looking, and with the bloom of health upon her rosy cheeks, recently applied to a certain theatrical agent here for an engagement. After the lapse of a few days the agent introduced an *impreario* to hear the young aspirant for musical fame exhibit a specimen of her talent. The *impreario* stared at the English girl in a very peculiar way, and at last stammered out: "But, Signora, I want some one to sing the *Traviata*." "I am quite glad to hear it," replied our young canceatic, "I have studied the opera, do me the favour to hear me sing the cavatina." No sooner said than done; the cavatina was sung, and well sung, the *impreario* all the while looking daggers at the poor devil of an agent, who was thinking of his fee, and what "good business" he had done. "Well," he exclaimed to the manager, "what do you think of her?" "Think," anklily replied the other. "She sings well," added the agent. "Diavolo!" cried the manager, bursting into a furious passion—"What's the singing! You say, why did you bring me here! with that fat and those red cheeks she'll damn the opera in the last act, the very first night!" So much for pale faces.*

I promised to send you a list of the engagements of the several English Artists who have been studying in Italy, which I now furnish, viz. :—

Swift (tenor), Teatro Nazionale at Turin, (originally engaged by the *Impreario* Merelli for Bergamo, but transferred to the Manager at Turin for a *con-si-de-ra-tion*.)

Laurence (baritone), Carlo Felice at Genoa.

Bolton (baritone) of the Royal Academy of Music, but now Italian tenor), Teatro at Crema.

Enrichetta Alexander (soprano), at the same theatre.

Ellen Kenneth (soprano), Teatro Ferdinando at Florence.

Susanna Kenneth (ditto), Teatro at Forli.

Madame Lemaire (contralto), who has made her appearance at several theatres in Italy with great success, and considers herself justly entitled to a profitable engagement, which not having been able to obtain in this country, she has left for Paris.

Fanny Gordosa—who has just completed an engagement at the Cannobbiana, and is at Turin, disengaged.

Maria Alfieri—(no descendant of the Italian Poet, but simply Maria Croft, the daughter of "mine host" of the Haymarket), has made a successful debut at Bucharest.

Miss Chipp—(a "Chip of the Old Block," and daughter of the respected veteran Harpist) has also left Milan for an engagement—in the island of Sardinia.

In my next I will "report progress," and also, with your permission, offer some observations as to the difficulties which the English artists have to encounter in Italy—not only from Italian prejudice and illiberality, but also from the rotten and disgraceful system which pervades the management of nearly all the theatres in Italy. As an example, I propose to place the "Crown of Immortality" upon the head of a certain "Midas," a Signor Curtani, of Paris, for his Italian liberality towards English Artists!

* Mademoiselle Piccolomini's cheeks are plump, and her cheeks not pale.—Ed. M. W.

MADAME ENDERSOHN has been "doing duty" for Madame Gisi in the last week of M. Jullien's provincial tour, owing to the indisposition, we trust only temporary, of the "*Diva*." Madame Endersohn undertook the advertised *repertoire* of her

illustrious predecessor; so that the programmes remained unchanged. The principal pieces were "Tacea la notte," and "Ah fors' e lui" (from the *Traviata*), and Macfarren's new patriotic song, composed expressly for Madame Gisi—"O weep for England's daughters," in which Madame Endersohn was invariably encored.

MR. RICHARDSON, the flautist, gave a *soiree musicale* at No. 3, Belgrave-place, Belgravia, on Wednesday last. The artists comprised Signora Fumagalli, Signor Di Giorgi, and Mr. Charles Braham as vocalists; and Messrs. J. Day, Forbes, Ganz, and Vianesi, instrumentalists. Mr. Richardson played for the first time in public since the sudden and severe illness which attacked him last autumn at the Surrey Gardens, and laid him prostrate for months. The eminent flute-player seems to have recovered all his strength and power, and displayed his extreme command over the instrument, and his pure taste, as in his best days. He was loudly applauded, and warmly congratulated after his performance. The vocal music comprised a new gipsy song by Signora Fumagalli, written expressly for her by Signor Vianesi; extremely effective and pretty, and most charmingly sung; the eternal air "Ah! fors' e lui," by the same lady; the air "Ah! si ben mio" from the *Trovatore*, and "Sally in our Alley" by Mr. Charles Braham; the duet "La ci darem" by Signora Fumagalli and Signor Di Giorgi; and a trio from *I Lombardi* by the three vocalists. The room was very full. Mr. Ganz and Signor Vianesi alternated in the conducting.

MUSIC AT SLOUGH.

[The following spirited account of a recent concert appears in the columns of a Slough paper, the name of which is too long to be cited inserted in our number.—Ed. M. W.]

CONCERT.—Mr. Charles Braham, assisted by Sig^{ts} Fumagalli and Sig. De Giorgi, gave a very clever entertainment on Thursday evening last, in the Mechanics' Institute, and for power of voice and distinguished talent nothing we have before heard in Slough have equalled it.

THE OVERTURES TO "TANNHAUSER" AND "IL BARBIERE."

M. HENRI BLANCHARD, one of the staff of *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, was present at the "Concerts de Paris" during the performance, for the first time, of an overture by Richard Wagner. "These concerts," says the critic, "give asylum to all musics—of the past, the present, and the future. Thus no doubt it was that the scared *habitués* enjoyed the advantage of hearing the overture to *Tannhauser* the other night." M. Blanchard then enters into an analysis of the overture, where we shall not follow him. He concludes thus:—

"The whole terminates with a species of harmonic tumult in place of perfection; and here the composer has thought proper to insert the word 'fin,' but why here sooner than elsewhere, nothing indicates. The audience listened to this strange work in religious silence, and even applauded, which was very polite on their part. After having followed the composer step by step, with probably a little clearness in our analysis as he has exhibited in his work, we must acknowledge that M. Richard Wagner has the art of producing rigorous orchestral effects, but that in unity of melodic thought he is entirely wanting. The overture to *Tannhauser*, which lasts more than a quarter of an hour, was followed by that of the *Barbier de Szeigilia*, which lasts less than seven minutes. The juxtaposition of these two overtures suggests an epigram. In less than half the time, Rossini says more than twice as much. He shows himself clear, spirited, and gay. His melody is charming, his harmony sufficiently studied and refined—the whole proving that he knew how to make good use of his time."

Which criticism is neither more nor less than sound common sense.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale* 1—*Le Musical World* of course.

A NEW FACT IN ACOUTICS.—A curious paper has just been communicated to the French Academy of Science by M. Jobart, touching a sound exactly corresponding to the note *la* (the note *A* in the English notation), which is heard by some persons in shaking their heads rather smartly from right to left.

M. Cagniard de Latour had been the first to remark this fact, and although he was known to be an exact observer, the announcement was received at the time with incredulity, because the experiment was generally repeated under unfavourable circumstances, being interrupted by other slight sounds, such as the rustling of a cravat, &c. M. Jobart has investigated the subject physiologically, and has ascertained that the sound is caused by the striking of the malleus upon the incus in the interior of the ear.

It is well known that the malleum of the malleus is attached to the centre of the tympanum, and that it is kept in equilibrium by thin elastic fibres. Now, in shaking the head the malleus may easily touch the bone of the incus, producing a slight metallic sound, which all those who have heard it acknowledge to agree with the note *la* in male. Those, M. Jobart says, that hear the same note in both their ears are endowed with a perfect sense of hearing; they are musicians born. Those who hear the note in one ear only possess the sense in an imperfect degree, just as those who have one eye weaker than the other mistake one colour for another. Those whose ears emit different notes in unison, are not only bad musicians, but they hate the art. From this fact M. Jobart deduces a curious consequence, which, if verified by experience, may be extremely useful in selecting a profession for a child—viz, that the capacity for music be tested at an early age, by ascertaining whether the subject hears the note equally in both ears or not.

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MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED (late Miss P. Horton) will repeat their entertainment every evening (except Saturday) at 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 2s., secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Grainger, Beale, and Co's, 201, Regent-street.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has the honor to announce that he will give TWO SOIREE'S OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC at the Beethoven Rooms, 41, North. To commence on Wednesday, the 10th. The soiree will consist of works by Beethoven, Mozart, C. Schuetz, and Mendelssohn. Subscription on the service, half-guinea; single tickets, 7s. To be had at the publishers; and at Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at her residence, 47, Wilk-street, Cavendish-square, on Tuesday evening, March 2, at half-past 8 precisely to terminate about a quarter to 11). The Programme will include—Sonata in D (piano and violin); Mozart, Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 39 (piano solo); Weber, Fantasia, on Flugel in major (piano solo) (Book 9 of Czerny's "Complete Exercises for the Piano Fort. &c. &c. Book 7); Bach, 8 Variations, in E. Op. 109 (piano solo); Beethoven; and Grand Trio in C minor, No. 3 (piano, violin, and violoncello); Mendelssohn. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Sainfroy; Violoncello, M. Payne. Tickets (10s. 6d.) to be had only of Miss A. Goddard, 47, Wilk-street, Cavendish-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—LAST NIGHTS.
FACCIOLINI, RANIERI, BEZZIA, BELLETTI, VIALETTI, ALDIIGHIERI, LUCCHESI, VIALETTI.
Tuesday, February 22 (last night but two)—LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO and Last act of LA FAVORITA; and—HYMENEA.
Wednesday, February 23 (last night but one)—LA ZINGARA (the Italian version of Bellini's opera "The Bohemian Girl");
Thursday, February 24 (last night)—H. TROVATORE and L'HYMENE.
Friday, February 25 (last night but one)—TO BE (to hold four persons), and one pair, 42s. 6d.; and two pair, 42s. 6d.; and two pair, 14s.; and gallery boxes, 10s.; gallery stalls, 6d.; gallery, 2s. 6d.; and 1s.
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Registers are kept for the gratuitous inspection of Managers, containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists awaiting engagement, with all necessary particulars, &c.

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MAPLESON AND CO, Musical Agency, Clarence

Chambers, 12, Haymarket, have negotiated the following engagements during the past week. Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Posing, Mlle. Pivoli, Miss Fanny Holland, Mlle. Borchardt, Mademoiselle Ponsa, Mrs. Henry Crotford, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. George Perrin, Mr. Miranca, Mr. Henry Haig, Herr Luck, Signor Dogana, Mr. Winn, Mr. Alton Irving, Mr. Barlham, from the Albanville Palace; also, Miss Fanny Holland for Gloucester; Mlle. Pivoli, Brighton, Hereford, Liverpool, &c.; Mr. Horace Vernon, Manchester, Liverpool, Hereford, &c.; Signor Dogana, Hereford, Brighton, Ipswich, &c.; Mr. Bartleman, ditto; Mr. George Perrin, Gloucester; M. Couda, Hereford, Manchester, Liverpool, &c.; Signor Handberg, Signor Violanti, and 100 chorists, also extra band of 46, for the Ashmole Palace.

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Majesty's State Ball at Whiteport's Band, Free, 2s. Band parts nearly ready. Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street.

CONCERT SEASON, 1858.—NOTICE.—C. M. SHEE

respectfully intimates to the Musical Profession that he has removed to 2, Back-street, Regent-street, where he continues the arrangement of concert (public or private) at his usual moderate charges. A most luxurious programme has been adopted during many past seasons of employing most eminent persons for the management of Concerts, &c. C. M. Shee also solicits all artists who purport giving Musical Entertainments, to apply to him at 2, Back-street, Regent-street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Directors of the ST. JAMES'S HALL CONCERT (limited) beg to state the Grand Ball will be inaugurated by a GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, on Thursday, the 25th, and Saturday, the 27th days of March next, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and H. H. the Prince Consort.

The Grand Hall can now be engaged for Grand Musical Performances, for Meetings of the various societies, and for other high-class purposes. Applications to be made to the Secretary, at the office, 23, Finsbury, W.

15 February, 1858.

By order of the Board,
GEORGE LESLIE, Secretary.

THE ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT, in connection with the St. James's Hall will be shortly opened, and is intended to supply one of the great wants of London in the shape of a Restaurant of the very highest class. Accommodation may be given to large diners of the various societies. There are two large dining saloons, which are open daily to the Public, and a number of separate rooms, looking upon Regent-street, for private parties.
67, 71, 73, Regent-street, Quadrant,
15, February, 1858.

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MEYERBEER:

*. The English version of the words is by JOHN OBERWOLF, Esq.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, for four voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) with English and Latin text, organ ad lib. 3 0

"Every lover of music will, we are sure, feel anxious to know this interesting work. It is written for four ordinary voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass), to be sung without accompaniment. An organ part has, however, been added, to be used when the voices have a tendency to falter." The melody, as is proper in compositions of this nature, is simple—*just* it is so elegantly harmonized that the left ear never flags for a moment, and the monotony and coldness so often complained of in religious music, without accompaniment, are entirely avoided.

"We do not remember any work of a similar kind, in which the modulations are more beautiful than in this composition of M. Meyerbeer. The *celos* of the parts in *twelve*, which occurs towards the middle of the Prayer, could not have been effected in a more masterly manner; indeed throughout the piece the hand of a consummate harmonist, and a composer who has studied every resource of his art, is visible.

"M. Meyerbeer's setting of the 'Lord's Prayer' has already been sung by the choir of the Beethoven's Chapel, Lincoln's Inn, London, under the able direction of Mr. J. Pittman; and it will, no doubt, be adopted, as it deserves to be, by all the principal metropolitan and provincial choirs."—*Liverpool Mail*.

THIS HOUSE TO LOVE IS HOLY (adieu aux jeunes mariés). Serenade for eight voices, (2 sopranos, 2 contraltos, 2 tenors, and 2 basses) without an accompaniment. 3 6

NEAR TO THEE (Prière de toi) for voice, piano, and violoncello 4 0

HEAR, HEAR ON THE MOUNTAIN RECLINING (Le cimetière de Bergeri), for voice, piano, and clarinet, *à l'orchestre*. 4 0

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"I LOVE THE OAK," ballad by Adolfo Ferrari 2 0

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"Come, sisters, let us dance and sing," for ditto ditto 2 6

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LONDON:

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MENDELSSOHN'S

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

EDITED BY

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With portrait by JOHN LYNCH, and preface by the Editor.

From "THE DAILY NEWS."

"This cheap, compact, and most elegant edition of the thirty-six famous 'Lieder ohne worte,' will be welcomed as a boon by every lover of Mendelssohn, not excepting such as already possess these exquisite pieces as they have been already published; for independently of the beauty of the volume, and the accuracy and accuracy of the text, it has the further advantage of a preface by the accomplished author, which every one who cherishes the memory of the lamented musician, will read with instruction and pleasure."

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WOLFGANG AMADEE (NOT MOZART) IN RE
HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,

I have observed in the "Musical World" the amiable criticism on the *Pensée Fugitive* of Mr. W. A. Beale. I am afraid the critic takes his conclusions as he does his steps—with a chop—oh! Mr. Beale is doubtless glad that his "Wolfgang Amadee" is not Mozart—that poor exploded old antique whose *Don Giovanni* only is alive and tolerable. I believe I know the Mendelssohn in F \sharp minor—I perceive no resemblance. Will Choppy suggest it? And I should be glad to know what medicine is good for "the health" of a 4—I don't see anything the

matter with it—never having taken lessons of—him? I like the 5th The E^{2nd} Treble ascend to F \sharp the B 1st Treble descend to a—The bass at contrary motion with the melody. Artistic and beautiful—pity the *real* Wolfgang Amadii (Mozart) never thought of it! But the wind-up pays for all. Richard Franz! I would have given a hundred for the compliment. It is the greatest that could have been paid—and only goes to prove that however partial donkies may be to their own and similar bray (common chorals like Mozart to wit) still their long ears are capable of distinguishing the notes of the nightingale—or of the Spirit of the Ribine—when they hear them—*now*—for the first time—from the pen of an *Englishman*? Do M Editor provide a liberal and unbiassed critic—your present one has to get over the difficulties of Steilck and Pleyel!

I am M Editor

your very humble Servt

The Editor of the Musical (Mozart) World. W. G. F. Beale

[We gave, in our last number, a specimen or two of Mr. "Wolfgang Amadee" Beale's music. The above letter will show that his manners are about on a par. If in the first he violates the rules of good harmony, in the last he equally sets at naught the conventionalities of good breeding.—Ed. M. W.]

DR. FOWLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—The inclosed advertisement will show you where Dr. Fowle received the degree of Mus. Doc.

It has often occurred to me that the Royal Academy of Music ought to be the institution for conferring musical degrees. Music, I believe, forms no part of an university education. While, therefore, we have a national institution devoted exclusively to the cultivation of music, it seems absurd that musical degrees should be conferred by institutions devoted exclusively to the cultivation of literature.

For your spirited crusade against the modern "virtuosi," and their sickly trash, you deserve the everlasting gratitude of all true musicians.—Yours, very truly,

R. A. M.

[The following is the preliminary of the advertisement forwarded by R. A. M.:—

DR. FOWLE,

(Professor and Doctor of Music in the University of Giessen, and Organist of St. John's Church, Torquay),

REQUESTS to announce his arrival at Torquay, and that he will give LESSONS ON THE ORGAN, PIANOFORTE, AND SINGING. It is unnecessary to print it *in extenso*.—Ed. M. W.]

LABLACHE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—With reference to the article on Signor Lablache, in your last number, I will merely mention the fact, that that great singer has performed in an opera of Signor Verdi's. In the *Musical World* for this year, 1847 (page 480) you will find that Signor Lablache appeared

in *I Masnadieri*, in conjunction with Mdlle. Jenny Lind, Signor Gardoni, etc.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,
G. C.

[Our correspondent is quite right, but Verdi wrote the part in *I Masnadieri* especially for Lablache, which makes all the difference, and does not contradict in the main what is affirmed by the writer of the Memoir.—Ed.]

PARTIE NON-OFFICIELLE.

LE NOUVEAU PIFF-PAFF DE MOSSOO.

[FROM the amended version of *Les Huguenots*, as ordered by the *Moniteur* to be sung in future at all representations of that opera.

The Emperor knows nothing about it, and will be so sorry, you can't think, when he finds it has got into the Government organ.

Dedicated to those glorious French regiments who alone won the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and everything else in the Crimea, and are now coming over to take England.]

AIR—MARCEL.

A bas les sacrés Rosbifs!
Jean Bull à terre!
A bas leurs femmes à vendre!
Au feu Les-ces-tere-querre!
An feu de Londres les murs,
Repairs impurs!
Les Anglais! Terrassons-les!
Frappons-les!
Piff! paff! pouf! Boxons-les!
Qu'ils pleurent,
Qu'ils meurent,
Mais grâce....Goddam!
Jamais la France ne tremble
Aux plumes de Tyne!
Malheur au Pucier perfide,
Qui rante les crimes.
Brisons Roebuck qui triche—
Qui spik An-lesch!
Docks, Lord-Mayor—cassez-les!
Chassez-les!
Piff! paff! pouf! Frappes-les!
A! an-Aff,
Portez—paff!
Mais grâce....Guddam!

(Communique).

ELECTION OF ORGANIST FOR ST. LEONARD'S.

(From the *Shoreditch Observer*.)

WE understand that the committee appointed to make arrangements in the above matter have selected Mr. Turle, the organist at Westminster Abbey, as umpire, to select six persons to be returned to the ratepayers for their choice of one; and that on Monday next the first trial of all the candidates will take place in Shoreditch Church, at half-past nine; but we are not informed whether on this occasion it will be open to the public. The time of election will depend on the public Vestry, which will be held on Thursday, the 18th instant, at six o'clock in the evening.

[Query. Has Mr. Turle undertaken to peruse the applications, &c., &c., of thirty-six candidates, and to select six for parochial canvas and election? It is said that the vicar objects to lady organists.]

THE HAGUE.—Ferd. Hiller's overture, *Ein Traum in der Christnacht* was performed at the second Diligencia Concert. In this composition there is an evident departure from the ordinary overture form. We would rather call it a "dramatic scene," represented in bright colours and sharp outlines. Its effect was excellent, and its reception by the public most favourable.—*Dutch Sheet*.

FLOTOW'S MARTHA.

(Translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

How strange is the history of some dramatic and lyric works! Here, for example, is an opera born of a ballet, which, in its turn, sprung from a *comédie-vaudeville*, the subject of which was derived from "memoirs." A composer, of German origin, but educated in the schools of France and Italy, M. de Flotow, in 1847, wrote a third of the music of the ballet entitled *Lady Henriette*. M.M. Burgmüller and Deldevez composed the remainder. Recalled to his native country, where he held a high musical position, M. de Flotow brought him of the ballet, and converted the subject into the text for an opera, of which he composed the entire partition. It was thus that *Lady Henriette*, which had its source in *Madame d'Egmont* and the *Memoires de Madame du Barry*, was transformed into *Martha*, and represented at Vienna for the first time, some ten years ago, with immense success, which has continued and increased up to the present time in all parts of musical Europe, and has even passed the Atlantic, for in America now, as in Germany, *Martha* is played in every town and city, and constitutes an integral part of the repertoire. Paris at last considered it time to produce the work; and the only question was to which of our theatres *Martha* would give the preference, and in what language she would like to speak. To her, in her quality of cosmopolite, the various idioms were indifferent. The Théâtre-Italien has had the merit and advantage of triumphing in this rivalry, and *Martha* has become its conquest, which, however, will not exclude it from the provincial theatres.

In the Italian opera, *Lady Eriehetta* suffers the same torments and abandons herself to the same caprice as *Lady Henriette* in the ballet. She disguises herself as a peasant, and joins the young girls who go to Richmond to see masters and mistresses. She is accompanied by a friend disguised like herself and escorted by Lord Tristan of Mickleford, an uncouth cavalier, who conceals himself in the attire of a menial. Two young gentlemen, one of whom has something noble and melancholy in his air, while the other is frank and jovial in his manner, take notice of the two young girls, and offer to hire them. The bargain is concluded in presence of the sheriff; the young girls are engaged for twelve months, and the gentlemen carry them off to their farm, in spite of the protestations and outcries of Lord Tristan. Arrived at the farm of Lionel and Plunkett, *Lady Eriehetta* and her friend call themselves Martha and Betsy. They do not remain long, however, in their new habitation, and in a situation so unworthy their rank. Thanks to Tristan, who brings them a coach, they make their escape the same night, leaving nothing behind them but a remembrance terrible and fatal, especially to poor Lionel, who is almost deprived of the use of his reason at the loss of her who has enslaved his heart. When next he beholds the pretended Martha, who resumes her proper rank and character, he can hardly restrain himself. In the ballet Lionel loses his senses altogether, and is sent to Bedlam. The opera does not carry things to the same extremity. In the end the lady discovers that Lionel is the son and heir of an English peer, long exiled, but now, by the grace of the British Queen, restored to liberty and his possessions, and, all obstacles being removed, they are espoused. Plunkett at the same time is wedded to Betsy, and all terminates happily.

Doubtless this *libretto*, of which we have given but the merest sketch, furnished the composer with an excellent canvas. Variety of characters, sentiments, situations, costumes, playful coquetry and profound passion—all the elements, in short, of a musical drama supplied him with the colours he was to use in forming his picture. M. de Flotow acquitted himself of this task like a master initiated in all the secrets of his art. It was at Paris that his education was completed, and where he revealed himself in efforts in which might be traced the successive stations of his studies and his progress. At first he only wrote for an intimate circle of friends, and for theatres where money was not demanded for admission. Everywhere and always a melodist, each of his works was received with extreme favour. Youthful and fresh ideas were displayed

abundantly in them, and there were indications of an imagination and a style which were not slow in arriving at maturity. *L'Esclave du Camoens*, given at the Opéra-Comique, and *L'Amé en peine*, represented at the Grand-Opéra, exhibited the composer as approximating to that point of his career when his manner was as clearly his sign-manual as writing his name. Circumstances, however, did not permit M. de Flotow to await this period in France. He returned to Germany, and it was there that the great hour sounded for him, the hour of durability and popular success.

We have already said that *Martha* was produced about ten years since. The first representation took place towards the end of 1847. Herr Ander, the tenor, Herr Formes, the bass, and Madlle. Anna Zerr, created the principal characters. At Paris the work has been interpreted by Mario, Graziani, Zucchini, Mesdames St. Urbain and Nantier-Didié. One could not desire a better distribution of parts, and in spite of the substitution of a barytone for a bass, it might have been believed that each of the parts had been written with an especial eye to the artist who filled it.

In the German piece, as in the ballet, the action passes in the year 1710, under the reign of Queen Anne. The Italian *libretto* goes back two centuries, and places the epoch in the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, in the days when men were shod *à la poulaine*, when women endured gilded sugar-loafs for head-dresses, when it was the fashion to hunt with the falcon and with the lance. This chronological change possesses this advantage, that it adds to the verisimilitude of the national airs borrowed by the modern composer. "The Last Rose of Summer," one of the most ravishing of these melodies appropriated by M. Flotow with equal *finesse* and talent, has been made in some sort the musical pivot of the score. In the second act, when Martha finds herself *tit-à-tite* with Lionel, who begins to speak to her of love, and prays her to give him the rose she conceals in her bosom; the improvised servant consents to give it to him, and sings with a trembling voice the following words:—

"Qui sola, virgin rosa,
Come puoi tu fiorir?
Ancora mezzo sconsa
E presso già a morir."

From that moment the divine melody remains graven in the heart and memory of the tender Lionel. He sings it over and over again when Martha leaves him, and when he believes she is lost to him. And with what emotion he hears Martha repeat it, when he discovers her in the fourth act! And yet in the first instance he is afraid; he mistrusts himself; he only feels reassured and fully confident towards the end of the same act. Then his voice unites with that of Martha to breathe forth for the last time the sweet melody which assumes the character and expression of a nuptial song. To borrow, as M. de Flotow has done, is to create, and, besides, his whole score proves that he is sufficiently rich, in case of need, to lend to others.

The overture to *Martha* is a charming instrumental piece written with spirit, and of which the *allegro vivace* points out the country to which the drama is about to transport us. At the rising of the curtain *Lady Eriehetta* appears overcome with *enous* in the midst of a chorus of women who partake of her sadness. The song of the servants who are going to market is heard. In a few minutes the project of the mad freak is conceived, put into execution, and we find ourselves in the marketplace of Richmond, where all is animation and excitement. Nothing can be more exhilarating and more amusing than this sort of village fête, where farmers and servants intermingle and converse, and terminate their business without delay or embarrassment. The pathetic duo of Lionel and Plunkett is in good contrast with the noise and bustle which surround them, and the finale, in which is introduced a charming quator, opens with an excellent chorus:—

"Ecco siamo mezzodi
I mercato s'apre già."

The second act is far superior to the first. The two couples arrive at the farm-house, and the masters begin to show their servants what work they have to do. Two spinning-wheels are

brought forward, but the young girls are ignorant of their use. Neither Martha nor Betsy knows anything about rock or reel and their masters are obliged to teach them how to spin. This scene furnishes the subject for one of the prettiest quartets ever written for the stage. It was not only applauded but encored, and received a second time with loud and unanimous acclamations. Next comes the duo between Lionel and Martha, accompanied by the famous Irish melody, followed by a delightful *notturno*, in which masters and servants wish each other good night.

In the third act, we have to mention a very original air called the "Porter Song," which Plunkett sings while distributing the generous beverage of that name, which was encored; a chorus of female hunters, who traverse the woods at the sound of the horn; a brilliant air by the friend of Lady Eriehetta; all the scene of Lionel and Martha; and, lastly, an admirable *morceau d'ensemble*, treated in the style of the Italian masters, as well constructed and sustained as the numerous masterpiece left us in the same style by the clever and inexhaustible Donizetti.

The fourth act contains a romance, sung by Plunkett, which has been substituted for an air by Martha in the original piece; two duets of a totally opposite character—the first between Lionel and Martha, the second between Plunkett and Betsy; the whole being crowned with a *finale* which brings us back to the first act, and reminds us of what we have seen in the *Étoiles du Nord*.

The success obtained by M. de Flotow has been most unequivocal. How otherwise indeed could the French public receive a work which offers nothing but pleasure without fatigue, which never languishes, in which all is ingenious and animated, and in which the music and the action depend on each other? At the fall of the curtain the composer was recalled, and was received with thunders of plaudits.

To name the interpreters of *Martha*, was already to give them the praise on account which they merited. And, first of all, Mario signalled himself by the admirable manner in which he sang and acted the part of Lionel. Secondly, Graziani exhibited himself under a totally different aspect: he played the rustic peasant with a frankness and gaiety in which he had no occasion heretofore to display his talents. Mlle. de Saint Urbain and Madame Nantier-Didé distinguished themselves equally in the characters of Martha and Betsy. Zucchini also sustained the part of Tristan with much pleasantry. The *mise-en-scène*, by its splendor and its elegance, will contribute largely to the success of the piece.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—"Drawing-room Operas" have been performed during the week in the Stock Exchange Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton, to crowded audiences.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haigh have been performing at the Princess's Theatre.—The People's Concert of Saturday last was by no means successful. The committee had provided an entertainment called "The Omnibus," by Miss Clara Leyton. Mr. Broughton, of Leeds, was the accompanist.—On Wednesday evening last the members of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society gave a "Member's Concert," in St. George's School-room. This was the second gathering of the kind that has taken place, on the recommendation of Mr. Costa to the various madrigal and motet societies, as a means of improving vocal part and choral music. The concert was numerously attended by non-practising members of the society, and other ladies and gentlemen. The solos were sustained by Miss Walker, Miss Maria Taylor, and Miss Newell, and the chorus numbered about eighty voices. Mr. Spark was the pianist and conductor. The programme comprised sacred and secular music, including selections from Handel's *Judas Macabbeus*. Some of the part-songs and madrigals were admirably executed. The choruses in Mendelssohn's *Lorely*, with which the entertainment terminated, were rendered with spirit and vigour. The audience was especially pleased with Mendelssohn's "O wert thou in the caulis maris" and "May-bells," both sung by the Misses Walker and Taylor. Miss Walker also gave "The Sea Diver," and was complimented with an encore. The evening was very agreeably spent.

MICHAEL VON GLINKA, AND MUSIC IN RUSSIA.*

MICHAEL VON GLINKA was born, of rich and noble parents, in the year 1804, near Smolensk. The peculiar melodies of his native country—melodies for which he conceived a great affection in his earliest childhood, and which exercised an important influence on his talent and artistic efforts—floated round his cradle. We do not know who was his first musical instructor; he was eighteen when he took pianoforte lessons from Field, in Moscow. It was to this master of the good old school that he owed the elegant and expressive style for which he was distinguished in his early years.

Favoured by birth and fortune, Glinka at first cultivated music simply as an amusement. His happy talent suggested melodies and songs, in which a fine artistic feeling was apparent. *Dilettanti* spread them abroad, and music-sellers soon hastened to publish them. Adolf Henselt used some as themes for pianoforte pieces. Glinka, also, wrote several smaller pieces for the piano; they were very successful, especially when he played them himself.

After a somewhat long residence in Warsaw, which he left in consequence of the events of 1830, he obtained permission from government to go to Italy. He remained several months in Vienna, and then proceeded to Venice, where, also, he stayed some time. In Milan he published Italian canzoni, *pièces de salon* for the piano and strung instruments, on themes from Bellini and Donizetti; a waltz (serenade) for piano, harp, horn, bassoon, viol, violoncello, and double-bass, on motives from *Anna Bolena*; an original sextet for piano, two violins, viol, violoncello, and double-bass, and several variations and dances.

The year 1833 was spent by Glinka in Naples, where he delighted the saloons by his pianoforte playing and songs, which were sung by Ivanoff, then in the full possession of his magnificent tenor voice.

In the year 1835, Glinka was once more in St. Petersburg. A great alteration had taken place in him. He had previously cultivated music simply as an amusement, but he now looked on it as a serious pursuit. He felt his inward vocation as an artist. The warm desire to prove this vocation to his native country by a grand composition, induced him to take the resolution of writing an opera. He naturally selected a Russian subject, *Life for the Czar*, at which he worked several years with industry and love. In 1839 the opera was produced in St. Petersburg, and enthusiastically received; in fact, public opinion instantly raised the author to the rank of the most celebrated composers. The Imperial Court had interested itself in the production of this national work, and nothing was neglected to put it on the stage in the most brilliant manner. The natural son of Field, Leonof, a tenor and an excellent musician; a lady, Mad. Stepanowa, educated in France, and known in Paris under the name of Vertueil, and the bass Petrof, sang in the opera. The choruses and orchestra were good, and the whole was directed by Sigor Cavos, a talented Italian musician.

This opera was followed by a second, a grand opera in five acts, *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, adapted for the stage, from a poem by Pushkin, founded on the earlier history of the Grand Prince of Kiev. It was very well received, although it did not achieve the extraordinary success of the first, a success principally caused by the *libretto* and the *story*. His countrymen were, however, unanimously of opinion that the two scores rendered Michael Glinka the greatest Russian composer of the time.

After the success of these works, Glinka again obtained permission to travel abroad. He went to Spain, and, on his way thither, visited Paris, in the year 1845. He was forty years of age, but known to no one, with the exception of a few virtuosi, who had been in Russia. He gave a concert, with full band, in the Salle Herz. He could not raise a chorus. This was greatly to be regretted, since the choruses play a very prominent part in his operas, and he was compelled to limit himself to the preformance of a *Scherzo* in the form of a waltz, grand *Craoivienne*, a fantastic march from *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, and

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

a few songs. Haumann, and Leopold von Meyer, also, played at his concert. The public then heard, at a concert given by H. Berlioz, a rondo from the opera of *Life for the Car*, sung by Mad. Solowjowa (Verteul), and a grand piece of ballet-music from *Ludmilla*. The result did not come up to the composer's expectations. The Russian works, and the want of a programme to explain the various situations, prevented the public from understanding them. In addition to this, the romantic and, it must be owned, somewhat monotonous character of the music did not please the French; and, as they had just read in Cusine's book on Russia, that "the national opera of Russia is a horrible drama in a magnificent house," the general public felt bored, while musicians objected to certain peculiarities, and reproached the composer for having introduced pieces of such small proportions to a Parisian audience.

Although a kind notice appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*, Glinka was deterred, by his little success, from further efforts. He left Paris, and retained all his life a very unfavourable opinion of the judgment of the French in musical matters. He was right and he was wrong. The great mass is pleased only with what agrees with their own feelings—it is in Paris as everywhere else; but there is, also, a select class who appreciate and admire, with taste and sure judgment, that which is artistically beautiful. The Parisian public are reproached, and not unjustly, with prejudice against everything they do not know, and with their love for celebrated names. But we must, in justice, allow that they do not, out of a desire for novelty, demolish the altars they have erected to previous celebrities. (This is true of instrumental works, but what about operas!)

In the summer of 1845, Glinka went to Spain. In July, he was at Valladolid, and, in October, reached Madrid. The principal object of his sojourn in the Pyrenean peninsula was to collect national melodies. As a man of the world, who despised none of the enjoyments of life, he felt very comfortable in Spain, and spent several years there in the *dolce far niente* style. His friends considered him lost for art. He resided for a very long time in Madrid; then in Andalusia, and, at last, in Cadix. He did not return to Russia till the year 1852.

He now seemed to pluck up courage once more, and be desirous of devoting himself afresh to the kind of activity for which his inclinations naturally fitted him, especially as the Emperor bestowed on him the management of the Imperial Chapel, and the opera. This post induced him to busy himself with sacred music, amongst which there is a mass with a full band. He was putting the last touch to this, when death overtook him in Berlin, on the 15th February, 1857. He was just 53 years of age.

His decease is to be regretted, as far as the progress of music in Russia is concerned. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on the two great works which were the foundation of his fame among his countrymen, it cannot, at any rate, be denied that his music possesses a highly peculiar character, different from that of the Italian, German, and French schools of any period. Had it been developed by his successors, it might have become a separate artistic form.

Music, as an art, has, indeed, enjoyed only an exotic existence in Russia during the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A Russian musician, Dimitri Stepanowitch Bortianiski, educated in Italy, had, it is true, about 1796, founded a peculiar and beautiful kind of vocal sacred music, when he re-organised the Imperial vocal chapel, established in the reign of Czar Alexis Michailowitch. Foreign artists and connoisseurs who have heard the singing of this chapel, assert, as is well-known, that it is impossible to hear anything more beautiful, as well for the quality, the wonderful compass of the voices and delicacy of execution, as for the noble, serious and impressive character of the compositions. But to this alone, and to the charming national melodies in the provinces, was all Russian music, properly so-called, limited. In the reign of the Empress Elisabeth, an Italian company was invited to St. Petersburg, the Venetian, Galuppi, being the director and court composer. Catherine II. retained this company, and, at various times, had Paisiello, Sarti, and Cimaross in her service. Sarti, who, from his long stay in the country, had become, to a certain

extent, a Russian—he possessed a number of estates and serfs, which the Empress and Prince Potemkin had given him, and spoke Russian fluently—was the first who ever composed an opera and a *Te Deum* to a Russian text. But the music was Italian and nothing more.

After the death of Paul I., the Italian opera was abolished, and Alexander I. summoned to St. Petersburg a colony of French artists, amongst whom were Boilestin, Rode, Baillot, and Lamare, the excellent violoncellist. French comic opera took the place of Italian opera. Boilestin directed it, and wrote, also, new works for the theatre. Clementi and his pupil, Field, the pianists, also, were in St. Petersburg at the same period. Before the arrival of these artists, the public of St. Petersburg and Moscow were acquainted only with Pleyel's music. Baillot and Lamare introduced the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, for whom the educated aristocracy were most enthusiastic. The traditions of this epoch were continued by Conns Matthias and Michael Wichorski, Messrs. Lwoff, Semenov, Amatoff, and other amateurs. After Boilestin's departure, Steibelt succeeded him as director of the French opera. He wrote for it *Cendrillon* and *Sargines*, and touched up his scores, *Romeo et Juliette*, and *La Princesse de Babylone*. He died in the year 1823, just as he was completing a new opera: *The Judgment of Midas*.

Thus, both dramatic and instrumental music, up to about 1825, existed in Russia only as something imported from abroad. It was then that the spirit of creation first awoke in the breasts of a few distinguished lovers of art. Count Michael Wiethorski wrote quartets and symphonies; General Alexis Lwoff, director of the Imperial chapel, and a very talented violin player and composer, wrote, in addition to several smaller pieces, and a hymn, which has become the national hymn, two operas: *Bianca e Gualtiero* and *Undine*, and *Sabat Mater*, which is much prized. At the same time, Glinka's talent began to make its way, while Werstowski produced his opera, *The Grace of Akhid*.

A little later, Dargomyski, who, like his artistic colleagues, belonged to the upper classes, and was distinguished as a pianist, published several Russian songs, most of which were very popular. In the year 1848, his opera, *Emeralda*, was produced in the national theatre. It is a well-written work, in which we find concerted pieces conceived in a really artistic spirit. Since then, two other operas by him have been brought out, but I do not know the scores. Dargomyski is now 44 years of age. His music differs essentially from Glinka's by its structure, which is more certain and better adapted to the general form of art at the present day. It is, also, more dramatic and passionate, but less original and less Russian than Glinka's *Life for the Car*.

It is well known that, in Anton Rubinstein, a new instance of talent has now sprung up. His original position in society was different from that of his noble predecessors. He would have been compelled to become a soldier, and, in all probability, have been lost to art, had not the protection of the Grand Princess Helen assured his destiny. As long since as 1841, he excited, as a boy, admiration by his pianoforte playing, and we all know that, at present, he is one of the heroes of that instrument. Rubinstein has already written for the voice, the piano, and the orchestra. Two operas by him have also been produced, but they are youthful efforts, and to be looked upon rather as essays than angeliere. [He has composed, likewise, an oratorio.] May he not go astray on his path, and exaggerate certain tendencies, which appear prominently in his works of the present period!

On the whole, Glinka seems to have comprehended, better than his artistic contemporaries and immediate successors, the secret of imparting a national character to Russian music. The choice of his melodies and rhythms, the peculiar forms and harmonious passages, to which he is partial, give his works an impression of originality, and that is their principal merit. On this account, if we would appreciate him properly, we must put ourselves in the position he occupied when he wrote his works, and we should be judging them altogether wrongly did we seek in them the dramatic effect presupposed by French or Italian opera.

MANCHESTER.—(From the *Manchester Weekly Times*).—At the unders concert of Thursday, the novelty was Miss Kemble, daughter of the late J. M. Kemble, Esq. The name of Kemble is sure to meet with favour. Let us hope that it will become as honourable a tradition in relation with music as with the drama. At present Miss Kemble is but a novice, possessing a pure-toned voice, and we feel inclined to believe good taste; there is evidence of a premature appearance before the public in that nervous trepidation which leads even to an incorrect ear. The great aria from *Idomeneo*, "Zeffiretti, lusinghio!", was far beyond the powers of this young vocalist. Equally severe is "From mighty kingdoms," which requires all the force and brilliancy of an accomplished artist. In Weber's plaintive melody, "Glocklein," Miss Kemble indicated nice feeling; and Benedict's ballad, "Hush! from all voice," brought a kindly and gracious smile, though the same faults were observable to which we have had to allude, and let us also add the same good elements. Miss Kemble possesses natural qualities which will, we have reason to believe, develop into something worthy of admiration,—at least, all who love the art must hope as much. M. Vieuxtemps (the violinist), was introduced to a Manchester audience at the Classical Chamber Concert of Thursday evening week, when a refined manner of his playing, as well as delicacy of tone, were noticeable. He played a *Lectoy*, by Servais. M. de Jong, on the flute, was the other soloist. The concerted pieces were the *Don Giovanni* overture, Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, Beethoven's *Eymont*, and Haydn's *Symphony in D*. The overtures were played skillfully, and the symphony gave pleasure to all. When hearing Haydn, who can think of anything but cheerfulness and grace. "Old familiar faces" gradually light up with smiles; and you may observe heads, both young and old, nodding mutual recognitions across the room, with which pleasant thoughts are mingled. There is so much fancy, and so many pleasurable associations connected with this music, that one can imagine the great composer to have been a favourite with prattlers as well as "children of a larger growth." Do! Maestro Hallé! let us have more from this cheerful old friend, and less from that terrible old gentleman of later years whom you so love to honour.

(The "terrible old gentleman" is Beethoven—which is equivalent to saying that the critic of the *Manchester Weekly Times* is a terrible old twaddler.—Ed. M. W.)

SHREWSBURY.—(From a *Correspondent*).—The concluding Concert of the sixth series of the Shrewsbury Philharmonic concerts, was given on Thursday week. There were no band and chorus, and no instrumental performance excepting two pianoforte solos. The increasing popularity of these entertainments, however, is affirmed by Mr. Walter C. Hay, who appeals to the subscription list in confirmation. It is to be regretted that, with such support and patronage, the concerts do not take a higher position than that of mere vocal performances. The vocalists on the present occasion were Madame Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mrs. Haynes, Mr. Allen Irving, and Mr. Millard. All these are well-known artists, with the exception of Mrs. Haynes, who made her first appearance in Shrewsbury. This lady created so great an impression, and pleased so much, that she has inquired about her after the concert, and we learned that she had studied under the best masters in Italy—say, indeed, I should have guessed without being informed—and that she had only appeared at one or two concerts in England. Mrs. Haynes' voice is a soprano, clear, brilliant, and of beautiful quality, especially in the upper register. It is not what I would call a light soprano, nor can it be called powerful. Naturally flexible, it has been well cultivated. Mrs. Haynes displayed more courage than judgment in selecting the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola* for her first essay. She might have chosen a *bravura* better adapted to her voice than "Non più mesta," which was written for a contralto. The *style*, however, exhibited in the slow movement arrested attention, and the brilliancy of execution displayed in the *rondo* delighted the audience, who honoured the fair artist at the termination with the heartiest applause. The taste and expression of Mrs. Haynes were instanced most satisfactorily in a serenade, "Come and

see the risen moon," which was rapturously encored. The critic of *Eden's Shrewsbury Journal* coincides almost entirely with the above. I annex an extract from his notice, merely surmising that Mrs. Haynes' voice is a pure soprano:—

"A Mrs. Haynes," says the writer, "to whom we have before alluded, and who we find is a resident in the neighbouring county of Worcester, now made her appearance, and her first essay was a dangerous one—nothing less than the celebrated "Non più mesta" from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, which has been the stock concert-piece of all the Italian and semi-Italian contraltos of many years past. We cannot say that the selection was in every respect one of the happiest. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of considerable compass, clear and resonant, and her execution of the florid divisions with which Rossini has burdened the aria, was as near perfection as need be; but there was a lack of power, especially in the lower notes, which is requisite to give it its full breadth of effect. We may congratulate this lady on the possession of a voice of delicious quality, which has been highly cultivated and is most artistically used."

Of the other singers I need say no more than they all exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. George Russell played Schuloff's *Carnaval de Venise*, and Pauer's *Casacade*, on the pianoforte.

MR. PUNCH TO MISS GODDARD.

A VALENTINE.

(From Punch.)

My dear Miss Goddard;
A creature foddered
On Liszt and Thalberg, extolled by Ella,
Perceives creation
Of new sensation
When you strike ivory, Arabella.
Who said Miss Goddard
Had been "soft swaddled!"
Credat *Judeus*, our friend Ap' Ella.
Punch reads no praises
Which reach the basis
That his begins at, dear Arabella.

You've known, Miss Goddard,
What 'tis to plod hard—
The bee must toil ere he hives the *mella*;
Now, music gnashes,
Or leaps, or rushes
To your white fingers, Miss Arabella.

The folks, Miss Goddard,
Who yawn, or nod hard
At tricksters, twack with the umbrella,
When for grand Beethoven
The way is cloven
To English hearts, by my Arabella.

My dear Miss Goddard,
Punch "plies the rod hard
On brass importors" (see Swift to Stella),
And for that reason,
Hath praise, in season,
For golden Artists, like Arabella.

February 14, 1858.

ROTTERDAM.—The programme of the fourth concert of the Eruditio Musicus, which took place on the 21st ult., consisted of Symphony No. 5, with *obligato* pianoforte accompaniment by Niels W. Gade; and overtures by Al. Schmitt and Sterndale Bennett. The vocalist was Madlle. Claire Dolré. Herr Breuser presided at the piano, and Herr Glützmaacher was the violinist.

It was the first time Gade's symphony had been performed here. It was favourably received by the audience. We cannot approve, however, of the *obligato* pianoforte accompaniment, by which the strength of the orchestra as a body is rather diminished than increased. On the other hand, his piano work, perhaps, produces a good effect if employed altogether as an orchestral instrument, according to the plan suggested by Hector Berlioz, in his Theory of Instrumentation. Of course, in such a case, it would be necessary to have a number of pianos, pro-

portioned to the size of the rooms and the strength of the orchestra.

We can only designate the production of Aloys Schmitt's overture as a mistake on the part of the directors; Bennett's overture, *Die Waldmaysphän*, was, on the contrary, most welcome.

Madlle. Claire Dobré, from Paris, sang an air from Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, and the well-known romance, "Sombrea Forêt," from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.—*Dutch Sheet.*

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under

the management of Mr. Brockstone. On Monday, February 22nd, and on the whole, in presence of MISS AMY BIDDWICK, as Beatrice, in Shakespeare's comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, being her first appearance in that character in London. After which, every evening, a new grand comic Christiana Pantomime, entitled THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARE-LÉQUIN AND THE RUFFLE FAIRY. The scenery by Mr. William Calvert, Harigata, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Leclercq.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for looking) 6s. each. FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 2s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Coppeland.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—This evening,

February 20th, THE FAIRY CIRCLE; OR CON O'CAROLAN'S DREAM, in which MR. and MRS. BAINBY WILLIAMS will appear. After which will be the premiere of a new and original comic drama, entitled YANKEE O' WINDSHIP; OR, A WINDY DOWN EAST. To conclude with the successful original farce called LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and Friday, HAMLET; Tuesday (for the benefit of Mr. Hulce, Clown), Thursday, and Saturday a WIDENBERG NIGHT'S DREAM; Wednesday (first time these two years), LOUIS XI. And the Pantomime every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening,

performances will commence with YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER. After which THE DOGE OF DURALTO. To conclude with BOUITS AT THE SWAN. Commences at 7 o'clock.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA

FRICKEL.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening (except Saturday) at 8 o'clock, in the Theatre Royal, St. James's, at 8, 10, 12, and 2, in Private Boxes, Two Guineas, and Galleries, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 31, Old Broad-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHORDDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DORRANCE. On Monday and during the week to commence with the ISLAND OF SILVER BUDGE, with new scenery, and to conclude with the pantomime of GEORGEY FORDGY PUDDING AND PIE. On Wednesday for the benefit of Mr. W. Smith and Miss Gribble. On Saturday, February 27, Mr. G. K. Dickenson's first appearance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L.—The programme of the Ipswich concert is not inuventus. Will our correspondent kindly oblige us with another?

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1858.

On Friday (the 12th inst.) Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed for the 50th time by the Sacred Harmonic Society. This masterpiece, as every one knows, was composed expressly for the Birmingham Festival, and was first produced, under the composer's own direction, in September, 1846. No one who had the good fortune to be present can have forgotten the triumph achieved on that occasion, or the enthusiasm expressed by the vast audience for the composer and his work. People left the Town-hall exclaiming—"Here is a new Handel, with a new *Messiah*!" The fame of Mendelssohn was already greater in England before *Elijah* had been heard than that of any living composer; but this pro-

digious inspiration at once placed him on a level with the greatest musicians of the past. Birmingham might well be proud of an event which established its festival more firmly than ever at the head of our great provincial music-meetings.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, although the just pride of our metropolis, can lay claim to no such distinction as that which has immortalised the Birmingham Festival. The managers, however, were eager, as usual, to avail themselves of so splendid an opportunity of strengthening their resources; and, more than six months later, Mendelssohn was invited to conduct four performances of his *Elijah* at Exeter Hall. This was his last visit to London; and for more reasons than one it was a time to be remembered. The Royal Italian Opera commenced its formidable opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre on the 6th of April, 1847; and Alboni and Jenny Lind were for the first time heard in England. On the 4th of May, the night of Jenny Lind's *début*, Mendelssohn was in the stalls, during the first two acts of *Robert le Diable*; and to not a few in the house the sight of that spare dark form, by which the greatness of modern art was represented, was even more interesting than the new phenomenon about to turn the heads and win the hearts of almost all the inhabitants of Britain. The next day, we believe, Mendelssohn quitted the country where he was loved and honoured so much, and which he was never destined to revisit. During his short stay among us, besides directing the performance of *Elijah* for the Sacred Harmonic Society, he played the G major concerto of Beethoven at the Philharmonic, and conducted one part of the concert.—Mr. Costa superintending the other. He also played at the Beethoven Quartet Society (his own second Trio and Beethoven's Thirty-two variations on a theme in C minor); and on the same evening presided at the organ in Hanover-square, for the Ancient Concerts, then fast tottering to the grave. Besides all this, he directed a memorable (and miserable) performance of *Elijah*, in Birmingham, for which he had been promised the same orchestra and chorus at the festival—upon what good authority is still remembered. Perhaps never on any previous occasion did Mendelssohn appear so often in public, and in society, as during this his last visit to England. He went away, harassed and worn, saying that we were "a nation of time-rotters."

During the interval between its first performance at Birmingham and its reproduction at Exeter Hall, Mendelssohn, always anxious to perfect his music, had made many changes in his oratorio. Among the most worthy of note was the substitution of the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," in place of a duet by *soprano and contralto*, to which the words had been originally set, and the completion of the great dramatic scene in Part II. (where Jerebel the Queen incites the people to destroy Elijah) by the important addition of the chorus, "Woe to him! he shall perish." The success achieved at Exeter Hall, and the honour that accrued to the Sacred Harmonic Society can hardly have been forgotten. It was, moreover, the indirect cause of a revolution which led to the most significant results, and to which in all probability the Society owes its flourishing existence at the present day. The first four performances of *Elijah* were conducted by Mendelssohn himself; the next two by Mr. Surman; and the two following by Mr. Perry. The interval between May and November was spent by the Sacred Harmonic Society in

• Sung at Birmingham by the Misses Williams.

deliberations that ultimately led to a division in Council, and the election by a large majority of Mr. Costa, as conductor of the concerts. On the 1st of November the popular and talented Neapolitan directed the ninth performance of *Elijah*; and, since then, he has superintended forty-one others, the last of which took place on the evening cited at the commencement of this article.

The fact that within the same period of scarcely eleven years *Elijah* should have been presented fifty times, while *The Messiah* itself has only been given forty-eight, is important—more especially when it is stated that the popularity of Mendelssohn's oratorio is at this moment quite as great as in 1847, and that, on the other hand, it has been a reliable attraction during the whole series of years, not only at the triennial festivals of Birmingham and Norwich, but at the meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, and the recently constituted music gathering at Bradford. Add to these the countless performances, both in London and the provinces, by bodies of less magnitude (Mr. Hull's Upper Singing Class at St. Martin's Hall taking the lead), and it may be safely asserted that no great work (*The Messiah* not excepted) has ever been given so often in the same space of time.

That *Elijah* is the most faultless of all musical masterpieces, was our conviction from the outset; and that the public should thus far have shared our admiration for its beauty and sublimity causes us, we are ready to admit, no slight degree of satisfaction.

AMONG the many growls that have arisen in connection with those terrible "festival performances," we may especially distinguish a lengthened grumble, shaped into an article for *Fraser's Magazine*, and entitled "A Word about our Theatres." Ostensibly the frightful events that brought January to a sad close occupy but a small share of the writer's attention, but as the subjects discussed at large bear no particular reference to the present year, while the temper in which the article is written gives evident signs of a recent ruffle for which the "festivities" will clearly account, we may look for the key to the whole twenty columns in the single column that, as if by chance, touches on the Opera-house *Macbeth*.

Certainly there is nothing more irritating than the disappointment which one feels when, having tried to like something against one's better judgment, one finds one's benevolent intentions constantly thwarted by the object one would fain admire. A dear old friend gives you a dinner at which the soup is cold, the fish manifests a tendency to decomposition, the boiled fowls are almost raw, and the potatoes have a "bone in them." You know that your dear old friend means kindly, that he is providing for your entertainment out of a straitened income, that the warmth of his welcome exceeds the chilliness of his banquet, and therefore you try to fancy the dainties less exceptional than they are. But your attempt is vain; the conviction that you have eaten a confoundedly bad dinner is not to be overcome by any sophistry of the heart, and as the evening advances you find yourself in a misanthropic mood, execrating two of the greatest blessings of life, viz. friendship and culinary art in general.

Now the temper which pervades the *Fraser* article, exactly corresponds to the state of mind that a gentleman would be in, who having paid a high price for a box at Her Majesty's Theatre, and having found that it did not afford him a view

of the Queen, resolved to be pleased with the performance on the stage, but found his resolution frustrated. We may be wrong, but we will suppose that the article is related to circumstances of this sort, as effect is related to cause.

A determination to like Mr. Phelps comes early into the scheme for contentment. Bearing in mind the merits of that meritorious manager, the writer remembers that "at Sadler's Wells the play and the actors are not sacrificed to the costumier. All needless care is bestowed upon the scenic accessories; but the hearts and souls are arrived at as well as their ears and eyes." The eulogy of this distinctive virtue of Sadler's Wells is in harmony with a theory of our essayist, that over-attention to decorative accessories is a great cause of the decline of dramatic art, but his memory has been somewhat treacherous. The system of forcing extraneous ornaments upon the Shakspearean drama has been carried on quite as unscrupulously at Sadler's Wells as at any West-end theatre: witness the mechanical "effects" in *Pericles*, the details of the *Tempest*, the moving panorama and dummy soldiers in *Timon of Athens*. No one, on the occasion of a grand "revival," has appealed more openly to the taste of the public for decoration than Mr. Phelps—and we will add that the appeal has always been made in the most efficient manner, the resources of his theatre being taken into consideration.

However, in spite of his strenuous efforts, the kind-hearted occupant of the bad box can't be satisfied with Mr. Phelps after all. He says: "It has done Mr. Phelps little good, we fear, as an actor, to have been so long away from collision with performers and audiences of the first class, and his performance of *Macbeth* on the occasion we have mentioned was not what his well-wishers would have desired." Disappointed in Mr. Phelps, the enthusiast for dramatic reform seeks for enjoyment in the slabbiness of the scenery. "Still it was a comfort," he exclaims with forced joy, "to get rid, if only for a night, of the rubbish of antiquarianism." This *petit verre* of bliss is certainly free from the sprig of rue; the lover of a bad *mise-en-scène* had indeed every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which *Macbeth* was put upon the stage. However, we have here a miserable sort of enjoyment at best, and the writer was evidently more pleased to find, by the Lady *Macbeth* of Miss Helen Faucit, "that we still possess an actress almost without a rival in Europe." Miss Helen Faucit "rises to the measure of Shakspeare's great creations with a sweep of power we (the essayist) believe beyond what has won the reputation of Rachel and Ristori." This remark is, no doubt, kindly meant, but it is most unfair to the accomplished English actress whom it eulogises, for by needlessly placing her above Rachel, as far as the "sweep of power" is concerned, it forces us to remember that whereas a whole audience in Her Majesty's Theatre was mightily grasped by the genius of Rachel, the tragedy of *Macbeth*, played in the same theatre, produced no sensation but of weariness. An English actress, not being a vocalist, is not bound to make an impression in a huge theatre, constructed for lyrical purposes; and Miss Helen Faucit loses nothing by not producing the effect that perhaps a Rachel alone could attain. Why, then, force the comparison upon us? However, notwithstanding the greatness of Miss Faucit, the essayist falls back into the sad reflection: "Such is the state of our London theatres, that there is, apparently, not one at which this power can be made available." This remark, it will be borne in mind, was made before the lady's engagement at the Lyceum.

From the general disappointment at the performance,

which the writer cannot conceal, and which he shares in common with every one who witnessed it, arises the bilious article, of which we have noticed a small but important part. A general hatred against prosperous people inconsiderately directed pervades the whole of the effusion, in which right and wrong are blended together in fashion the most extraordinary—a broad anathema being spread over theatrical free-trade, antiquarian decoration, burlesque, Mr. Robson, and the newspaper critics. In short, popularity itself is as distasteful to the essayist as to a Saturday Reviewer. But his largest vial of wrath is poured on the head of the journalists. Hear him:—

"The editors of our leading journals obviously think it of no moment how questions of art are dealt with, and we have become the laughing-stock of Europe for the ignorant, and not rarely dishonest, trash to which they give currency as criticism. In no department is this discreditable feature more conspicuous than in that of dramatic criticism. The press, which should be the great check upon the abuses of the stage, has for long contributed to foment them. While it is loud enough in its moans over the decay of the drama, it rarely lifts its voice against the causes of this decay. Bad pieces and worse acting are praised; good pieces and good acting are as often as not passed over in silence. The vicious management of our leading theatres is not denounced. At one of these, for example, we may see a Lady Teazle with the airs of a *fortete*, and a Charles Surface with the manners of a clown, but the papers of next morning probably will extol the refined grace of the one, and the gentlemanly ease of the other. Again and again within the last few years have we been called upon to admire actresses whose talent for costliness of wardrobe was supreme, but who could neither speak, walk, nor look like ladies; nay, who were continually violating, with an unconsciousness truly astounding, the simplest rules of Walker and Lindley Murray. What else, indeed, could be expected from the uneducated pretensions who have lately filled the places which, until the last change in the management of our leading comedy theatre, were occupied by gentleman of culture and experience, who respected themselves and their vocation? An honest press would have made it impossible for a manager to insult the understanding and good feeling of the public by thrusting such vulgar incapacity upon them. It would have told those 'Cynthia's of the minute,' who did not know the rudiments of grammar, much less the rudiments of the dramatic art, to find another sphere for the display of their fine dresses and tawdry manners. It would have compelled managers to feel that their actors did not trifle with their parts, and made actors feel that they could not do so with impunity. But this it has not done; and we can hope for no improvement until the criticism of the stage is in the hands of men who are not only competent to judge, and have nothing to hope for from managers, but who also keep themselves entirely aloof from all personal association with actors."

This is all very well in black and white, but by the rules of human society, a man who is competent to judge works of modern art, and likewise takes an interest in such works, will insensibly be brought into contact with the artists. A critic on painting who knows nothing of painters, a critic of music who ignores musicians, a critic of theatres who is inaccessible to dramatists and actors, is a chimera that has no existence in actual life; and the more eminent the critic becomes, the greater number of artists will be comprised within the circle of his acquaintance. The same persons who like the society of literary men also like the society of artists, and a constant meeting of the former with the latter is absolutely inevitable. The eremitical isolation which the Fraserian recommends would have absolute ignorance of art for its inevitable result.

MISSE LAZARUS, pianist, daughter of Mr. LAZARUS, the celebrated player on the clarinet, performed lately at a concert at Ipswich, with brilliant success.

AUBER's comic opera of *La Fiancée* has been revived at the Opéra-Comique with distinguished success. The revival, and the new cast, will receive consideration in our next.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIREE'S.

AT the second performance, on Tuesday evening, the audience crowded the rooms to suffocation. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.	
Sonata in F major, piano and violin (No. 13) ...	Mozart.
Grand Sonata in A flat, "Plus Ultra" (Op. 71) ...	Dussek.
Tocatta con Fuga, in D minor, first time in public, (from Book 4 of F. C. Griepenker's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach"), Fantasia ou Fughetta, in D major (do. do.) ...	J. S. Bach.
PART II.	
Sonata in C minor (Op. 111) ...	Beethoven.
Grand Trio in D minor (No. 1), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello ...	Mendelssohn.

Mozart replaced Haydn, Dussek Clementi, Beethoven Weber, and Mendelssohn Beethoven—John Sebastian Bach retaining the place of honour. So that, as we hinted in our notice of the first *soiree*, the present series of concerts is as essentially in honour of Bach as that of last year was in honour of Beethoven. In 1857 the music of imagination was represented; it is now the turn of the music of intellect. (The Director of the Musical Union may deduce from the above, that we deny the quality of *intellect* to Beethoven, and the quality of *imagination* to Bach; but the *Athenaeum* will acquit us of any such intension.)

Mozart's charming sonata in F (one of three for violin and piano in the same key) has been heard in *public* within the remembrance of the present generation. The music is its exquisite beauties, and its equally exquisite interpretation by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton, doubly welcome. The audience admired the vigour of the *allegro*, the quaint beauty of the air with variations, and the expressive melody of the *finale* (in the style and measure of a minuet); and gave vent to their satisfaction at the end of each movement. If a preference could be remarked it was in favour of the "Variations;" but the whole sonata afforded unequivocal delight.

On more than one occasion we have called the attention of our readers to Dussek's superb and unjustly neglected *Plus Ultra*. We have also described its origin, or rather the origin of its seemingly inexplicable title. A note in Miss Goddard's programme sums up in few words what it has frequently taken half a column to recount:—

"The Sonata Op. 71, in France, where it was originally published, bears the title of *Le Retour à Paris*. Just before it was sent to England, a Sonata by Wolf had appeared, under the name of *Ne Plus Ultra*, the *finale* consisting of variations on "Life let us cherish," somewhat in the style which M. Henri Herz was long afterwards supposed to have originated. "No plus ultra" was intended to convey that difficulty could go no further; but Dussek's London publisher, judging that the *Retour à Paris* was even more difficult than Wolf's Sonata, rechristened it *Plus Ultra*, with a dedication on the title page to *Ne Plus Ultra*."

Plus Ultra, however, is not merely difficult; it is a grand and imaginative composition, and one of the very few works produced at the commencement of the present century* which foreshadowed the immensity of Beethoven. We have no space to describe it here, but must refer our readers to foregone analyses and synopses ("and"—we forget both page and volume). Suffice it, every movement is instilled with energy and mental power, showing Dussek—the "Prodigal," (as Mendelssohn christened him "in our presence"†)—striving to merit the hospitable welcome of his mother, "Art," when returning from his vagabondage, and owning that he had wasted, in a measure, the splendid gifts with which she had endowed him. Poor Dussek! It was a pity he ever knew Wolf, and Pinto, and John Cramer. When his life had numbered more than

* Dussek died in 1812. *Plus Ultra* was his 71st "opus." His last great work, *L'Invention*, numbers Op. 77.

† Vide the *Musical Union Record*, "in the presence of" the author of which every great composer of the present age seems to have said something—sensible or the contrary, as may have suited the immediate purpose of the "immeasurably learned" Director in recording it.

half a century of summers, he became a Pinto—and, as that thoughtless, gifted boy was cut off in premature youth, so Beethoven (in so far as music was concerned) may be said to have been cut off in premature maturity. (Any *camini sector* will understand us.)

Never did a genius whose early years had been comparatively mispent, strive so hard to declare what was within him, as Dussek, in the first movement and the *scherzo* of the sonata in question; never did a comparative failure (judged from the point of view of artistic severity), generate such a full glow of beauty as in the first instance; and never was success more complete and triumphant than in the last. In the *Allegro non troppo* Dussek fell, like Phœton, amid a halo of glory; his fall was more imposing than another's rise. It might even be said that he fell not, but was carried away in a chariot of fire, like Elijah—being only the imperfect man—the prophet (as M. Oullibierhoff would not say) of the future "Messiah"—Beethoven. In the brief *scherzo* Dussek spoke the language of inspiration, untrammelled by the arduously conquered rules of art, and with an eloquence that could not be misunderstood. The *adagio* and *Andante*, if less strikingly original, are quite worthy of the rest.

Miss Arabella Goddard must have been inspired when she performed the *Plus Ultra*. Her execution was certainly "plus ultra" than any imaginable "ne plus ultra." But that was nothing in her case. It was the strong sympathy that her whole performance manifested with the author she was endeavoring to interpret. Into the first movement especially she threw her whole soul, as though she felt that it was really something great that only wanted the proper expression, and was sure to be appreciated if it got it. She was Dussek's advocate, and the dead composer was lucky in such a pleader. No angel ever urged the pardon of repentant sinner with more touching grace. Every heart was won by this yearning and indefinitely beautiful first movement. The *scherzo* wanted no pleading; while the other two pieces, being more *ad captivandum*, were easily made brilliant and effective by such playing as that of Miss Goddard.

To conclude, the *Plus Ultra* created enthusiasm without bonds, and the sternest purist recognized the genius that had given it birth. From Dussek to Bach—what a stride!—backwards or forwards matters little. How one man made light of his gifts, and how the other treasured them! And yet the one was in reality no more a squanderer than the other a miser. If Bach's fugues represent—as the false prophet of the age asserts—"music egotistically trifling with itself," we can only say that we could pass a life in witnessing their egotistical performances. Some who respect Bach (in spite of themselves) without at the same time understanding him, have said that Miss Goddard should put on a wig when she plays the music of the master of harmony in public. Not so; she plays it with such a grace and invests it with such a charm that the wig falls from the head of the patriarch, and he becomes pictured to the mind's eye as an ardent aspiring youth, with dark flowing hair, all his own, and nature's glossy hue upon it. Miss Goddard's interpretation of Bach is indeed unique, and can only spring from an instinctive sympathy. To understand Bach is the test of musicianship; to love him involves a convincing proof that to the finest perception of the musical art is united the imaginative faculty, without which the complete artist is impossible. Miss Goddard both understands and loves him—which is shown in her playing.

After three such illustrations of three such masters as Mozart, Dussek, and Bach, to approach the very last of Beethoven's sonatas declared a confidence that, but for the entirely successful result, would seem to have bordered on impudence. Nothing of the kind. Miss Goddard was just as much at home with the poet Beethoven, who aspired to the skies, as with the philosophical Bach, who explored the very depths of harmony; and perhaps, among all her performances during this remarkable evening, not one so entirely attained perfection as that of Beethoven's sublime sonata in C minor, Op. 111, in which the giant, taking a last farewell of his favourite solo instru-

ment, would seem to have said—"Thou shalt be another orchestra!" So true is it, that no symphony is richer in colouring than this most original and marvellous sonata. No work of Beethoven so strikingly illustrates two opposite states of mind. The opening *Molto* predicts with amazing grandeur the fiery and ungovernable ebullitions of the *Allegro appassionato*; while the *arietta* with variations in the major key, which constitutes the *Andante*, indicates a complete revulsion of feeling; and with the exception of one angry, turbulent, and restless passage (Variation No. 2), represents the master of tone in a train of absorbed and mystic adoration of the wonderful works of God. It is Beethoven lying down in the open country, at noon, under a blazing sun, hearing, with the ears of a musician inspired, the varied sounds of nature, and viewing, with the eyes of a poet equally inspired, the multitudinous objects of the dead earth. Such music cannot be described; but happily it can be played; and by her playing Miss Goddard made an echo for it in the hearts of her intelligent audience.

Probably nothing else than one of the grand trios of Mendelssohn would have been listened to even patiently at the end of such concert, and after such a sonata. The trio in D minor, which might almost reanimate a corpse with its galvanic energy, thus magically performed (MM. Sainon and Paque being worthy co-operators), brought to a magnificent climax one of the most interesting performances ever heard. The audience was worthy of the entertainment.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE third concert (the first of the ordinary series) took place on Monday, when the Hanover-square Rooms were crowded with a brilliant and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Symphony in F, No. 6—Beethoven. Aria, "Quando le sere" (Luiza Miller), Mrs. Frederic Dickens—Verdi. Air, "Come unto Him" (Ismanuel), Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge—Henry Leslie. Victoria Festival March—Val. Morris.

PART II.—Concert Stuck, Mrs. T. J. Thompson—C. M. von Weber. Song, "The Bonbons," Miss Mrs. F. Dickens—Mabel. "Miserere" (H. Tratorator), solos by Messrs. Pollock and Burchett—Verdi. Song, "Thou, streamlet, lead a tuneful voice," Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge—S. W. Waley. Overture (La Dame Blanche)—Auber. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The eighth symphony of Beethoven does not suit the amateur performers. In the Concert-stück of Weber Mrs. T. J. Thompson was immensely applauded, and at the termination of the last movement (decidedly her best performance) was recalled unanimously.

Mrs. F. Dickens (her sister) sings with taste and simplicity, and was much admired in Herr Melique's beautiful little song. Her voice is a contrast to the purest quality. Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge sings with expression, and would please even more if he did not occasionally force his voice. Messrs. Alfred Pollock and George Burchett won general approbation for their oboe and cornet solos in the "Miserere." The overture to *La Dame Blanche* (strange to say) did not go well. The pieces to which no allusion has been made were we unable to hear.

At the fourth concert Mr. S. Waley is to play Mozart's piano-forte concerto in A (No. 2), which is very little known; and Mr. Frank Mori's overture to the *Fest of Florence* will be given. The symphony—Haydn's B flat—may afford the amateur a chance of redeeming their symphonic laurels; but we think they would do wisely not to provoke the shade of Weber, by meddling with his *Ruler of the Spirits*.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.—Miss Helen Faucit has appeared at the Lyceum as Lady Macbeth, and is announced to repeat the character. Her engagement of six nights is, in all likelihood, but a step preliminary to her return to the stage—a consummation devoutly to be wished by all lovers of legitimate acting.—At the Haymarket Mr. Hudson has been playing for several nights Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in the *Rivals*, and appeared on Thursday evening as Sir Patrick Plimp in *The Irish Ambassador*. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are also engaged at the Haymarket, and have been playing in the farce *Twice Killed*. Miss Amy Sedgwick appears on Monday.

* The plan of the minor of this *scherzo*, which sets off in F sharp minor, and terminates in the key of the sonata, could only have been conceived by genius. No art could have invented it.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have had a few musical events (worthy of special mention) in Liverpool, since your last publication. On Saturday, the 6th instant, Miss Charlotte Montague and Miss F. Huddart appeared, and Mr. Henry Lazarus came to illustrate a well-established reputation. Miss Fanny Huddart had a reputation to sustain, and she maintained it. In the duet with Miss Montague, "My Bells," Mendelssohn's music was rendered with good expression, and merited the accolade it obtained. Mr. Henry Lazarus will be well known for his great power of execution on the clarinet, the difficulties of mastering which few executants have been able to overcome, but on which he discourses with a master voice. His solo from the favourite opera *I Puritani* received an enthusiastic encore, which was answered by a still more favourite air and variations from *La Sonnambula*. His rendering of the fantasia on the Scotch air, "Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon" was received with, if possible, more enthusiasm. On Saturday evening last a vast crowd was attracted to Mr. Hime's deservedly popular "People's Concerts" at St. George's Hall, to hear the *début* here of some pupils of the once-famed Mrs. Wood (Miss Paton), who "assisted" at the pianoforte. The concert was a decided success, and Mrs. Wood was most enthusiastically received by the immense audience.

On Monday evening the Pyne-Harrison troupe made their first appearance at our Theatre Royal, and they have nightly played *The Rose of Castile* before large and fashionable audiences. The local critics are loud in their eulogies of the ensembles of these operatic performances, which at last realise the existence of that musical myth—a national opera. Balfe's sparkling composition has quite hit the taste of our musical *dilettanti*, and the admirable vocalisation of Miss Louisa Pyne, and indeed of all the artists, and the excellence of the chorus-band, scenery and appointments, have given more genuine satisfaction than any operatic performances I have ever witnessed in the provinces. The troupe appear here for a month, and at present there is every prospect that their stay in Liverpool will be profitable to themselves and pleasant to the public.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Santley, a Liverpool pianist, made his *début* here at the first Philharmonic Concert of the season. He was well received, and his voice much admired, but as he did not seem in the full possession of his powers, I should not like to offer a decided opinion upon his vocal merits till I hear him again. The other artists were Madame Lemmas Sherrington, who sang with great brilliancy, and created quite a *furor* in Macfarlane's "May-Day," and Charles Hallé, whose performances were as chaste and unexceptionable as of yore.

MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

UNTIL the visit of the Pyne and Harrison opera troupe (just terminated) there had been a long dearth of music here, broken only by the annual winter visit of M. Julien, who gave a most successful series of five performances. These, being of the usual kind, call for no remark, unless it be, that, judging from the reception given to the performances, M. Julien may safely make further experiments with the masses (at least in this city) in the way of classical music.

Although the recent performances of the Pyne company at the Lyceum have been frequently reviewed in your columns, perhaps a notice from a different point of view, local and musical, may not be out of place. Next to the reappearance of the universally popular Miss Louisa Pyne, the principal feature was of course the performance of Balfe's new opera for the first time here. Public expectation had been greatly raised by accounts of the success achieved by the performance of this opera in London, but I must confess that the feeling here was one of disappointment.

I do not think Miss Louisa Pyne's voice is improved since her last visit here, before her trip to America; but in finish and purity of style she is as great as ever. Such brilliant execution, such power of sustaining the notes, such distinctness of articulation, and (last, not least) such unerring certainty of intonation,

few singers attain. Such an artist is doubly welcome at a time when systematic training is so much neglected, and singers—to use a figure—strive to run before they can walk.

Any lengthened notice of the other performers is unnecessary. Mr. Harrison, by the vivacity of his acting, atones in a great degree for any other deficiencies. Mr. F. Glover has a good method of singing, but I am afraid that too early prominence is leading him to force his voice, which is not yet fully developed. Mr. Honey is a valuable member of the company, but rather inclined to over-do some of his comic impersonations. Miss Susan Pyne is always satisfactory, and in the part of Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*, evinces high dramatic power. I may mention that this opera was exceedingly well done, and the London public may look forward to a great vocal treat in Miss L. Pyne's performance of the part of Leonora.

To Mr. A. Mellon the highest praise is due for his admirable direction of the whole. The excellence of both orchestra and chorus was the subject of universal remark, although, as is always the case with touring parties, both were deficient in numbers.

I have only room to mention that Miss Arabella Goddard made an immense sensation at the Reid Commemoration Concert on Saturday evening, it being her first appearance here. May she soon come again!

I am glad to see that you are taking up the subject of the Reid bequest. It may interest you to know that the new music-room for the University, in connection with this bequest, is at last commenced, the foundation stone having been laid last Saturday, the anniversary of General Reid's birthday. It is to cost £8,000, and will, I believe, fully meet the wishes of Professor Donaldson. An organ, at a cost of £2,000, is to follow.

Edinburgh, Feb. 17.

H.

(From another Correspondent.)

One of the most successful "Reid Concerts" on record took place on Saturday, the 13th inst. I enclose you the programme.*

The singers were the "principals" of the Pyne and Harrison company, who have lately been delighting musical connoisseurs in Edinburgh. They gave a large variety of pieces from Italian, German, and English authors, with more or less success. As it was Saturday night (and you are aware that "Auld Reekie" is uncommonly devout), it was requested before the commencement of the entertainment, that there might be no "encores." Thus Miss Louisa Pyne, who sang "Casta Diva" very brilliantly, and Mr. Harrison, who gave "I love her," from *The Rose of Castile*, in the popular style for which he is noted, although called upon by the least straightlaced part of the audience (the majority), to repeat their performances, contented themselves with bowing their acknowledgments.

"Sandie" was not altogether satisfied with this arrangement, but, nevertheless, submitted to it with tolerably good grace. In the instance of Miss Arabella Goddard, however, our musical enthusiasts (and we are really musical in Edinburgh) would put up with the restriction no longer. This great and accomplished (though very young) performer had already played Beethoven's fine pianoforte concerto, with orchestral accompaniments (in C minor) magnificently—so indeed as to win the unbounded admiration of all the connoisseurs and well-informed amateurs in the concert-room. To "encore" a piece so long, however fine, was of course out of the question. But when, in the second part, Miss Goddard gave, with a delicacy, taste, expression, and brilliancy, impossible to surpass, Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, sweet home," the audience were almost frantic, and insisted so uproariously and unanimously on a repetition, that Mr. George Wood (who represents at these concerts both Gen. Reid and Professor Donaldson) was compelled to lead her once more to the pianoforte. Instead of repeating "Home, sweet home," Miss Goddard substituted a fantasia on Scottish air, the most prominent of which were "Auld lang syne," and one of our racy, genuine, invigorating, national "reels." You may imagine the result. The first notes of "Auld lang syne" elicited a burst of applause, while the

* The programme was published in our last.

"reel," executed with an animation and a *verve* to set all Edinburgh dancing, completely turned the heads of the assembly. Miss Goddard retired amidst enthusiastic shouts of delight. It was her last appearance in Edinburgh. When she comes again she will be "fêted," and no mistake.

There was a very good orchestra which played overtures and other pieces (including the Minuet and March of General Reid) with great precision and effect, under the experienced guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon, who accompanies the Pyne-Harrison Company in their provincial tour. Mr. Carrolus, too, the young Yorkshire violinist, performed a *fantasia* on the *Travatore* so well that it was generally regretted he had chosen such poor music for the display of his talents. Miss Susan Pyne, Messrs. F. Glover, St. Albany, and Hamilton Braham, were also among the singers, besides Miss Thirlwall and Mr. Wallworth, who took part in one of Mendelssohn's part-songs ("When the west"), with Miss S. Pyne and Mr. St. Albany.

It was generally remarked that this concert was better worth the £300 bequeathed by General Reid for the annual Commemoration performance than most of its predecessors, although probably not much more than one-third of the allotted sum was spent upon it.

J. L.

Edinburgh, Feb. 15, 1858.

MUSIC AT TURIN.

(From our own Correspondent, Feb. 10.)

HAVING been for the last three weeks a victim to the prevailing epidemic, "La Grippe," I have done little but sip *tsoua*, and so scarcely thought it worth writing to apprise you of the fact. However, on Saturday last, my *medico* gave me permission to resume my nightly visits to the Opera, and now being competent to send you a little musical chit-chat, I lose no time in doing so.

Great changes have lately taken place at the Regio. Ever since the opening night, to which the correspondent of the *Times* alluded, at the same time stating the reasons of the general disapprobation of the performance, this establishment has been *en mauvais odeur*. Doubtless politics have in some measure chilled the enthusiasm of the audience; but every one agrees that the directors did not exercise prudence or wisdom in the choice of their *troupe*. Mlle. Moreau-Sainti, from the fact of her being a Frenchwoman, and more especially from her being essentially a singer of the French school, as might be supposed, would not be acceptable as the *prima donna assoluta* in a city like Turin, where Italian music and the Italian style of singing reign predominant. Then the selection of Madlle. Sanchioli, as a *prima donna*, was, at the least, a mistake. I would not for the world say anything prejudicial to this lady, for I think she has talent, and might become an *artiste*, but the directors were at fault in bringing her forward so prominently. In such parts as the Queen, in *La Zingara*, and Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, she would be admirable, but Fides, in *Le Prophète*, at present is far beyond her means, and this, I imagine, they have at last discovered; for some time ago, Signor Mirate, whose performance of the Duke in *Rigoletto* I have mentioned, was indisposed and unable to sing for six successive nights, so the only choice left them was to give *Le Prophète*, with Madlle. Sanchioli, or close the Theatre. They chose the latter—which speaks for itself. But this is not all. In the early part of last week, Madlle. Moreau-Sainti and Sanchioli, aware of the disagreeable position in which they were placed, threw up their engagements, and before the week was ended, Mlle. Lancia did the same. It is said that the reason given by the last-mentioned lady to the directors, was, that she objected making her first appearance before an audience that was exasperated with the establishment, and everything and everybody concerned in it; but I have heard that the real cause of her decision is, that she has yielded to the entreaties of her friends, and has consented not to appear in public. Whether this be true or not, I cannot say, but certainly such a report is going the round of the clubs and *cafés*.

The opera at the Regio on Saturday was *I Puritani*, which, considering that Madlle. Marai is the only *prima donna* left, was about the best that could be given. Although the lady has but a small voice, and is by no means an *artiste* of the highest order, she is quite as much entitled to the post of *prima donna* at the Court Theatre as Madlle. Sanchioli; and I expect that the Turinese infinitely prefer her to the French lady, who has departed, thoroughly disgusted at not having made the *furor* she anticipated. Elvira is a character more suited to Mlle. Marai than Berta in *Le Prophète* (but being so accustomed to Bosio in the part, I could not help missing her). She sang the whole of the music skillfully, and in the difficult *bravura* passages displayed infinitely more agility than I thought her capable of, though, at times, I was pained to observe evident signs of physical exertion, especially during the delivery of "Son virgin," which, nevertheless, she sang wonderfully well, and obtained the only *bis* of the evening. As Arturo, Signor Mirate was not nearly so successful as he had been in *Rigoletto*. His singing of "A te, cara" however, was good in many respects—full of feeling and grace, and marked by an elegance of phrasing which is often disregarded by singers of his stamp. His propensity to the *robustissimo* style of singing marred those scenes which should be characterised by tenderness, and the absence of anything approaching to fury. Signors Benedetti and Pizzicati were the representatives of Giorgio and Ricardo; but they both seemed out of sorts, out of temper, out of voice, and most frequently out of tune, which is unpardonable in artists of their calibre. No statement was advanced why or wherefore "Suoni la tromba" was omitted. On Sunday evening (you must not be shocked), I went to the Teatro Rossini, which, since my last visit, a few evenings after my arrival here, bears a better reputation. I understand that a party of gentlemen have undertaken the management of this theatre for a short operatic season during Lent, which it is expected will be eminently successful, as they promise to give us first-rate principals, a good band, and efficient chorus, and this little theatre is decidedly the prettiest and by far the most comfortable in Turin. Who are to be the principals no one seems to know, but in a week's time we may expect to see the official prospectus.

The night that I went to the Rossini the *Barbieri* was given. Neither Kosina, nor Bartolo, nor Almaviva, were first-rate, but they all sang quite well enough, and acted with sufficient spirit and vivacity to render the performance satisfactory; and I was quite surprised to find so good and steady a band, and so much completeness in every department. Sig. Grandi, who was the Figaro, has a good voice, with (for a baritone) remarkable facility of execution, and is a good actor, though I expect his *forte* is not in buffo characters.

On Monday I went to the Vittorio Emanuele, where the performance consisted of *Maddida di Shobran*, which, not having been heard for some years in this city, will doubtless have nearly as long a run as *Mosè*, which has drawn full houses for upwards of six weeks. I will allude to the performance of *Maddida* after a second hearing.

February 11th.—I have just met a friend who, informs me that the directors of the Teatro-Rossini have offered an engagement for the Lenten season to Mad. Lancia, and that she seems likely to accept it. If this be true—and I have good reason for believing that it is—the report I mentioned of her having called up the profession of the stage, must be what the French call a "canard."

A YANKEE-ATHENIAN VIEW OF THALBERG.

(From "Harper's Boston Weekly.")

THE American tour of Thalberg fell in an unfortunate year, and yet his notes have not been at a discount. He has played in earnest all over the country, making it a great keyboard, over which he has run from one end to the other, and now lifts his fingers, puts one hand upon his heart, and one upon his pocket, and so bows himself gracefully away.

There has been no difference of opinion about him, as there was about Jenny Lind and other famous musical artists who have come to us. The simple perfection of his performance was at once appreciated, and always enjoyed; and yet at least

it cloyed. No one cared to hear, for more than the twentieth time, the same fantasia, played in the same way. At the twenty-first hearing, it began to sound a little trite.

But this was not the fault of the artist—if it were any fault at all. It was merely the limitation of interest in the instrument. Thalberg plays the piano as well as it can be played; but then the piano is a very circumscribed instrument. He seems to understand its resources perfectly, and to develop them with complete skill; but he is not a bit of a mountebank. He does not play with his shoulders, or body, or ambrosial look. What the piano can do, in the interpretation of a piece of music, he makes it do—and no more.

That is the difference between Thalberg and other equally celebrated performers. Thalberg's playing is not squally. It is entirely satisfactory in itself (with the limitation mentioned), but it does not leave the feeling that the player could do a great deal more, nor does it raise any haunting image of a great orchestra, pouring force and fulness, blood and substance, into the music the performer sketches upon the keyboard. He trills exquisitely, but he never thrills. There is exquisite symmetry in all he does; but in the greatest works of art, of every kind, there is a fragmentary and incomplete character. It is the nimbus of what might be hanging like a halo around what is.

Arion will take care that the great pianist snails smoothly wherever he goes. Triton will blow his wreathed horn before his bark; and, perhaps, some happy day hereafter, ladies of that dexterous hand—as late befel his great rival Liszt, after a concert in Germany.

And who knows but that with much patience and many Thalbergs, even we Bionians may one day attain to a similar homage to art and artists.

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The Musical

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENSLAVES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 36.—No. 9. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

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CONCERT SEASON, 1858.—NOTICE.—C. M. SHEE respectfully intimates to the Musical Profession that he has removed to 2, Beak-street, Regent-street, where he continues the arrangement of concerts (public or private) at his usual moderate charges.

NEW SACRED SONG, "He has come! the Christ of God." Words by the Rev. Horatio Honor, D.D. Composed by J. Dorrer. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

MADLE FINOLI, Mr. Horace Vernon, Sig. Dragone, Sig. Gabuzzi, Sig. Mattoni, Mr. Britzman, and Chorus (Conductor, Mr. Cantel) will appear in Brighton, on Monday, March 1st; in London, 2nd; in Norfolk, 3rd; in Ipswich, 4th; to recitals from the opera of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Don Giovanni*, &c. For particulars apply to Mapleson and Co., Clarence Chambers, 15, Haymarket.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT, the celebrated American Vocalist, Composer, Impromptu, and Elocutionist, will make his first appearance in London, on Monday Evening, March 1st, 1858, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, in his NEW and ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENT, as given by him, with most marked success, in California, Australia, and the E. of India. Mr. Massett will in the course of his Entertainment, relate a thrilling incident of the blowing away from the guns of two marines' wives, as recently witnessed by him at Bombay; with other interesting details commenced with the (recent) rebellion in India. Doors open at half-past seven; to commence at eight o'clock precisely. A notice on 2s. 6d.; to be sent to 24, St. 5; which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old B. ad-street.

PROGRAMME
OF
MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S
THIRD SOIREE OF
CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC,
AT HER RESIDENCE,
47, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
ON
TUESDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1858,
WHEN SHE WILL BE ASSISTED BY
M. SAINTON AND M. PAQUE.

To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock precisely, and terminate about a Quarter to Eleven. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, to be had only of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

PART I.—Sonata in D Major, Pianoforte and Violin (No. 7). (Mozart) Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton; Grand Sonata in A flat (Op. 39). (Wolff) Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Paganini Scherzo (first time in public), and Preludio-con-Fine, in A minor, (from No. 9 and Book 4 of F. C. Grieg's "Complete O-Missa of the Pianoforte Works of Bach") (J. B. Bach), Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.—Grand Sonata in E major (Op. 109). (Beethoven)—1. Vivace, ma non troppo; adagio espressivo; tempo primo; adagio sostenuto; tempo primo; 2. Tre Andante; 3. Andante molto cantabile—in vari stadi—Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Grand Trio in G minor (No. 2). Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (Mendelssohn)—1. Adagio-con-fine; 2. Andante espressivo; 3. Scherzo—molto allargato, quasi presto; 4. Finale—allegro quasi lento—Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and M. Paque.

*. It is respectfully announced—in answer to numerous applications—that Miss Arabella Goddard will give a SECOND SERIES of Classical Pianoforte Performances, of which the dates and further particulars will be shortly advertised.

ORGAN FOR SALE.
THE ORGAN now standing in the FREE TRADE HALL, Manchester.—Messrs. Kirkaldy and Jardine beg to intimate that the above instrument will be sold by public auction, at the immediate request of the Proprietor to the erection of the Grand Organ, on the 15th inst. at 10 o'clock. The Exhibition. A plan to Kirkaldy and Jardine, Organ Builders, Manchester.

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' FIRST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the Beethoven Rooms, Wednesday evening, March 19, at half-past eight. Programme—Sonata, Pianoforte, and Violin; Beethoven—Aria, Handel; Grand Sonata in G minor; "Dioniso Abdanata" (Clomont); Trio, E flat, op. 2, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Beethoven; Sacred Cantata, Brinley Richards; Characteristic Pieces, Mendelssohn—Vocalist, Miss Stewart; Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards; Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Violoncello, M. Paque.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—FOURTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT (series of six), under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAN, on TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, at eight precisely, at 8 o'clock. "Early on the" Weber; Arie "Glocken im Thale" (Eurydice), Weber—Miss Knapp; Grand Sonata, "Meadow" composed especially for Miss Isobell-H. Smith (first time of performance); Symphony in D flat (No. 4), Beethoven. Part II—Concerto, Violoncello, No. 10, Mr. George Collins' Song, "I came from dreams of the Hall"; Mr. Stanley (first time of performance); Andante (Missaumman Night's Dream). Me-dies-obs; Duetto, "Quel seigneur" (Agnus); Part—Miss Knapp and Mr. Stanley; Overture, "Die Zehn-Tage" Mozart; Suite, 5s. 6d.; Gales, 2s. 6d.; aria, in For the aria—Stella, one guinea; Galviva, half-guinea.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—On next Monday, March 1st, 1858, in the Lower Hall, Haydn's CREATION, preceded by the Cantata on the birthday of His Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, composed by Mr. Henry, Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor (eleventh time of performance). Preceded vocally—Miss E. Bagnera, Miss O'Hway, Mr. T. Dyson, and Mr. Lawler. The band and chorus will be on each at 7 o'clock. Conductor, Mr. Henry, Organist of the Exeter Hall Orchestra. Tickets—Area, 2s.; Western Gallery, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.—to be had by order of the principal music sellers, and at the Office No. 10, Fleet-street. A notice hand on 2s. 6d.; cloth, 5s. 6d.; cloth, with splendid portrait of the composer parts, new or second-hand copies, 10 s. 6d. per copy. Books of the words of all the Opera, 10s. 6d.; or 15s. per hundred. Catalogue, arranged by the composer for the organs of pianoforte, 2s., 4s., or 5s.; string parts, 6s.; chorus parts, 6s.; three wind parts, 1s. This work will be found very by the attend on all church societies. All orders for choral music should specify Burman's Exeter Hall edition, universally admitted to be the best and cheap.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
THE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Will be celebrated by two Grand Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Benedict the first on Thursday, March 25th, of Sacred Music; the second on Saturday, March 27th, of Musical Dramas. IN ALL OF THE FUNDS OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL. Further particulars, with a list of the Ladies Patrons, &c., a programme of the music of each concert, &c., will be shortly announced.

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We do not remember any work of a similar kind, in which the modulations are more beautiful than in this composition of M. Meyerbeer. The notes of the parts in imitation, which occurs towards the middle of the Prayer, could not have been effected in a more masterly manner; indeed, throughout the piece the hand of a consummate harmonist, and a composer who has studied every resource of his art, is visible.

M. Meyerbeer's setting of the "Lord's Prayer" has already been sung by the choir of the Benedictine Chapel, Lincoln's Inn, London, under the able direction of Mr. J. Pittman; and it will, no doubt, be sung, as it deserves to be, by all the principal metropolitan and provincial churches.—Liverpool Mail.

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REVIEWS.

"THE CLASSICAL PIANIST" (used at the Royal Academy of Music)—a selection of movements from the works of the great masters—edited by Brinley Richards (Honorary Member, Associate, and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music.)

(Continued from page 84.)

If one work would suffice to render a musician immortal, the sonata (or "*Scena Tragica*") in G minor, entitled *Didone Abandonnata*, ought to effect that much for Clementi. A vast number of compositions, some great, the majority more or less admirable, proceeded from his pen; but this one sonata—not only the offspring of consummate talent but of inspired genius—transcends them all.

It has been too much a habit, both with professors and cultivated amateurs, to regard Clementi in the exclusive light of a music-master, profound and sagacious, but at the same time dry and pedantic—as the author, in short, of the most ingenious of elementary works, the *Grados ad Parnassum*, and little else. Clementi, nevertheless, has another side, which has been overlooked, or at least only half acknowledged. He was a poet, as well as a contrapuntist and perfecter of mechanism. He had his dreams—like his more ardent and genial, though less learned, contemporary, Dussek; and in one of these he gave birth to the *Didone Abandonnata*—which (complete, as usual) constitutes one of the most remarkable features in Mr Brinley Richards' "Selection of movements from the works of the great masters."*

The *Didone Abandonnata* is a masterpiece; and—deeps as it is—that it is not too deep for intelligent amateurs, has been recently shown by Miss Arabella Goddard, at one of her highly interesting soirées, where it was heard with rapture. Most musicians know something of this sonata; at least we hope so, for their own sakes and for the sake of art. If such compositions are ignored, Mozart and Beethoven must have written just as much in vain; and modern "Wolfgang-Amadées"† will have fair reason to point at them, as "poor exploded old antiques."‡ That many other fine productions besides *Didone Abandonnata* have been in a great measure neglected, is, we fear, too true; and it says little for our pianists that such should be the case. Much, nevertheless, may be laid to the charge of the so-styled "virtuosi;" and it is some consolation to know that the periculous influence of that flashy tribe is gradually diminishing.

Clementi's pianoforte-music should be in the hands of every ambitious player, and his *Didone* be treasured as a gem of inestimable price. One of the most remarkable characteristics of this very fine composition is the prevalence of the key of G minor, in which each of the four movements commences and terminates.¶ But this is in keeping with the nature of the poetical theme by which the sonata was suggested; and the general conduct of the work is so felicitous, that an impression of monotony is never once engendered. The *Lento Patetico*, which forms the introduction, is an appropriate preface to what follows; and more than one of its stately progressions may claim a certain affinity with the earlier style of Beethoven. The *allegro con espressione*, one of the most superb movements ever written for the piano, is based upon a truly pathetic melody:—

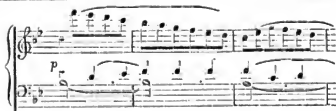


The second theme, in the orthodox relative major, is not less happy:—

* We recommend the editor, or the publishers, of *The Classical Pianist* to invent a new title for their rich and varied compilation, which does not contain one single instance of a curtailed work.

† Or their equally silly advocates—with other initials.

‡ The *lento* and *adagio* leave off on the dominant of the key—the former without, the latter with the seventh.



Instead of the first part ending in the key of B flat (as might have been anticipated), after it has been largely developed, a new phrase is introduced, with much the same disregard of precedent as in the "*codas*" of Beethoven:—



This is worked as elaborately as the theme which generates it, and ultimately leads to another short subject, in D minor:—



—in which key the first part of the movement finishes. These rich materials would seem not sufficient for the composer, since, in the second part (or "free fantasia"—to employ an almost obsolete nomenclature), he brings in yet another phrase:—



—in the development of which some of the most beautiful and expressive passages of the sonata are elicited. Of course we have an example of two-part canon, on the octave; how, indeed, could Clementi desist from his favourite expedient, in a work of such length and magnitude? But for once this scholastic device is right welcome. Fragments from two of the principal

themes are alternately treated, with the grandest effect—as for example:—



—and again, for example:—



—which latter, sticklers for abstract form may assert, it would have been better to introduce in any other key than G minor. But Clementi's form is peculiar—altogether his own, indeed; and if he is to be criticised after this fashion, almost the whole of his sonata, which hangs together so magnificently, might be taken to pieces—a task for which, were we not deterred by such evidences of strength and beauty, we should have neither time nor inclination. The first subject of the *allegro* is once more approached through a progression of great spirit and vivacity; and the themes, already noticed as elements of the first part, re-appear alternately, in different keys. The second of these, coming in G major, affords an agreeable relief to the prevalent minor mode—which, however, is resumed after a striking transition from G major to E flat:—



The same progression that brought us from B flat to D minor, in the first movement, now leads us from E flat to G minor. The climax, nevertheless, is suspended by a *coda*, of which even M. Lenz, or the editor of the New Philharmonic programmes, will scarcely deny that Beethoven knew something:—



The movement then terminates, with slight modification, much in the same manner as the first part.

From the *Adagio dolente* we can only quote the exquisite first phrase:—



—although the plaintive episode is equally worth communicating. While not one-third as long as the *allegro*, the slow movement is hardly less remarkable for points of beauty. The grief of Dido may be presumed to have been exhausted in the *allegro* and *adagio*, and to have given way to ungovernable passion. The *finale—Allegro agitato e con disperazione*—breaks out thus impetuously:—



—and with the exception of a second theme in the relative major, which we think hardly worthy of the rest, is sustained throughout in the same impassioned style. As in the *Allegro con espressione*, the first part of this movement does not end in the key of the second theme, but in that of D minor. We might cite many fine points, but must refrain, for more reasons than one. The second part of the *finale* sets out with a long and elaborate canon on the octave. This, though less interesting than its companion of the first movement, is occasionally relieved by harmony, while in one place a second imitation is introduced, on the interval of the fifth below,—by these means it escapes monotony. Still we cannot feel otherwise than nervous during its progress, lest it should succeed in weakening the effect of so striking a movement and so glorious a sonata. The rest is carried on with amazing spirit; but we can only find room for one more quotation—an example of contrapuntal ingenuity that will be at once appreciated by the learned:—



Such a sonata as the *Didone Abandonnata* is not to be quitted without regret. A volume might be written on it; but we must be satisfied with having thus briefly called attention to its merits.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"OLD ENGLISH DITTIES," selected from Clappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," arranged with symphonies and accompaniments. By G. A. Macfarren. (Part V.)

THE FIFTH PART is fully equal in interest to any and all of its predecessors. Mr. W. Clappell really merits the gratitude, not merely of every archaeologist, properly speaking, but of every

lover of genuine national melody. His zeal amounts to absolute enthusiasm, and his materials seem to be inexhaustible. A more valuable book than his *Popular Music of the Olden Time* was never contributed to the musical literature of any country; and it was a truly happy idea to allow those who may not have leisure to follow the intelligent author in his researches, a share in the advantages of his musical discoveries. This is the object of "Old English Ditties"—excerpts from the body of Mr. Chappell's great work—which, if they become generally circulated, are likely to stem the torrent of platitude that of late years has completely overwhelmed the pure stream of healthy tune which gives to simple music its most captivating charm.

Mr. Chappell is most lucky in his co-labourers. We do not believe that England possesses a musician capable of adorning true English melody in a costume of harmony more sober and becoming than Mr. Macfarren; while, on the other hand, in Mr. Oxenford, we have not only as complete a master of rhythm in all its varieties as Sebastian Bach of every device of counterpoint, but a poet as genial and hearty as any of those racy English bards whose works have shed a lustre on the lyric reputation of Great Britain.

Part V. of "Old English Ditties" contains (like each of its predecessors) twelve songs. Of these, Mr. Oxenford has supplied original words for six—"I'm called the jovial miller;" "My dearest love, why wilt thou ask. The name of my true love;" "A soldier should be jolly;" "Northern Nancy;" and "There was a simple maiden"—any one of which might have proceeded from an English Burns, or an English Moore. We should like to quote them all. That, however, is impossible; and our readers must be satisfied with two—which, by the way, we have only selected from the rest on account of their marked contrast to each other:—

(Tune—"I'll never love thee more." Composed about 1610.)

- "My dearest love, why wilt thou ask
If I am constant yet?
Dost think 'tis such an easy task
Thine image to forget?
My soul retains thee still in sight
When thou art far away;
Thou art my vision in the night,
My waking dream by day.
- "And when, the time of absence past,
Once more I see thee near,
I start to find my dream at last
An earthly form can wear.
When far, thou seem'st some power above,
To guard my soul from harm;
When present, thou'rt my own dear love,
That gives my life its charm."

(Tune—"The buff coat hath no fellow." Composed about 1610.)

- "Drink, boys, drink deep,
For a soldier should be jolly;
Laugh, boys, laugh loud,
For in grief there's nought but folly.
- "Life's but a bubble,
That's puffed up with trouble,
A wise man ne'er can doubt it;
Bullets may hit us,
And then it will quit us,
So think no more about it.
- "Here's a buff jerkin,
To frighten a Turk in,
And bravely defy rough weather;
Comrades, so merry,
Take heed that you bury
My coat and me together.
- "Drink, boys, drink deep,
For a soldier should be jolly;
Laugh, boys, laugh loud,
For in grief there's nought but folly.

"Drain to the bottom
Your cups, while you've got 'em,
There's no such bath for sorrow;
This day, dear brother,
Mae ne'er breed another;
We all may fall to-morrow."

It must be remembered that Mr. Oxenford has to write his words to suit the measure of the tunes, which renders his task all the more difficult—since every body knows that, when music is wedded to verse, the custom is generally the opposite way. The verses of the seventh and eighth songs—"Oh! the oak, the ash, and the bony ivy tree," and "When the king enjoys his own again"—have been abridged by Mr. Oxenford, who has performed this delicate labour with discretion and judgment, preserving the good, and omitting what is superfluous.

The other four songs are "Love will find out the way," "Barbara Allen," "Black-eyed Susan," and "Under the green wood tree" (not Shakspeare's)—the bare mention of which is sufficient.

"THE ANNIE LAURIE GRAND MARCH," composed by John Feldner.

The somewhat awkward tune of "Annie Laurie," with a somewhat clumsy coda, in C, forms the first part of the march. A somewhat commonplace episode, in A flat, follows; and, in its turn, gives way to the somewhat marked tune of "Annie Laurie," with the somewhat clumsy coda—at the heels of which later is tacked a somewhat insignificant codetta. On the whole this is a somewhat indifferent march.

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE," written and composed by Zante.

"Zante" can both write and compose, and when he says:—

"For oh! the future's a deceiver,
The mirror of the brain—

we like him well enough, since he deceives neither himself nor any one else. But when he composes thus:—



we like him less, since he deceives both himself and his purchasers. Our poet-musician is evidently fond of this coquetish A sharp, which he might just as well have introduced at the beginning of the bar, as in the middle, where, between the two A's natural, it looks uncommonly self-satisfied and priggish:—



If "Zante" meant A sharp, "Why did he not say so at wo-o-ance!"—as Mr. Honey says (too often) in the sparkling dialogue of the *Rose of Castille*. As it stands, we are reminded of a singer who, imagining that he is singing out of tune, "*aiseuse un peu*," and then, finding that he is really out of tune, "*baïsse un peu*." We recommend the composer in this instance, as M. Vivier's Calabrian baudit recommends his lieutenant, Pietro—who, in want of a better book, has borrowed a bible to read for the edification of the robbers—to "*gaser un peu*."

Nevertheless, "The Mirror of Life" is a very pretty ballad.

"LA FLORENCE"—Polka Fantasque pour le Piano, par J. B. Riche.

"La Florence" possesses all the good qualities which should render a polka attractive; but it is not in the least fantastic (to

speaking English); so much the more is it to be admired, since while there is no reason why a polka should be fantastic (much less "ique") there are many reasons why it should not. Mr. (Mons. J.) J. B. Riche (Rich ?) has written a polka the most *fantastic* imaginable; but, in revenge, it is sparkling, rhythmic, pretty, easy, brilliant, and *dansant* (danceable !). No one who tries it can fail to be pleased with it.

MR. H. W. A. BEALE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your last number you publish a letter which you ascribe to me. The letter in question is signed *W. O. F. Beale*; my initials are *H. W. A.* Surely you must have omitted to observe this. However, as you have publicly accused me of want of good breeding, I trust that you will in justice publish this repudiation of the charge. I should never have written to complain of your critique myself, however unjust I might have thought it to be. I sent my works to you, and you were justified in saying whatever you thought proper thereon. I regret that my *Penale Fugitive* did not meet your approbation; but I must say that I take it as a high compliment to be classed with such men as Liszt and Wagner.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

7, *Inkermann-terrace, Kensington (W.)*, HENRY W. A. BEALE.
Feb. 20, 1858.

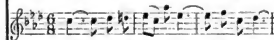
[Mr. H. W. A. Beale has entirely misunderstood us; we never dreamed of classing him "with such men as Liszt and Wagner."—Ed. M. W.]

PRESUMED PLIAGIARISM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

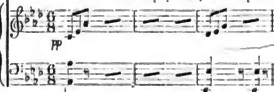
SIR,—Should you consider the enclosed specimen of the willful and unscrupulous plagiarisms of the "British School of Music" deserving of exposure, I would furnish with other instances of the same sort from the works of the renowned compiler of the *Bohemian Girl*.—Your obedient servant,
Montague-street, Feb. 19, 1858. JUSTUS.

ARLINE.

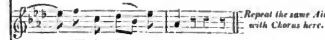


Come with the Gipsy bride, and re-pair

PIANO.



... to the fair, where . . . the ma-zy dance



... will the hours en-trance.

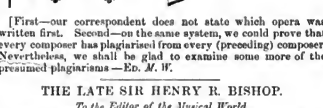


Le Dieu des amours y guette une fi-

PIANO.



let-to toujours, y guet-te une fi-let-to toujours.



Repeat the same Air with Chorus here.

[First—our correspondent does not state which opera was written first. Second—on the same system, we could prove that every composer has plagiarised from every (preceding) composer. Nevertheless, we shall be glad to examine some more of the presumed plagiarisms.—Ed. M. W.]

THE LATE SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As one of the nearest relatives of the younger children of the late Sir Henry R. Bishop, allow me to beg that you will have the goodness to give publicity to the following statement, in order that the position and circumstances of the family should be correctly known to the public.

The advertisements which have recently appeared, announcing that a concert would be given on the 25th inst. at the Albemarle Palace, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayors, and other benevolent individuals, in behalf of the destitute family of the late Sir Henry R. Bishop, would lead the public to infer that all the children had been left and were still in a state of extreme want.

Such, however, is not the fact; it is true that at the death of Sir Henry R. Bishop, which occurred in April, 1856, a public subscription was commenced on behalf of the younger children of a second marriage; and the following gentlemen, Sir George Sinarra, Dr. Henry Daniel, Mr. Addison, of Regent-street, and Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, who have kindly authorized me to make this announcement, undertook to act as trustees for the proper use and application of the sums subscribed.

The amount received by those gentlemen,—largely increased by certain sums remitted through my hands from the mother of the children, the present Lady Bishop,—has been expended by them in their education and maintenance, nor is anything required for their future position in life that cannot be supplied by their surviving parent.

The member of the family recently deceased was Sir Henry R. Bishop's eldest son by his first marriage. He died at the age of

48, leaving a widow and five young children. It is feared, totally unprovided for. He had never been connected with the musical profession, but for nearly fifteen years had been a confidential clerk in the office of Sir Robert Carden, the present Lord Mayor, which may naturally account for his Lordship's sympathy in behalf of the distressed family. Far be it from me, Sir, to interfere with the charitable exertions made in their behalf, but it is certainly right to state that the benevolent assistance of the public is not required or asked for by the younger children of the late eminent composer, who are, in all respects, supported and maintained by their mother, Lady Bishop.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
ROBERT RIVIERE,
Brother of Lady Bishop.

DR. FOWLE

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Sir,—Be so good, in justice to myself, to insert this letter in the next number of your journal.

It was not for me to gratify the curiosity of your correspondents "Obvo" and "X. Y. Z." as to where I had obtained the degree of Mus. Doc., but I congratulate them upon receiving the desired information from your correspondent "R. A. M." This letter, however, from "R. A. M." demands a reply from me.

It will naturally be asked by many persons, "Why did Dr. Fowle go to Gießen for his degree? Why did he not go to Oxford or Cambridge?" My reply is that after I had taken my degree, I applied for information on the subject to two friends, one of whom was a member of the University of Oxford, and the other a distinguished scholar at Cambridge. Both these gentlemen informed me that not having kept my terms at either University, neither Oxford or Cambridge would confer the degree. I have since found out that both these gentlemen were wrong in their information; but, unfortunately, I did not discover their error until after I had taken the necessary proceedings at Gießen for obtaining the degree, which I was anxious should be conferred upon me, as it was urged that it might help to give me a good position at Torquay, where I had obtained an appointment as organist and choirmaster at the fashionable church of St. John's.

One word with respect to the said degree from the University of Gießen. If any of your readers imagine, or your correspondent "R. A. M." intends to insinuate, that the degree of Mus. Doc. was bought or sold more than lawfully and equitably to deny the charge. I sent several notes to the University, and, in addition, I was required to write an essay on thorough-bass—a *practi* of one or twenty-two folio pages in length, and I was further required to write at the end of the said essay, "I declare, upon the faith of a gentleman, that no living person has assisted me in writing this essay." This declaration, I believe, is not required at either Oxford or Cambridge, or that the exercises for either of these Universities may, if necessary, be bought. How often this occurs, of course, I know not. No doubt such things have been done, but I would hope such instances are few and far between; and I would suggest that both Oxford and Cambridge should demand from the candidates who apply for the degree, not only high testimonials as to musical ability, but also as to character and respectability. Such testimonials I was required to produce at Gießen before the authorities would entertain my application.

Whatever value your readers may set upon this degree from the University of Gießen, I really think it is of very little consequence to me. I have explained why I sent to Gießen instead of to Oxford or Cambridge, and I will only add, that I obtained the degree fairly and honourably, and that, in addition to the usual diploma, an extra-official document was given to me for musical merit. I certainly should have preferred to have gone to Oxford or Cambridge for the degree, but, having accomplished my purpose at Gießen, I really regard the whole affair with a serenity and satisfaction which it will be quite impossible for the curiosity or the uncourteous remarks of your readers to disturb.

I am, Sir, yours obedient servant,
THOMAS LIOTY FOWLE, Mus. Doc.

[We may as well state here that, considering the specimens there have been of "Mus. Bac." and "Mus. Docs.," we entertain very little respect for the distinction, whether it is acquired at Oxford, Cambridge, or Gießen.—Ed. M. W.]

A NEW POLITICAL POINT.—(From Punch).—Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and the unsuccessful candidate for Bedford and Bridport at the last election, has declared his intention of not again coming forward until Parliament shall have passed a measure allowing of vote by ballot.

TWO OPINIONS.

THE *New York Musical Review* quotes the following antagonistic opinions, said (no doubt on good authority) to have been delivered by two of the greatest operatic composers the world has known:—

"Under any circumstances, in an opera, poetry must be the obedient daughter of music."—*Mosart*.

"When I compose, before all things, I wish to forget the musician, I consider a composition (opera) faulty and bad, if it smells of music."—*Gluck*.

Probably our transatlantic contemporary may be inclined to draw a deduction from the above exactly opposite to that which it has suggested to ourselves. We agree entirely with Mozart; and can easily understand why the author of *Dun Giovanni* was a greater operatic composer than Gluck—to say nothing of his (Mozart's) immeasurable superiority as an "absolute musician."

PRAGUE.—Jenny Lind has given two concerts here. She is now, it is said, on her way to Russia.

BERLIN.—Herr von Billow has at last given the concert of "Music of the Future," with which he has for some time past threatened the good people of this city. In spite, however, of the assistance rendered on the occasion by Herr Tausig—who, by the way, is said to be Liszt's most favourite pupil—and of Herr and Mad. Milde, reinforced by a legion of free tickets, the affair was a failure. Although he laboured very hard, Herr von Billow could not succeed in rendering his audience at all enthusiastic for Liszt's unedifying pianoforte concerto, or his "Festklänge." He played also an overture of his own to *Judas Cesar*. Although this was disfigured by a great many exaggerations, it was kept nearer the forms of classical music than people would have expected. Herr Tausig possesses great mechanical skill and strength; far too much, indeed, for classical works.—The last concert, given by the members of the Chapel Royal, was especially interesting. Mendelssohn's ottava, which, according to the composer's own directions, should be played in the symphony style, was executed by all the stringed instruments. We did not think the work lost anything by this, but that, on the contrary, it gained a great deal. The sound of a number of violins combined is something enchanting. The same phenomenon which has long been observed in the chorus was evident here as well, namely, that a number of organs, which, when alone, are imperfect, compensate, when combined, for each other's deficiencies, and produce an effect of tone which is in every respect satisfactory. The masterly qualities of the Chapel were, on this occasion, exhibited in their very best light.

THE MOZART-VEREIN in GOTHA.—An official account has just been published by Herr Hanshalter of the state and prospects of this association. He informs us that the directors have commenced operations by assisting a meritorious young artist, Herr Julius Lammers, of Osnabrück. A series of songs by this gentleman will shortly be published, and his work, *Die Schiffslieder von Lenax*, will, at the especial wish of Dr. Louis Spolir, find a place in the next *Mozart Album*. The kings of Prussia and Saxony, and the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, have lately sent donations to the Association, and several managers have promised to give benefits for its aid.

VERDI is beginning to become popular in Germany, as well as in other places. At Darmstadt, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* has proved very attractive for nearly a year, although not so much on account of the music, as of the scenery and the manner in which the ballet, *The Four Seasons*, is put on the stage. *Rigoletto* was given several times last month, and favourably received. In Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, *Il Trovatore* has produced a great sensation.

THOMAS OTTO Jahn's *Mozart* is not yet ready, Herr Meidinger, a publisher of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, announces: *Mozart, an Artist's Life: A Social Historical Romance in six volumes, by Heribert Raab*. Were Herr Jahn and Härtel to keep back the last volume of their *Mozart* a year or two, Herr Raab would probably find himself in a fix with his *Social Historical Romance*.

COMPLAINT FROM A BANDMASTER.

The following has been sent to our office:—

OBSERVATIONS.

Every member of the household had a portrait of the Princess Royal except the band. An officious & loyal member asked the bandmaster, The 1st master said he would do what he could. Mr Pope Hardy (horn) seconded by Williams (clarinet) said as it was not &c &c &c

11 hours on duty not even a glass of wine or a nut to eat

PARTIE NON-OFFICIELLE.
LE NOUVEAU DIFF-PAFF DE MUSSEAU.

Proface for the 500th Edition.

WHEN this great work was first given to the world, the author (supposed to be M. de Walewski), had little idea of the effect it would create. Sung in every corner of Moscow, it caused the Army to push the cries of enthusiasm the most lively; and taken up, in an ironical chorus of men voices, by Mr. Milner Gibson's *Derbyitzgeangvernerin*, it actually sang Lord Palmerston's administration out of the house.—*Communiqué.*

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone, On Monday, Mr. Robt. Lee, and during the week, to commence on 7 with the grand play, *the Sheridan Knowles, Esq of THE BUNCE-BACK*, in which MR. AMY BOWDITCH will appear as Julia. After a rich evening, a new grand comic Christmas Pastime, entitled *THE SLEEPING BEARLY IN THE WOOD; OR HAREQUIN AND THE SPIRITUAL FAIRY.* To be performed by Mr. Wilson about, Harcourt, Mr. Arthur Ledwith, to urbane, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantomime, Mr Mackay; Opera, Mr. Charles Laetoria; The first of our new travels, Miss Louise Leclair.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—On this scale (which may be retained till the close of the evening, and for which there will be no charge or looking) 6s. each. *First Place*—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. *Second Price*—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. *Private Boxes*, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. *Stage-Manager*, Mr. Colquhoun.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—This evening, February 27th, *THE FAIRY CIRCLE; OR CON CAROLAN'S DREAM*, in which MR and MRS. BAINBY WILLIAMS will appear. After which will be given and a new and original comic drama, entitled *YANKEE COVERTHIEF; OR AWAY DOWN EAST.* To conclude with the successful original farce called *LATEST FROM NEW YORK.*

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *YOU CAN'T BE HURT BY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.* After which *THE DOGE OF DURALTO.* To conclude with *HOOTS AT THE SWAN.* Commence at 7 1/2 past 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KRAN.

ON MONDAY and **FRIDAY, HAMLET;** Tuesday and Thursday, **A WIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM;** Wednesday and Saturday, **LOUIS XL.** And the *Pantomime* on every Evening.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA.
ST. PHILIP.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening (except Saturday) at 8 o'clock in the week by the assistance of B. Spencer and O'Neil; together with Mr T. Stuart and Mrs. Weston. Engagements for six nights only, at Mr. G. DeLancey's private box. On Monday, **HAMLET.** On Tuesday, **THE JURE B. TRAGEDY.** On Wednesday, **RICHARD THE THIRD.** Richard Mr. G. K. DeLancey. On Wednesday to commence on 5th BIRTHDAY in which Mr. Charles Dillon will make his first appearance at the theatre. On Friday, **VENICE PRESERVED.** On Saturday, **MR. G. K. DeLancey.** On Sunday Mr. Charles Dillon will make his second appearance as *OTHELLO* again. Mr. T. Stuart's Amalia, Mrs. Weston. To conclude every evening with the *Pantomime.*—No advance in the prices.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

RICHMOND.—Proprietor, Mr. John Drottman.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Mr. John Douglas is happy to say that he has succeeded in obtaining an engagement, for a limited period, with Mr. CHARLES DILLON, the eminent tragedian and hero of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, who will appear in *the week* in his great characters of *Blissworth* and *Othello*; together with Mr T. Stuart and Mrs. Weston. Engagements for six nights only, at Mr. G. DeLancey's private box. On Monday, **HAMLET.** On Tuesday, **THE JURE B. TRAGEDY.** On Wednesday, **RICHARD THE THIRD.** Richard Mr. G. K. DeLancey. On Wednesday to commence on 5th BIRTHDAY in which Mr. Charles Dillon will make his first appearance at the theatre. On Friday, **VENICE PRESERVED.** On Saturday, **MR. G. K. DeLancey.** On Sunday Mr. Charles Dillon will make his second appearance as *OTHELLO* again. Mr. T. Stuart's Amalia, Mrs. Weston. To conclude every evening with the *Pantomime.*—No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORNO PRIMO.—*Il mange des garigues. Quel gargotage (Quelle gargamelle!) Il se refuse au gardon, mais il l'aime. Gare qu'il s'aide.*

J.—*Yes—waiting for space.*

MR. HAYDN WILSON.—*It is contrary to our rule to return articles unsuited to our columns. If not given out for insertion, they are destroyed.*

W. M.—*Apply to the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square.*

HEAR V. P.—*Our respected Correspondent, most indefatigable of agents and remarkable of polyglots, will be honorably attended to in our next.*

L. V. (Paris).—*The conclusion in our next.*

J. D. S.—*We were compelled, by press of matter, to curtail our Correspondent's more than we could have wished.*

C. B. (Brussels).—*Next week.*

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S *CHOIR* next week.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1858.

WE have often had occasion to state, and we have now a pretext for repeating, that the Parisians are the greatest judges (*gouj-us*) with respect to music on the face of the earth. True, France gave birth to Méhul, Boieldieu, and Auber—three men of whom Germany or Italy might have been proud; and yet we have the intimate conviction that the greatest beauties of these great composers are least of all appreciated by the French. The instances in which they are bewildered in their attempt to adjudicate on the claims of foreign musicians are numberless. A Paris critic is sure to set down everything German either as profound or lofty—as diving into the depths of philosophy, or aspiring to the clouds. Innately bored with German music—as Frenchmen are naturally bored with anything serious (good or bad) that is not French—they, nevertheless, affect a certain veneration, which, mingled with a faint reflex of the critical and cynical spirit of Voltaire (who—honest and out-spoken Frenchman—laughed or sneered at almost everything exotic), has something akin to the ghastly frolics of the nuns, in the resuscitation scene of *Robert le Diable*. As those wretched phantoms, called up by the infernal agency of Bertram, speed the wild licentious dances and motions of living and breathing sensualists, so French critics—just as dead to the impression of foreign beauty as the mock-animate corpses of the nuns to the attractions of positive existence—abandon themselves, under the influence of their Bertram (the fiend of hypocrisy), to a feigned enthusiasm for Beethoven, Weber, and the kings of German music. How hollow, or how shallow, is this enthusiasm, becomes apparent when anything German, not ratified by the verdict of *time*, is brought before them. At such periods the French connoisseurs and the French "dilettanti" are at sea, betraying a misapprehension of the actual state of art not only surpassed by the *encyclical* with which it is exhibited. Just now M. Flotow's *Martha*—an opera which has gone the rounds of the Teutonic cellars for the last ten years—is produced in Paris, and apostrophised as if it was something altogether new! Why dont they read M. Fétis! His lucubrations are commonplace enough; but so far as history goes they may be relied on; and M. Fétis writes

"Méhul was always making 'fiarces'; and *Gustave III.*—one of Auber's finest works—is 'pooh-pooh'd' by his countrymen, although popular all over Germany.

French—the only language *bona-fide* Frenchmen think it necessary for any inhabitant of this earth to know—passably well. M. Fétis could have told them all about *Martha*, and thus have saved them from committing themselves in respect to that well-known production.

A short time preceding the advent of *Martha*, the execution of a fragment of Mendelssohn's *Eljiah* afforded the French *feuilletonistes* an opportunity of explaining to admiring nations (all nations read French, as a matter of course) the origin and signification of *oratorio*. The "admiring nations" might just as well have explained to self-admiring France (Paris) the origin and signification of whales—which, comparing nature and art, and allowing for differences, are not much more mysterious than oratorios. Do Frenchmen (Parisians) ever look at a map? If so, cannot they picture to their ardent imaginations that France does not cover the entire globe, and that *something* may have been going on, time out of mind, somewhere else than in France, which would have gone on precisely in the same manner as if there had been no France at all!

At this very moment we have a case in point. A new Rubinstein has arisen, and driven the old Rubinstein clean out of the heads of all polite Parisians. Mr. Henry Littoff (whom, two years since, the French critics knew no better than they did M. Rubinstein) has appeared on the horizon, played his "Fourth Concerto-Symphonique," and "astonied" all Paris. "*Credat Judæus Ap' Ella!*"—many will exclaim, who remembering Littoff in England, at the Society of British Musicians, have since, with very small expense of trouble, followed his career in Belgium and Germany, and are aware of his precise claims and position, just as they are cognizant of those of Mr. Barnum, or General Tom Thumb. Mr. Littoff has "astonied" all Paris—not merely as a composer but, even more, as a *pianist!* A short cadaverous-looking gentleman, with light locks, long and sparse—who keeps a music-shop, quietly, in the little town of Brunswick (without ever invoking the Demon of the Hartz) and officiates as Kapellmeister (on continual leave of absence) to the very unassuming Duke of Saxe-Gotha—has arrived at Paris, played a so-called "*Concerto-Symphonique*," and been immediately apostrophised as "lion" of the first class. He has extinguished M. Rubinstein (the "lion" of 1857), and set the Boulevards in a ferment. The papers are mad about Mr. Littoff. The only one we have seen that ventures upon criticism is a class journal—the *M'icristrel*—which thus, with true French (Parisian) unconsciousness of the events of the last few years, apostrophises the newly discovered prodigy, or rather the music of the newly discovered prodigy:—

"For us the real success of this *Concerto-symphonique* (which occupies an hour and a quarter in performance) lies in the *scherzo* and the *adagio religioso*. The first *allegro* and *finale* belong to that vast category of musical conceptions which are glorified at the present time in certain German and even French high places, and which comprise all the elements of the *School of the Future*, which, under pretext of discovering new horizons, displaces all the points of view of the past—that school in which the trees prevent us from seeing the forest, in which noise predominates, melody is ignored, and rhythm has lost its compass—in which the hearer is ill at ease, the mind distracted, and the heart oppressed. Now and then a gleam appears,* which allows you to take breath for an instant; but such gleams are withdrawn precipitately, as if in remorse, and you re-enter chaos—unless, indeed, you are sufficiently lucid to be able to apprehend at a glance the music of future ages.

* Assuredly this school does not proceed from Haydn or Mozart; its disciples even avoid it and are vain of the fact. But does it at any rate

* We should like to see one.

proceed from Beethoven or Weber? Not a bit more.* Weber and Beethoven sing. Beethoven, and still more Weber,† possess clearness.

† Be it so. Let the *School of the Future* know, however, that this concession will always be imposed upon it; since the so-called vulgar taste is *melody*; and *melody* is eternal. Without melody there is no music, past, present, or future."

Is this not strange! Why, it was only two years since that the musical press of Europe was filled with anecdotes about Littoff's contempt for the school of the "Future"—his defiance of Liszt, at Weimar—his confarigation with M. Berlioz, after the rehearsal of *Lohengrin*—his breaking a walking-stick in two, as a sign of his disaffection, &c., &c. And now we are astonished that Mr. Littoff is a disciple of the *Zukunft!* The Parisian papers themselves related the anecdote at the time—and, if we are not mistaken, the *M'icristrel* among the number.

M. Rubinstein will, no doubt, speedily return to Paris and vindicate his rights. Meantime, between the two, what is to become of Madame Szarvady-Wilhelmine Clauss (the "*lionne*" of 1852), who has once more launched her fragile bark on the sea of public competition, and gave her first concert a few days since †† She—poor tender thing!—will be like an antelope striving to make head against two hungry tigers.

Here is an aggregate of attraction for the concerts of a certain "lion"-worshipping director, who shall be nameless. M. Charles Hallé, with his "classics," will have to sit in the shade and pine.

* No—it recedes from Mendelssohn.

† Here the *M'icristrel* might join issue with the *Zukunft!* The *School of the Future* is obscure, and when by chance a glimpse of light is seen through the darkness, it seems like a concession to the vulgar taste.

†† When, according to the French correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, "her exquisite touch and wondrous powers were manifested, more especially in that charming sonata in sol major in BEETHOVEN'S 31st SYMPHONY." We leave the *Morning Advertiser* to explain how a sonata can be in a *symphony*; but we must protest that Beethoven only composed *sine symphonis*.

THE gentleman to whom we owe the origin of the proverbial expression which warns us against the folly of "teaching our grandmother to suck eggs" flourished in the time of the heptarchy. That his counsels were regarded as the *vo plus ultra* of folly and presumption is known to everybody, inasmuch as they are still employed as the standard by which human conceit may be fairly measured. Less generally known is the fact that the daring adviser began by recommending his venerable ancestors to boil her eggs hard—an operation which would have rendered suction altogether impossible.

Although this gentleman flourished, as we have said, in the time of the heptarchy, his family never became extinct. As the horticulturist, who has once set a sprig of horse-radish in his garden, finds it springing up in places where it was least expected, now in a flower-bed, now in a gravel-walk, so does the man of the world, in whatever direction he may wander, find some descendant of the Saxon counsellor, who still preserves the attributes of his progenitor. Sometimes the person will be an ingenious arithmetician, who, utterly unable to fathom the intricacies of his own milk-score, will write you a pamphlet on the most facile mode of paying off the national debt. Two or three of the family have devoted their whole energies to the abolition of Holborn-hill, though these are divided into two factions, the party who would cut down the hill to the level of the valley, and the party who would fill up the valley to

the level of the hill. Most numerous, however, are those who, taking advantage of their connection with some magazine or review, favour the world about once a-year or so with their views of the British drama and things associated therewith.

The characteristic of the whole family—financiers, hill-removers, drama-reformers, *et cetera, et cetera*—is a thorough dislike for every practical man and practical measure. In vain did collateral relations tell the Saxon counsellor that a hard egg could not be sucked; they were at once answered either with metaphysical abstractions, to the effect that an unboiled egg had not realised its proper ideal—or with broad hints that they wanted to poison the old lady with drugged abnmen, and share her property among them.

The modern representatives of the ancient *raco* have preserved the peculiarity as a sacred heir-loom. When one of them, for instance, writes his yearly article on the state of the drama, he begins by regarding the subject from a thoroughly unpractical point of view. He affects the tone of a classical scholar, seasons his text with a bit of Latin and Greek, to make it look showy, awes his readers by his familiarity with foreign capitals, and having thus ascended his pedestal, begins to propound some high ideal theory, which looks marvellously well so long as the oration lasts, but which is of no practical utility whatever. He will complain that *Æschylus* is not acted at the Adelphi—he will contend that *Shakspeare* should be played at Astley's without the innovation of horses—he will vow that *Widdicombe*, of the Surrey, is not a classical comedian, for whom *Aristophanes* would have written a new part—he will reveal, as a grand discovery, that *Dogsof Duraldto* is not *King Lear*; all which platitudes might be passed over as so many harmless and amusing follies were not a large amount of malice couched under the semblance of twaddle. The unpractical theory of the orator who would reform the abuses of which he so miserably complains is based on an exceedingly practical feeling. Ten to one but he has in his pocket a translation of the *Prometheus Vinctus*, of *Æschylus*, and is exceedingly angry that Mr. Wright has no chance of being nailed to a canvas Cæneus; or he would like to play *Macbeth* at Mr. Cooke's, but is not firm in his saddle; or he has a funny friend, who amuses him with a song after supper, and longs to take *Widdicombe's* place at the Surrey; or he has written a tragedy called the "Lear of Spitzbergen," through which Messrs. Emden and Robson do not see their way. The Saxon counsellor who recommended the boiling of the egg was, secretly, a vender of sanepapan.

Now if sublime ideal views were carried out all these wounds would be healed, and both banks of the Thames would ring with the rejoicings of all who loved true genius and purified taste. "Then why are not such views carried out?" asks the orator about once a year. "Because," answers the orator, also once a year, "the newspaper critics prevent them. The venal scribes tolerate *Green Bushes*—look leniently upon Cooke—laugh at *Widdicombe*—and uphold Robson. Who does not know that the London press causes the decline and fall of the British drama?"

The Saxon counsellor's advice was no doubt most elegant; he interlarder his discourse with scraps of Byzantine Greek, and talked largely of his visit to Constantinople. But his doctrines were opposed to suction, and that was the art he professed to teach. So our annual instructors, who would show us how to become theatrical critics, entertain a theory by which criticism in daily papers would be rendered utterly impossible. The great fallacy con-

sists in the assumption that every notice of a dramatic performance is, in the higher sense of the word, a criticism. Save in exceptional cases, the writer of newspaper theatricals is necessarily more of an historian than a critic, the principal part of his vocation consisting in the description of a plot, and the record of a success or failure. The account of a performance in a daily journal is not merely the utterance of an opinion—it is an article of news, a statement of a fact. When the sole object of a melodrama is to startle, and the sole object of a farce is to raise a laugh, the announcement that these ends are attained is, in truth, all that can be said; and we should like to see how long the model critic would last, who undertook to review every theatrical trifle of the day, from any æsthetical position, true or false. It is all very well to propound one's views once a year, when one has a choice and can leave out whatever details are inconvenient. But no such choice is left to the theatrical critic of the daily journals. He must record the proceedings of the theatres, many of which, if judged by any high rule of art, would be shut up altogether; and however trivial the piece produced, he must describe it at some length, or he would not fulfil the duties of his calling. The reviewer or magazine-writer may depict an ideal region, sure not to be interrupted by any collision with reality; but the newspaper-writer is perpetually chained to the world as it is, and though he may try to soar occasionally, he will constantly be forced to take things as he finds them. As for charging the London press with the decline and fall of the British drama, we may as well say that *Edmund Gibbon* caused the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

THE "———" ——"

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The polite answer in your Notices to Correspondents, with regard to the articles that appear in an evening paper of high standing upon the "unique performances" at an institution which has lately removed from Willis's Rooms to Hanover-square, has not entirely convinced me. Nor is the notice which appears in the same evening paper of to-day calculated to make me share your opinion as to the source whence the articles are derived. Surely the director of the institution, if he prepared them, would not speak *against* himself. Now read the following:—

"Mendelssohn's seventeen variations on a *drary* theme were played by Madlle. Anna Molique. Her execution of the difficult variations, and tasteful delivery of the more simple, proved her to be a very accomplished pianist. With all due respect to Mr. Ellis's judgment, we doubt whether such music, any more than Her's figures, would be played before a large auditory. They are useful studies, and good exercises for the fingers; scholastic and ingenious, but devoid of charm."

This does not look like self-adulation!

Your obedient servant,

AMATEUR.

["Amateur" is either a wag or a very shallow fellow. Suppose the criticism to be sincere, the critic who pronounces the beautiful theme of Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses* "drary," if a musician would be a blockhead, and if *not* a musician a coxcomb. But the criticism is by no means sincere. Its object is not to "let down" Mendelssohn, but to make the readers of the —— believe that the magnificent preludes and fugues of Bach, when played in public, are a bore. Now the precise contrary has been successfully established by Miss Arabella Goddard, who, to her infinite honour, has had the courage and artistic enthusiasm to perform preludes and fugues of Bach before very large "auditoriums"—which very large "auditoriums,"

moreover, to their infinite honour, have received them with enthusiasm. This, of course, is a reproach to the director who reports his own performances, and who has never been sufficiently musical at heart to venture upon the fugues of Bach, or the last sonatas of Beethoven. We have no wish to be personal in this matter; but if "Amateur insists, we can provide him with all particulars.—Ed. M. W.]

MONT BLANC.—The 1858th representation of Mont Blanc will take place on Monday next.

DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Dr. Mark, in obedience to a royal command of Her Majesty the Queen, proceeded with his Little Men, on Wednesday, February 10th, to London, to give a performance at Buckingham Palace in the evening. They were received at the palace at nine o'clock, and afterwards conducted into the presence of Her Majesty and a brilliant court. The concert opened with the National Anthem, in honour of the anniversary of Her Majesty's wedding day, followed by a well-selected programme. At the conclusion of the first part, Her Majesty rose and directed her steps towards the little men assembled, and put several questions to them, and also, addressing Dr. Mark, expressed herself highly delighted both with the appearance and performance of the boys, especially with the cornet playing of Master Sturge and Master Donovan. Miss Mark also shared the honour of Her Majesty's kind enquiries. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort admired the instrument used by Master Sturge, and inquired the name of the maker, who, we are informed, is Mr. Higham, of this city. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Saxe Coburg were present during the evening. Mr. Anderson, the director of Her Majesty's private band, addressed the Little Men, after supper. He begged to inform them "that Her Majesty was very much pleased both with their conduct and performance, and he hoped that they would do all they could for Dr. Mark, who had kindly educated them in such an admirable way."

MYDDLETON HALL, ILSINGTON.—Among the suburban musical entertainments, of which there take place in one week more than in printing the programmes alone would fill the pages of our journal, we may mention the concerts of Mr. Frank W. Force, given at Myddleton Hall, Ilington, as attracting very large audiences. Mr. Force spares no expense, and when we state that Mr. Sims Reeves and Mad. Clara Novello have sung at Myddleton Hall, we have said enough to show the principle upon which the entertainments are carried out. On Monday the concert was of more than usual interest, since Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance before an Ilington audience. To the accomplished and popular pianist were added, as coadjutors, Misses Birch, Stabach, Anne Walker, Wilhelmina Freeman, Hawkins, Messrs. Montem Smith and G. A. Cooper, all of whom sang, leaving to Miss Goddard the sole responsibility of the instrumental department. In the vocal music there were four encores, namely, Miss Birch, in "Casta diva," Miss Hawkins in "Il segreto," and Miss Wilhelmina Freeman in "The Convent cell." The "sensations" of the evening, however, were created by Miss Arabella Goddard, in her two performances—Haudel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." The applause after each piece was tremendous, even for the Ilingtonians, whose enthusiasm is proverbial. An encore was insisted on in both instances, and for Handel's piece Miss Goddard substituted Eunigalli's *Clorice* (received with acclamation), repeating Thalberg's piece. The room was inconveniently crowded, but the most perfect order prevailed, and, judging from the pleasure manifested in every countenance, a rare treat was conferred on the visitors to Myddleton Hall.

WAKEFIELD.—The collections towards the support of the choir of Holy Trinity Church were made after sermons preached by the incumbent, the Rev. W. M. Madden. The amount was nearly £18, which, with the usual annual subscriptions by the members of the congregation, will raise the sum total to the requisite sum.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The two concerts which took place on Saturdays, Feb. 13 and 20, were not remarkable. On the contrary, the programmes declared a retrograde movement, which we were sorry to observe. Here is the first:—

1. Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini,"—Berlioz. 2. Aria, "L'Orage a la grande Chartreuse," Herr Deck—Mazel. 3. Concertino for Violoncello, Mr. Daubert—Romberg. 4. Aria (*L'Esperance*), Mad. Borchardt—Bellini. 5. Symphony in B flat—Haydn. 6. Duet (*L'air de Chantre*), Mad. Borchardt and Herr Deck—Carafa. 7. Invitation à la Valse—Weber. 8. Song, "The Spring," Herr Deck—Fischer. 9. Ballad, Mad. Borchardt—Brece. 10. Wedding March—Mendelssohn.

The duet from Carafa's forgotten opera was sung with spirit by Mad. Borchardt and Herr Deck, and encored. Haydn's symphony pleased very much, and the *Invitation à la Valse*, of Weber, instrumented for the orchestra by M. Berlioz, still more. M. Daubert was also favourably received in Romberg's violoncello concertino.

The following was the programme on the 20th inst.:—

1. Overture, "Jesonda"—Spohr. 2. Song, "The Wednesday," Mr. Allan Irving—Schubert. 3. Scherzo, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Mendelssohn. 4. Aria, "Jour de mon enfance" (*Le Pre aux Cleres*), Mad. Borchardt—Héold. 5. Symphony No. 1, in C—Beethoven. 6. Scene and Aria, "Dag's immortal vertice" (*Attila*), Mr. Allan Irving—Verdi. 7. Concerto for Violin, No. 3, Mr. Van Heddegham—De Beriot. 8. Scotch song, "Coming through the rye," Mad. Borchardt. 9. March—Overture (first time of performance)—Kerbuseh.

There was no encore at this concert. The orchestral pieces were much more applauded than the vocal, although Mad. Borchardt and very great and well deserved success in the pretty air from Héold's opera. Herr Van Heddegham, in the violin *obligato* to this, and in De Beriot's concerto, displayed tolerable executive powers, but a somewhat coarse tone. Herr Manns conducted on both occasions.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

The Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society held their second annual meeting in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening, J. N. Harrison, Esq., President, in the chair. The report, read by the honorary secretary, Mr. J. F. Pattick, followed by the balance account and statement of accounts read by the treasurer, Mr. C. Hill. It would appear from these documents that the fund slowly progresses, not only in the accumulation of its invested stock, but in the continued accession of patronage accorded by the subscribers to the parent society. The report mentioned His Grace the Duke of Northumberland as one of the latest additions to the roll of life-governors. The proceedings of the evening were chiefly confined to the transaction of merely formal business. Several suggestions were offered by subscribers in this society advocating various modes of benefiting the charity. One of the speakers on this topic, Mr. C. E. Mudie, offered to double his subscription and to see his best efforts to induce others to follow his example, stating that the amount of musical gratification he experienced at the concerts of the Society in return for his subscriptions still left a debt of gratitude to its amateur associates unrequited, which he would gladly seek to discharge by aiding their Benevolent Fund. These remarks were followed by a spirited address to the meeting by Mr. Bowley, the Sacred Harmonic Society's active treasurer, who read a liberal proposal to assist the object himself; and, subsequently, various subscriptions were tendered and promised, amounting in the course of the evening to more than £200. Mr. Pattick, the honorary secretary, and Mr. Hill, the treasurer of the Fund, made forcible appeals to the meeting for continued and liberal support, urging as a special reason, therefore, the catholic spirit of the institution, embracing as objects eligible for relief "all who at any time have been connected with the Sacred Harmonic Society."

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM has decided on visiting London this season.

MR. OTTLEY'S LECTURES ON ART.

MR. HENRY OTTLEY, whose discourses on Painting and Painters we have had occasion to notice when they were given at the Marylebone Institution, has changed his locality, and has given a series of three lectures at the French Gallery, 121, Pall Mall, two on Painting and one on Engraving. The first lecture on Painting, on Thursday, the 18th instant, was devoted to the Italian school, and, if we do not err, was a continuation from two former lectures. The second lecture, on Engraving, was delivered on Monday, the 22nd. The subject was new to Mr. Ottley's audience. Mr. Ottley commenced with the history and description of the various methods of engraving on wood, copper, and other materials; passed to an account of etching in line, mezzotint, and aquatint; proceeded to consider the art of lithography, printing in colours, and water-printing; and added a graphic and interesting sketch of the invention, rise, and progress of Photography. Mr. Ottley concluded his lecture with remarks on the importance of engraving as a medium of instruction in the history of art, and with proposals for establishing an Exhibition of Engraving.

The third lecture, on Thursday last, was devoted to painting, comprising a rapid survey of the German, Spanish, French, and English schools. This, perhaps, was the most interesting discourse of the series, since the observations on the state of the art and its culture in England came more directly within the appreciation of Mr. Ottley's hearers, and appealed more immediately to their tastes and judgment. The course was wound up with reflections on art-patronage, and the state and prospects of art in this country. The attendance was numerous nightly, and each lecture received with great applause.

ALHAMBRA PALACE.

MR. E. T. SMITH opened the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, last week, under the name of the Alhambra Palace, as a Concert Hall. The original objects of the Panopticon were as various as unsuccessful. More than one hundred thousand pounds was expended, with what aim it is impossible to guess. The Alhambra now seems to have a special purpose—music. Its adaptability to sound is first-rate, and the accommodation enormous, there being room for nearly seven thousand persons.

The Alhambra Palace was opened on Wednesday week—Aah Wednesday—with a miscellaneous selection of music.

The concert comprised excerpts from five popular operas, sung by a number of popular vocalists, presided over by three conductors, assisted by a band and chorus.

On Thursday evening a concert was given for the benefit of the children of the eldest son of Sir Henry Bishop. It is to be lamented that the cause of charity did not prove more attractive, notwithstanding that the programme was abundantly interesting to the multitude, and that the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayores, and a bevy of City dignitaries and their household, together with a fair sprinkling of the aristocracy, attended in form, if not in state. About four thousand people assembled, little more than half the building would contain.

Of the programme we need not speak in detail. It was divided into two parts—the first miscellaneous, the second devoted to a selection from the works of Sir Henry Bishop. The following is a list of the artists, all of whom gave their services gratuitously:—

Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. Newton Frodsham, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss F. Finoli, Madame Borchardt, Madame Poma, Miss Poole, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mrs. Chestfield, Mr. Charles Brasham, Mr. George Perren, Mr. D. Miranda, Signor Dregone, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Bernhard, Signor Borroni, Mr. Winn, Herr Remseny, and Herr Deck.

To judge from the applause, the concert afforded the highest gratification. Nearly every other piece was redemanded, and had not some of the artists strenuously resisted these vociferous appeals, the performances could not have terminated till long after midnight. The Lord Mayor and his party remained till the end, and appeared to take much interest in the entertainment.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT IN ENGLAND.

ANOTHER aspirant for public favour has arrived in London, in the person of Mr. Stephen Massett, a popular American vocalist and mimic. The entertainment which this gentleman will present for the first time to an English audience on Monday next, consists of original and popular ballads, anecdotes, recitations, and comical illustrations. In Bombay and Calcutta Mr. Massett has lately given his entertainment with very great success, notwithstanding the excitement prevailing in those cities. Previously to visiting India, Mr. Massett had spent a long time in the "diggings" at Australia and California, where he became an unprejudiced favourite. Anxious to obtain the crowning approval of a London audience, Mr. Massett has now arrived among us, supported by the good opinion of all those who have met him. As a sample of the favourable criticism which the entertainment elicited in Calcutta we quote the following from the *Bengal Hurkaru*:—

"MR. STEPHEN MASSETT.—For two hours on Wednesday evening, this Protean gentleman kept an immensely crowded audience at the Masonic Hall in raptures of laughter and rapt delight. Were we, out of the varied cards catered for by Mr. Massett, to select at random those *merveilleux* which chiefly suited our own fancy, and seemingly too that of the audience in general, we should give the preference to the nuttily humorous meeting at Morley's of the London Cockney and the bluff travelling Yankee—the laughable blunders of 'Master Stage-struck and the Prompter,' the imitation of the elderly female and the German girl, and one or two others of the prose pieces, all replete with grotesque incidents and unctuous badinage. The lyric portion, again, of Mr. Massett's entertainment was touching in the extreme. Possessing a baritone and falsetto voice, which he manages with taste and skill, he succeeded in charming his audience with a very judicious selection of delicious melodies, commencing with one of his own composition, and accompanying himself on the piano. Poor old Tom Hood's heart-rending and immortal 'Song of the Shirt,' was given with deep pathos, and so were also 'The Old Arm Chair,' and the bitter 'Lament of the Irish Emigrant.' The recital, too, of 'Templeton's celebrated and dashing 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' elicited the cordial plaudits of the audience, whilst a new version of the popular Mr. 'Wilkins and his Dinah' kept their risible faculties in almost painful activity. But in respect of Mr. Massett we have said our say, repeating only our conviction that he 'should be seen to be appreciated,'—and that he will suffer himself to be seen again and again before he bids a final adieu to the arid shores of Ind, we not only unfeigningly hope, but pretty confidently anticipate."

ELECTION OF AN ORGANIST FOR THE CHURCH OF SAINT LEONARD, SHOREDITCH.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Monday, February 15th, Mr. Turle, of Westminster, met the wardens and committee, at the church, for the purpose of judging of the abilities, on the organ, of the various candidates. The number was originally thirty-six, reduced, voluntarily on the day of trial, to twenty-three competitors, of whom Mr. Turle made the following selection as the best six:—

No.	No.
18. Mr. Beale, as	1
13. Mr. Gardner, as	2
10. Mr. Simpson, as	3
16. Miss Boughe	} as equal.
16. Mr. Longmead	
20. Mr. Butler	

It is stated, but I do not repeat it as a fact, that Mr. Turle was so kind as to give his services for £5 5s. Some of the candidates are now at trouble and expense canvassing the ratepayers, of whom there are about 17,000 in this extensive parish. The poll and election will take place next week.

BADEN-BADE.—Letters from this town, dated January 29th, record that HERR ERNST, the renowned violinist, about whose state of health grave apprehensions had been entertained, is now convalescent. All musical England will be glad to hear this news.

FUNERAL SERVICE OF LABLACHE.

(From the *France Musicale*.)

THE church of the Magdalen was opened this day (Sunday) for a sad and pious ceremony. Vast as it was, it was filled in every part. Dead or living, Lablache had the power to attract a crowd; living, his admirers congregated to applaud his exceptional talent; dead, his compatriots and friends united to render the last honors to him. It was because his moral qualities rivalled his merits as an artist, and would have eclipsed them if his merits had not been immense; his heart was equal to his brain; the man marched on a par with the musician.

French by descent, born at Naples, Lablache met his death in the city where he first saw the light, and where he commenced very modestly that career soon to become so brilliant. He returned thither to recruit his strength in the pure and balmy air of those benignant shores where the same sun makes the rose and the citron bloom. Alas, it was too late! The land which gave him his cradle, and which had been the theatre of his first, his most splendid triumphs, offered this time to the illustrious emigrant a tomb only! . . . I am wrong—it offered him also a treasure of the dearest and most moving recollections; they encountered him on his arrival, as the friends of his infancy; recollections and friends pressed in crowds upon his heart, and seemed to say to him:—We knew well that you would return! Why did you ever leave us? Could you have been more loved and admired elsewhere than here! Have you, in your numerous peregrinations, beheld a more beautiful country, a sky more azure, an air more pure and healthy! You quitted us in the pride and power of manhood, and return to us overcome, worn out, and suffering!

And Lablache smiled sadly at these remembrances, so dear at the time, and so poignant, and pressed with tenderness the hands which for so long a time awaited his grasp.

But he did not forget, when dying, that a part of himself was here; that he had made a promise to his family, to his children, to return; that here, at some leagues from Paris, slept under a cluster of willows, the sweet companion of his life—a wife with the heart of an angel, who had always bleeded into one sentiment friendship, devotion, and love. He expressed then the desire, the wish rather, to come and repose beside that excellent wife, that affectionate mother, in the same vault, under the same stone—under the same willows which let fall their nightly tears.

Naples was stricken with grief at the cruel loss. She bestowed on Lablache the most solemn obsequies. She put on, as it were, a national mourning. All that the city could boast of artists, musicians, poets, men of heart and talent—with which it is so richly furnished—assembled round his bier. Discourses were pronounced over him which sounded like sobs. We sadly envied the city its doleful privilege; but when we learned the last wish of the celebrated artist—when we were told that we, in our turn, would be permitted to surround his bier, to scatter, likewise, flowers upon his tomb, a sentiment of bitter satisfaction was mingled with our sorrow.

All the lyric artists of Paris eagerly responded to the appeal made to their affection in the name of their ancient and illustrious comrade. All the managers of the musical theatres consented to allow their artists to pay a last adieu to Lablache. If one exception had been found, the singers would have braved the strange prohibition, enforced by a high and powerful will.

Five hundred exeuntists, vocalists, and instrumentalists assisted. After the mass, they performed Mozart's beautiful *Requiem*, that sad and fatal hymn so mysteriously connected with the death and immortality of the young German composer.

We name no artist; we speak of all; there may be hierarchies for talent; there are none for the heart; and all fulfilled with their hearts the pious duty.

The ceremony finished, the body of Lablache was transported to Maison-Lafitte, to be interred in the family vault. An immense crowd followed. The cords of the pall were held by M.M. the Princes Poniatowski and San Giacomo, M. the Baron Taylor, and M. the Commander Carafa. We have lost in Lablache the master, the artist, the friend.

M. FETIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 103.)

WHEN a thing is not a part of the national manners, or is no longer, can it be made by force to become so by institutions? Not by force; but with time and the growth of custom, by which manners are formed—yes. In the question with which I am now engaged there are two things: the existence of earnest art, in which alone are the conditions of life; and through it an honourable and honoured career for whoso will cultivate them lovingly, and a sure and sufficient means of livelihood. Now, through causes which it would be too long to enumerate and to analyse, earnest art no longer enters into the taste of nations at large; its culture forms, in the present day, an exceptional case. I am not only speaking of music, but of poetry, of the stage, of painting, of all in short. The sense of the beautiful, of the grand, has fallen away; that of the pretty and small has succeeded to it. Fashion has part in everything; she reigns supreme. Well, when matters have gotten thus far, governments alone, if they be enlightened and lack not the will, can, by means of institutions, prepare the way for the return of works of beauty and refinement, through the habit of seeing and hearing them, and thereby may exercise the highest moral influence on nations and their destinies.

A politician, eminent as an economist, whom I fell in with at the "Exposition Universelle," in Paris, in 1855, and with whom it chanced that I had a moment's converse, uttered these remarkable words, which are the expression of public feeling: *Sir, art has had its day*; henceforth industry and the pursuit of man's social and individual well-being will have their turn. "If it be so indeed," I replied, "you establish the degeneration of the human species." "You are, perhaps, right in the point of view of sentiment; but societies growing old are like individuals; they renounce the poetry of their youth to attach themselves exclusively to the positive side of things, and replace the vital forces of their exhausted passions by the mechanism of society, as the insufficient strength of man is supplied with advantage by the action of machinery. In such a state of things the arts have no longer any part, unless it be to furnish amusement in moments of leisure."

There is, in the argument I have quoted, an appeal to the logic of facts to which it is impossible to affect blindness; but the distinguished economist who thus delivered himself lost sight of the hidden rock against which his theory and all other theories of a like kind must inevitably split—a rock overlooked alike by Malthus, Bentham, and every other apostle of the ruthless and arid doctrine of utilitarianism, namely, the intellectual and sentimental organisation of man, which nothing can destroy. Circumstances may arise by fits, during which it slumbers, and would seem to have lost its vital spring; but the life is still there, and needs but awakening. It is this same organisation which, left to itself, and without hindrance, imparts the instinctive sense of the beautiful, brings it into play in the creation of art, preparing for it therein an infinite multitude of enjoyments, and finally purifies the soul, and raises it to better sentiments, as also to conceptions of the highest order.

What is required, and what is in the power of governments to do, when the triumph of utilitarian doctrines has reached its height, as we see it has done in the present day, and that out of the whole combination of social elements one uniform result is produced, namely—interest? Certainly it cannot be sought to enter into a violent contest with the predilection of society, or to make war against a state of manners born out of the nature of circumstances; but it may be permitted to prepare a state of things in the future differing from the present, by means of institutions which, free of any appearance of hostility, will be favourably received even by those who do not perceive to what result they will lead in the future. Let us see what institutions will be necessary in the case of music, the special object of these articles. And first let us consider religious music, which, from its nature and destination, is exempt from the transformation of fashion, and consequently represents the art in its most monumental form of conception.

There is no use in disguising the fact, nothing can be done herein save with the concurrence of ecclesiastical authority.

There are fifteen Archbishops in France, in the cathedrals of some of which there exist music chapels, the simulacra of what they formerly have been. All ought to possess these chapels, and they should be organised on a uniform plan worthy of the object, Government making a sufficient provision for their maintenance. Let it be borne in mind that what we contemplate is religious music, not opera transplanted into the church; for, if it be sought to derive a needful support from the latter, due respect must be paid to the grave character of its traditions. Moreover a chief object aimed at is to restore to each branch of art the character which properly answers its intentions. We do not want to find ourselves in church stirred with the emotions peculiar to the drama, and as a natural consequence the resources of colouring possessed by the latter are not needed by us. What we require to promote religious feeling are voices and the organ. An orchestra with its effects proper to worldly music would be more injurious than useful. Let it not either be thought that its absence would be the cause of monotony, for that which creates this essential defect in the music of the present day is precisely the fact that we find everywhere the same effect produced by the same means. To those who will take the pains to understand the subject, there are always immense resources in the manner of grouping the voices, of coupling them with the organ or keeping the two apart, by contrasting the varied and powerful effects of the majestic instrument with the mysterious influence of the voices unaccompanied. If a deep-seated conviction does not deceive me, there is here wherewithal to create an entirely new world of music, and the man of genius will find in it a field for great and beautiful discoveries.

[The learned professor introduces at this point a proposal for the composition of a music chapel suitable to a French cathedral, which we omit as a particular unnecessary to the argument and of little interest to the English reader.]

The continuous and increasing decay of musical studies since the last five-and-twenty years has become evident to all capable of forming a judgment on the matter. The number of good professors diminishes by day, not only in the provinces but in Paris. If some remedy be not applied it is impossible to assign any limits to the evils which thus threaten the art. Now I do not think any more efficacious one can be proposed than the solid instruction and severe discipline of such chapels as I have given a plan of.

To be continued.

THEATRICAL MEMS.—Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworth commenced an engagement on Monday Evening at Drury Lane, and appeared in Mr. Anderson's play, *Cloude and Sunshine*, which was produced at the Standard Theatre last year, having previously been played in America.—Miss Amy Sedgwick reappeared at the Haymarket on Monday, and performed, for the first time in London, *Hestrice, in Macé Ado About Nothing*. The fair actress achieved an eminent success, and has repeated the performance every night during the week. Miss Amy Sedgwick is announced to appear as Julia, in the *Truncheon*, on Monday.

CONCERT AT THE STANDARD THEATRE.—(From a Correspondent).—" 'Tis not in the power of mortals to command success,"—so wrote Addison, no mean authority, but the proprietor of the Standard Theatre does all in the power of a manager to deserve it. On the evening of Ash-Wednesday, when dramatic performances are by law forbidden, and when many more questionable amusements are permitted, Mr. Douglas, by way of trial position, provided a concert of vocal and instrumental music, made up from the works of Haydn, Donizetti, Rossini, Auber, Verdi, and Balfe. Mr. Isaacson was the selector and conductor. The principal singers were Madama Enderosohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Millard and Mr. Allan Irving, who well maintained their reputation. A numerous and efficient band, from Exeter Hall and the Italian Opera, very effectively assisted in the evening's amusement. The house was filled in every part, and lovers of harmony must have felt gratified at finding that the best music was the most admired. Singers and players went to work on *amore*—the audience at one period rather inconsiderate in their demands for "encores," but the affair went off so well, on the whole, as possibly to induce the proprietor to repeat this experiment of a concert at the Standard Theatre.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—Two oratorios have been performed in this town since last week. On Saturday *Judas Maccabæus* was given by the Recreation Society, and on Monday Haydn's *Creation* was performed under the direction of Mr. Burton. For *Judas*, the principal singers were, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Walker, Miss Newbound, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Thomas. Mr. Haddock was first violinist, and Mr. Spark conductor. There were 130 performers, and the best representation of *Judas Maccabæus* ever heard in Leeds was the result. The principal singers engaged for the *Creation* were, Miss Dobson, Miss Hirst, Mr. Westmoreland, Mr. Ramsden, and Mr. Hinchcliffe; Mr. Bowling being the band leader. In many respects the oratorio was highly successful. Mr. Burton, who has established a series of Monday Concerts, proved himself well acquainted with the work.

ARUNDEL.—(From a Correspondent).—A musical entertainment was given on Tuesday at the Town Hall, under the direction of Mr. Parry Cole. The programme consisted entirely of sacred music, including Rossini's *Sabat Mater*, selections from the *Missa*, *Elia*, and the *Creation*. The solo singers were Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole, Mr. W. Cummings, and Mr. Reilly; the chorus consisted of sixty performers, principally pupils of Mr. Cole. Mr. Gilbert and Miss Susanna Cole sang admirably and with great effect. Mr. Cummings has a nice tenor voice, and was it artistically. His "In native worth" was encored. Mr. Reilly is a powerful bass singer. Mr. Alfred Gilbert presided at the pianoforte; and Mr. Parry Cole conducted. The orchestra was decorated with evergreens and hung with Chinese lanterns. The room was full, and everything passed off well. We are indebted to Mr. Parry Cole for the musical treat, and are pleased to know that his efforts were appreciated.

GLASGOW.—(From a Correspondent).—The Glasgow Choral Union gave their second concert this season in the City Hall, on Wednesday 24th February, to a large audience, the performance consisting of Haydn's *Creation*, which was given complete for the first time here. The principal singers were, soprano, Miss Whitham, of Huddersfield, alto, Miss Cule, tenor, Mr. C. Ashton, of Durham, bass, Mr. Brandon, of Barnard Castle. The chorus (composed of the members of the Union) numbered upwards of two hundred voices. Mr. Herbert, of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, organist; leader, Mr. William Howard, of Edinburgh; conductor, Mr. H. A. Lambeth. Miss Whitham's rendering of "With verdure clad" and "On mighty wings" was admirable, but the duets in the third part, including "Gracious consort," were the great successes of the evening. We may venture to predict a bright future, for this young artist. Mr. Ashton sang his pieces admirably, but labouring under the effects of severe indisposition, could not give the power required. Mr. Brandon, another young singer, possesses a rich barytone voice, which the music of Handel or Mendelssohn would suit better: he sang the aria "Rolling in foaming billows" with great taste, though his voice wanted weight. The choruses were sung with a precision which reflected credit on the talented conductor, Mr. Lambeth. The orchestra, led by Mr. Howard, was excellent. In fact, we must congratulate the Union on the most successful performance they have ever given. The audience remained until the last chorus was finished.

MILLE. ESRICCHETTA CAMILLA, daughter of the veteran Chipp, has just concluded a very successful engagement as *prima donna* at the town of Sararie, in the island of Sardinia.

M. LITTOFF, the pianist and composer, has (if we may believe the French papers) played his fourth *Concerto-symphonique* with immense success at a recent concert of the Société des Jeunes Artistes, under the direction of M. Padeloup (who had the artistic audacity to introduce the first half of *Elia* to the patrons of "Roubin"). An opinion delivered by M. Paul Smith, of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, on one of the characteristics of M. Littoff, is singular enough. "The author of the *concerto symphonique*" (says M. Smith) "proceeds from Beethoven (J.), and resembles Beethoven inasmuch as, notwithstanding a pre-conceived plan, he has nothing symmetrical."

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THIRTY DAYS' GRACE ON LIFE INSURANCE

COLLECTOR.—At the Half-Yearly GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Wednesday, the 17th of February, 1858:

THOMAS DAKIN Esq., in the Chair;

The Chairman, in the course of his address to the Meeting, drew the attention of the members to a recent decision in the case of another Insurance Office, to the effect that, in the event of the death of the assured within the 30 days of grace allowed by the office, the premium being unpaid, the policy becomes forfeited and the Directors are not bound to receive the premium and stated that the policy of the Mutual was so framed as to put it out of the power of the Directors to raise such a question, and the Solicitor gave to the Meeting a decided opinion to the same effect; nevertheless, in order to avoid the possibility of a question, it was resolved, and it was ordered, and it was resolved, that

That the following supplementary addition be made to Law No. 8, section No. 2, in the Book of Settlements of the Society in explanation thereof:—
"And it is hereby provided that, if the assured die within the 30 days of grace after the date on which the premium of the policy shall become payable, but within and before the expiration of 30 days thereafter, and the premium shall be paid with or without the expiration of the said 30 days, the amount of such policy shall be paid to the parties entitled to receive it, the same as if the premium had been paid on the day specified in the policy for the payment thereof, but this is not to limit the powers with respect to the revival of policies or the payment of claims already vested in the Directors."

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VOL. 36.—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

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AS SUNG BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

"WHEN THE MOON ON THE LAKE IS BEAMING."

When the moon on the lake is beaming,
And the night is calm and still,
And the stars in their bright light gleaming,
Shine forth on some distant hill—
Will thou come, love, come?
Oh, come with me,
And I'll give thee a happy home,
Where a true heart waits for thee!

When the vesper bells are ringing
Their evening melody,
Or maidens sweet are singing
Their simple minstrelsy—
Will thou come, love, come?
Oh, come with me,
And I'll give thee a happy home,
Where a true heart waits for thee!

"I REMEMBER THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN."

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came creeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Or brought too long a day,
Yet now I almost wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
I thought the air would rush as fresh,
To swallow on the wing!
My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools will hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high—
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky!
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!

"A SABBATH SCENE."

An old man leaned on his friendly staff,
With tottering steps and slow,
As he picked his way, of a Sunday morn,
To the church where he loved to go.

His hair was white, and he scarcely knew
A friend as he passed him by;
So feeble and frail was his memory now,
And so dim was his clouded eye.

He sat in a home-made chair at church,
In front of the preacher's stand,
And listened, as if, in a pleasant dream,
To the words of a better land.

The sunlight fell on his silver locks,
And his white hair turned to gold,
And I fancied a sunlight shone from heav'n's,
On the heart of that pilgrim old.

But the autumn leaves have fall'n now,
And the old man sleeps below,
We shall never see him pass again
With tottering steps and slow.

"IT IS NOT AS IT USED TO BE."

It is not as it used to be,
When you and I were young,
When round each elm and maple tree
The honeysuckles clung.
But still I love the cottage,
Where I passed my early years;
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be—
The voices loved of yore,
The forms that we were wont to see,
We see and hear no more,
No more, alas! we look in vain
For those to whom we clung and loved,
As we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

"I'LL LOOK FOR THEE, MARY."

I'll look for thee, Mary, when the pale moon hath ached
Her soft silver beam o'er the hill-top and dell;
For full well I know—by thy thoughts I've oft read—
That thy casement will open at love's magic spell.
My Mary, my Mary, I'll watch at that hour,
For silence and beauty will hallow the scene,
And then in thine ear, impassioned I'll pour,
Yours constant as Heav'n's own unchanging sheen.

Nor will I forget thee, my own Mary dear,
If the night be all moonless, and starless the sky;
For full well I know that love's list'ning ear,
Will tell thy fond heart that thy lover is nigh.
Tho' darkness may veil thy fair face from me,
Its languor for ever illumines my heart,
And whispers of love will tell truthfully,
My Mary, my Mary, we'll meet ne'er to part.

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN."

I would not have thee young again,
Since I myself am old,
Not that thy youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold.
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shadows of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath passed away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and tho', in part,
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I heed it not, for still thy heart
Is singing to mine own.



PRESUMED PLAGIARISMS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—When I stated last week that the melody which Mr. Balfe has imitated so successfully was taken from Hérold's opera of the *Pré aux Clercs*, I supposed you were aware that the composer of that charming work died in the year 1832—about fourteen years before the appearance of the *Bohemian Girl*. Hérold's death was accelerated (as was said at the time) by over fatigue from superintending the rehearsals of this opera, and by vexation of mind caused by the cabals of the *Bohemians* of that day.

To attack music so trifling and ephemeral as that of the *Bohemian Girl*, is like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. It must, however, be borne in mind that the works of Mr. Balfe are brought prominently forward, while the compositions of many gifted, conscientious, and laborious artists—more deserving of the name—are studiously kept in the background. It therefore becomes necessary to inquire what are his claims to be so preferred.

I enclose two more elegant extracts,* in the hope that you may find space to insert them in your next number.

Your obedient servant, JUSTUS.

* ["Justus" evidently does not understand irony. We know, perhaps, as much about the *Pré aux Clercs* as himself, and can add to his information (so kindly proffered) that Hérold's last opera was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1835, or thereabouts, under the title of *The Challenge*. Hérold did not die in consequence of the reasons alleged by "Justus"; other causes destroyed his health, and shortened the term of his existence, which it would be out of place to mention here. We should like to know, by the way, who are the "gifted, conscientious, and laborious artists" that are "studiously kept in the background," on Mr. Balfe's account?—Ed.]

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR.—It appears that the verses lately written in Prussia in honour of the royal nuptials were set to a national tune very much like our National Anthem. Are not these tunes the same? or is the composer of the former known?

Little farther is known of Dr. John Bull, the composer of "God Save the King," after he left England in 1613 than that he went to the Netherlands. Even the place of his decease is not known. Hawkins' history says he died at Hamburg or Lobec. Is it not probable he travelled over the continent, as he had done before, and made his music known there? Now, perhaps, Mr. Editor, some of your foreign correspondents can throw light on this subject, which would be peculiarly interesting now the two nations are drawn so closely into alliance.

I am yours, etc.

Belfast, Feb. 26th, 1858.

GEORGE B. ALLEN.

[The tunes of the British and Prussian National Anthems are identical.—Ed.]

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

GIESSEN OR SOSE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR.—If Mr. Fowle had taken a few lessons on Harmony from one of the junior students at the Royal Academy of Music, or any advanced cathedral choir-boy, instead of writing "an essay on thorough bass—a practical one of twenty-two folio pages in length," for the University of Giessen, I must admit he would have saved himself the unenviable position into which he has rushed, by endeavouring to assume that *status* in musical society which he has not the innate merit to command.

Mr. Fowle has stated what he knows to be a positive untruth, namely, that musical degrees can be, or ever have been, bought at either of our universities.

It will be apparent to any of your readers, that Mr. Fowle, in trying to exculpate his "fifths," "octaves," and other enormities of an im-

* See leading article.—Ed.

perfect musical education, abuses the English universities in the most unbecoming manner; in fact, I begin to suspect that something like a disappointed candidate is thus venting his spleen.

I fancy the "extra-official document for musical merit" was awarded solely for that prodigious inspiration, "Kugland's Prayer." If this is the case, I would advise the composer to send without delay the companion piece to it, "The Hymn of all Nations," in order that the learned men of Giessen may have in fond remembrance the genius which they have just acknowledged in such a handsome manner.

Believe me ever to be, Mr. Editor,
Yours very truly,
OBOR.

March 2nd, 1858.

MR. H. W. A. W. G. F. BEALE IN RE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR

In your number of this day you introduce a remark in your miscellaneous critique on Clementi's "Dionis Abandonata," (a piece of twaddle by the way, that should have been shied long ago, or better still, have found its way to the back of the fire before it fell into the hands of the publisher,) to the effect that "modern Wolfgang Amadeus &c" to which remarks you append the following note "or their equally silly advocates &c" now as I presume that this is meant to apply to me, I should feel obliged if you will kindly acquaint the public with any act or acts of mine which entitle me to the epithet "silly," perhaps you consider that it was silly of me to publish a certain "Pensée Fugitive," because it happens to contain two or three harmonic combinations which wear a little above the limited comprehension of your talented little critic, who when he sits down to pen his critiques, entirely gets lost in a mental fog, and classes a certain person with certain other persons, without so much as ascertaining that he is doing so, and then accuses his readers of misunderstanding him, upon my word I should like to know what he really does mean. And now Mr. Editor as you have been graciously pleased to drag my name before the public in several editorial remarks, perhaps you will not find it amiss if I give you a word or two of advice, do not be too anxious to annihilate the music of the future, believe me Liszt and Wagner are more than a match for the "Musical World," and your violent and ridiculous philippic against them only serve to fill the minds of all real musicians with a feeling of the most profound contempt and scorn for their author.

You may publish this letter or not as you think fit, and I give you full liberty to make any comments on it, or, for your praise or blame are alike despicable, and never yet exalted or degraded any one

I am Sir

Yours obediently
HENRY W A BEALE.

7 Invermarch Terrace

Kensington (W) Feb 27, 1858.

[We have no "comments" to make, either on the letter of Mr. H. W. A. W. G. F. Beale, or upon himself. We leave such of our readers as may belong to the "School of the Future"—trusting their number may not be considerable—to judge what a fine bargain the cause of the *Zukunft* has obtained in such an advocate. At the same time they may be allowed to offer up prayers for the late Clementi, whose greatest work, according to our many-initialed correspondents, should have found its way to the back of the fire before it fell into the hands of the publisher"—a proposition, by the way, as difficult to understand as the music and the epistolary style of Mr. H. W. A. W. G. F. Beale. Meantime, we have not dismissed our reviewer.—Ed. M. W.]

LIVERPOOL.—At the last last Saturday evening concert, the artists were Signora Fumagalli, Signor di Giorgi, Signor A. Vinensi, and Mr. Charles Abraham. The programme consisted chiefly of Italian music. Signora Fumagalli displayed great energy, taste, and expression. Signor di Giorgi was loudly encored in several of his songs. Mr. Charles Abraham received the most enthusiastic applause—the style of his father being easily recognised by many of the audience. He sang "The Rover's bride" with fine feeling, and in answer to an encore, substituted a new recitative song in memory of Havelock, which was warmly applauded. The "Death of Nelson" and the "Bay of Biscay" were the songs of the evening. The enthusiasm of the audience recalled the juror created by the elder Abraham in these national songs.—*Liverpool Mail*.

M. FETIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 142)

ANOTHER advantage of the highest importance in the present state of things would be, that among the hundred and eighty chorister children brought up in the fifteen archiepiscopal chapels those who recovered a good quality of voice after the period of breaking would become good singers and excellent musicians, having been well trained in childhood, and would thus make up the deplorable lack of voices and skilful vocalists so generally experienced, and to which no other plan can put a stop.

The school of organists, so poor in France, would not be long ere it improved so soon as a suitable remuneration were offered for this species of talent, which, in this country, has never been appreciated as it deserved. A few men of merit have, in Paris, commenced opening the new path; the art of playing the pedal key-board is as yet new there; constant efforts must be devoted to bringing it to perfection, and the fingering of the organ, very different from that of the piano, must be made an object of peculiar study. The works of Sebastian Bach must become the constant study of young organists. Not that I wish to limit the organist's talents to the execution of fugues, for no portion of the art should ever become a mere formula. A field is open to the organist, as to all other artists, for the discovery of the new and unforeseen, provided he never lose sight of the fact that religious character is a necessary attribute of the instrument he performs on. The pursuit of effects of sound, which too frequently becomes the principal aim of French organists, should only be an accessory resource, temperately employed. I entertain a conviction that there is something new, grand, and original, yet to be achieved in organ music, without falling into what partakes of a worldly character, or borrowing dramatic effects. A glorious renown awaits the artist who shall succeed in solving the problem.

I have set down for all the artists composing a chapel, organised in the manner I have explained, salaries which may probably appear extremely high. But this condition is one absolutely necessary to render these places worthy the ambition of the most distinguished artists. To attain the desired end, admission to them should be the result of extremely severe examination, of an eagerly maintained competition. The laureate of the institute is invited to fill the place of master in any vacant chapel, but not as a matter of privilege. To obtain it he must exhibit an incontestable superiority over his rivals. The subjects on which the candidates should be invited to compete are the composition of an important piece in the sacred style, and the direction of the execution of some work by a great master. For the best of composition, a psalm, the words of which should be set forth, might be required, or a motet on a given text, a magnificent, some portion of a mass, or a Te Deum. A sufficient time should be granted, that the candidates may write their compositions with care. The manuscripts should be given in on a day fixed, according to the usual forms in competitions. The jury should conduct their examination by a method of exclusion, for it is beyond a doubt that among the great number of works sent in, many will show forth the inferiority of their authors. The best works being selected, a second test should be imposed, namely, that of execution, and in order to this, the composers would be invited to declare themselves, and would themselves direct the study and execution of their works. I will state in another article by what improvements in the system of study artists may be formed capable of writing good works in this style, wherein, without having recourse to the colour derived from instrumentation, means must be found to interest by the character of the ideas, the purity of the style, and the beauty of the form.

We must not persuade ourselves that good voices, associated with the qualities of skilful readers, will be found all at once with the formation of sufficient choirs in the fifteen archiepiscopal cathedrals I have mentioned. I am proposing means for the regeneration of music of every style. If the ruling authorities should adopt the idea, complete results can only be produced in course of time and through the entire devotion of chapel masters to the art, nor will it be enough that these should possess all

the qualities of distinguished artists, but they must be endowed with the energy of soul and the will to attain the end aimed at. Their own reputations, the successful effect of their works, and the future destinies of music, will be at stake. I am willing to believe, therefore, that they will answer to the call which I made on them. The early results will be feeble, and cost much toil, as in all undertakings; but having sufficient to live at ease, the chapel masters, entirely absorbed in the duties of their position, will hasten the rate of progress by constant studies, whether of a partial or collective character. The best elements of the future would no doubt spring from the school of chorister children, which can only be the work of time; but after ten years of the existence of chapel masterships, the whole face of things would have changed, and there would be a superabundance of means.

I have said nothing of literary instruction and of the geographical and historical knowledge which the young choristers would require to be something more than mere chorists, as I have supposed that the necessary resources for supplying their instruction would be found in the seminaries.

The expense of organising a chapel on the basis I have just pointed out would be in round numbers thirty-three thousand francs (£1,320). Multiplying this by fifteen, we have four hundred and ninety-five thousand francs (£19,800) for all the chapels of the archbishoprics. Let it not be forgotten, however, that not only is the regeneration of church music in question one of the most important departments of music, but also the moral influence it is to exercise over the nation. The grants in aid of the large theatres of the capital are more than thrice this amount; certainly I am not disposed to censure this expenditure, though I think it ill employed under the existing system, and the result is far from being the splendour of dramatic music; but I cannot admit that religious music and the solid basis I propose to give it are not of equal importance. Moreover—and this is a point worthy of attention—there is no doubt that if masterships of cathedrals were established according to the plan I propose, thence would come the vocal resources which are now wanting, and which are vainly looked for from the ordinary means of education. It should not be forgotten that the admirable voices of opera singers were formerly supplied by the cathedral chapels, and, moreover, these singers were excellent musicians. Among these were Jellotte, Legros, Charling, Rousseau, Chéron, and Lays, who were sufficient to supply the needs of the opera for a space of nearly seventy years.

Fetis, Senior.

MANCHESTER.—Though the inclement weather had retarded last night the usual numbers who are in the habit of attending the Monday Evening Concerts, the concert was one of the most gratifying of the season, the encores being more numerous than we remember on any similar occasion. The vocalists were Signora Fumagalli, Signor Giorgi, Mr. Charles Brahan, and Mr. Theodore Distin, who also played a couple of solos on the flugel horn. Signora Fumagalli took the audience quite by surprise. She possesses a silvery, penetrating soprano, of extensive range, reaching D in alt with facility, and in perfect tune; whilst her execution is of the most brilliant character. There was an expression, and even an imagination, in what she sang, which seemed to touch the audience, calling forth a continued peal of applause whenever she appeared. Signora Fumagalli made a decided hit, and we hope to hear her again at these concerts before the close of the season. Signor Giorgi has a fine baritone voice, and sings like a musician; he also made with a most flattering reception and the most genuine of encores. Mr. Charles Brahan did not fail to win his usual success, particularly in a new song of his own composition, entitled "Havelock," set to cleverly written verses. He is a people by that good old favourite ballad, "Sally," and in our alley. A just and happy concert, by Messrs. Lockwood and Henry Walker, and some pianoforte playing by Signor Viala (the accompanist), who, with the left hand alone, executed some variations, completed the programme.—Manchester Examiner

MICHAEL VON GLINKA AND MUSIC IN RUSSIA.*

(Continued from page 118.)

When I said, at the conclusion of my first article, that we must not expect in Glinka's music the dramatic effects of Italian, French, or German opera, the assertion was, with respect to these three varieties, properly speaking, an anachronism. Now-a-days, there is, in reality, no longer an Italian, French, or German opera. Italy no longer laughs at "French howling," for singers howl in Vienna, Rome, and Naples, just as they do in Paris. Rugged German harmony, as it was once called, is now popular in Italy; nay, the Italians do not even start back in aghast at the barbarous want of harmony distinguishing the School of the Future. Even the horror felt by the old Italians at the employment of a large number of instruments in their scanty orchestras has changed into an unresponsible love of noise. The French, at present, on the contrary, allow the progressive action of a drama to be interrupted by an air which is sung merely for the sake of singing, or, to speak more correctly, which is played on the voice, as it formerly would have been played on the flute, while they permit the art of singing, that is the art of exhibiting a proper *embouchure*, of phrasing, of managing the breath, and of pronouncing plainly, to be forgotten.

We have no longer aught to do with what was formerly called the Italian, French, or German method. Method only exists at present for the sake of appearance; our music has become cosmopolitan, and, more or less, socialistic. Everywhere are the same things sung; everywhere do singers shriek, till they make our ears ache, and everywhere, under the names of "Introduction," "Concerted Piece," and "Finale," do people produce the same noise by the same means. The present generation, in music as well as in political and social life, has fallen a victim to the sway of a nervous paroxysm; the few who have remained faithful to the cultivation of true art, are not sufficiently numerous and strong to oppose a dam to the errors of the many.

In this state of things, it is a difficult task for most men, even for artists, rightly to appreciate such compositions as those which Glinka produced, for he did not consider himself bound down to the traditional forms of operatic music; to anything which is now considered necessary to produce an effect, or to the requirements of dramatic action.

I will endeavour to give a short analysis of his opera *Life for the Czar*.

Even in the introduction we feel ourselves transported into a completely unknown musical region. The text begins with something like the following words: "When the heavens become stormy, the falcon rises above the clouds; when a storm breaks upon Russia, the Russian sings his national songs. Never have I feared death; I am ready to lay down my life for the Czar." These words are sung by a male chorus without accompaniment; the chorus is only interrupted, from time to time, by violoncellos, viola, and double-basses. Then begins a solo, also without accompaniment. The melody is a national song of eight bars; then comes the chorus, now in three, now in two, and lastly in four parts, followed by the *ritornello* for the violoncellos. This is repeated three times in exactly the same manner, without the slightest change in the harmony, or the least addition to the voices or instruments.

After the third strophe, the basses modulate from G to F. The wind instruments now join in with the melody of a national dance, at the end of which they modulate back again to F, and the motive of the chorus recommences in the minor, first with a solo voice, and then with the male chorus, all once more without accompaniment. Instead of the basses, the wind instruments now give utterance to the *ritornello*, constructed from national melodies harmonised in an original fashion. The *ritornello* serves to introduce another national melody, sung by a female chorus, accompanied by horns and oboes, and interrupted by flutes, which leads us back again to the first male chorus, the motive of which is taken up by the basses. The female voices

then join in with their own chorus. Gradually all the voices unite; the motives are developed with modulations, and, after these have returned to the principal key, the first theme is treated like a figure with the second as its counter subject. The voices stop in turns, and the orchestra gradually comes in, the whole mass of sound attaining its greatest height in one homophonous syllabic song. The last chord of the chorus is followed by a long *coda*—*pianissimo*, in which the motive of the first chorus is employed, and this forms the introduction to a cavatina and rondo of Antonida, one of the four principal personages in the opera.

Let the reader imagine this introduction at a theatre in Paris! Not only would it not produce any effect, but we are justified in believing it would weary a public whose national feelings were not roused by the Russian national melodies, in which they would only find too many repetitions, while the contrapuntal skill exhibited would not interest but tire them. Yet the conception and execution of the piece are extraordinarily original; no model for it was to be found in operatic music; the local colouring is everywhere predominant, and the composer discovers in it the hand of an intelligent and aesthetically accomplished master.

In the cavatina which follows, the solo part again commences. The key oscillates between F minor and A flat major, the period always concluding in the key we least expect. The motive of the rondo in A flat is pleasing and clear; but it concludes three times in E flat, and only on its fourth return in A flat. The strange manner of deceiving expectation in the final cadence pervades the entire opera, and produces a very strange effect.

The two following pieces, which are rather long, belong so little to any kind of our own operatic music, that it is difficult to give an exact description of them. On the stage there are three choruses: a chorus of male peasants, another of sailors, and a third mixed one of women and men. These choruses come forward as actual personages, and converse with Susanna and her daughter Antonida. Here, too, Glinka introduces imitations in the solo parts and in the orchestra, for a love of contrapuntal forms is one of the peculiarities of his talent. After this, we hear, at a distance, a national song, in unison, accompanied, also in unison, by a clarinet. The phrases of the song are interrupted by pauses, by the personages on the stage, or by *ritornello*, *pianissimo*, in the orchestra. At last, the chorus of singers (the fourth in the scene) enter. At their head are musicians playing the *Balalaika* (a kind of guitar). The national song assumes a more decided character, while the stringed instruments in the orchestra accompany *pizzicato*, all the choruses and the entire orchestra uniting, at last, in a general *forte*.

The next scene contains recitative, some smaller *arioso* passages, and a trio for soprano, tenor and bass, in B minor, of a rather ordinary character, but well written. The chorus, also, here plays its part.

The fifth piece is a grand, magnificently scored Polonaise, truly national in its character. It introduces some ballet music, the first piece of which is a long Krakowik, worked out at length, and full of spirit and fire. A *plé-nessing* Mazurka is interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, and the exclamation of the chorus: "What is the matter!" It is not until now that the action of the piece really commences. After the story of the messenger, the chorus resumes the rhythm of the Mazurka. The composer again neglects the action, and works out, in his own way, a long chorus in *tempo moderato*. This chorus, which is nothing more than a pure piece of vocal music, without the least connection with dramatic action, constitutes the finale of the first act! Such a thing would be impossible in any but a Russian theatre.

The second act contains a pretty song (2-4 time, the first movement in a rhythm of three, and the other of four bars), then a duet for alto and bass, also with final cadences in other keys, a practice which, at last, becomes monotonous and tauting; although occasionally it appears effective.

We have now a chorus for male voices ("To work in the Forest!"), in which the composer has given the reins to his partiality for imitations, compact form, and elaborate work in the orchestral accompaniment. The piece is well worked out, but

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

much too long. The action, which, as a general rule advances so slowly, again ceases altogether. The same must be said of a quartet, concluding with a prayer for the Czar. This quartet, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, begins with a short 4-4 tempo, followed by an *andante quasi allegretto* in 3-8 time, the theme of which forms a movement of seven bars, and concludes in the minor of the corresponding major key. The composer here abuses his favourite modulation in the most striking way, for the tenor sings the same movement three times in the same manner, after which the four voices take up the part in canonic imitation, always with the same modulation. The prayer offers nothing remarkable, but the following *allegro* is marked by a lively rhythm and energy, though, in the *ensemble*, we have the imitations over again.

The scene, with chorus, which follows, is one of the most dramatic of the work. The principal personages engage in musical dialogue; the verbal expression is deficient in truth, as a general rule, declamatory song and recitative being the weak side of Glinka's talent. The subject is Antonida's marriage. The day for the festivity has been named before anything is known of the betrothal, the Poles, and the misfortune of the Czar and the whole country. The guests arrive to the sounds of the Polonaise; with great difficulty Antonida's parents succeed in stopping these sounds, which come from the enemy. They communicate the melancholy news, and it is necessary to put off the festivity. A song of lament for the Czar's misfortune is very beautiful. This is followed by repetitions of the choral motives from the introduction, and from the *finale* of the first act, Mazurka and chorus, which motives, however, are spun out and laboured far too much—especially for the point which the action has reached.

The fifth piece is a pretty chorus of female voices. In five part time, a tender song with a chorus of young maidens then introduces and merges into the *finale* of the second act.

In the finale to the second act, Glinka remains true to his adopted system; national songs predominate here again. It contains vocal dialogue between Antonida, her future husband, and the chorus, without any determined key, or any *arioso* or recitative. Then comes a duet (*larghetto* in A minor), interrupted and continued by choruses partly of male and partly of female voices, and sometimes of all together.

In the introduction of the third act, we again have the usual *finales* and modulations of the minor keys into the major, and of the major keys into the minor, which at last becomes very monotonous. A tenor air of the bridegroom (Sobinin by name) is more developed and regular in form than any of the other airs in the opera; the rhythm of the theme is original, the first half of the period having six, and the second only three, bars. This is followed by a grand air for the alto (Wajna) and chorus, one of the best pieces in the work as far as form is concerned, but both in the recitative—if we may so call it—and in the *andante moderato*, not free from some strange points, especially in regard to periodical rhythms. The more lively final movement and chorus is very energetic and effective. F. F. F.

After this interesting analysis of Glinka's principal work, M. Fétis enters also into a detailed account of the second opera: *Ruslan and Ludmilla*. This is a fairy opera, the subject of which is taken from a poem, by Puschkin. According to Fétis, the music is not so national in its character as that of the first opera, and the chorus does not play so important a part; but we have here again, in various places, national melodies, not only Russian, but Finnish, Chiu-Tartar, and even Persian, as well as rhythmic eccentricities, such, for instance, as five-part bars, &c. Some of the pieces, such as the finale of the first act, are considered by Fétis superior to anything in the former opera. On the whole, however, the music of this fairy opera appears to be wanting in unity of character, much of it being said to resemble the style of Rossini and Meyerbeer. There is one thing certain, and that is, that in Russia itself—according to a communication on Glinka, forwarded us from St. Petersburg, by H. B. von Engelhardt, whose intimate friend he was—the opera was given with great magnificence at the theatres of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and was at first extremely successful, but was far from obtaining the popularity of

Life for the Czar, which was played several hundred times, and still appears in the bills every year.

With regard to the national melodies in the last-named opera, M. Fétis—if we lay any weight on an opinion of Oulibscheff (who died on the 5th February at Nischnei Nowgorod) about Glinka—appears to be in error when he supposes all these songs to be Russian, and fails to observe the contrast between those which are Russian and those which are Polish. The passage of Oulibscheff's work (*Besloven, ses Critiques et ses Ossateurs*) to which we refer, page 34, runs thus:—

"In this work (*Life for the Czar*) the question was not merely to combine dramatic with national song, as Weber has done in *Der Freischütz*, without blending the one in the other, but to characterise two nationalities by preserving, from beginning to end, even in the most moving tragic situations, the Russian and Polish colour of the melodies. This is something which, at the time I wrote my biography of Mozart, I considered impossible, and yet Glinka has accomplished it—his talent and success being the more extraordinary, in that there were no models to guide him in any one point."

Since Oulibscheff, as a Russian, is, in this case, the more reliable authority of the two, because the difference between the Slavonic melodies of the Poles and Russians can be scarcely perceptible to a foreigner, we must believe his assertion concerning the essential peculiarity of Glinka's music in the above opera, and this will lessen our astonishment at the great mass of national melodies (in the analysis of M. Fétis), since they represent two different and hostile nations, and, therefore, do not appear so monotonous to the initiated as to those persons who are unacquainted with them.

Besides these two operas, Glinka—according to Herr von Engelhardt's communication—has written "music for the tragedy, *Prince Kholmsky*, namely, an overture, piece to be played between the acts and songs; *La Tarantella*, a prologue, with chorus and declamation; a great many orchestral pieces, with and without chorus; about seventy songs and romances; a quartet for stringed instruments, and a number of pieces both for piano alone and with other instruments. In his weak state of health, he was, at any rate, productive enough. He played the piano very well, and extemporised admirably. He distinguished himself as a singer, also. He possessed a fine strong tenor, and sang songs in an incomparably fine style.

He spent the last few months of his life in Berlin, where he died on the 3rd February, 1837. His mortal remains were conveyed to St. Petersburg, and laid in the monastery of St. Alexander Newsky, which is within the city walls. The Chorus of Imperial singers, whose *maître-à-chapelle* he was for some years, got up a solemn ceremony in remembrance of him. A few weeks later, the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg gave a concert in commemoration of him, at which only his compositions were performed. The stage was graced with his bust, surrounded and crowned with flowers."

In Germany, and generally in all countries but Russia, nothing of Glinka's has been printed up to the present time, principally for the reason that all his vocal compositions were composed to Russian words. But Herr B. Engelhardt, an intimate friend of the deceased, and Mat. L. Scheschkoff, Glinka's sister, have now commenced an edition of his works, published by C. F. W. Siegel, Leipzig (Bernard and Stollowsky, St. Petersburg).

Of this edition, there are now lying before us: *The First Collection of Songs*, seventeen in number, with German, French, and Italian words, translated from the Russian; edited by B. Engelhardt. Further: *Four Orchestral Works*, in score; 1. Overture to *Life for the Czar*, price one thaler and a half; 2. The orchestral parts, three thalers. 2. Overture to *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, in score only (one thaler and a half). 3. *Capriccio brillante en Forme d'Ouverture sur le Thème de la Jota Aragonesa*, price one thaler and five-sixths. 4. *Souvenir d'une Nuit à Séville à Madrid. Fantaisie pour Orchestre sur des Thèmes Espagnols*, score, one thaler and one-third.

We are thus enabled to pronounce an opinion founded on our own judgment of Glinka's Russian music, to which we shall shortly revert. L. B.

MUSIC AT TURIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Feb. 24.—In England, the delights of the jovial season of Christmas—Harlequin and Columbine—the roguish freaks of the Clown, and the bewildered sufferings of the Pantaloon—are carried on through the greater part of Lent. Not so in Turin. Here, Lent puts the extinguisher on balls and soirees, and before March is far advanced, the principal theatres are closed—so that a man has to live on his wita, or on the enjoyment (!) of hearing indifferent music slovenly performed. As I have no wita to live upon, and can't say that I have any particular predilection for second-rate operas, I intend packing up my goods and chattels and returning to England; but, as it will perhaps be some little time before I am fairly under way, I will send you a short account of what has been going on in the musical world here since I last wrote.

The production of *Mosè* for the inauguration of the season at the Vittorio Emanuele was the step in the right direction on the part of the *impressario*, M. Meistreillett, and proved him to be one of those wise men who lay their foundations on a firm and solid basis. After *Mosè* had had a run of upwards of six weeks, the subscribers naturally considered themselves entitled to something new, before the close of the season; so the director, knowing that his patrons—who, by-the-by, are anti-Verdi-ites—would welcome nothing in exchange for *Mosè*, more than an opera by the same composer, had recourse to the extensive *répertoire* of the Swan of Pesaro, and produced *Motilda di Shabran*. The selection of an opera by Rossini was to be commended, but I question whether *Guillaume Tell* would not have been more judicious, and more suitable to the principal artists of the *troupe*—indeed, with such a tenor as Carrion, its non-production was an oversight that I consider should be pointed out to the directors. However, *Motilda* contains some of the best and most charming music that Rossini ever wrote, and as the performance at the Vittorio Emanuele is little short of perfect, we should not grumble. The *prima donna*, Mdlle. Marchisio, is *una buona cantante* of the Roman school, but she is so totally eclipsed by the admirable tenor, Carrion, that she becomes but a subject of minor importance. In this opera, Carrion has many more occasions of displaying the softness and snavity of his voice than in *Mosè*. Those who have heard this gentleman only in such parts as *Mosè*, *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, &c., where force and energy are the prevailing points, can have but little idea of the wonderful sweetness of his voice, and the delicacy with which he can sing. His rendering of the finale aria was extraordinary; his voice was as perfect and free from harshness as if he had not sung for nights. In addition to his many qualities which I have mentioned in my previous letters, he possesses one which deserves recording. His voice is of such a peculiar searching *timbre*, that without any visible effort his piercing notes soar above the harmonious tumult of the orchestra and chorus, thereby producing an effect which cannot be understood, unless heard. Some of his notes are quite as mellifluous as those of Gingsini, and, I really think, if there was not a Gingsini in the world, Sig. Carrion would be the legitimate successor of Rubini. Sig. Atry, though having but little to do, showed himself a consummate artist, and possessed of untiring energy. He exerted himself as strenuously in the long and trying concerted pieces as in his solos, and after his *scena* in the first act was recalled to receive the applause due to his talents and efforts to give satisfaction. In my last I forgot to mention that Swift is at the Nationale, having replaced Castellani, who is gone no one seems to know where or wherefore. If his singing was a little more refined, and if he took greater pains to modulate his voice, which seems to me to be as ungraceful as when he first appeared in public, I should be inclined to think that he might become a good singer; but at present I cannot agree with the *Pirata* and other musical journals, that write in ecstasies about his lovely *impetuous* voice, his fine figure, his noble carriage, and other innumerable qualities, which, as yet, I cannot say that I have discovered. Of the operas in which he has sung—*Traviata*, *Lucia*, and *Attila*—the last I think is the most suited to his vigorous and energetic

style. *Attila* has had a great success this season; but though I am a "fanatic per la musica di Verdi," I do not greatly admire it. It is decidedly one of Verdi's weakest, and not likely to increase his reputation; but we should remember that it was one of his earliest, and must have been written when he was a very young man—when his genius was not fully developed—and before he had gained that knowledge of evoking and describing the deepest emotions of the human breast, which render most of his operas so surpassingly beautiful. Mdlle. Scotti, who made her *début* at the commencement of the season in *La Traviata*, looked well in the garb of Odabella, and showed a decided improvement in her singing, but I must protest against the exaggerated accounts of the musical press, that make her at least a second Pasta.

At the Regio, which, by the bye, holds its heat uncommonly low at present, *Macbeth* has been produced, with a *prima donna*, Mdlle. Alaimo, who is supposed—of course only by the directors—equal to fill up the void caused in the *troupe* by the secession of Mesdames Moreau-Sainti, Lancia and Sanchioli. Mdlle. Alaimo sang here for a few nights some years ago, with Baucheard, in *Il Trovatore*, and having then made a somewhat unusually favourable impression, was greeted on her entrance, the first night of *Macbeth*, with the highest enthusiasm, and the most unbounded tokens of ecstatic admiration, which were renewed frequently during the performance, and at the fall of the curtain were declared that her voice is unimpaired, and as fresh now as it was five years ago. If this be true, how she managed to make a *furor* I cannot understand, for it seems to me that her voice has departed this life. However, she is gifted with much histrionic ability, and is undoubtedly a tragic actress of the highest order. She does not imitate—she *apures* stereotyped models of dramatic action and vocal artifice—which displays that individuality that characterises true and genuine talent. With the exception of an honorable mention of Signor Massimiliani, the less said of the performance of *Macbeth* the better, for it was little short of disgraceful; but notwithstanding this drawback, I confess, that I have attended several performances with pleasure.

Since I last wrote I have had the pleasure of hearing Madame Lancia. As she makes her *début* on the 27th, in the *Barbiere*, in the course of next week, if I am still here, I will send you a detailed account of her first appearance, and so until the public has pronounced its verdict on her talents I will not give you my private opinion.

A few nights ago "our" *prima donna* in high life was present at a grand ball at one of the principal clubs, and won the admiration of all present by her personal attractions and her *extremely* lady-like deportment. I ought to mention that a special exception to the general rule was made in her favour, as ladies in any way connected with the stage are usually considered undesirable society to the *noblesse* who attend these balls. In this the master of ceremonies showed his good taste, as there cannot be a doubt, but that it was due to her station in life to receive an invitation.

Feb. 28.—On Friday evening Madame Lancia made her *début* in the *Barbiere* with most signal success.

I must content myself now with sending you an extract from the two principal musical papers, but shall hope in a few days to give you a detailed account of her *début*.

The *Pirata* says:—

"La sera di Venerdì (ovvero con gran successo) al Teatro Rossini nel *Barbiere di Siviglia* la prima donna, Maria Lancia, giovane e avvenente figlia d' Albino, segna scuola del Madame Mici, che coglierà senza dubbio, rieche corona sulle scene Italiane."

In another paper the event is alluded to thus:—

"Venerdì sera al Teatro Rossini andò in scena la Signora Lancia, Inglese, eccellente colta parte di Rossini nel *Barbiere*. Ha una bellissima voce, canta con garbo e fu applauditissima."

SIGNOR PERETTI received from the Philharmonic Society of Bologna the academical diploma, with the title of Professor of Singing, after the examination of his new Treatise on the Art of Singing.

* *Anglice*—charming.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday evening Haydn's *Creation*, preceded by Dr. Eivey's royal birthday Cantata, was performed at Exeter Hall by the members of the London Sacred Harmonic Society. The principal vocalists were Miss E. Hughes, Miss Galloway, Mr. F. Dyson, and Mr. Lawler, all of whom were well acquainted with the oratorio. Mr. Tolbecque, led the band. Mr. Pettit, as principal violoncello, in accompanying the recitations, was of great assistance to the singers. Mr. Surman conducted.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In consequence of the triumphant success of the closing representations, and in order to accommodate the numbers who have been unable to obtain places, **THREE CONCLUDING PERFORMANCES** will be given on Tuesday, March 16; Thursday, March 18; and Saturday, March 20. They will be arranged as follows:—
 Tuesday, March 16, *LA TRAVIATA*.—Violetta, Picoconomi; Alfredo, Giuglini.
 Thursday, March 18, *IL THOVATORE*.—Leonora, Sissa; Azeucua, Bassier; Maurizio, Giuglini.
 Saturday, March 20, *LA FIGLIA DEL DELIRO*.—Marie, Picoconomi; Lucio, Bassier; Maffioli, comprising the celebrated duo by Mdlle. Picoconomi and Bassier (Gonelli).
 Price 4.—Vic Stal 4, 12s. 6d.; Boxes (to hold four persons) 10l and One Pair, 47 5s.; Grand Tier, 43 5s.; Two Pair, 41 5s.; Three Pair, 15s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s.
 The Box-office will be closed on Thursday, March 11. Places in the meantime may be secured by application to Mr. Fish, stage-door, Her Majesty's Theatre. No other representation can be possibly given before the commencement of the Summer Season.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, March 6th, 7th, and 8th, will be given *THE LOVE CHASE*, in which **MISS AMY SEDGWICK** will appear as Constance; the Widow Green, by Mrs. Wilkins (her first appearance at this theatre); Lydia, Miss Palmer (her first appearance at this theatre). After which will be a comedy of **PRESENTED AT COURT**, Geoffrey We deliver (his original character). Mr. Buckstone. Concluding with **SHOCKING EVEN 8**. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 9th, 10th, and 11th, *THE HUNDOCK*, in which **MRS. AMY SEDGWICK** will sustain the character of Julia. And, for the **LAST THREE NIGHTS**, the new grand original Christmas Past-mime, entitled **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD**; OR, **HARLEQUIN AND THE SWEET FAIRY**. To be acted by Mr. W. Hamblain, our Harlequin; Mr. Arthur Leclercq, a Comedienne; Miss Fanny Wright; Miss Antoinette; Mr. Mackay; Clown; Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess or Queen; Miss Louise Leclercq.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained till the end of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking), 5s. each; First Floor—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Sulphur.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and Friday, HAMLET; TUESDAY and Thursday, A WIDSEMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; Wednesday, and Saturday, LUTHS XI. And the Antoinette; every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the **CONFESSION** will commence with **YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER**. After which **THE DOG OF DURALTO**. To conclude with **BOOTS AT THE SWAN**. Commence at 7 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, 11th March, **BORY O'MORE**, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. After which will be produced a new and original comic drama, entitled **YANKER COURTHSHIP; OR, AWAY DOWN EAST**. To conclude with the successful original farce called **LATEST FROM NEW YORK**.

GRAND NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHREWSBURY, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. JOHN DODGSON.

Second week of the engagement of the formidable tragedian **MR. CHARLES DILLON**, Lancer of the Lyonsen. Great excitement on Wednesday last, on his re-entrance to British soil. He will have the honour of repeating a character this week, with Claude Melotte in *THE LADY OF LYONS*. On Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, to commence with the original version of *ELIZABETH FENNING*, supported by the company. On Tuesday and Saturday, *BELFREGOR*, in which Mr. Charles Dillon will appear with Mr. Barrett. On Friday, *THE LADY OF LYONS*, Claude Melotte. Mr. Charles Dillon. To conclude with, on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, *THE DOG OF DURALTO*. To conclude with his new and beautiful scenery; on Friday and Saturday with *THE RATS OF RAT CASTLE*. On Tuesday the entertainments for *THE BENEFIT OF MRS. B. HUNTER*. No advance in the price during Mr. Charles Dillon's engagement.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA

FRICKEL.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and evening (except Saturday) at 8 Stalls, 5s.; balcony stalls, 4s.; boxes, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a-half and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 25, Old Bond-street,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. S. (Glasgow).—1859, being the 100th anniversary of *Handel's death*.

FLAUTO.—*La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

RESIN must send his name and address.

H. F. (Nottingham).—Communication only just come to hand.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1858.

"JUSTUS" has addressed us another letter, containing two more instances of alleged plagiarism on the part of Mr. Balfe. We produce them for no other reason than to protest altogether against the theory which our eager correspondent appears to entertain. We have a theory of our own about plagiarism, and with a little pains and research might apply it in such a manner as to prove the majority of composers thieves and the most celebrated (Handel and Rossini for example) the greatest thieves of the community. But we should be sorry to lose time so unprofitably, and, we may add, so prejudicially to the interests of art. Every tune in the world has been made out of seven tones and six "accidentals," and all the tunes that remain to be concocted must proceed from the same scanty materials. An entirely fresh and original melody is rare, now that the art has so far advanced, and that so many thousand melodies have been either ingeniously manufactured, or spontaneously created. But, in sober truth, while music without melody is impossible, melody without artistic arrangement can scarcely be regarded in the light of music. The greatest composers have no doubt been the most prolific of melodists; but this only proves that the gift of melody is inseparable from musical genius. There have been melodists who could lay no claim to be regarded as musicians; but, on the other hand, no great musician has ever existed who was not *primæ facie* endowed with melodic invention.

Thus, it will be seen that we consider melody rather as a faculty of the human mind than as anything else. None will deny that Bellini wrote beautiful melodies—and yet, at the same time, none would think of comparing Bellini to Mozart—not because Mozart excelled Bellini as a melodist (which is indisputable), but because Mozart was a perfect artist, who, out of the melody that existed in his own time, created artistic works that are imperishable. Who knows where Handel got his melody!—and who cares! *The Messiah* and *Israel* are living now, a century since the death of their composer, not by any means on account of their melodies, but on account of their enormous merit as artistic creations. There is hardly a question but that the most renowned composers have looked upon the melody that prevailed in their day as common property, to which whoever might handle it best would give the best chance of immortality.

Let it not be thought that we are placing the author of *The Bohemian Girl* on a level with the renowned composers, or that we are attempting to make him the pivot upon which to turn any æsthetic argument with reference to art. We simply wish to insist that Mr. Balfe does neither more nor less than his superiors, availing himself to the best of his ability of the current melody of the hour. The charge of plagiarism levelled against him by "Justus" is hardly tenable. Leaving theory altogether, and appealing to naked facts, why should Mr. Balfe, any more than Signor Rossini (whose extraordinary genius and versatility no one

will dispute), be accused of borrowing from Haydn, with reference to the first example of presumed plagiarism put forth by our correspondent! It is true that the opening bars of the song from *The Creation* and the chorus from *The Bohemian Girl* are very much alike:—

HAYDN. *With ease the husbandman*
 Bohemian Girl. *A soldier's life has seen of strife*

—but from this point to the end the two compositions resemble each other in nothing. Signor Rossini is just as open to the accusation of pilfering as the Irish composer, and from the same source—witness the commencement of one of his most admired trios:—

Barber of Seville.
Zit-ti, Zit-ti, pia-no, pia-no

Penetrating further into the womb of time, we may dig up a very ancient tune—known to us English as "Girls and boys come out to play"—of which the primitive version begins thus:—

Girls and boys come out to play.

Change the 6-8 measure into 4-8, or 4-4, and we shall be able to fix the plagiarism upon "Papa Haydn," who probably never heard the ancient tune in question, but who had a perfect right to make use of it, if it fell in his way. We are inclined to think, however, that Haydn did not know it. As for Rossini—one of the most careless and apathetic, as well as one of the most gifted of men—it may be accepted as a fact that, at the time of composing the *Barbieri di Siviglia*, he had never seen a score of *The Creation*,* and with regard to Mr. Balfe, who shares more than one of Rossini's peculiarities, it may be accepted as equally a fact that, at the time of composing *The Bohemian Girl*, he no more thought of *The Creation* than of the *Pré Aux Clercs*.

To the second quotation of "Justus" even greater exceptions may be taken. Do, reader, contemplate curiously, and "with anxious polyscopy," the subjoined:—

1828.
Zampa.
 HEROLD.

1844.
 Bohemian Girl.

What is the spell hath yet of fac'd The

first fond lines that love hath trac'd.

* Such works were utterly ignored by the Italians, at the epoch alluded to, who are not much better acquainted with them now.

What matters the beginning of a tune! We forget the remainder, both of Hérol's and of Mr. Balfe's melody; but we adventure to guess that the two are wholly unlike after the first four bars.

WHEN one has been for a long time in a company where nothing but absurdity is uttered, how refreshing is it to stumble upon a person, who makes something like a sensible remark!

Within the last few weeks we have been compelled to gulp down rubbish by the pageful on the subject of the drama, and were beginning to vow that we would never again cast eyes on any dissertation whatever written on a theme now become so utterly detestable. However, about a couple of days ago, we took in our hands the last number of Mr. Dickens's "Household Words," and there, under the head "Dramatic Grub Street," we found so extremely sensible a paper, that the vow, which we can hardly call rash, died away on our lips, and the truth was revealed to us that it is possible for a man to write a paper on the decline of the drama, without being an insufferable "bore."

The paper in question consists of two letters. Of these the first is from Mr. Reader to Mr. Author. Mr. Reader, in good round terms, complains that the English drama of the present day is far inferior to every other species of literary produce, and asks Mr. Author why the same amount of intellect is not expended on the composition of plays as on the composition of novels. At the theatres of Paris Mr. Reader sees dramatic works written by the same men who have delighted him in his study. In London, if he stops in his library, he holds intercourse with the minds of Dickens, Thackeray, Brontë; but if he goes to the theatre, he merely witnesses the productions of Tom Plagiary and Charley Construe, which are by no means exponents of the intellect of the nineteenth century. Mr. Reader is puzzled as well as vexed, and he asks Mr. Author, as an experienced man, to state the cause of this "great social evil."

So far there is nothing wonderful; but the fact that in the second letter, addressed to Mr. Reader by Mr. Author, the latter speaks like a sensible man is truly marvellous. He does not say that the play produced on a given evening is bad on account of the criticisms contained in the newspapers of the day following. He does not declare that comedy has gone to the dogs because some brilliant lady, poor in talent, is wealthy in point-lace. He does not consider scenic decoration the ruin of tragedy; nay, he leaves unanswered Mr. Reader's assertion that he has a "great respect" for "gorgeous scenic revivals of old plays, because they offer to sensible people the only decent substitute for genuine dramatic novelty to be met with at the present time." He does not even attribute the sickly state of dramatic literature to the non-production of his own tragedy. Various as are the forms of nonsense and vanity, he does not avail himself of one. He admits that the drama has declined, and he assigns a cause. Now, what cause *does* he assign!

The smallness of the remuneration that even a successful author could obtain if he devoted his energies to the production of works for the stage. There is the reason given by Mr. Author for the state of things that has excited the grief of Mr. Reader! It is a very prosaic reason, and, strange to say, it is correct. Nearly the whole letter of Mr. Author is devoted to the establishment of the fact, that the dramatic author is infinitely worse paid than the novelist, and the consequent fact that the man of inventive

genius will rather work for a publisher than a manager. In 1803, when an exceptional success brought £22,000 to the theatre, the successful author received £1,200. In 1858, when a success, similarly exceptional, brings £11,000 to the theatre, the successful author gets £300, whereas, according to the "Rule of Three," he ought to have £600.

Here, then, is a proximate cause of the wretched state of our dramatic literature. But what further cause lies in the background? Why is the tariff of remuneration so low? Why is not the manager compelled by the failure of rubbish to give high prices for the production of something good? To this question Mr. Author has his answer: "The increase of wealth and population, and the railway connection between London and the country, more than supply in quantity, what audiences have lost in quality. Not only does the manager lose nothing in the way of profit—he absolutely gains by getting a vast nightly majority into his theatre, whose ignorant insensibility nothing can shock."

The whole thing lies in a nutshell. The best men will not write for the theatres because the managers will not pay them enough, and the managers will not pay enough because the theatrical public is just as well satisfied with inferior fare as it would be with more costly viands. In a word, a certain state of the popular mind, to be accounted for in different ways, is the cause of the decline of the drama.

Really, Mr. Author, you are a terrible foe to those of your craft who write laborious essays in magazines and reviews. What will become of the luckless scribes who cover sheet after sheet with twaddle, if you state the whole truth of a case within the limits of half-a-dozen pages? Properly whipped up into froth, and adorned with a score or two of fallacies, the matter of your brief letter would have procured many an honest gentleman a life annuity. Live and let live, Mr. Author.

M. OULIBICHEFF, the celebrated author of the *Life and Works of Mozart*, the *History of Music up to the Period of Mozart*, and *Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glozateurs*, died on February 3rd, at Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, where he has for many years resided.

ANOTHER CONSPIRACY-TO-MURDER BILL.—The recent performance of *Macbeth* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

STALETBROID.—The Philharmonic Society gave a concert, on Wednesday evening, and engaged Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Charles Braham as vocalists. The band played the overtures to *Il Barbiere* and *La Sirène*. The chorus sang several glee and part-songs, and, except in one or two instances, were steady and correct. The performances of the solo vocalists may be characterised as a series of "encores." Signora Fumagalli commenced with Wallace's "Gipsy Maid," and, being encored, gave "Ah fors'è lui." She was also encored in the "Convent Cell," and sang in its place, "La Zingara," composed for her by Signor Vianesi. Mr. Charles Braham was called upon to repeat "The Death of Nelson," when he introduced his new song, "Havelock." He was honoured with a similar compliment in the duet, "All's well," with Signor De Giorgi, and also in the duet, "Parigi, o caro," with Signora Fumagalli. The attendance was numerous, and the gratification universal.

LEADS.—On Saturday last, Mr. Delavanti, the popular buffo singer, gave his annual benefit in the Leeds Music Hall, before a full audience. The performers, beside Mr. Delavanti, were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, and Mr. Wilson; Mr. Spark was the accompanist. Mrs. Sunderland was encored in Bellini's "Why my harp," Miss Newbound in "Juanita" and "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," and Mr. Delavanti, in "Alonzo the brave."—Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton, gave a "People's Night" at the Stock Exchange Hall on Saturday, when a large number of persons were unable to gain admission. In consequence of this success, another cheap performance will be given to-night (Saturday) by the talented couple.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

THE third and last of the present series was of the same calibre as its predecessors, exhibiting the same interesting variety, and the same admirable perfection of execution. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Sonata in D major, pianoforte and violin (No. 7)	Mozart.
—Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainston ...	
Grand Sonata in A flat (Op. 39)—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard ...	Welter.
Fuga Scherzando (first time in public), and Prelude on G Fugs, in A minor (from Book 9 and Book 4 of F. C. Griepenkerl's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach")—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard ...	J. S. Bach.

PART II.

Grand Sonata in E major (Op. 109)—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard ...	Beethoven.
Grand Trio in C minor (No. 2), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainston, and M. Paque ...	Mendelssohn.

The sonata in D major is another genuine inspiration of Mozart, which Miss Arabella Goddard, whose library of classical music seems inexhaustible, may claim the merit of rescuing from undeserved neglect. Ordinary pianists seem to imagine that the great composer of *Don Giovanni* only wrote three sonatas for piano and violin (the well-known B flat, E flat, and A); but Miss Goddard is better informed. Unlike those many who, satisfied with the mere possession of a valuable library, know nothing of its contents, she not merely owns the books, but reads them, and makes herself thoroughly acquainted with all the information they contain. Here, for example, is a sonata by Mozart, which forms a part of every complete edition of his works, which is worthy of the master, and is, nevertheless, scarcely ever looked at. This is not a mere *article de vertu*, curious on account of its binding, and interesting on account of its date, but a work of art for all time, just as beautiful now as when it was first produced, and just as fresh and genial. Like its equally slighted companion (in F) of the previous concert, the sonata in D (played by Miss Goddard and M. Sainston with a kindred feeling for the author which imparted to his divine music its amplest charm) enraptured the audience. The source is not by any means exhausted, as Miss Goddard is well aware; and her admirers will look forward to other sonatas of Mozart for piano and violin, which deserve no less the consideration that of later days they have failed to encounter.

Weber's sonata in A flat is by many degrees the finest of the four great works of the same class which the gifted author of *Der Freischütz* dedicated to the pianoforte. Genius breathes in every bar of this truly enchanting work, which, while as characteristic of his anything that ever proceeded from his pen, unites the luxuriant melody of the South to the deeply-coloured harmony, ingenious contrivance, and romantic expression of the veritable Teutonic music. The first and last movements are *chef-d'œuvres*; while the *andante* and *scherzo*, if not remarkable for the same amount of artistic finish, bear the stamp of an originality that is indisputable, and the evidences of a style that cannot be mistaken. This sonata taxes severely the powers of the most accomplished performer; but like all the rest of her *bibliothèque*, Miss Goddard had got it so completely in her head, in her heart, and in her fingers, that she delivered it with as much natural grace and spontaneity as if it had been an improvisation.

To John Sebastian Bach was again awarded the place of honour, and again was the place of honour occupied with a dignity which only the Leipzig patriarch can assume. Notwithstanding this attribute, so inseparable from Bach, there is in the *fuga scherzando* (another gem long buried in oblivion), an air of romance which might rather have been anticipated in Beethoven than in the author of the *Passions* and the *Cavier bien Tempéré*. But in spite of the conventional trammels to which it was subjected, the genius of Bach was universal, and his imagination unlimited. Between the *Scherzando* and the famous *fugue* in

the same key (A minor)—which all learned musicians acknowledge to be the most masterly as well as the most difficult that ever proceeded from a pen—there is a whole world; and too lofty an estimate can hardly be entertained of the man who could contrive and accomplish both. Of Miss Goddard's playing in Bach's music there is but one opinion. It never was and never can be surpassed for neatness, fluency, energy, and point—to say nothing of a certain primitive simplicity ("innate and to the manner born"—to use an over-used quotation), which confers a grace and youth on the oldest masters not less charming than indelible.

Of Beethoven's truly marvellous sonata (Op. 109), one of the most individual of all the latest efforts of the most essentially poetical of musicians, and of Miss Goddard's incomparable performance, we spoke more than once last year in appropriate terms of eulogy. If possible, both the work and its interpretation by the young pianist gained by a fresh hearing. The unapproachable Beethoven stood in no need of the compliment; but we are gratified in being able so conscientiously to award it to his gifted interpreter.

The fiery and impetuous trio of Mendelssohn, played to perfection, brought the third concert and the first series (a second is announced) to an end in a triumphant manner. The audience were enthusiastic about all the pieces, the fugues of Bach creating nothing short of a "furore."

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The second concert of the regular season took place on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony in B flat, No. 9	Haydn.
Duet, "Di conforo" (La Vestale), Miss Griffith and Miss E. Griffith	Mercadante.
Selection (La Traviata), with solos for oboe and cornet-a-piston, Mr. A. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham	Verdi.
Lied, "Grüner Frühling kehr' ein," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather	H. Esser.
Overture (Geneva, or the Plague of Florence) M.S. Opera	Frank Mori.

PART II.

Concerto in A, No. 2, pianoforte, Mr. S. W. Waley	Mozart.
Cantata, "Adelaide," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather	Beethoven.
Duet, "Lo Zingari," Miss Griffith and Miss E. Griffith	Gabuzzi.
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.	

The Symphony, one of Haydn's brightest, is just the kind suited to the amateurs for, although it is occasionally tripping, there are no passages in it that the band ought not to overcome, if they pay proper attention to their conductor. Besides it is well known, and must have been played by all the members in quietest arrangement. We were, therefore, not unprepared to find a far better performance than could possibly be given by the Society of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, which, as our readers are aware, was the orchestral giant at the first concert. Oh, ye amateurs, why will ye attempt music beyond the reach of any orchestra save one of first-rate character, when there are so many works well adapted to your calibre! and why force yourselves into comparisons which cannot but prove unpleasant? True, that you can say behind your desks, "Oh, we are not professors; we only play for our own amusement." But you will know how proud you are of fiddling away in the presence of so many bright specimens of the fair sex, and how fine you deem your own performances. Now, do take advice from those who have always been your supporters,—who have looked on with the greatest interest to your proceedings as conducive to a better and more extended knowledge of that sweet art which occupies so many of your spare moments, and do select works the difficulties of which you have some chance of overcoming. We wish you well, for you can be of much use in your generation.

In the selection, Messrs. A. A. Pollock and Tatham acquitted themselves to the unbounded satisfaction of the audience, play-

ing in excellent style the solos allotted to them. An unfortunate slip in the last movement of the selection marred a really creditable performance.

Never have we heard Mr. S. W. Waley to greater advantage than in the charming concerto of Mozart. He played in a manner far more steady than we ever remember to have heard him on any previous occasion, and fairly deserved the loud applause which greeted him at the end of the concerto.

The band took every pains to assist their talented confrères, and accompanied exceedingly well. We must not, however, omit to mention the brilliant cadenza Mr. Waley introduced in the first movement.

The overtures could not go so well as the other orchestral pieces, being full of complicated and difficult passages, and requiring many more rehearsals than could be given. Suffice it to say, that we hear Mr. Mori was well pleased with the way in which his overture was played, and that the audience were pleased with it.

The vocal music was good. Two young ladies, the Misses Griffith, sang duets in a style simple, musicianly, and effective. In "Di conforo" they were loudly encored; but in consequence of the sudden indiaposition of Mr. Cleather, they had kindly consented to sing a third duet, as some one in authority explained to the audience, and the encore was not insisted upon. In order more completely to fill up the gap consequent upon Mr. Cleather's absence, Mr. Leslie laid violent hands upon four of his choir, who were in the room, and they sang Hatton's "When evening's twilight," which so well pleased that they gave Cooke's glee, "Strike, strike the lyre."

In spite of the inclement weather, the room was filled with a brilliant company.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAS has been more than usually industrious of late. At his last oratorio performance (Feb. 24) we had reason to note a considerable advance in the general execution of *Elijah*, and especially with regard to some of the more delicate of the choruses. Mr. Santley gave us no occasion to modify the opinion we have already expressed of his *Elijah*. Mrs. Street (*à débutante*) is not yet equal to "Hear ye Israel" but, both here and elsewhere, in the second part of the oratorio, she evinced confidence, and a voice which requires strengthening, but may be made serviceable if pnt to good uses. Miss Palmer was the *contralto*; and Miss Fanny Rowland undertook the *soprano* music of the first part. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, and his admirable execution of the air, "Then shall the righteous," was the most enthusiastic of the three "encores" of the evening (the other two being awarded, as usual, to "Lift thine eyes," and "O rest in the Lord"). Mr. E. J. Hopkins was at the organ. The hall was crammed.

Two more "Orchestral Concerts" have also taken place. At the third concert (Feb. 25) the *Adagio* symphony was very well played on the whole; and contrary to precedent (but consistently with Mozart's indications), the second part of the *finale* was gone through twice, as well as the first. The overtures were *Melissa* and *Le Cheral de Bronze*. Aubert's sparkling prelude went well, of course; but Mendelssohn's more difficult composition left much to desire. Mr. Biagrow played Kalliwoda's fourth concerto admirably; and a so-called *Trio Espagnole* (which might be appropriately denominated "Twaddle") was effectively performed by Messrs. George Russell (pianoforte), Nicholson (oboe), and Hauser (bassoon). The vocal music was entrusted to Misses Banks and Fanny Rowland; who sang one of the duets of Clari; Miss Palmer, who treated the audience to Zingarelli's "Ombra adorata" (of which the merits have always eluded our observations), besides joining the other ladies in a very pretty trio—"Le Spagnole"—by Sig. Pissuti; and Herr Deck, who sang—"In dissen heiligen Hallen" capajitly, but the grand air of Mephistophiles, from Spohr's *Faust*, somewhat tamely. The hall was by no means full.

At the fourth concert (March 2), the programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (Euryanthe)—Weber. Aria, "Glücklein im Thale" (Euryanthe)—Weber. Grand Scene, "Medora"—H. Smart. Symphony in B flat, No. 4.—Beethoven.

PART II.—Concerto, violoncello—Serrais. Song, "I arise from dreams of thee"—Hullah. Andante (Missaumer Night's Dream)—Mendelssohn. Duetto, "Quel spopolero" (Agnes)—Paer. Overture (Die Zauberflöte)—Mozart.

The symphony would have been irreproachable but for the *fiasco*, which was taken so quick that many passages become simply impossible to the violoncellos and double-basses; while the accents of the famous bassoon point was not even hinted at (how could it be?) by Mr. Hauser. The overtures both went well, but the *Zauberflöte* would have been better a little slower. In Mendelssohn's *notturno* the horn-playing of Mr. Standen elicited general praise. M. Serrais' concerto is absolute rubbish; but Mr. Collins played it very skillfully. As, however, Mr. Horatio Chipp was principal violoncello at the first concert, we think Mr. Hullah should have given that gentleman the chance of displaying his powers as a soloist before the public. Many amateurs are very anxious to hear Mr. Chipp in Herr Molique's concerto, which he is said to have mastered completely. We are quite sure that Signor Piatti would not object.

Mr. Henry Smart conducted his own *scena*, which Miss Dolby, for whom it was expressly written, sang very finely. It is a composition of great merit, and was enthusiastically applauded by the audience, who, long as it is, were anxious to hear it again. Mr. Hullah's setting of Shelley's beautiful stanzas was done every justice to by Mr. Santley, and met with unanimous favour. Paer's duet was extremely well sung by Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley; but in the air from *Euryanthe*, the intonation of the lady was not always satisfactory. Miss Kemble must labour hard to get rid of the tendency to "sharpen" on the higher notes, which so much damages the effect of her singing.

Mr. Hullah directed both concerts with his accustomed zeal and discretion.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The fifth concert, with one or two exceptions, was admirable. All the important pieces were given to the first part, of which the Psalm of Mendelssohn, "Hear my prayer, O God," and Mozart's Motet ("Ave Merum") were the principal features. The Anthem of Farrant, "Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake," and the Anthem of Reynolds, "My God, my God, look upon me," were unworthy of such fellowship, the latter more especially. Mendelssohn's Psalm is that in which Jenny Lind sang some two years ago at Exeter Hall. Miss Hemming, who took the soprano solo, has a good voice and promises well. Mozart's Motet, though short, is difficult, but was sung on the whole exceedingly well. The above four pieces, with Mr. Henry Smart's lovely part-song "Ave Maria," constituted the first part of the selection—all sacred. The "Ave Maria" was delightfully given, and encored with acclamations.

The second part presented some novelties. These were Mr. G. Lake's part-song, "Dream the dream that's sweetest"—a pretty composition, modelled on Mendelssohn's serenade, "O hills, O vales" a four-part song, "I love my love in the morning," by Mr. G. B. Allen—tune full and sparkling, though somewhat difficult for the voices; and Mr. Henry Leslie's choral song, "O gentle sleep"—one of his best contributions to the choir, and which will be heard to greater advantage when more perfectly executed. The first two were encored amid some opposition. Among the best performances we may mention Walrent's fine madrigal, "Hard by a fountain," which has a crust on it like old port; Webbe's hearty gee, "The mighty conqueror of hearts;" and Mendelssohn's serenade, "Slumber, dearest," and part-song, "All those whom Providence," both for male voices, and both exquisite specimens of their kind. Mr. Leslie's "Bridal song" was repeated. The concert ended cheerfully with Pearsall's "Who shall win my lady fair," which was encored.

St. Martin's Hall—where Mr. Henry Leslie now seems to have pitched his tent definitively—was crowded in every part, and the audience delighted beyond measure.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The cheap season was brought to a termination on Saturday with *Il Trovatore* and the ballet-divertissement *L'Égypte*. So great, however, has been the success of the extra nights—more especially of the last four, when crowds were turned away from the doors—that yet another three extraordinary performances are announced to take place on the 16th, 18th, and 20th instant.

The events of the past brief and unexpected season were the revival of *La Sonnambula*, and the introduction on the Italian stage, for the first time in England, of Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Both were received favorably, and the singing of Signor Giuglini, in the last-named opera, universally lauded. Neither of these works, however, superseded the popularity of the old repertory of the favorite prima donna and tenor, and consequently *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the *Figlia* held their places to the last. That the old operas were preferred may be gathered from the fact, that the three performances newly announced comprise *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Figlia del Reggimento*.

Mr. Lumley is in Italy making arrangements for the ensuing campaign—the legitimate season—which will in all probability commence on Easter Tuesday. Engagements of "great interest," we are told, are pending. Certainly something more than usually striking and novel is to be anticipated, when the high prices are demanded. Those who did not hesitate to pay half-a-guinea to hear Mdlle. Pircolomini and Sig. Giuglini, will assuredly look for something additional to the late performance, if not something better when the charges are double. If Mr. Lumley had no consideration beyond that of putting money in his purse, he would keep the theatre open at reduced prices all the year round. Perhaps the aristocratic subscribers would not be pleased at the admission of the "rabble" into their high temple; but the exchequer would be benefited, and the manager might laugh at all opposition.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The revival of *Louis XI.* at the Princess's Theatre is the important theatrical event of the day. In vain shall we seek among other establishments for a character more thoroughly conceived and more admirably finished than the *Louis* of Mr. Charles Keen. On this especial impersonation has the actor clearly set his whole heart; he reveals in the *dæmoniac* "fun," he allows his own soul to thrill with the craven fear that is the monarch's weakest side; he submits himself to all the details of corporeal dissolution. Never was reality in art more completely attained. The complicated emotions by which the king is awayed—and never was web more intricate—are not merely depicted, they are actually brought into play before the eyes of the spectator, and *Louis XI.*, after the model designed by Casimir Delavigne, is once more a living man. Nor should we omit to mention the care with which all the minor parts are sustained, and the judgment with which they are employed for the production of the general effect. This excellence of *ensemble* is to be attributed not to the merit of the individual artists, but to the strict discipline that is always maintained at the Princess's Theatre. Nothing is more fatal to dramatic art than a lax system of government, and this truth is thoroughly understood by Mr. Charles Keen. Hence, of whatever elements his company is composed, it is sure to make a good figure at night, when he himself is on the apex of the pyramid.

THEATRICAL MEMO.—Miss Amy Sedgwick appeared as Julia in the *Hunchback*, on Monday night, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the first time in London. This young lady, with unusual aspiration, has alternated the parts of Miss Helen Faucit and Mrs. Nisbett—the tragic and comic muse, in short—and has found staunch and ardent admirers in both. We remember no actress besides Miss Amy Sedgwick who has personated Beatrice and Julia with equal success. The *Love Chase* will be performed on Monday, with Mrs. Wilkins as the Widow Green, for the first time. The lady, we believe, is the relic of the late eminent Queen's Counsel.—Miss Helen Faucit performed her popular part, Pauline Deschappelles, in *The Lady of Lyons*, on Thursday night

at the Lyceum, Mr. Charles Dillon being Claude Melnotte. The lady was overwhelmed with plaudits, and played, to our thinking, as finely as ever. No actress has been able to approach Miss Helen Faucit in this character, any more than any actor has been able to approach Macready in Claude Melnotte—although the active manager of the Great National Standard Theatre triumphantly announces Mr. Charles Dillon as the "eminent tragedian who has been universally acknowledged to be the most natural and powerful actor that has appeared since the days of Edmund Kean." What will Mr. James Anderson's reply to this be? Mr. Douglas should not forget that he may once more require the services of Mr. James Anderson, and that he cannot then with decency transfer the Dillon encomium to another tragedian, whereby he will be non-plussed in his advertising. Mr. Charles Dillon has accepted an engagement at the National Standard to play twice a week.—Miss Goddard—the celebrated tragedienne, as announced in the bills—appeared at the Surrey Theatre on Monday night, as Lucrezia in an English version of Victor Hugo's *Lucrezia Borgia*. The piece is almost identical with the libretto of Donizetti's popular opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Two or three scenes of the original play, however, are introduced, the most striking of which is the last scene, in the Negroni palace, where the young Venetian noblemen are feasting, when, after the lights go out, as in the opera, a file of black-gowned monks enter, each monk bearing a taper, and after Lucrezia announces to the revellers that they are all poisoned, the doors of the saloon open, and a dimly lighted room covered with black cloth is seen within, and coffins to the number of the condemned are ranged round a huge crucifix. This scene, we believe, first retained in the opera, was prohibited on the Continent, and was never restored in this country. Miss Goddard has a good deal of talent, but the grandeur, power and denoué spirit of Lucrezia Borgia is immeasurably beyond her means. She was most happy in the scenes with Gennaro, in which her acting was really natural and touching. Of the ambition, boldness, and daring of Lucrezia Borgia, however, she gave no indication, and should turn her attention to more feminine characters, in which we have little doubt of her success.

Mr. HENRY K. MORLEY has been appointed organist of the parish church of St. Alphege, Greenwich. There were thirty-six applicants for the situation. Mr. Morley is at present organist of St. John's Church, Blackheath, and was formerly of St. Germain's Chapel.

NOTTINGHAM.—The first of the series of Gentlemen's Subscription Concerts of Chamber Music took place on Friday evening the 23rd of January, and the second and third on the 5th and 10th ult., at the Assembly Rooms. The programmes of the first and second concerts have reached us, and we print them *in extenso*, as showing that good music is not confined to the metropolis and some of the great provincial cities, but that everywhere an appreciation for the work of the great masters is manifesting itself, and that Nottingham is not behind-hand. The programmes were as follows:—

FIRST CONCERT.—Part 1.—Quartet in G (Emperor), two violins, tenor, and violoncello.—Haydn, Sonata in F, for violin and pianoforte.—Beethoven.—Part 2.—Quartet in C minor (No. 4, Op. 18), two violins, tenor, and violoncello.—Beethoven. Grand Trio, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Weber.

SECOND CONCERT.—Part 1.—Quartet, No. 2 in D minor, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello.—Mozart. Grand sonata, in A, Op. 47 (Kreutzer), for violin and pianoforte.—Beethoven.—Part 2.—Quartet, in D, Op. 44, No. 1, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello.—Mendelssohn. Grand Trio, in D minor (Op. 49), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Mendelssohn.

At the third concert Beethoven's Quintet in F was performed, and a sonata for piano and violoncello. The performers were Mr. Henry Farmer, first violin; Mr. Fraeger, second ditto; Mr. Shimmels, viola; Mr. Thomas Selby, violoncello; and Mr. Sheldredde, piano. The features of the first two concerts were the C minor quartet of Beethoven, and the D minor quartet (No. 44) of Mendelssohn, both of which were finely played. The meetings, including a series of six, take place every alternate Friday.

MAD. VIARDOT AT BERLIN.

(Continued from page 108.)

The *Gazette Nationale* writes as follows:—

" . . . In the *maestria* of technical skill, Mad. Viardot surpasses all vocal artists we have ever heard."

(Here follow a number of instances proving the correctness, the purity, the flexibility, the expressiveness, the fancy, the musical knowledge, and the perfect art of the fair singer.)

In the columns of the *Gazette de Vos*, February 2nd, Herr Relbata is again enthusiastic:—

"Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and, we must add, the great artist! (whose arrival we have warmly welcomed, had filled the theatre, to the very last place, at double prices. It is a very great and very unusual pleasure to follow an artist not only in a part generally, but syllable by syllable, with her certainty, delicacy and, in a word, her *sovereignty* are not interrupted for a moment, and not the smallest particle of the composer's intentions escapes her or anyone else. Criticism clings to this continuous thread of interest. On her appearance, Mad. Viardot received a salute of honour from the public, and merited it directly afterwards. The *duetto* which brings out the two characters of Fides and Bertha was a splendid gem of execution, for the presence of a great artist always raises others a degree. Our guest was herself raised much higher in the *arioso*. 'Ah! mon Dieu!' Everywhere she proved she was as great a painter on a large scale as we have formerly asserted her to be of delicate miniatures. Hers is the true, grandiose historical style. The singer frequently touches your heart's core by a noble and simple trait, by a natural and feeling gesture, by a stroke of genius. The culminating point of the part is in the scene of the church; the melodrama was given with the greatest *maestria*, both vocal and dramatic. Here especially the artist painted in a historical style; she exhibited in every passage incomparable freedom, precision and energy, with a mimic and plastic power full of burning life. The grand air of the fifth act was the triumph of her extraordinary singing. Her success was as great as the talent displayed."

To be continued.

PARIS.—"The *début* of Mlle. Artot," says M. Berlioz, in the *Journal des Débats*, "was very successful, and everything lends us to believe that her engagement at the opera will prove one of the most sensible acts of the management. The young lady possesses a *mezzo soprano* of exquisite beauty, strong and soft at the same time, extremely sympathetic, and flexible; well trained in all the difficulties of vocalisation, and distinguished by a quality which, in my eyes, is inestimable—unvarying and irrefragable correctness. The character of Fides contains certain parts written for a contralto, and necessarily too low for the *débutante*, but everything that lies above this register (a register so powerful in the case of Mad. Viardot, who created the part) is admirably adapted to the voice of Mlle. Artot. The *fortis* divisions of the first duet, between Bertha and Fides, were dashed off by the two artists with a vigor and certainty of intonation such as we have seldom an opportunity of applauding. Mlle. Artot possesses, for we must mention everything, a faculty, or natural gift, highly esteemed by a great many persons: she executes a shake with provoking perfection, no apparent effort or tremulousness interfering with its effect. Hers is a real *pearly* shake. May she never abuse the gift! Moreover, she enjoys the advantage, much despised by other people, of being a good musician—of being a *virtuosa* on the piano—of knowing how to read! The daughter of one of the most distinguished musical artists of Brussels, Mlle. Artot, has breathed a musical atmosphere from her birth.—This is apparent in the certainty of her execution on the stage; there is never any incertitude in her manner of attacking the phrases, never any rhythmical vagueness; her voice is always developed without effort, and always according to the true conditions of art; in addition to this, there are never any exaggerated cries or accentuation. Hers is a *mezzo-soprano*, which does not aspire to descend, that is all; it will, on the contrary, we think, soon gain an extent in the upper notes which is not infallibly placed it among the finest sopranos of the day. Mlle. Artot acted without embarrassment, and in a discreet, reserved manner, the scene in the temple. Her success became so, meeting brilliant in the air: "Comme un éclair," where she was enabled to give a spirited sample of her vocal

skill. Three or four rounds of applause greeted the conclusion of the air, and thus stamped the success of the *débütante*.

BELLINI.—To speak frankly, we were uneasy about Madame Viardot's Rosina; uneasy from the recollections of fifteen years. The heart of an old critic is a stone pyramid, filled with the mummies of the Pharaohs of art. Imagine our surprise on beholding a Rosina that appeared to step out from the fountain of youth; a Rosina of sixteen. Ought we not to attribute to genius the virtues of this same fountain? Not only has the great artist's singing remained as fine and charming as it was in her younger days, but it has become more beautiful, younger, and more charming. Yes, singing, acting, and appearance—miraculous to say—have become more charming and more beautiful. If ever there was an opportunity of admiring the triumph of art over nature it was certainly on this occasion. An artist placed so high by her genius and her *mæstria* can only receive from our great admiration the praise of equalling the Greek sculptor. In fact, she ennobles and renders divine the features even of the Fates and the Gorgon. It is thus she has created, by the genius of her art, the most admirable Rosina we ever saw; a Rosina who would have aroused the painter Zeuxis from the death inflicted by his Ipecaca."

With reference to *Norma*, the same journal goes on to say:—"Scarcely had we heard the 'Casta Diva,' before we recognised the greatest, the most complete, and the most glorious of Mad. Pauline Viardot's creations. Not one of the other Normas we ever heard rose to such grandeur in her acting, or such *mæstria* in her singing; not Grisi, who did not possess the same amount of dramatic genius; nor Jenny Lind, who appeared not to understand that this prize of the moon could become a terrible Hecate. Jenny Lind had but one kind of passion, that of a smiling girl's song. Grisi's and Jenny Lind's Norma melted down into one would not reach the level of Mad. Viardot's Norma. She alone imparts to the character the consecration of tragedy—she alone sings like a druidess, and exhales the spirit of hatred and vengeance felt by her people against Rome, their oppressor."—(Translated from "Die Zeit" of Feb. 20th.)

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' SECOND CONCERT OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, March 20, on which occasion **MISS ARABELLA GODDARD** will play "Frieda and Fugue by Bach," and, with Mr. Brinley Richards, Mendelssohn's Duet, Op. 92.—Particulars will be duly announced.

BETHOVEN AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.—MR. CHARLES SALAMAN will deliver his new CONCERT-LECTURE at his own residence, 36, Baker-street, Portman-square, on Monday afternoon, March 22, at Three o'clock precisely. Pianoforte, Mr. Salaman; Violin, Herr Doellman; Violoncello, Herr Lédel; Vocalist, Miss Eliza Hughes. A limited number of admissions, 1s. each, at 36, Baker-street, or at Messrs. Addison and Co., 110, Regent-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, the distinguished Pianist, has been recently playing with wonderful success Weber's Sonata in C and Clementi's Sonata, &c. &c. Her selection of the most beautiful of the CLASSICAL PIANIST, edited by **BRINLEY RICHARDS**, and used at the Royal Academy of Music, in 24 books, from 2s. 6d. to 7s. each; or in 12 vols., each bound, 1s. 6d. each, and by the same, and used by the Academy of the STUDENT'S PRACTICE, 14 books, from 2s. to 4s. each; or in one or two vols., 21s.—London: Published by **ROBERT COCKES and CO.**, New Burlington-street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL INAUGURATION.—The opening of the Hall will be celebrated by TWO GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCES, in aid of the Funds of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, on Thursday evening, the 26th March, and on Saturday evening, the 27th March, 1858, under the Special Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, K. G., H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, E. H. H. the Duke of Devonshire, K. G., H. R. H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and also His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, &c. &c., the President of the Middlesex Hospital. The following distinguished artists have been engaged for the occasion.—Madame Rodolferoff, Madame Wesse, Miss Frances, Madame Sherrington Lemmona, Madame Borchardt, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard; Signor Lombard, Mr. Monton Smith, Mr. Lockyer, Mr. Wesse, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Thomas, Herr Deck, Signor Tullit, Herr Melop, Mr. Hancock, and the Vocal Association (consisting of 300 Voices). Programmes for Thursday, March 26th. Part I.—"The National Anthem;" "Hymn of praise;" Mendelssohn's Part II.—"Coronating Anthem;" "The Psalm which begins, 'Hallelujah.'" Cantata, "The art gr. gr.;" Spohr; Tris; "Benedictus;" Cherubini; Solo and Chorus; "I call immortal nations;" M. Kreutz; Mozart; "Ave Verum;" Mozart; Fugal Chorus; "Hallelujah" (The Mount of Olives); Beethoven. Programmes for Saturday, March 27th. Part I.—"Overture" (Lemmona); Beethoven; Quartet; "Over the dark blue waters" (O'Brien); G. M. van Weber; Aria; "In de-on heil'gen Hallen" (Lemmona); Mozart; First Song for Eight Voices; "This house to love is holy" (first line of performance); Meyerbeer; Duet; "Dans les défilés des montagnes" (Les Diamants de la Couronne); Auber; Concerto; cantata, pianoforte, G. M. van Weber; "The Song for Nine Voices;" "The Three Voices;" "Hail, National Air;" "The Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. Mr. Albert Smith has most kindly offered to be introduced to sing between the parts. Part II.—"Festival Overture;" Mendelssohn; Quartet and Chorus; "A Mission given over;" Mendelssohn; G. M. van Weber; Concerto; "The Robin's Song;" Haydn; Solo, violoncello, Flauto; Beethoven; "The Queen's Greeting;" Song, with Burden; "Beautiful May (May Day) G. A. Medhurst;" First Song for Nine Voices; "The Three Voices;" "Hail, National Air;" Duet; "O la bella immalinata;" (Betty); Donizetti; Fugue, violin, with unaccompanied piano (first time of performance); "The Song;" Duet; "Soll' aria" (Venez di Firenze); Mozart; Song; I am a rose;" "The Song for Nine Voices;" Coronation March (Le Príncipe); Meyerbeer. Overture; Mr. Henry Beard. Cantador, Mr. Hancock.

Price of Tickets for each Concert.—Area Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Arm and Balcony, Half-Guinea; Unreserved Seats in the Arm and Balcony, Five Shillings; Upper Gallery, Half-a-Guinea. Tickets may be had of Messrs. Moore, Gibber, Bate, and Co., Regent-street; Messrs. Bate and Co., Regent-street; Messrs. Gibber's Royal Library, 25, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Bate and Co., Regent-street; and the Secretary at the Hospital, upon presentation of a Receipt. Places may also be secured at the Box-office, Esplanade, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge. Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock, and the performances commence at Eight o'clock.



ROMSEY ABBEY CHURCH.—THE ORGAN COMMITTEE
of Romsey Abbey Church are desirous to appoint an ORGANIST and assistants for the best and most judicious application, accompanied with testimonials, and stating the terms per annum at which the duties will be undertaken, in Robert G. Linzee, Esq., Jermyn, Romsey, or to be before the 30th of March instant.

The duties of the organist will be to play at three services on Sundays, and to give the choir all necessary instruction for the efficient performance of the choral services.

The organ is now in process of erection, and will contain 37 sounding stops on two manuals and pedal. It will be completed and opened about Whit Sunday.

SCARBOROUGH SPA SALOON PROMENADE.
The Cliff Bridge Company are prepared to receive tenders for the supply of an efficient heat for the above establishment, during the summer season, at the new Music Hall, from designs by Sir J. Seph Paxton, M.P., is estimated to contain about 3,000 people, and has orchestral accommodation for about 50 performers.

The Spa grounds and Music Hall command a handsome carriage approach, 30 feet wide, at all hours of the tide.

Tenders on which the words "are" will be accepted, may be had on application by letter to the Secretary, to whom sealed tenders may be sent on or before the 31st instant.

Scarborough, March 8, 1858. (By Order) R. WARD, Secretary.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.
Conductor, M. Benedict. The Vocal Association of 300 voices will give a Series of SIX GRAND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, Vocal and Instrumental, at the St. James's Hall, commencing on the 21st of the present month, at 12 o'clock. Reserved Seats, 27 2s.; 2nd Seats in Area, Single Tickets, 23 2s.; Double Tickets, 4 4s. Subscribers received at Opera, St. James's Hall, 21, Regent-street; Ladies and Cooks, for New Bond-street; Chapell and Co., 69, New Bond-street; R. W. Oliver, 11, Old Bond-street; Ketti, Frowse, and Co., 48, Chesham-street; and Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond-street. The first performance will take place on Wednesday evening, April 7th, on which occasion the band and chorus united will number 400 performers.

CHEAP MUSIC.—The Verdi Album (112 pages), 6s. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, edited by J. W. Davison (101 pages), 7s. 6d., cloth and gold. Laurent's Album of Donce Music (78 pages), 6s. 11 Treasures and Les Six Opuscles.—Chappell and Co., 69, New Bond-street. L. W. Oliver, 11, Old Bond-street; Ketti, Frowse, and Co., 48, Chesham-street; and Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond-street. The first performance will take place on Wednesday evening, April 7th, on which occasion the band and chorus united will number 400 performers.

CONCERTINA CLASSES.—The increasing popularity of the Concertina induces Mr. Case to project a series of CLASS MEETINGS for the purpose of imparting instruction in this instrument to persons unacquainted with music, and also as a means of supplying agreeable parties like to those already named but advanced. Mr. Case proposes to hold a class for ladies in the afternoon, and one for gentlemen in the evening, the terms to each to be fixed at such a rate as will admit of all persons joining them. Mr. Case trusts that a permanent course of instruction, at a moderate cost, will be the means of rendering the Concertina still more generally popular. He is well assured that his many pupils availing a cover other instruments will ultimately gain the preference with all anxious persons to excel in music with as little trouble as possible. Persons desirous of joining these classes are requested to communicate with Mr. Case, to the care of Rowsey and Cook, 25, Holles-street.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING
PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 35, Holles-street. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. In richness and grandeur of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE AND SINGING is now published, price 5s., and may be had at the publishers, Blevins, here Lodge, Finsbury, and Portland-piano, and at all the principal music stores in London. It is the most sensible, concise, and useful.—Daily News. "There is more sense in this work than we find in any of the fine publications of the same kind."—Athenaeum. "Ferra's kind of grammar of the vocal art, is not a mere collection of exercises."—Critic. "Here is a really a noble work."—Musical World.

NEW WORK FOR FLUTE AND PIANO BY R. R. PRATER.—24 numbers, price 1s. Shilling each. R. R. Prater's Recommendations for Flute and Piano. 1. Robert, 2. J. Ross, 3. Robert, 4. Debie, 5. Quasi le quintas ditto, 6. Nobil signor, 7. Harmonica, 8. No caso anal, ditto, 9. Le tre canzonette, 10. Le tre canzonette, 11. Ferra, kind of grammar of the vocal art, is not a mere collection of exercises."—Critic. "Here is a really a noble work."—Musical World.

LOWE'S NEW LANCER QUADRILLES upon popular English air. Price 1s. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow; London, all music-sellers.

DASY MUSIC FOR CONCERTINA AND PIANO.—A 15 numbers, price 1s. each. Popular Recreations, arranged by George Case. (Each contain 5 or 6 pages.) 1. Rigoletto: "La donna è mobile," and "Cosa è quella." 2. Il Trovatore: "Ah! benedicta!" (Trovatore's Song) 3. Lucia di Lammermoor: "Fra i boschi," and "Tutte le spogiate." 4. Sonnambula: "A lei è tutto," and "Sull'io genito." 5. Norma: "Doh! d'oh!" 6. Selection of the most popular pieces, by D'Albert, 7. Polka: "L'Adiant," by D'Albert, 8. Valse (sung by Madame Casari), Veneno, 9. French Air: "Partant pour la Syrie," "Le Marchisienne," and "Mourir pour la patrie." 10. Italian Song: "The Italian Song," by D'Albert, 11. Polka: "Parigi's Day," and "The Last Rose of Summer." 12. Scotch Air: "Bonnie Dundee," "Bliss R. B. of St. Andrew," "Auld Lairds," and "Comin' thro' the Rye." 13. American Air: "Minnie," "Ode Folks at Home," and "Nelly Rye." Dansey and Sons, Holles-street.

MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has
introduced an entirely new description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the original ones by the observer. They will never become loose or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to secure articulation and masti-cation. decayed teeth stopped and rendered sound and useful in masti-cation. 52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 5.

CURE OF SEVEN YEARS' COUGH BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

From the Rev. G. Dawson, Primitive Methodist Minister, Bridge-street, Peel, Isle of Man. "Gentlemen,—My wife having been afflicted with a severe cough for seven years last past, during the last spring was brought, as I am that her life was despaired of, when a friend recommended her to try Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers. She did so, and the benefit she derived from them was truly amazing. She was, after taking a few boxes, again able to return to her domestic duties. I think it would be a great blessing to be afflicted to our island were they advertised here, as they appear not to be known. You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of my testimony. I am, yours, &c., Geo. Dawson, Primitive Methodist Minister."

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief and a rapid cure of asthma, coughs, and all disorders of the breast and lungs. TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a most pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1/2d. 2s. 6d., and 5s. per box. Sold by all chemists.

FREDERICK DENT, Maker of the Great Clock for the Houses of Parliament, and sole Successor to E. J. Dent in all his patent rights and business at 61, Strand, and 94 and 96, Royal Exchange, and the Clock and Compass Factory at Somerset House, Chro-mometer, Watch, and Clock Maker to the Queen and Prince Consort.

Ladies' Gold Watches - - - - - 8 Guineas.
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The Countenance is rendered additionally pleasing by the well-arranged curl, the braided plait, or the flowing tress. In dressing the hair, nothing can equal the effect of

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Rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and by the transverse-heat it imparts, rendering the hairdresser's truly enchanting.

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Is a preparation of unparalleled efficacy in improving and beautifying the skin and complexion, preserving them from every vicissitude of the weather, and completely eradicating all Cutaneous Eruptions, Freckles, and Decolorations, and

ROWLAND'S ODONTO,
OR TEETH-DENTIFRICE.
Is alike invaluable for whitening, and a preservative effects on the teeth and gums.

CAUTION.—The wrapper or label of each bears the name of "ROWLAND'S" preceding that of the article.
Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 30, Hatton-garden, London; and by Chemists and Perfumers.
Beware of spurious imitations.

REVIEWS.

"THE SKYLARK" (words by the Ettrick Shepherd); "THE PASSING CLOUD;" Songs. Composed by Henry Baumer.

THERE is no great amount of absolute originality in either of these songs (the second being a manifest imitation of the well-known *bolero* in Spohr's *Jessonda*); but they are both so admirably—we may almost say faultlessly—written, that they cannot fail to please musicians and cultivated amateurs. "The Skylark" is a most charming composition, with which any competent singer would be certain to create effect.

"THE MAIDEN'S REPLY." Ballad. Written by John Ellison, Esq. Composed by M. Enderbasin.

A lively, agreeable ballad, just such as ballad singers love to sing, and the admirers of ballad singing love to hear. It aims at nothing more, but attains its end completely, which cannot always be said of compositions of much greater pretensions.

"BELLA FIGLIA"—Quintor de L'Opera de Verdi, *Rigoletto*. Transcrit pour Piano. Par Jules Brissac.

Among the many pianoforte arrangements of Signor Verdi's very popular quartet, we have not seen one more unpretending, and at the same time more complete than this. The composer's ideas are respected, while the display and the convenience of the pianist are consulted; and the result is a piece of moderate difficulty, attractive in more senses than one.

HAND-BOOK FOR THE ORATORIOS—No. 18, Haydn's Third Service, arranged by John Bishop.

Haydn's Mass in D minor, one of his finest, is a welcome addition to the remarkable cheap series which Mr. John Bishop edits with such care and ability. It is unnecessary for us to enter into criticism upon so well-known a composition, but we may add that the No. 18 of the Hand-Book presents all the good qualities for which its predecessors have been favorably noticed.

"LA TRAVIATA"—Grand Fantaisie Brillante sur l'Opera de Verdi, pour Piano. Par Wilhelm Ganz.

Although somewhat long and discursive, there are good points in this fantasia, which incorporates most of the favorite airs in the *Traviata*. We may particularly mention a variation of *la Thalberg* (page 10), on the air of the elder Germonth, or heavy *four*, "Di Provenza." The fantasia is difficult, and requires executive powers considerably developed.

"THE VERDI ALBUMS"—Twenty-five Favorite Songs, from Verdi's Operas, in Italian and English.

The admirers of Signor Verdi are presented in this book with several of the most popular and melodious airs from his operas. Besides selections from such well-known works as *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Ernani*, there are songs from *Giovanna d'Arco*, *Oberto*, *Simon Boccanegra*, and *Macbeth*, names less familiar to the lovers of operatic music. The English version is supplied by Mr. Desmond Ryan. The Album is a handsome book, got up with much care and completeness, and cannot fail to please the Verdite public, whose name is "Legion."

CAMBRIDGE.—CYCLICISM.—On Thursday evening, at Swan's Rooms, Mr. Charles A. Cole delivered the first of the illustrated examinations of Cyclicism, as exemplified by Shakespeare in the characters of Iago, and Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he proposed addressing to the undergraduates of our University. The lecture was peculiar, the audience peculiar, and the lecturer himself peculiar. In an earnest philippic against the tendencies of a "coarse taste, an early initiation into a vice, and no morals but those of a confirmed materialist," the character of Iago was held up to general contempt and hatred. Among those who listened were some of the foremost men of the University; whilst the lecturer himself, "setting aside all his other good parts," as Falstaff says, bore the most striking conceivable facial resemblance to the poet of whose creations he treated, and whose drama he dissected into a reverent yet inquiring criticism.—*Correspondent*.

THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

(For Music.)

BY JAMES HIFKINS.

'Twas in the lovely month of May
When song-birds sing on every spray,
Through Eden Vale I chanced to stray—

Where nature smil's so cloerly;
The fields were green, blue was the sky,
My heart was light, my hopes were high,
When in my walk I chanced to spy
My bonnie black-eyed Mary.

The morning sun sent forth its rays,
The speckled thrush sang songs of praise,
And echo answered to its lays,

Like voice of distant fairy;
The pretty flowers that deck'd the ground,
And shed their fragrant sweets around,
No rival had until I found
My bonnie black-eyed Mary.

I said, "Fair maid, I'm hither led,
Where nature's charms are gaily spread,
And village beauties look so gay,

Like wood-nymphs, light and airy;
And you their QUEEN I will proclaim,
First of them all I'll place thy name,
While lads and lasses sing thy name,
My bonnie black-eyed Mary."

Now many a spring has passed away,
And hearts are still which *then* were gay,
And beautiful forms gone to decay,

Where death lies dark and dreary;
Though eyes are dim, and locks are gray,
Still through the vale I love to stray,
To welcome all the pride of May,
With bonnie black-eyed Mary.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT MIDDLETON HALL.—Mr. Forcé gave his second concert with his usual success. We regretted on public grounds that he did not avail himself of Miss Goddard's presence to warrant purpose that even her exquisite performance of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Thalberg's setting of "Home, sweet Home." Her wonderful talents are as popular as they are classical, and Mr. Forcé might have done good service to musical taste amongst us if he had induced her to play at least one of those more choice and severe compositions which she has done so much to popularise.—*Idington Times*.

NEW MUSIC.—A new march, entitled "Prince Frederick William's March," dedicated by permission to the husband of the Princess Royal, has just been produced by Miss Ellen Glascock, a young composer of no ordinary musical talent. It is a composition of a high order of merit, and will suit perfectly the regimental bands of the British army, by whom it should without delay be adopted; and it is understood to be now in rehearsal as a portion of the military music of the Prussian soldiery.—*Observer*.

IVID TRANSLATED BY MARLOWE.—Every haunter of bookstalls—and what true lover of books is not fond of that spot which the French describe in a single word, *bouquinier*?—has experienced the pleasure of suddenly discovering some choice rarity in an unexpected manner. Something of this was felt by ourselves upon finding a *varietas*, nay, we believe unique copy of a little volume of epigrams, and a translation of Ovid's *Elegics*, by Christopher Marlowe. It was in a catalogue of old books issued by Mr. F. G. Tomlins that this treasure lay hid, and, among other curious features, the book comes especially recommended from containing a sonnet by Ben Jonson, hitherto unknown. Mr. Tomlins, who has lately joined the honourable craft of biblioplists, is a gentleman who has long been known in the literary world and upon the press, both as the author of an excellent history of England and as a journalist. He has even had his triumphs in the higher walks of the drama. Our French intelligence communicates the interesting fact that Alphonse Karr has lately taken to selling fruit and flowers to Mr. Tomlins, and that he buys the fruit and flowers of those fields in which he has long and honourably laboured. In his catalogue, which contains the result of many years' private collection, will be found much of the greatest interest to collectors.—*The Critic*.

DR. ZOPFF AND HIS CRITICS.

(From *Deight's Journal of Music*.)

Our readers probably have not forgotten a couple of original and quite peculiar articles upon the characteristics of Weber and of Mendelssohn, contributed some months since to our columns by Dr. Hermann Zopff, of Berlin. Thinking it profitable sometimes to present what may be said on both sides of a mooted question, we gladly give place to some strictures on the former written by an ardent admirer of Weber's genius in this city; and we copied from the London *Musical World*, which avows by Mendelssohn, another article, conceived in a far other and more truculent spirit, on the Dr.'s well-meant attempt to give a discriminating estimate of the merits and the limitations of that great composer. Because our Berlin friend, like most of the thinking portion of the musical world in Germany, while admiring Mendelssohn, cannot place him in so high a category as Beethoven and Mozart in respect to true creative genius, the Englishman denounces him as one of the veriest "Sepoys" of the "Music of the Future." Dr. Zopff claims a few words in reply, which we here cheerfully insert, premising, however, that he has strangely confounded our own Boston writer about Weber with the London writer about Mendelssohn.

A WORD IN CONCLUSION TO THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WEBER AND MENDELSSOHN.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

My characterization of these two great men has been twice, of late, the subject of animadversion in this Journal (see Nos. 285 and 289); the second time in an article taken from the London *Musical World*.

The anonymous author of the two essays has led me to read them in the hope that I should find a thorough refutation of my judgments therein; and such an one I would have received with sincere thanks in the interests of Art and of our readers. But how sadly did I find myself deceived, when I sought in vain in his essays for such a refutation; instead of this, in his words about Mendelssohn, I found the most violent, and what is much worse, in parts most superficial attacks, which one might pardon to a dilettante, but which surely cannot be worthy of the true artist!

The singular malignity with which the writer, especially in his defence of Mendelssohn, tries to make to me base, petty, narrow-minded motives, is in striking contrast to the high respect and veneration with which I in my articles have signalled the noble traits of both composers. This my opponent seems in his excitement to have quite overlooked; and while on the one hand I must gratefully acknowledge that he completes my elucidation of *Weber's immortal merits in a very fitting manner*, I must the more decidedly protest upon the other hand against the superficiality with which he dismisses with the utmost contempt opinions which are in fact the collective verdict of our greatest critics, of a *Schumann*, a *Bellini*, &c. In short, not only my agreement with the utterances of men so highly respected (at least with us), but also the fact that those bitter attacks attempt no refutation of my criticism, must decide me all the more to re-assert and most unalterably stand by all my judgments (saving perhaps a few unimportant incompletenesses), and above all just that part which my opponent pleases to call "non-sense." I have been most pained to observe, however, that in his article of Mendelssohn he does not hesitate to twist round and pervert my statements, or at least to push them to unnatural extremes.

Reserving for another time a fuller defence of the views attacked, I confine myself at present to a distinct denial of any assertion of my unknown opponent, namely, that "such investigations are of no use." The critic's highest duty to the public is, by impartial elucidation to form the taste, to guide and edify the artistic consciousness, so that we may one more approximate nearer and nearer to the much praised epoch of the ancient Greeks, where this artistic sense and culture were so thoroughly alive in the whole people, that all exercised an independent judgment. Woe to the actor or the orator, with them, who was guilty of any fault! Hence the ancient artists did not seek the approbation of princes, or of reviewers; for them, the only judgment that had value was that of the people, the most cultivated that has ever yet existed.

Our present public, on the contrary, has so little self-reliance, is so sadly wanting in artistic judgment and perception, that it is easily frightened, and believes most in the man whose judgment is the loudest. Such want of feeling and perception has in all times had for a sad consequence, that the aberrations of our most genial artists have been the most blindly worshipped by their hosts of followers, and

often carried to a pitch of absurdity, which has operated most injuriously to taste and to the interests of Art.

In short, the critic must not let his judgments be controlled solely by his own subjective feeling—above all, not by one-sidedness or side interests. That may be pardoned only in the dilettante. No, let him test and try all with the freshest consciousness—let him in a right honest, candid spirit, according to his best knowledge and conscience, without envy or concealment, strengthen the discriminating faculty alike with artists and with public—let him praise what is strong, and warn against what is weak. In this way will he instruct, and promote true culture in the whole people, and thus effectually resist every step in a retrograde direction.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRES IN VIENNA.*

The love of music was transmitted by the Emperor Maximilian I. to his successors; a whole line of emperors were celebrated for this sentiment, and made Vienna the centre of the most magnificent operatic performances.

The Emperor Leopold was not only a lover and patron of music, but himself an excellent musician. He wrote with his own hand to Father Kirchner in Rome to come and teach him thorough-bass. The Emperor composed oratorios, operas, comedies, and a great many detailed pieces. In the Court Library there are the manuscripts of eight oratorios, hymns, motets, operas, comedies, and numerous pieces inserted in the operas of others. The Emperor maintained a considerable chapel, containing 1 capellmeister, 1 vice-capellmeister, 3 composers, 5 organists, 34 singers, and 41 instrumentalists.

When any person was proposed as a member of the chapel, the Emperor himself examined him, and likewise the operas intended for representation. During the performance he always had the score before him. Only Italian operas were given, and it is to this that we must attribute the fact that, even at all other German courts as well, German opera was not introduced till a century later, while through the instrumentality of its founder, Reinhard Keyser, it began to flourish as early as towards the end of the seventeenth century in Hamburg, *Banlius* being produced in 1694, and *Imene* in 1698. This partiality is easily comprehensible when we take into account the Emperor's knowledge and fine taste, for the German singers were very inferior to the Italian ones.

The Empress Margarita Teresa was not fond of music; she often had her "Neh-Rehm" brought into her box, and never even glanced at the stage. The Empress Claudia Felicitas, on the contrary, was fond of having allusions to the weak points of the Court introduced into the operas; she did not spare the Emperor himself, especially in the opera given in the private theatre, at Court, during the Carnival of 1674, and entitled *La Lanterna de Diozene, Dr. p. mus.*, in three acts, words by Minato, music by Draghi, ballet by Ventura, and scenery from the designs of Burnasini. In the third act an aria by the Emperor Leopold is introduced.

We will here mention the capellmeister Antonio Draghi, on account of his almost unparalleled fertility. In the repertoire collected by ourselves of the Imperial Opera, embracing a period of two centuries, he appears as the author of 156 dramatic works written for Vienna and produced there. They commence, in 1663, with *L'Orontide*, for which Draghi wrote the words as well, and on the 8th November, 1699, with *L'Alceste*, words of Cupeda, ballet-music by Hoffer. This opera was played, by command of the Emperor, on the birthday of the Arch-Duchess Maria, daughter of the king, afterwards the Emperor Joseph I.

This composer found in Nicolo Menato, Imperial Court Poet, a librettist as inexhaustible as himself. From the *Atalante* to *Muzio Sordani*, Nicolo Menato wrote 110 libretti for Vienna.

The Emperor Joseph I. succeeded the Emperor Leopold, and, like the latter, possessed a thorough knowledge of all branches of the art. He played the piano and flute; he increased and

* From a larger work with this title, the *Wiener Monathschrift für Kunst und Musik* extracts a section on "the first theatre at the Kärnthnerthor," from which we, in our turn, take the above. Ed. *Niederösterreichische Musik-Zeitung*, whence this article is translated.

improved his chapel. He attained, also, great proficiency in the art of dancing. His dancing-master was Brunian, a Swede. A great deal was spent on the ballet, and the Emperor, even while Regent, figured in the ballets produced at Court.

In the year 1706, the Emperor had two theatres erected, by the Brothers Bibiena, on the other side of the present Josepstadt, on the spot where the Redentensia now stand; a small one intended for the Court festivities, Italian comedies during the Carnival, and the comedies of the Pages of Honour; and a large Imperial theatre for the performance of more serious Italian operas. This theatre was the largest and most beautiful of its time, and in the splendor of its decoration, its scenery, its dresses, and its machinery, eclipsed all others. It cost about 100,000 florins to paint the amphitheatre alone. The Marchese Santa Croce, a great judge of music, was appointed principal director.

The theatre at the Kärnthnerthor was begun in 1708, by the Town Council, and completed the year following. It was originally intended by the town for Italian *burlesca*. Conte Pecori was the first lessee, while Calderoni, Sebastian, Seio, and (1712) Ristori followed with their companies.

In February, 1713, however, Stranzitzky, having joined the German company of the Teinfaltstrasse, migrated from his booth on the Neumarkt, to the Kärnthnerthor-Theater. During the first three years, he paid a monthly rent of fifty florins for the seven summer months, and sixty for the five winter months. He was bound, moreover, to give a fifth of his receipts to the House of Correction, in the Leopoldstadt, in conformity with the decree of the 14th July, 1671, by which theatres, lotteries, &c., were required to contribute to the support of that establishment. The Kärnthnerthor-Theater has, therefore, always assisted in the amelioration of public morality.

The Court took no notice of this theatre. Prehauser was the first to attract its attention. In the year 1737, the same year that the Hanwurstr of Gotsched and the Neuberger in Leipzig was burnt down, the German actors first had the honour of playing before the Court in Mannersdorf. They played at Schönbrunn for the first time, on the 17th September, 1767, Heufeld's *Geburtstag* and *Die Wirthschafterin*; and in Luxenburg, in 1771, *Der Posttag* and *Der dankbare Sohn*, by Engel.

But the opera was patronised all the more. After the Emperor Joseph I., who died at so early an age, on the 17th April, 1711, the Emperor Charles VI. ascended the throne. This prince, too, was a great lover and judge of music. Fuchs, the author of the *Grands et Paroissiens*, was his master of thorough-bass, and Caldara—who, from 1716 to 1736, produced fifty-two operas at the Imperial Opera-house—of modern composition.

The Emperor's ear for music was celebrated. Not a fault in the performance escaped him. At the third representation of *Elisa*, words by Pariati, music by Fuchs, which was first produced, at the Favorita, on the 28th August, 1719, in honour of the birthday of the Empress Elizabeth, the Emperor was so charmed with the music, that he seated himself at the piano and accompanied the whole opera. Fuchs, who stood behind the Emperor, and turned over the leaves for him, was so carried away by the Emperor's skill, that he cried out, in a loud voice, "Bravissimo! Your Majesty could very well take my place!" "I thank you, my dear capellmeister, for your good opinion," replied the Emperor, "but I am quite contented with my own!"

It is well known what a good effect the Emperor's advice had upon Farinelli. That celebrated singer visited Vienna three times: in 1784, with Porpora, in 1788, and in 1791. On one occasion, when he accompanied him, the Emperor remarked how much his singing would gain, if he would not overload it with his long-winded ornaments. Farinelli paid attention to this advice, and it is from this period that we must date the moving effects produced by him in his *sostenuto* mode.

This taste for the cultivation of music extended to the other members of the Imperial family. The Archduchesses received instruction on the piano and in singing from Wagenseil and Nancini.

Every year on the 4th November, the Emperor's saint's day, in the great theatre, and on the 28th August, the Empress's birthday, in the theatre of the Favorita, a new opera, expressly

composed for the occasion, and got up in the most splendid manner, used to be given. These operas were only played two or three times; the Court was always present at the last rehearsal.

The *mise-en-scène* of such an opera cost from 50,000 to 60,000 florins. The costumes were made of velvet and silk, richly embroidered with gold and silver. Even the members of the orchestra appeared in splendid dresses, and neither the operatic performances in Paris, nor those in London, could then be compared to those in the Imperial theatre, for vocal and instrumental music, costumes and scenery.

The yearly expense of the opera amounted on an average to 200,000 florins, of which 43,000 florins were for the instrumental and vocal performers. These comprised 1 Court Capellmeister, Fuchs; 1 *Vers-Capellmeister*, Caldara; 3 composers, Badia, Francesco Conti, and Porcile; and for ballet-music, Matheis and Halbbauner; 3 Italian Court poets, Stampiglia, Zeno, and Pariati, and afterwards Pasquini and Metastasio, and one German, Prokoff; 34 male and 8 female singers; 1 leader with an assistant; 32 players on stringed instruments with 2 theoribists, 1 gambist, 1 lute-player, 6 hautbois players, 5 bassoonists, 4 trombonists, 1 horn player, 13 musical trumpeters, and 1 kettle-drum player. The ballet-masters were Levassori della Motta and Philibois, and the director of the opera Prince Pio. The whole was subject to the grand chamberlain's office. A separate table-decker, with two assistants, was allowed for the musicians' table in the department of the Imperial kitchen. We must mention with gratitude a touching custom, indicative of, and proceeding from a true respect for art. Of all the officials attached to the Court, the musicians were the only ones who, even when they had retired from active service, were continued on the list of the Court to their dying day.

(To be continued.)

DR. FOWLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When a correspondent has the *meanness* to attack another person *anonymously*, and is still further guilty of most mean and *un gentlemanly* conduct by *anonymously* accusing that person of *willfully lying*, you must pardon me for saying that, I really think that it is high time that you should have too much regard for the respectability of your journal, to allow such a production as the last letter of your correspondent "Oboe" to appear therein.

I am sure that your readers do not care whether I am Dr. Fowle, or Mr. Fowle; and I am fully convinced that henceforth, they would far rather that your space was filled with more valuable matter than in discussing in a most ungentlemanly manner the *merits or de-merits* of Sir, your most obedient servant,
Exeter, March 8, 1858. THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, Mus. Doc.

[We quite agree with Dr. Fowle, and beg to close the controversy.—Ed.]

ACROSTIC.

(Attempted after the style of *Haydn Wilson*.)

C heeks bright as opening rose in May;
L ooks, shining like the sunny ray
A ngelic grace from blissful spheres;
V enus-like the *Zingara** appears.
E yes beaming like the orient star;
L imbs, models for a sculptor are:
I nked with these charms, a potent spell
E nchantment lends to all thy steps, CLAVELLE.

H. J. ST. LEOER.

To Mademoiselle Clavelle, premiere danseuse au Théâtre de Sa Majesté, à Londres.

HERR KLITZER, the violoncellist, has just returned from America, where he has passed several months in a professional tour with MM. Thalberg and Vieuxtemps, and Mad. Frezzolini.

* In Balfe's *Zingara* (The Bohemian Girl).

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PIANOFORTE concerts are now the vogue in the French metropolis. At a concert recently given by the violinist Sighicelli—who, well-known in London as a performer of moderate ability, seems to have astonished the capital of the polite world, and “the centre of the arts and civilisation”—a new pianist appeared, about whom M. Stephen de la Madelaine and other critics are half frantic. Madlle. Octavie Causseville, if we may believe these gentlemen, is destined to eclipse all the female pianists who make Paris their home. “At the concert of M. Sighicelli,” says M. de la Madelaine, “a young pianist made her *début* who was previously unknown to the public, and whom the musical world now (after this one appearance) recognises, as it recognises Madame Clauss and Madlle. Martin.” But let this flowery critic speak for himself in his own language, which, to reduce into plain English exceeds my capacity:—

“Madlle. Octavie Causseville, qui j’ai entendue cent fois (jamais assés), depuis deux ans dans ces fêtes de l’Oratoire, que les princes des deux aristocraties savent donner aux artistes, qui les leur rendent si bien en ce moment, Madlle. Causseville est tout bonnement une des merveilles de l’époque. L’éloge paraîtra peut-être exorbitant, mais je n’en puis rien rabotter. C’est Chopin redécouvert, Chopin, plus in couleur peut-être, avec toutes ses adorables délicatesses de style, avec sa fougue si correcte, avec son mécanisme si brillant, avec ses langueurs si passionnées. Il y a dans ces difficultés vaincues (Madlle. Causseville n’en connaît plus) quelque chose de mieux que le talent; il y a le génie, il y a la poésie de l’art dans sa plus haute acception. J’ai fait, si je me souviens bien, en Novembre, 1831, c’est-à-dire il y a quelque chose comme vingt-sept ans, l’article des débuts de Chopin, dont l’audition avait été organisée, par mes soins, en forme d’intermède, à l’Opéra-Comique, dans Le Concert à la Cour. J’accablai alors, le premier, à nos risques et périls, comme je l’ai fait pour d’autres encore, un talent dont le génie est devenu méprisable. Je suis heureux aujourd’hui de rendre le même conseil à nos hommes à Madlle. Causseville, qu’on ignorait hier et qui sera célèbre dans un mois.”

The above is extracted from the *France Musicale*. In the *Mémoires*, M. de la Madelaine, who multiplies himself in this crusade, is equally ecstatic. But I shall not trouble you with one of the several paragraphs of which this rhapsody is composed.

“La jeune virtuose a exécuté à bel endroit de Thalberg sur le finale de la *Luce*. Madlle. Causseville a déployé dans ce morceau toutes les qualités qu’on peut attendre d’une femme, quelle qu’elle soit, l’appétit Clauss ou même Pleyel, et nous ne craignons pas d’ajouter qu’elle y a joint toute l’énergie passionnée qu’est ordinairement l’apanage exclusif que s’attribue notre vain sexe, comme fiche de consolation.”

It would be difficult to know which of the two virtuosos would be most offended by this *occupement* of their names—the vivacious Gantoue, or the sentimental Bohemian. However, as Madlle. Octavie Causseville is to drive them both out of the field (to say nothing about Mesdames Martin, Mattmann, and Massart—who share among them the triple crown of “virtuosity” in Paris) it can little matter. I may be allowed to express, nevertheless, some slight apprehension about the significance of these praises (I was at Lyons when the concert of M. Sighicelli took place), when I consider that the principal exhibition of this new phenomenon was in M. Thalberg’s thrivardante *andante* (on *guitars*), a piece which has been in the hands of the majority of *démocrates de position* for the last fifteen years. For my own part I have little doubt that Madame Pleyel, or Madame Clauss (to say nothing of the three “Queens of the Piano” I have mentioned in another parenthesis—and to whom I may add in this parenthesis three sub-queens, who share among them the lesser triple crown of “virtuosity”—Madame Tardieu, late Clémence de Mallville, Madlles. Philibert, and Nanuette Falk, who are equally ravishing the “*bottes vernies*” and “*gants jaunes*” of “the capital,” &c., &c.)—I have little doubt, I say (as Mr. Thackeray would say), that either Madame Pleyel or Madame Clauss, Madame Clauss or Madame Pleyel (no offence to either), would be able to play the same *Andante* with the same Chopinical grace and *stérilité*, and that without much ado. You will, no doubt, soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself,

if at least it be true, as I have heard, that Madame Clauss and the greater number of those whom I have mentioned, besides M.M. Schullhoff and Tedesco, M. Bernard Eie (another pianist from Prague, who is at this moment astonishing “the capital of the polite world,” like the rest of them), M.M. Leopold de Meyer, Brahms, Balon, and nine other pianists whose names I have forgotten, are going to London in the course of the present season, with the intention of performing at the Musical Union. They all—except De Meyer—play Mendelssohn’s first concerto, Hummel’s septet, the concert-stück, and a fugue of Bach.

Old Double isn’t dead—I mean Henri Herz, who has lately given a concert with brilliant success in his own rooms, the principal feature at which was a new concerto in A minor (this sixth) the last movement of which, a *Rondo Orientale*, accompanied by voices, like the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, was encored.* M. Oscar Comettant, on his part, pronounces Henri Herz “the most graceful and complete of pianists, who re-creates himself, whenever it pleases him, on the throns which govern the whole world of pianoforte players.”

M. Comettant, in his bird’s-eye view of a season so signalled in Paris by imposing pianistic “apparitions,” overlooks the brilliant levy of lady pianists, headed by Mesdames Clauss and Martin, altogether, and thus briefly resumes its history.

* Litzoff opened the ball, Herz followed, and the chief of the French school, the pianist-philosopher, Emilie Prudent (who is also going to London) is to bring up the rear.*

Thus it will be seen that M. Comettant’s virtuositous trinity consists of Litzoff, Herz and Prudent. What will the ladies say? and their admirers! and, above all, M. Stephen de la Madelaine!

Among the recent noticeable concerts was that of Sig. Bottesini, who, as usual, electrified the public with his truly marvellous talent—*genius*, I might fairly term it. The concert of M. Litzoff, at which he will repeat his fourth Concerto-Symphonic, besides introducing some of his music to *Faust* for orchestra and chorus, takes place on Monday. There is some talk here of M. Dreyshock, the pianist, honouring us with a visit on his way to London.

The concerts at the Tuilleries and at the Hotel de Ville have begun, Madlle. Albion singing at the first, and M. Litzoff (“symphonist,” as they call him here) playing at the second.

At one of Madame Massart’s recent *soirées* at her own residence, Madame la Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cravelli) sang “The Wanderer” and “The Erl King” of Schubert. At a charity concert for the orphans of Saint-Amant, in Herz’s rooms Madlle. Marie Cruvelli also sang “The Erl King,” and M. Godfröid, the harpist, who plays better than ever, was heard with great satisfaction.

M. Paul Smith, of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, speaks in high terms of M. Lubeck, whose performance of Mendelssohn’s first pianoforte concerto, at the concert of Signor Bottesini, I am sorry to say I was myself unable to hear, more especially as I am informed M. Lubeck will be shortly on his way to London. For my own part, of all the piano concerts I have recently attended, I have been most interested in that of Madame Amédée Tardieu, whose performance of selections from the old masters was as correct as it was tasteful, and whose programme was both varied and attractive. The old French harpichord composer, Couperin, to whom Madame Tardieu is evidently attached, deserves to be better known than he is—even in London, which, if Paris may be called “the centre of arts and civilisation,” has an equal right to the denouement of “the home of classical music.” And so adieu until next week.

P.S.—M. Litzoff is not going to London, but there is every reason to believe that you will be favoured with the presence of M.M. Jael, Henselt, Ferdinand Hiller, de Konstki, and Wieniawski, pianists of more or less renown.

N.B.—M. Rubinstein, the pianist, is expected daily, and will give one or two concerts here previous to his departure for London. I have not heard of any more pianists who contemplate visiting the metropolis of Great Britain in the season 1858; but, should I obtain further information on the subject, it will form part of my next week’s letter.

* An account of this interesting concert is in type, and will appear in our next number.

MUSICAL TALES.

MEETING an old professor, who had spent forty-five years in London, and followed his musical vocation during that term with changes of fortune not a little the result of changes in the musical world, I was desirous to learn an account of its progress from about 1790 to 1839, the year in which I made my first appearance in the metropolis of Albion.

As the veteran commenced his career at an early age, he had the good fortune to be engaged at parties honoured by the visits of Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, and our English composers, Shield, Kelly, Storace, Webbe, Jackson, Cremer (leader of the Ancient Concerts), and some of the "small fry." Curiously to hear something about the three first, with the state of musical tastes among the public at the period in question, urged me to solicit the favour of some information, when my friend proceeded to relate what he recollected as follows.

"At the time I first came to town I was about seventeen years of age, sent to London by my father to take finishing lessons from the first professor of my instrument in town, to afterwards come out in my native place as a pupil of the great man. At the end of my term, I 'got an engagement' to play in the orchestras of the old Covent Garden Theatre, besides invitations to quartet parties, and likewise employment to give lessons to amateurs." About this time I once attended a merry meeting of musicians, at which Haydn, Mozart, and Pleyel were present, and I both heard them play and also converse on musical subjects, from which I gleaned some valuable information on melody, harmony, and counterpoint; and on Haydn being questioned, 'how he drew such effects from simple subjects,' his answer, describing his manner of commencing a movement, was curious, and, as he was the senior of the three, his information was respected.

At this period the sonata was most in fashion, and although a first-rate pianist performance, as then considered great, would now only pass for a common attempt, which hundreds of ladies can equal, then the opinion of some piano masters was, that none could play Clementi's works, especially his octave lesson, but the author or the devil. The 'Battle of Prague' came in for its share of public notice as a crack piece, and the boarding-school Mademoiselle who mastered it was considered a finished player in the opinion of her family and friends; and had the engagement at Prague been as often repeated as the musical composition intended to describe it, had the population of Europe must have been butchered or shot, to keep up the spirit of it. Notwithstanding pianoforte playing was behind the present advanced execution of difficult music, for a mere show-off, the composers of the day diffused more useful melody into their sonatas (especially such as Haydn, Wolf, Steibelt, Clementi, and Dussek), which, entailing the ear and pleasing the senses, became the class most in request, while the pleasing compositions of that order by Pleyel induced many a gentleman amateur to learn to play on the flute, violin, or violoncello. About this time, also, amateur meetings for the performance of symphonies were held at private houses; and as the early works called by that name were composed for few instruments, the wind portion rarely exceeding two hautboys and two horns, with sometimes a flute part, they could be played at these amateur societies with stringed instruments only, the others being a mere singing part, that filled up. The composers of these most in fashion at this 'time of the day' were Abel, Vanelli, Ditters, Süssmilch, Haydn, and Pleyel; and instrumental music was then so popular, that at our Covent Garden Theatre there was the first and second music before the play sometimes—very different to the present time, when the overture to an opera is considered by the audience as a mere prelude to what follows, and even at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket seldom noticed.

"While Haydn gave to the Londoners his twelve grand symphonies, a quantity of quartets, sonatas, canzonas, and a chorus called 'The Tempest,' Mozart extended in grandeur both the symphony and the opera, besides furnishing every class of chamber and church music, weakening his competitors, impairing his health, and shortening his own life, to leave to the musical world a legacy, to receive in return, not a fortune in money, or enough to support his wife and two children after his death, but only a piano, lots of music, and some household furniture. A professor was looked up to as a gentleman, so long as he conducted himself as such; while the organist of a church might safely calculate on holding his place and receiving his stipend for life, providing he was steady—and none in the band at our large theatres had less than two pounds per week, while the conductor's had from three to five the leader and composer (also director) eight or ten, living in good style, and still the houses paid and kept open to the end of every season.

"The plan now adopted by managers to save expense is to engage a leader to find a sufficient number, for which he allows him a sum per week; and the functionary at the head of the band being left to do his

best for his employer and himself, he grinds down the salaries of his associates, offering some of the poor devils, at some houses, eighteen shillings or a guinea per week, who, having wives and families to maintain, and there being others ready to take it, there is no other alternative—to they are obliged to either blow a wind instrument four hours of an evening in operas, and give up half their day to rehearsals, for a trumpety pay hardly enough to keep body and soul together, or starve.

"I remember when the Lent oratorios at the large houses were thought splendid, when the number of performers did not exceed two hundred; but then they were picked, and all in the profession; and an organ with only one set of keys, and no pedal pipes, such as the one at which Handel presided, at the performance of his own oratorios, can be played; whereas to-day we are obliged to either blow a wind instrument possessed the advantage of a double open diapason all through its scale of keys, the lowest note a twenty-four foot pipe, it would have thrown an effect into his choruses—for depth of foundation to his harmony—that would have lifted his soul into the seventh heaven, as he played chiefly with his fingers only, few organs having German pedals in his time. The sacred performances at Exeter Hill have at up both the concert of Ancient Music and all the minor ones, except the old Cecilia Society. "Any one that remembers what playing was forty years ago compared with the present, will discern the wide difference; and in such a metropolis as London there must be Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, that only wait a chance of 'coming out,' that would tread in their steps, could they be heard. For want of a national institution, conducted on principles to afford them the opportunity, they remain out of sight, without a chance of becoming known."

Here my friend's narrative ended, and after one bottle more as positively the last, we separated.

HARRY WILSON.

[We should think Mr. Haydn Wilson's friend must have had one bottle too much, already, before the "one bottle more."—ED.]

HERR REICHHART'S CONCERT IN PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Saturday last the Salle Pleyel was crowded at a concert given by Herr Alexander Reichardt. The programme commenced with Beethoven's trio in D major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, executed by Madame Szarvachy (Wilhelmina Claus), MM. Armingault and Jacquart. Herr Reichardt sang, among other romances, Meyerbeer's *Schaffers Lied*—which obtained last season such great success both at London and Paris—and the German romance, "Du bist mir nah und doch so fern." Both were loudly applauded. Madame Szarvachy, besides performing in the trio, executed a *Chanson Bohème*, and *Impromptu* by Chopin.

VIVIER.—This cornist lately met with an enthusiastic reception in Bourdeaux, where he played "La Mort du Cérif" and "L'Eloge des Larmes" of Schubert. A still greater honour awaited him on his return to Paris. Recently in his youth, was (it is reported, we know not with how much truth) a horn player, like his father before him. On the occasion of Vivier's last visit to the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini presented him with the mouth-piece of two horns, which he had (it is stated) used himself half a century ago, and had been lying in his possession ever since.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET.—"Alexandre Bilet," writes the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "has arrived at Paris, where he purposes passing the rest of the winter. The evening before his departure from Nice, he gave, with the assistance of M. Guglielmi, his second and last *matinée* of classical music in presence of an audience as attractive as it was distinguished and numerous. The programme was magnificent, and comprehended the names of Stradella, Handel, Weber, Mozart, Count L. Stainlein, Meisselmann, and Beethoven. M. Guglielmi, principal trombone of the Imperial theatre of Vienna, sang several classical morceaux."

NOTTINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—The fourth Concert of Chamber Music came off on Friday evening (5th inst.), at the Assembly Rooms, the audience being numerous. The programme included Beethoven's quartet in G, op. 18, No. 2, for two violins, tenor and violoncello; the same composer's sonata in D, No. 1, op. 12, for violin and pianoforte; Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, op. 44, for two violins, tenor and violoncello; and Weber's quartet in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello. Mendelssohn's quartet was the gem of the evening, but the whole concert was a treat.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

A long time ago, I've heard, it was said,
 R ound young Pindar's mouth, as he slumber'd in bed,
 A flock of the honey-bees eagerly swarm'd,
 B elieving his lips to their food were transform'd.
 E ven so, I was thinking, the first time I heard
 L ovely sounds from the wires by her fair fingers stirr'd,
 L ike them, the sweet birds of the fair Indian strand,
 A mistake might be making, if here they should land.
 G ranted first, that you've read what dear Thackeray sings*
 O f mahogany trees, and of birds with bright wings—
 D eem'd, they would think the tree grew, and its fellow
 D eed each there was singing, that heard Arabella;
 A nd its branches would seem, as by magical wand,
 R esounding with music, before them to stand,
 D eluding with sounds of their own native land.

J. E.

* *Fide* his exquisite ballad, "The Mahogany Tree."

PICCOLLOMINI, SANNIER, and SPEZIA.

ALDIGHIERI, VIALETTI, COSTELLI, and GIUGLINI.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THE CONCLUDING

PERFORMANCES will be given on Tuesday, March 16; Thursday, March 18; Friday, March 19; and Saturday, March 20.

TUESDAY, March 16, LA TRAVIATA.

THURSDAY, March 18, IL TROVATORE.

FRIDAY, March 19, LA ZINGARA (the Bohemian Girl), for the last time, being for the Benefit of Sig. Giuglini.

SATURDAY, March 20, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Maria, Piccolomini. And Last scene of I MARTIRI.

Proa.—Fit Nials, 13s. 6d.; Boxes (to hold four persons), 1s. and One Pair, 2s. 1s.; Grand Tier, 4s. 2s.; Two Pair, 4s. 2s.; Three Pair, 15s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s.; Gallery Seats, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Upper Boxes, 2s., 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 6d.

Application to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre.

No other representation can be possibly given before the commencement of the Summer Season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—LA ZINGARA (the

Bohemian Girl)—SIG. GIUGLINI'S BENEFIT.

Owing to the very numerous demands for the repetition of this favourite Opera, it will be repeated in the Farewell Week, and LA ZINGARA will be presented for the last time on Friday, March 20, being for the Benefit of Sig. Giuglini.

Applications to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colman's, Haymarket.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under

the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, March 15th, and during the week, to commence at 7, with THE LOVE CHAIN, in which MISS AMY EDGEMOND will appear as Constantine; the Widow Green, by Mrs. Wilkins; Lydia, Miss Bulmer. After which a new ballet by Mr. Lecroq, entitled JACK'S RETURN FROM CANTON, in which Miss Louisa Lecroq, Mr. Charles Lecroq, and Mr. Arthur Lecroq, all appear. With the comedy of PRESENTED AT COURT, Geoffrey Woderbourne (his original character) Mr. Buckstone. Concluding with the popular Spanish ballet of THE GALICIAN FETE, by Fanny Wright, Mr. Charles Lecroq, and the Cory de Ballet.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking), 5s. each.

FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 2s., Upper Boxes, 1s., Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 2s., Upper Boxes, 2s., Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Culpender.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening,

March 13th, BORY O'MORE, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. After which, AN HOUR IN SEVILLE. To conclude with the successful original farce called LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening,

performances will commence with YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRAND-MOTHER. After which a new farce, on the old FOGGISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The great actor MR. CHARLES DILLON will appear in a round of his favourite characters four nights this week, viz. on Tuesday and Friday, BELFUGOR; on Wednesday, THE GILES; on Saturday, in THE GAMSTER; and on Monday, MURKIN. MR. JOHN DOUGLASS will appear in his original character as far as to the UNION JACK. On Monday and Thursday, to commence on Wednesday, A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. Sir Giles, Mr. Charles Dillon. On Saturday, THE GAMSTER and THE MURKIN. Mr. Charles Dillon in two pieces. To conclude with a romantic drama. On Wednesday entertainments will be for the BENEFIT OF MR. G. B. BIGWOOD. No advance in the price during Mr. Charles Dillon's engagement.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY (last time but one this season) THE CORSIAN BROTHERS; Tuesday and Thursday, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; Wednesday and Saturday, LOUIS XI.; Friday, HAMLET and the Pantomime every Evening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REMI.—We cannot break our rule.

A. S. H.—We agree in a great measure with our correspondent; but these controversies cannot always be avoided.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The *lido stroke* means that the chord is to be played *à l'arpègio*; or, in other words, instead of the notes being struck simultaneously, they should be struck in rapid succession, as you strike chords in a harp. Dusek (not Duseck) wrote Plus Ultra, not Non Plus Ultra.

FLAUTO.—It is against our custom to give advice on such matters.

THE PERFORMANCE OF SAMSON at Erster Hall, yesternight week, and Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS' first soirèe, will be noticed next week.

BIRTH.

On Monday, the 8th of March, at Queen's Terrace, Baywater, the wife of Charles Lamb Kenney, Esq., barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, of a son.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1858.

DR. HERMANN ZOPFF (of Berlin) has made another contribution to *Dwight's Journal of Music*. This time our Boston contemporary is not favoured with "characteristics" of anybody except of Dr. Zopff himself. We have inserted the article in another column, where such of our readers as feel disposed to chop logic with so muddily an essayist may read the Zopffian defence of the Zopffian paradoxes. Dr. Zopff endeavours to substantiate his position not only in respect of Mendelssohn, but of Weber. As, however, we have not seen his "characteristics" of the last-named composer, nor the reply of one of Mr. Dwight's collaborators, we have nothing to say to either; but what we have advanced on many occasions with regard to Mendelssohn we are inclined to maintain, notwithstanding Dr. Zopff and his fellow sophists in Berlin, Leipzig, Weimar, and Hanover.

Dr. Zopff seems to belong to a class now unhappily spread throughout the length and breadth of Germany (a symbol of the decline of art in that once favoured country)—the class of "aesthetic" reviewers. The profound reasoning of the Teutonic metaphysicians, while it has led shrewd men to think, has induced shallow men to aim at a *show* of reasoning. No subject, even the most simple, can now be discussed apart from a host of speculations altogether irrelevant. Let any candid inquirer, for example, read attentively the "Characteristics of Mendelssohn," published in *Dwight's Journal*, by Dr. Zopff, and try to reconcile the presumed shortcomings of that great musician with the reasons assigned for them. The candid inquirer will find insinuations that go to establish nothing, and personal anecdotes that might just as well have accounted for Shakspeare's drama, Bacon's philosophy, or Mr. Albert Smith's ascent of *Mont Blanc*, as for Mendelssohn's musical idiosyncrasy. Whether true or false, they are all equally worthless in the consideration of such a problem. His agreeable manners, attractive exterior, and remarkable accomplishments rendered Mendelssohn a favourite in society; and this is made the basis of some half dozen foolish conclusions, with respect to what his music might have been had he himself been otherwise. Just as

well may we accept the not less intrinsically absurd, but infinitely more diverting arguments of Herr Wagner about Jews and Jewish music. Because Herr Wagner, when a musical idea comes to him (by some rare and happy chance), is at a loss what to do with it, those who are able to arrange their thoughts in order, and make them the germ of a symmetrical whole, are likened to Hebrews lending their money out to usury. But this definition of the "genial madman" has at least the merit of being humorous; while the arguments and deductions of Dr. Zopff and his tribe are just as commonplace as they are disingenuous.

It is arraigned as a weakness in Mendelssohn that, aware of his inferiority to the great masters, he leaned upon them for support and looked up to them as models, instead of asserting his own independence. The sophistry of this charge is glaring. Examined from any point of view it must fall to the ground. If Mendelssohn was inferior, and knew it, surely his acknowledgment of the fact and his consequent policy was rather a strength than a weakness. Hypocrisy and conceit, effrontery and shallow pretence, are vices, not virtues—otherwise the modern aesthetic criticism of musical Germany, instead of being contemptible, would deserve and command respect. But, in sober truth, Mendelssohn was conscious of no such inferiority. He wrote just as much from the heart as Beethoven himself, or any of the grandest musicians, and the proof lies in the striking individuality of all his compositions, from the pianoforte quartet in B minor to the fragments of his unfinished *Christus*. No musician was ever fuller of zeal or stronger of faith than Mendelssohn. No musician ever worked with greater enthusiasm, or took greater pains to perfect his conceptions. A more conscientious labourer in the field of Art, a more religious worshipper of its divinity, never lived. The attempt to paint Mendelssohn as a carpet-knight is so supremely ridiculous, that it can only be excused on the assumption of utter ignorance both of the man and the artist.

We have not at hand Dr. Zopff's *Characteristics* (transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight to our own); and we do not think the trouble of looking out the numbers that contain them would be well bestowed. We have still some consciousness of the qualms experienced from their first perusal; and, as the burnt child dreads the fire, we have no intention of raking similar inconvenience. Some few of the mere facts, apart from "aesthetics," we retain. For instance—"because Beethoven wrote the *Choral Symphony*, Mendelssohn composed the *Lobgesang*." As well might it be said that, because Bach wrote *The Passion*, Handel composed *The Messiah*; or because Handel wrote *The Messiah*, Haydn composed *The Creation*; or because Mozart wrote *David's Penitents*, Beethoven composed the *Mount of Olives*. There is no more in common between the *Choral Symphony* and the *Lobgesang* than between the *Jupiter* and the *C minor*. Nothing can be more dissimilar in style and in execution than the two first-mentioned works. When Haydn had written his first symphony, did he contemplate that no one henceforth should compose a symphony after the model he had perfected!—and when Beethoven put the finishing touch to his stupendous "No. 9," did he for an instant imagine that from that time onward the chorus should never again be united with the orchestra in a grand symphonic composition! From this point of view, nevertheless, does Dr. Zopff regard the *Lobgesang*—one of the most wonderful of musical creations, and the more wonderful inasmuch as it does not contain one single phrase from end to

end that bears the slightest resemblance to anything in the *Ninth Symphony*. In short, it is impossible to account for the mental aberration that could suggest to our critic the notion of comparing them. Again, if we remember rightly, it was laid to the charge of Mendelssohn that, in consequence of somebody's suggestion, he omitted clarionets from various compositions for the Church—as instruments of too soft and voluptuous a character for sacred music!

And of such-like rubbish consist the technical criticisms adduced to illustrate the general opinion which Dr. Zopff, with an aesthetic dulness truly national, attempts to establish in reference to Mendelssohn. The mere thought that the man who composed *Elijah* should be amenable to such a tribunal, is enough to create despair for music in the country of his birth. We are no friends to any restrictions on the expression of opinion; but we must say that if libels on the great dead were scrutinised with as jealous an eye by public opinion as libels on living despots by public governments, such men as Dr. Zopff would have a better chance of meeting their deserts. When, after all this splutter and froth, the writer, alluding to Mendelssohn's expression of grief and despondency in music, quotes a stupid criticism,* in which it is disadvantageously compared with that of Beethoven and Schumann, the cup of disgust is filled to overflow. Only the critic who could name Beethoven and Schumann (a vigorous giant and a puling school-boy) in a breath would have been guilty of the nonsense that characterises in almost every sentence the essays published in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, under the title of "*Characteristics of Mendelssohn*." When, however, the same writer (*vide* his last address to our confiding Yankee brother), appeals in support of his own opinions to the "collective verdict of our greatest critics—of a Marx, a Schumann, and a RELLSTAB (!)"—we are less astonished at his madness. Who that has any knowledge of German musical literature, can be unaware of the narrow-mindedness of Herr Marx; of the jealousy which, in spite of a not unamiable nature, the impotent Schumann entertained for his puissant contemporary, whose mere presence at Leipzig tongue-tied the Jesuits; and of the utter incompetency of Herr Rellstab to criticise an art with which his own criticisms prove him to be so superficially acquainted? Our sophist must have been in a sorry plight when he found himself impelled to invite the aid of such champions; and we are happy to leave him with the conviction that Mendelssohn will rank with Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as one of the greatest of musicians, in spite of the shower of "Zopffs" at this time infesting "*Vaterland*," and playing (without being aware of it) the game of Dr. Liszt, Herr Richard Wagner, and the musical Sepoys.

P.S.—We may express our regret, in a *postscriptum*, that so intelligent and enthusiastic a music-lover as Mr. Dwight (who wrote the analysis of *Elijah*, quoted in the *Musical World*) should be against, instead of with, us in this discussion. If Mr. Dwight will explain the meaning of a single argument in the rhapsody of Dr. Zopff, we shall be happy to salute him. Meanwhile we cannot refrain from calling his attention to the premonitory inscription on the door of Trimalchio (Nero), recorded in the *Satyricon* of Petronius—

* On the violin concerto, which was stated to have been performed, with evident displeasure by Herr Joseph Joachim—a man so intellectually superior to Mendelssohn, and such a hater of the "conversations style!"

† Some specimens of this famous "critic" have recently been transferred, in an English dress, to the columns of the *Musical World*.

Cave Canem." This warning was common among the Romans; and we regard Americans and Englishmen as equally citizens of modern Rome—which means modern civilization. For the sake of music, Mr. Dwight, beware of modern German criticism, for the most part nothing better than a mixture of rhapsody, sophistication, paradox, and fables. "*Cave Canem!*"

There is in London a certain institution, with which we sincerely hope our readers are acquainted by hearsay only, and which is called the "Literary Fund." Ostensibly the object of this fund is the relief of distressed literary men, and this was, indeed, the purpose contemplated by its founder, the Reverend David Williams. But, thanks to an irresponsible Committee of Management, it is, in point of fact, one of the most useless and cumbersome institutions ever mentioned in the history of time-honoured abuse. The badness of its character may be surmised from the fact that in 1802 it had 394 annual subscribers, whereas at present it has scarcely more than 100, in spite of the notorious increase of persons interested in literature.

Alarming as the state of this invalid institution has become, a few energetic men, headed by the literary chiefs of the day, have devoted themselves to the task of ascertaining whether something or other cannot be done to carry out the intentions of the Reverend David Williams. In 1835 the views of these gentlemen, represented by a Special Committee, of whom Mr. William Tooke, Sir John Forbes, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Auldjo, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Mr. Procter, Mr. John Forster, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Dilke, and Mr. Charles Dickens were members, were stated at a General Meeting summoned to hear them in the June of that year. Their recommendations were to the effect that a certain Council, originally provided as a check upon the Managing Committee, should be reconstituted, as an operative part of the governing body of the Fund, and that the usefulness of the charity should be enlarged by such an extension of its modes of relief as should embrace not only revocable annuities, but assistance in the shape of loan. To understand the force of this second recommendation, our readers should be aware that those who at present receive relief from the Fund are treated as so many mendicants, and are obliged to beg for alms year after year, bringing on each occasion a recommendatory letter, with a certificate of respectability from two responsible persons. Of all forms of assistance that of a loan is the least humiliating to the party receiving benefit; and as the distressed of literary men are frequently of a merely temporary kind, this form would in many cases be found the most serviceable. To put the matter in as clear a light as possible, the reformers imagined the position of "a literary or scientific man who, having insured his life, might find himself, without being in absolute want, unable to pay the particular premium for this or that year on its becoming due, and who might be heartily glad to be assisted by a loan for that purpose, when he could not so easily reconcile it to his feelings to apply for a grant of money."

We perfectly recollect that meeting of June, 1835. It was held in Willis's Rooms. On the benches appropriated to the reformers were some of the best men of the day; on the platform, occupied by the Committee of Management, was all the foggery then in the metropolis. But foggery was triumphant. The hardworking man of letters, suffering from a temporary pressure, was still forbidden to knock at the doors of the Fund, and borrow a trifle: the mendicants

of literature were still to be the only objects of beneficence. The fogies, to be sure, worried in an attempt to show that the proposed ameliorations were legally impossible by the terms of the Charter, promised they would take into consideration the suggestions of the reformers, but when nine months had rolled on, and the next Annual Meeting was held, in March, 1856, it was found that no alterations had been made. The poor tattered wretch of an author was yet compelled to hobble up to the offices of the Institution, accredited by his two respectable friends; while a bye-law, which made the authorship of a book a necessary condition of obtaining relief, and thus precluded periodical writers *en masse* from the benefit of the Fund, stood in full force, though manifestly in direct opposition to the spirit of the time.

We should expatiate at greater length on the absurdity of this bye-law, were it not for the pleasing fact that at the Annual Meeting held in March, 1857, its repeal was formally announced. The statement was also made that an annuity had been granted, though not a hint was thrown out that this single act of munificence, as well as the repeal of the bye-law, might fairly be attributed to the movement on the part of the reformers.

Some little good has thus been already effected by the reforming movement, and still more good by the withdrawal of the thick veil, by which the doings of foggery had been long concealed from the public eye. Once, newspaper reporters were excluded from the annual meetings; now, in consequence of a motion on the part of the reformers, they are admitted. The most modest man will not be apt to blush in the dark, but a flood of light may render even a member of the Literary Fund Committee of Management susceptible of a sense of shame.

The reformers, at the meeting held this week, renewed their assaults on the old citadel of abuse. They have always been, and still are, in a minority, but nevertheless they have always succeeded in frightening the majority into something like a concession, and a series of such defeats may ultimately prove tantamount to victory. Hence they are steadily going on, determined not to desist until the Society, by adopting a system of loans, tries to confer a real benefit on the working men of literature, instead of confining itself to a few miserable out-door pensioners, and until, also, it contrives to do its charities at a cheaper rate. By the last accounts of the Society, the sum distributed among claimants being £1,225, the expense of distribution was £523—about 40 per cent. on the amount. This is one of the many instances in which fact is stranger than fiction. The absurdity implied in these figures goes beyond the limits even of caricature.

The Literary Fund at present possesses funded property to the amount of £30,000, besides landed estates yielding an annuity of £200, and thus endowed, it has striven to become absolutely inapplicable to the purposes for which it was founded. To Mr. Charles Dickens and his associates the thanks of every literary Englishman are due for their exertions in attempting to clean out this Augean stable of abuse, but the best smile upon their efforts is doubtless bestowed by the shade of the Reverend David Williams.

PHILIP OF MACEDON, who was by no means inclined to finish from any amount of moral responsibility, would, we think, have shrunk a little from the utterance of one of his memorable sayings, had he known of what an immense progeny of twaddle he thus made himself the patriarch. His son, Alexander, had chanced to sing very agreeably (for the time) at

a certain entertainment, and, after encountering the smiles of everybody present, was forced to endure the grumpy question from the paternal lips: "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?" Old Plutarch, who recounts the anecdote, applauds Phillip with the remark—"It is enough for a prince to bestow a vacant hour upon hearing others sing, and he does the Muses sufficient honour if he attends the performances of those who excel in the art." The verbal answer of Alexander is not—"we believe—on record, but we have his practical answer in the fact that his fame far outshone that of his father.

The twaddle of Philip, as we have seen, begot the twaddle of Plutarch, and the progeny has gone on increasing through many generations. Lord Chesterfield warned his son never to be seen with a pipe in his mouth, or a fiddle under his chin; and now the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* objects to the appointment of Mr. Bidwell, as the Earl of Malmesbury's private secretary, because he (Mr. Bidwell, not the editor) once played harlequin in the amateur pantomime.

To prove our assertion we quote *Punch's* account of the affair, certain that our readers would rather take a peep at the *Advertiser* through the medium of our pleasant contemporary, than survey our very unpleasant contemporary with the naked eye:—

WARNING TO THE WRITERS.

We admire wit, and even for the Scotch form of it, known as wit, we have toleration. But we own to distaste for the satirist who throws stale beer in your face by way of epigram.

The Foreign Secretary has appointed as his private secretary a gentleman who is understood to be in every way qualified for that office. The *Morning Advertiser* puts out, in large letters, a scold at the appointment, because the gentleman in question, a couple of years ago or more, joined a party of friends in performing a pantomime for a charity. He played Harlequin on one night, therefore is unfit to conduct Lord Malmesbury's correspondence, and his Lordship is to be sneered at for the appointment.

What the *Advertiser* knows about Harlequin, we cannot say, but we can certainly compliment our contemporary upon being a most blundering Clown; though not a very amusing one. We have not observed that he has been hoisted very lately into printing indelicacies in Greek, under the idea that they were theological arguments; but the state of mind in which only he could give insertion to the stupid and illogical spitefulness we have alluded to, warrants our warning the Writers who sit in judgment on him, that they had better put another rod in pickle, for they may expect their property to be defaced, shortly, by some signal absurdity. We may look for some quotation of Holywell street impropriety, given in Latin, as an extract from Suleiman's Proverbs, and as a foreshadower for Puseyism. Look alive, beloved Bung.

Respect this censure, brother Editor, so mildly administered by the tap of *Punch's* immortal cudgel. It is quite possible for a prince to sing at a party, and become a great king afterwards. It is quite possible for a man to play second fiddle in a quartet in the evening, and perform the functions of a respectable broker in the morning. It is quite possible to play Harlequin for once and a way in the days of one's youth, and sober down into a sedate private secretary two years afterwards. Nay, more than this, so elastic is the human mind, that it is possible to toady a theological quack, and edit a liberal newspaper at the same time.

Alexander answered Philip by outshining him. Let Mr. Bidwell answer his assailant by—No, hang it! he can do something more than outshine the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The opening of the St. James's Hall is to be celebrated by two concerts, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The praise of variety, if no other, must be accorded to the programme of the concert of Saturday, the 27th of February. It comprised compositions from Italian, German, French, Irish and English musicians. Let it speak for itself:—

Overture—"Le Carnaval Romain"	Berlioz.
Cavatina—"Ah! quel giorno" (Semiramide)—Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorff	Rossini.
Bacchanalian Glee—"Come, boys, drink"—Orpheus Glee Union	Marschner.
Ballad—"Karin"—composed for Mr. Allan Irving	G. Linley.
Symphony No. 4 (The Italian)	Mendelssohn.
Serenade—"Oft when night"—Orpheus Glee Union	L. de Call.
Ballad—"Kathleen Mavourneen"—Madlle. M. Rudersdorff
Rudersdorff	Crouch.
Song—"The Outlaw"—Mr. Allan Irving	Loder.
Part Song—"The Tar's Song"—Orpheus Glee Union	Hatton.
Overture—"Le Père Gaillard"	Reber.

Hector Berlioz's romantic and quaint overture was played very effectively. The splendid cavatina from *Semiramide*, unless splendidly sung, loses immensely by being transferred to the concert-room. Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorff is a clever artist, but her vocal means are taxed too severely in Rossini's air. The Orpheus Glee Union were in great force. They were encoined in Marschner's glee and Hatton's part-song with loud applause. The performance of the third and last movement of Mendelssohn's symphony reflected great credit on Mr. Mann and his band. The intonation of the bassoons and horns in the third movement was most grateful to the ear. Beber's overture is of the French Frenchy. It was well played.

The concert on Saturday last did not attract the usual number of visitors, heavy falls of snow prevailing throughout the day. Many, however, were found bold enough to face the cold and the snow, and were not disappointed on their arrival at the Palace. If not absolutely warm, the interior was found comfortable, and persons well clad found not the slightest inconvenience in remaining seated during the progress of the concert. The bitter winds howled round the building as if desirous of gaining access through some hole or chink, and the flakes drifted about at random and settled here and there on pines, pillars, and buttresses, leading a rich variety of landscape to the lookers-on from within and without.

The programme was more varied and select than that of the previous Saturday, as a glance will show:—

Concert Overture	Van Bree.
Morning Prayer—"Kli," Madlle. M. Rudersdorff	Costa.
Glee—"The Soldier's Love"—Orpheus Glee Union—(Solo by Mr. Fielding)	Kucken.
Rondo Brillante, for Piano-forte (Op. 22)—Miss Beste	Mendelssohn.
Song—"Waters of Lille"—Miss Roden	French Melody.
Symphony No. 8	Beethoven.
Song—"Jessie's Dream"—Madlle. M. Rudersdorff	Bockley.
Serenade—"Slumber Dearest"—Orpheus Glee Union	Mendelssohn.
Solo for Piano-forte—"Frische Grün"—Miss Beste	Spindler.
Song—"The Queen of the Sea"—Miss Roden	Schloss.
New Glee—"The Hunt is up"—Orpheus Glee Union	Hatton.
March—"Daniel"	G. Lake.

Beethoven's symphony and Mendelssohn's piano-forte piece and serenade would have made any concert interesting. The execution of the symphony was not unimpeachable. A little more smoothness in the *allegro vivace e con brio* and the *sinistro* would have been desirable. On the other hand, the second and last movements left nothing to find fault with. Miss Beste made her first appearance as a pianist, but did not create a profound sensation. Some palliation should be made for draw-backs on a future appeal to public favour; and he found for draw-backs on a future occasion to ascribe Miss Beste's want of success on Saturday last to timidity and nervousness. The selection of Spindler's "Frische Grün" was a mistake. The piece has little merit, and no executant could make it interesting. Miss Roden is quite a novice and her voice too small for the Crystal Palace. When the young lady is further advanced in her studies, and when she transfers her singing to a more favourable locality, we shall be enabled to decide on her pretensions.

The Orpheus Glee Union again distinguished themselves, obtaining encores in Kucken's glee, and Hatton's "The Hunt is up." In Mendelssohn's serenade they were not so successful, and should recharge it better. Mdle. Mathilde Ruderstorf's best success was in the charming prayer from *Ev.*

The concert this day is rendered unusually attractive by the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard, who is to play the 4th Concerto of Moscheles.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Sig. Giuglini's benefit is announced for Friday next, March 19th, when Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* will be performed for the last time. Mdle. Spesia will, we hear, for the first time, appear in the part of Arline.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The staff retained before the curtain of Her Majesty's Theatre, presented, on Saturday evening last, to Mr. Charles Nugent, of that establishment, a splendid silver snuff-box, as a token of the united esteem and regard for his courtesy and liberality towards them on all occasions.

ENTERTAINMENT.—Two operatic representations have been given at the Theatre Royal—on Saturday *La Traviata*, and on Monday *La Figlia del Reaginato*. On both nights the house was crammed in every part, and the performances appear to have afforded the most unqualified delight. The journals speak in rapturous terms of Madlle. Piccolomini's Violetta and Maria.

LEEDS.—**MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—(From our own Correspondent).

—A large and influential meeting was held in the Court House, on Thursday, presided over by the Mayor (P. Fairbairn, Esq.), at which it was unanimously decided to open the new Town Hall by a musical festival, on a scale worthy the metropolis of the West Riding. The meeting was convened by circulars issued by the Mayor, in which it was stated that the committee of the Town Hall deemed it desirable that that magnificent building should be inaugurated by a festival, and the co-operation of the town was sought. A resolution was passed, deciding that a festival should take place, and the following gentlemen were chosen as a committee for carrying out the arrangements—Messrs. T. Eagland, M. Cawood, Julian Marshall, J. W. Atkinson, S. Hey, W. Joy, Ed. Hepper, J. N. Dickenson, J. H. Shaw, G. Smith, G. A. Sepper, J. Piper, Samuel Smith, G. Buckton, R. Barr, E. C. Dray, and Joseph Holt. A long discussion took place as to the precise time of the festival, many gentlemen being anxious that it should precede the meetings of the British Association; but as the visit of the Association is fixed for the last week in August, it was ultimately understood that the formal and grand opening should be by a festival, to be held in about a month afterwards. The Mayor expressed a confident hope that Her Majesty would personally patronise the festival. He had had some communication with Colonel Phipps on the subject. A guarantee fund will be immediately raised, and it has been decided to give the profits of the festival to the Leeds General Infirmary. The project has been taken up by all parties with the greatest zeal, and it is believed that the first grand festival ever given in Leeds, will be on an extensive and magnificent scale. At the People's Concert, on Saturday last, Miss Julia Blenden gave her entertainment, entitled, "Operatic Sketches," being assisted by Mr. A. Nicholson (oboeist), Mr. H. Nicholson (flautist), and Mr. Spark (pianist). It was an elegant and clever entertainment, and gave universal delight.

TORQUAY.—Mr. Fowler gave his second pianoforte recital at Webb's Royal Hotel, on Wednesday morning last. A performance of classical music (or, in other words, the most intellectual and beautiful music) in a provincial town is of rare occurrence, since, unfortunately, there is a certain kind of prejudice against this style, which is doubtless to be attributed to imperfect musical education. People, generally speaking, prefer listening to an air with variations by Herz, or a fantasia on operatic melodies by Thalberg, to a sonata by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. That champion of the great masters, the editor of the *Musical World* (a paper which every one interested in music should take in), shows, however, that a great change is taking place. He says—

"Even now only a small portion of the music of the really great composers is familiar to the public, while, on the other hand, the public generally is becoming utterly wearied (nauuseated indeed) with the Fan-

tasia-school and its twin-sister, the 'Rhapsodic,' so grossly misnamed the 'Romantic.' M. Thalberg, the most illustrious modern representative of the former, has been of late years going out of fashion, and no wonder, since he has flourished for a lengthy succession of years on the eternal modification of one idea. Take away his thumb and his arpeggio, and what becomes of M. Thalberg?"

We firmly believe that as musical education in this country is advancing with rapid strides, we shall soon find that a brilliant performance of empty, unmeaning sounds will cause no excitement whatever in an English audience. It will be absolutely necessary for a fine player, if he wishes to be appreciated, to wed himself to fine music. Notwithstanding our previous acquaintance with Mr. Fowler as a pianist, we were not prepared to hear so excellent a reading of the great pieces he played. We must, however, speak plainly as to his leaving out the last movement of the *Sonata Pastorale* of Beethoven. This was unpardonable, and we believe there were many in the room who felt greatly disappointed. Of Weber's great *Sonata in A flat*, the *Musical World* says—

"Genius breathes in every bar of this truly enchanting work, which, while as characteristic of Weber as anything that ever succeeded from his pen, unites the luxuriant melody of the South to the deeply-coloured harmony, ingenious contrivance, and romantic expression of the veritable Teutonic music."

Of Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* we will say nothing beyond that the execution of it was all that could be desired, and that it was out of place in a performance of classical music. We will conclude by wishing Mr. Fowler success in the path he has cut out for himself, as a preacher (on the piano) of the great masters, and may he find as many converts in the south as Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Charles Hallé, and a few others, find in their respective localities. We must not fail to notice the able assistance afforded by Mr. Arnold, as vocalist; and Mr. Rice, as violinist. The former gentleman sang "The Spell," by Weber, beautifully, and received the compliment of an encore. —(Abridged from the *Torquay Directory*.)

HERFORD.—**MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—A few weeks ago some difficulties had arisen in the preliminary arrangements for holding a musical festival of the three choirs at Hereford, and we now find that there is every prospect of their removal. On Saturday last there was a meeting of the stewards and committee, and other promoters of the Festival, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Say and Sele in the chair. A resolution was come to that an effort should be made to obtain twenty-five stewards for the forthcoming meeting (in lieu of the usual number of eight), with a guarantee limiting the liability of each steward to £25. This augmentation of number, and diminution of the individual responsibility of the stewards, has been found to work admirably in Worcester and Gloucester, in more than one instance converting a deficit into a surplus, and an expectation is entertained that similar results may follow in Hereford. Thirteen have accepted office; and the meeting stands adjourned for a fortnight, to give those disposed the opportunity of evincing their sympathy. The Dean of Hereford declined to accept the office of steward, but has been no impediment to those more impressed with a sense of the necessity for continuing these musical celebrations. The cathedral organist, Mr. Townshend Smith, in the sight of unfavourable experiences, and in the presence of much reluctance and indifference, has persevered in a re-organisation of the music meeting, which is calculated to have a permanent influence upon the fortunes of the undertaking. The Rev. John Hopton has accepted the chairmanship of the Festival Committee, which the Archdeacon of Hereford recently resigned.—*Worcester Journal*.

MIDDESEX-NORTH.—The organ of the church here has been re-performed after undergoing a complete restoration. The sermons in aid of the repair fund were preached, in the morning by the Rev. the Vicar, who took as his text, Col. iii. 16, 17; in the evening by the Right Rev. Bishop Carr, Rector of Bath, from Psalms, cxviii. 3-6. Mr. J. H. Macfarlane presided at the organ, and was supported by a choir from Bath. The services for the morning, were Nare's in F, and the anthem, "In Jewry is God known;" those for the evening, were Eblon's in C, and the anthem, "Lift up your heads all ye gates." Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, there was a fair attendance in the morning, and a crowded congregation in the evening. The collections were good, and not the least gratifying feature was, that in the evening, the sum of 9s. was realised out of the pence of the poor alone. The greater portion of the expenses attending the repairs was provided for by the contributions of those connected with the parish. Mr. Clark, of Bath, was the organ-builder engaged.

THE DECLINE OF PANTOMIME.

(From Punch).

We hear of the decline of the legitimate drama, but in our opinion that is not by any means so marked and so deplorable as is the decline of the legitimate pantomime. We recollect when we were used to sweater in the pit on boxing-nights, in our unconquered hot youth when George the Third was king, the harlequinade was something more than a mere series of tricks and tumbles. There was a something then approaching to a plot in it; although we own that, to our undeveloped intellect, the red-hot poker proved of greater interest than the plot. The "transformation," we remember, was always the joint work of the good and evil fairies; the former sending forth the lovers as harlequin and columbine, to enjoy themselves in dancing towards the "Bowers of Bliss," and the latter changing into clown and pantaloon, the "stern parent or guardian" and his protégé (of course) the rejected suitor, for the purpose of annoying the fond couple on the road, and of showing, as we fancied, that not even among fairies can the course of true love be expected to run smooth. To frustrate their designs, and give protection to her favourites, the good fairy then gave harlequin his magic wand and cap: the latter of which bestowed complete invisibility, while with the former he performed his tricks—not merely to surprise and please the audience, but to astonish and amuse the weak minds of his pursuers, and so gain time for a dance of delight upon escaping from them.

But now, we grieve to see, all this is the exception rather than the rule. The change is no longer of necessity the work of the good and evil genii. Nay, we shudder to reflect, that in some cases the fairies are dispensed with altogether; and the transformation is effected solely by the scene-shifters. Spontaneous harlequin now come before the footlights and giddy themselves with self-created columbines; while clown or pantaloon, alike unbidden, jumps forth from the snit of the *Us-natural Uncle*. It horrifies us also to see to what base uses the fairy gifts of harlequin are often now perverted. Degraded by the advertising spirit of the age, his magic wand is used to puff some magic strop, or to show what transformations are effected by cheap tailors in the personal appearance of the customers who deal with them. He cuts a caper to remind us of some cutlery establishment, and takes his leaps to show off the superior elasticity of some gutta serena leggings or new patent spring-heeled boots. In short, his tricks degenerate to merely tricks of trade, and all the "comic business" of the good old harlequinade becomes a paid-for and a serious commercial matter.

Moreover now the "Unities" are often wholly disregarded: the parts, like forms of contract, being filled in duplicate. On the principle that quantity will serve instead of quality, two columbines are now engaged to do the work of one; and in their persons, as well as by their tricks, we find the harlequins now "come the double" with us; having a couple of clowns and a pair of pantalooners for the sake of keeping watch upon their duplex movements. Besides too, a suspicious-looking nondescript, called harlequin, whom if we were columbine we should certainly insist on harlequin's disowning, there are generally now a brace or more of spies, who appear to jump to the conclusion of the piece for no apparent purpose but to get their legs broken.

To a mind that recollects and admires the "legitimate" all this is painful proof of the decline of the proper pantomime, and justifies our fear that it is surely dying out. It is true we hear of theatres still crowded upon boxing nights, and of their managers being crowned and half-crowned with success. But these triumphs are achieved by the gasmen and the scene-painters, and in no way can be looked on as "legitimate" results. Moreover the infusion of the acrobat element is clearly tending to destroy the purely pantomimic, and fully half the cause of the decline we are deploring may be traced to the bad influence of acrobatic pantomime. It may be that a pantomime may run a little longer for having all the strength of what is called a "double company" to help it; but this doubling of the bipeds who sustain the parts, appears to us to have a quadrupedal tendency, and almost makes us fear that we shall live to see the night when half the pantomimes in London will be "mounted" as at Astley's.

A RHAPSODY ON LISZT.*

(From the New York Musical World.)

In order to know a man well, we must have eaten a bushel of salt with him—as the Germans say. With Liszt, although I have not starved, yet I have shared hunger and thirst as well as luxuries.

I have been with him sleeping and waking. I have held him up when sad events threw this extremely irritable man upon the couch, or towering waves of fortune raised him to the utmost height of felicity. I have struggled against his pride and virulence, and have not shrunk even from icy coldness. I have listened to him when his soul was filled with the holiest inspirations, and have stood near him, watching and warning, when malign influences threatened to plunge him into an abyss of errors.

There was no situation in which I was not, as an intimate friend, near this wonderful man; and this I think is equal to the bushel of salt, if not more. Thus perhaps no one was equally well justified in writing a biography of Liszt as myself, which book by the way contains the only really good portrait of this rare as well as singular artist.

Here, where I delineate only a few lines of his portrait, I will commence with an anecdote from his life, which, being a fact, shows his character so well; that an attentive reader, without the aid of a glass, can immediately recognise Liszt.

During his last great triumphal tour through Germany, Liszt stopped for some time in Stuttgart. He lingered there, as he often would tell us, principally on account of his friend, the poet Dingelstedt, and partly for his own sake. He gave several public concerts, from which he realised the sum of 15,000 florins in a city numbering but about 50,000 inhabitants. He became the centre of the most beautiful of splendid festivals. He played several times at Court, for which he received all possible distinctions which the King of Wurtemberg could confer upon an artist. The list of honors was exhausted when the royal princesses wished to hear once more this magician of the piano keys quite privately in their own apartments. Liszt, our truly chivalric artist, accepted with delight such an invitation, expecting less to show himself as an artist than to express his thanks for the many honors received. He has been rarely so honored by a royal family who is recognised in art only a graceful pastime and a delightful intoxication of the senses, with an agreeable excitement of the sentiments; for no artist in the world understands better than Liszt how to surfeit at a glance the character and the most hidden recesses in the hearts of his audience. This very fact is the cause of his wonderful effects, and will secure them to him always. He played on that occasion Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," with his far more effectual, free, final cadence, his "Chromatic Galop" (which causes all nerves to vibrate), and a few of his transcriptions of Schubert's songs—those genuine pearls, the richness and coloring of which none can show so well as himself, being a unique and most perfect master of the art of touch. And, finally, in order to show something at least of his immense bravura, he played a little concerted piece. The most gracious words of acknowledgment were showered upon him. Liszt, enraptured by the truly heavenly eye of one of the princesses, who rendered still more beautiful by a singular moisture, was fixed upon him, declared his happiness in thus being able to express his thanks for the many honors conferred upon him.

Among all the princes of Europe, however, there is none so little inclined to accept of services without remuneration as the King of Wurtemberg. This is one of the many chivalric traits in the character of that monarch, who has rendered himself in such royal style. On the next morning I was with Liszt, each of us smoking comfortably on one end of the sofa a real Havana. Liszt was just telling me of his last visit at court, when there entered one of his servants. He placed a roll of 150 ducats in gold upon the table, and presenting Liszt with an open receipt, asked him to sign it. Liszt read: "Received, for his playing," etc.

Aloud, at a voice of astonishment, Liszt repeated the words: "Received, for my playing!" and, rising with that peculiar aristocratic grace, he says in a mild, condescending tone: "For my playing am I to sign this document?—My friend, I imagine some clerk of the court-treasury has written this scrawl." Upon which the servant, interrupting, said, that it had been written by Mr. Tafel, Counselor of Court and Director, of the Court-Treasury:—"Well," said Liszt, "take back the receipt and money, and tell me" (rings his voice) the Counselor from me, that neither King nor Emperor can pay an artist

* A puff preparatory would be as good a title, if it be true that Dr. Liszt is about to pay the United States a professional visit.—*Ed. M. W.*

for his playing—only, per chance, for his last time, and?" (with haughty indignation) "that the Counsellor is a *Blackhead* if he does not comprehend that! For your trouble, my friend," (giving him 5 ducats) "take this trifle."

The servant, in utter astonishment, knew not what to answer, and looked at me. But Liszt's slight figure was erevting itself, his finely-cut lips were compressed, his thin cheeks quivering, his head was boldly thrown back so that his thick hair (then dark brown, now gray) fell far down on his shoulder, his nostrils were expanding, the lightning of his keen and brilliant eye was glancing, his arms were folded, and he showed all his usual indications of inward commotion. Knowing, therefore, that Liszt had by that document been touched at his most sensitive point, and that this was nothing more nor less than a small battle in his great contest for the social position and rights of artists—a contest which when a boy of 15 years he had already taken up, I was well aware of the impossibility of changing his mind for the present, and therefore remained silent, while the discomfited laquay retired with many low bows, taking money and scroll with him. Whether he really delivered the message, I know not; but I was still sitting with Liszt when he re-appeared, and, laying the money upon the table, gave Liszt a large sealed letter, which read as follows: "The undersigned, officer of the Treasury of Court, commanded by His Majesty the King, begs Dr. Liszt to accept, as a full compensation for his lost time with the prisoners, the sum of 150 ducats." Liszt handed me the paper, and with the silent glance I interrogated him in return. It is an old fact that the soul is always most clearly reflected in homely features; and I distinctly read in his, reconciliation and the kindest feelings again. He sat down and wrote on a scrap of paper with pencil: "Received, from the royal treasury, 150 ducats, Franz Liszt," and gave it to the servant very politely, accompanied by another rich gift. There was never afterward any further allusion to the affair.

Another fact. Liszt was once at my house, when a woman was announced to whom I was in a habit of giving quarterly a certain sum for her support; it being a few days before the usual time, she gave as an excuse (it was November) the hard times. While providing for her, I told Liszt, in an undertone, that she was an honest but very indigent widow of a painter, deceased in his prime, to whom a number of brother-artists were giving regular contributions in order to enable her to get along with the necessities of life. Liszt looked at me, and said to himself, I hoped that Liszt, whose liberality and willingness to do good had almost become proverbial, would ask me to add something in his name; and was, therefore, quite surprised to see him apparently indifferent—for he answered nothing, and continued looking down in silence. After a few days, however, the widow reappeared, her heart overflowing with thankfulness, and her eyes filled with tears of joy, for she and her children had, at the expense of a man whose name she was not permitted to know, received beautiful and new winter clothing while kitchen and cellar had been stored with every necessary for the coming winter. Now all this had been arranged by the landlady of a certain hotel, at which Liszt was then stopping.

Let me mention a third circumstance which reveals another trait in the character of this singular man. The price of admission to Liszt's concerts was unusually high, so that they could only be frequented by the wealthier classes. At the expense of a man whose name she was not permitted to mention, quantities of tickets were sold, and the subject, and it was regretted that for such a reason the many teachers and scholars, in spite of their great anxiety to hear the great master, were prevented from doing so. I told Liszt of this, and he answered: "Well, arrange a concert for them only, charge as much or as little as you think proper, and let me know when and what I shall play." Immediately a committee was formed, and a concert, for teachers and scholars only, arranged, to which the price of admission amounted to only 18 kreutzers (about 12 cents). Quantities of tickets were sold, and immense galleries had to be erected in the large hall. Liszt viewed with delight the juvenile multitude, the enthusiasm of whom knew no bounds, and I never heard him play more beautifully. With a delighted heart he stood amid a shower of flowers which thousands of little hands were strewing for him, and when at last six veritable little angels approached in order to thank him, he embraced them with tears in his eyes; not heeding the fact that the tiny creatures were wearing their little gloves, handkerchiefs, and all they could get hold of, tearing them up into a thousand bits, to preserve in remembrance of him. On the next morning we brought him the proceeds of the concert (nearly 1,000 forins)—he declared that he had felt happier in that concert than ever before, and that nothing could induce him to accept the money—with which the committee might do as they pleased; and if after so much delight they did not wish really to hurt his feelings, he would beg of them never to mention the matter to him again. He was a true subscriber to a Liszt fund, which will continue to exist for ever, and a poor teacher's son, on going to college, is destined to receive the first interest.

A thousand similar anecdotes, which pass with many for eccentricities, might be related of him, which prove him to be a great and truly noble character, showing at the same time that such genius as his is one of the clearest manifestations of the divine origin of human nature.

Liszt was born on the 22nd October, 1811, in the Hungarian village Raiding (near Oedenburg). His father was an official on an estate of the Prince Esterhazy. When still a boy and only a scholar of his father, who was a mere amateur, he distinguished himself by his playing. Accompanied by his father, he went to Carl Czerny in Vienna; yet the teaching of the latter was not of very great moment; of still less value was the instruction in composition which he received now here and now there.

His father, on quitting the service, used the talent of his young son only as a means of gain. Liszt is principally self-taught in all things, and will be only so; for while others need years for the study of a science, he may require days, and his laborious nature, whose scarcely first aroused, was already at an advanced point of true art. He would have become a great man, no matter what he might have undertaken. The greatness and universality of his genius prove it; and then the severe education which his father, who was also an able amateur, gave him, prevented him from falling into dangerous aberrations.

The latter travelled with the wonderful boy through Germany, France, and England, and everywhere his concert yielded much profit; they chose to make Paris the centre of their wandering life, and there the boy became the loved and petted favorite of the ladies in all saloons. This circumstance called forth in him a great desire for ennobling art, and ripened afterwards into a veritable passion. The great attention paid to him everywhere by the most distinguished persons, the boy attributed only to his sit, at the same time he must, at an early period, have had a presentiment, if not a conviction, of the social position of a truly great artist. Would it be believed, that already in the boy of 15 years, the resolution was deeply rooted to vindicate and assert this right everywhere and in all things, and that he regulated his whole life, deeds, and desires in accordance with it, straining every muscle to tear down the wall which heretofore had separated artists and art from society. This fact, if borne in mind, explains all seeming eccentricities in Liszt's life and deeds. In this sense the occasional differences with his father, whose interests were in direct opposition to his. When his father died, the most bitter tears of the son were shed upon his grave; but feeling himself now free, he began anew the work which before he could not earnestly take hold of.

And has he accomplished it? Most certainly! Liszt must in history be placed in a similar attitude with Beethoven; for as the latter has delivered art from the bondage of an old schoolism, and reinstated it in its own rights, so has the former established for the first time the rights of artists in society. This comes in progress in art-history, besides his being the greatest piano-player of the age.

Though only 17 years old, Liszt felt the danger of his undertaking, and in order to secure his mother from all accidents, he made over to her all he had earned until then—about 200,000 francs. After this he withdrew into solitude—for the extraordinary spirit of the young untamed man was in need of punishment, which he obtained there by diligent study.

This was his object; he was no visionary. Beings of genius, in whose souls a certain fermentation is continually going on, desire also to satisfy their easily-extended senses. Hence the strange freaks which marked Liszt's life at that period, though he never lost sight of his aim. The success of young Thalberg in Paris first drew him again before the public. He returned, prepared for the battle, into society, where he shone by his elegant and polished manners. Electrifying all with the flashes of his clear and penetrating mind, and awakening an echo in the breast of his hearers with every key he touched, he seemed to create an entirely new world of piano-playing. Petted when a boy, he was admired as a youth, and this admiration still increased when he became a man; the more so, since the artist was adorned by social manners which are found only in the highest sphere of society, or in such persons as naturally, in their mental powers, tower above others.

Only kings or millionaires, who are at the same time poets and models to be imitated, can live as Liszt lives! He knows no social restriction or formality, and only recognises the nobility of the heart and of art. Hence, not only the many extravagant notions in his intercourse with society, but also, notwithstanding his inclination to sensual gratification, his tendency to piety. From the latter again arises his great nervous irritability, causing naturally, his imagination to be very easily excited.

(To be continued.)

NEW ENGLISH SONGS,

BY
POPULAR COMPOSERS.

JOHN L. HATTON.

"PHOEBE, DEAREST, TELL, OH TELL ME!"
COMPOSED FOR SIMS REEVES.

Price 2s. 6d.

Phoebe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me,
May I love that you'll be mine?
Oh! let me add from now and then,
Leave me no grief with grief to join.
Though 'tis told in foolish fashion,
Phoebes trust the tale I tell;
No'er was truer, purer passion,
Than within this heart doth dwell.

Long I've watch'd in such rare perfection,
Sealing o'er that gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now,
If you love me, and will have me,
True I'll be in word and deed;
If in proud disdain you leave me,
For a saviour I will go.

Little care the broken hearted
What their fate, by land or sea,
Phoebe, if we once are parted,
Once for ever it will be.
So then "fare ye well" madly,
I will rush upon the foe;
And will welcome, oh, how gladly,
Shout or still that lays me low.

MISS FRICKER

(Composer of "Fading away.")

"I DO NOT WATCH ALONE."

Price 2s.

When ev'ry flow'r that open'd at morn,
In weary eye shall close,
And by the wings of merrily borne,
My thoughts on thee repose;
I love to hear the evening bells,
To list their soothing tone,
For to my heart their music tells,
I do not watch alone.

In fancy, while I hear that chime,
I've again with thee,
And hear thy vow, "at ev'ning time,
My thought of thee shall be.
Then will I love those vesper bells,
And list their soothing tone,
For to my heart their music tells,
I do not watch alone.

C. J. HARGITT.

"THE LAST GOOD NIGHT."
COMPOSED FOR SIMS REEVES.

Price 2s. 6d.

Good night, once more good night, love,
The waning moon is high,
And the stars too soon will fade, love,
Into the morning sky;
Ah! the ones that I love,
Farebids my longer stay;
Good night, once more, good night, love!
Good night, good night!

The nightingale is silent,
His song is heard no more;
The bird of dawn proclaims,
How the midnight time is o'er.
Good night, good night, love,
The heart's and earth's desire,
I may not stay with thee,
Good night, once more good night, love!
Oh! the weary hour for me!

See, oh! see, the impatient morning
Bonds forth his bearded ray,
Ah! must I take the morning,
And tear myself away?
Now by the shades of night, love,
Thou day to me more bright!
Good night, a last good night, love,
Good night, good night!

M. W. BALFE.

"SCENES OF HOME."

Price 2s.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.

No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And waters are dearer so warm and true,
As those that meet me here!

Since last with spirits wild and free
I pressed my native strand,
I've wander'd many miles at sea,
And many miles on land,

I've seen fair regions of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

R. S. PRATTEN.

"TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"

SONG.

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA VINNING.

Price 2s.

A maiden fair and young
Went forth one morn in May,
Upon a bough there a-sing
A bird that seemed to say:
Why wait! why wait!
Soon, soon 'twill be too late.
Tra, la, la, la, etc.

Away the maiden went,
And joined each festive throng,
On Phœbe's white intent,
And lingered late and long.
I'll wait, I'll wait,
Sing she with joy a-sing,
Tra, la, la, la, etc.

Time flew, as she strayed
Through Fashion's giddy round,
With many a heart she played,
And laughed at ev'ry wound.
Too late! too late!
Old Time himself shall wait,
Tra, la, la, la, etc.

Then came the first grey hair,
And looks and hearts grew cold,
And wrinkles here and there,
Their tale unwelcome told.
Hard fate! too late!
The song disconsolate,
Tra, la, la, la, etc.

E. W. FAITHFUL.

"THOSE DEAR OLD TIMES."

SUNG BY MISS DOLBY.

Price 2s. 6d.

The fields in the summer light are glowing
And it's sweetest perfume is in the air,
The streamlet makes music in its flowing,
And birds tell their tuneful tale.
But the land-crope bright from the cloudless skies,
The streamer and summer flowers,
And scents of birds never more I prize,
As in childhood's happier hours.

In my dreams I behold friends long departed,
And hear the sweet village chime,
And more keenly I feel and more desired
When I call back those dear old times.

Oh! the joys of my youth all sorrow banish'd,
Or care, if some gentle old disease,
Recov'rd by a smile to haste they vanish,
Like dew from the morning rose.
All the golden hopes of the heart are gone
When our youthful days are o'er,
The flowers of love, they may still live on,
But alas! they bloom no more.
In my dreams I behold friends long departed,
And hear the sweet village chime,
But more lonely I feel and more desired
When I call back those dear old times.

MEYERBEER.

THE FOLLOWING NEW VOCAL COMPOSITIONS

BY **MEYERBEER**

HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON AND CO.:

THIS HOUSE TO LOVE IS HOLY. Serenade for eight voices (2 sopranos, a. d. 2 contraltos, 2 tenors, and 2 basses), without accompaniment, in vocal score each 3 6
 Separate vocal parts to the above each 3 6

We have received an English version, by John Oxenford, Esq., of Meyerbeer's hymeneal serenade, "Adieu aux deux mariés." It is published under the title of "This House to Love is Holy." It is composed for eight voices, or, rather, in eight parts; since each part may be strengthened by any number of voices, it is without accompaniment, and differs, in all respect, from most of the grand dramatic choruses to be found in Meyerbeer's operas, supported by the orchestra. This purely vocal serenade is more after the model of the great contrapuntal writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Agostini, Bononcini, and Bertolotti—who hequeathed to us imperishable legacies, in the ornate and figured styles, for two, three, and even four choruses, singing simultaneously, each chorus consisting of soprano alto, tenor, and bass. These colossal compositions, though unmasterpieces of contrapuntal contrivance, have long since fallen into disuse, except as examples for study in the Musical Conservatories. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the ear alone (unless assisted by the eye, and a view of the partition) would enable the hearer to follow and distinguish the intricate and involved web of many voices of similar choruses intertwining and crossing each other. The nearest approach to distinctness was probably arrived at by placing the several choirs at some distance apart from each other. This method has been tried, in our times, under the direction of the talented and lamented Mendelssohn, when he conducted the performance of Bach's "Passion Music" according to St. Matthew, composed for two orchestras and three choruses; but the result was not satisfactory. It was necessary, to explain the peculiar merit of Meyerbeer's Serenades, now under review. In order to attain clearness, he constitutes his two choirs of different materials—one choir consists of female voices, first and second soprano, first and second alto; the other consists of male voices, first and second tenor, first and second bass. The first voice is commenced by the male choir, and is afterwards taken up by the female. The same musical subject is then divided into two or three bars, and given to the choirs alternately. Thirdly, both choirs combine. By these means, Meyerbeer has avoided the confusion which was inseparable from the earlier compositions which we have mentioned. While every eye that is devoted to the caritative of the choir, in the purity of writing, and progression of the parts, he has imparted a charm of melody to which his canons and Agnus never attained, and has added a richness of phrase, which was unknown to them. We would particularly instance an abrupt modulation, from G flat to A natural (in harmony for double B flat), and back again to D flat. The English words also are strikingly well suited to the music. We need scarcely add that we are strongly recommended this Serenade to such of our local choral associations as love the advantage of female voices.

THE LORDS PRAYER. For four voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) a. d. with English and Latin text, organ ad lib., in score each 3 0
 Separate vocal parts to the above each 3 0
 * We have met with few devotional songs of late years so calculated to become widely popular. The melody is quite Handel's, and the harmonies are arranged with the most masterly skill; while the subject, being one which involves no question of doctrinal or sectarian difference, commends itself to all who profess and call themselves Christian. * We shall not be surprised to find the harmonised Lord's Prayer engaging the attention of many a church and chapel choir; that it will be widely patronised in domestic circles we feel assured.—*Bristol Mercury*, &c.

NEAR TO THREE. (Price 6d.), for voice, piano, and violoncello 4 6
HERE, HERE ON THE MOUNTING (in the style of the Grand Duke of Berg), for voice, piano, and clarinet, or harmonium each 4 0
 * The above two songs are eminently calculated for singing at public concerts.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

"Tomorrow" ballad, by C. J. Hargitt 2 6
 "The old Willow Tree" ballad, by J. S. Leggo 2 6
 "The Troubadour's Lament," by Louisa Yarnold 2 6
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 "Quick arise, maiden mine" Air & duet, by J. Donmeyer 2 0

VOICE, PIANO, AND HORN.

"WHEN OER THE MEADOWS GREEN," by Eugene Viotier 3 0
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Chorus

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VOL. 36.—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

{ PRICE 4d.
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MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED (late Miss P. Hart) will repeat their Entertainment at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, every evening, except Saturday, at Eight. Saturday afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s. in 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Secured without extra charge at the Gallery, and at Craner Seals and Co.'s, 291, Regent-street.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' SECOND CONCERT OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Wednesday evening, March 24. Beethoven Sonata. Miss Arabella Goddard's first appearance at these concerts. Programme.—Sonata in A, piano and violin, Mozart; Sacred Song, "Sweet Spirit roareth me," Prelude and Pages (à la tarantella), Bach; Duet, "The Boatmen" (first time), Bullif; Tena on var., piano and violoncello, Mendelssohn; Duet, "How beautiful is night," Brinley Richards; Pianoforte Duet, op. 92, Mendelssohn; Trio, Beethoven. Tickets, 7s., of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street; and Chappell.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. Costa.—Friday week, March 26, Mendelssohn's LOBESEGAL and Mozart's REQUIEM. Vocalists.—Madama Castellani, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. On Wednesday, March 21, the usual Passion Week performance of the Messiah. Vocalists at present engaged.—Madama Castellani, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. Band and chorus consisting of nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 1s., 6s., and 10s. 6d., at the Society's office, No. 4, in Exeter-hall.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—A NOVEL AND ELEGANT ENTERTAINMENT DURING FASHION WEEK.—Monday Evening, March 20, for positively Five Nights only, MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL will give their Musical Comedy and Pantomime, entitled "FATCHEE BEE." Among the unannounced "Shrills and Falchies" will be found Fourteen Impersonations of Character; Scotch, English, and Irish Ballads; Operatic Selections; Musical Comedies, Vaudeville and Odities; Crisis from "Punch," while many of the floating Jests of the Day will be woven into this curious fabric by way of some illustration. Thursday Evening, BENEFIT OF MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL and Last Night but One of their appearance. Reduction of Prices. Stalls and Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.; Private Boxes, 21s. 10 Half-price, as the Entertainment concludes shortly after 10 o'clock. Books of the Songs for sale in the theatre, 6d. each. No Fees to Box-keepers.

MR. GEORGE CADE begs to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place at Exeter Hall, on Monday, March 20th. Vocal Performers—Madame Riederstorff, Miss Louisa Vining, Madame Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Lancaster, Miss Fanny Holdart, and Madame Riederstorff; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Monton Smith, Mr. Weiss, Mr. J. L. Hatton, and Mr. Frank Buda. Instrumentalists.—Pianoforte—Madam. Oulton; Violin—M. Remenyi; Flute—Mr. R. J. Hopkins; on his perfected flute on the old system of fingering; Cornetists—Mr. George Case; and Signor Fico (the celebrated Sicilian Minstrel). The orchestra will be selected from the Philharmonic and Royal Italian Opera Orchestras. Leader—Mr. Wily; Conductors—Mr. J. L. Hatton, Herr Bangelger, and Mr. George Case. Tickets may be had at the Repository for Cane's Collections, Messrs. Boney and Bonn, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, where all communications should be addressed; Mr. Chas. Goss, 4, Bishopsgate-street, Within; at the Exeter Hall Ticket Office, and the principal Music-sellers and Libraries.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE.—The public are respectfully informed that a performance of John Sebastian Bach's GROSSE FASHIONS-MUSIK (according to the text of St. Matthew), will be given at the above Hall under the direction of Professor Strakoske Bennett, with the aid of the Members of the Bach Society, and many amateurs who have kindly promised their assistance, on Tuesday Evening next, March 23, 1858, to commence at Eight o'clock. The vocalists are—Madame Weiss, Mrs. Creek, and Miss Yule; Mr. Benson, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, Professor Strakoske Bennett; Organist, Mr. R. J. Hopkins; Principal Violin, Mr. Dando. Tickets.—Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Back Seats, 1s. Books of the words, 6pence each, to be had at all the principal music warehouses. N.B.—This work is produced according to the version adopted by Mendelssohn, at Berlin and Leipzig, and the ornaments made accordingly. Beyond this a small portion of the narrative is omitted, rendering more accessible to the English public, without in the slightest degree affecting the musical importance of the work. Persons wishing to join the Bach Society can obtain information of Messrs. Lewis and Coek, 48, New Bond-street. Members are elected by ballot of the Committee; the Subscription is Half-Guinea annually, with an Entrance Fee of 10s. amount.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and MR. CHARLES BRATHAM (Conductor, Signor Vianoli). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Bratham, Manager.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Prices can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. CHARLES COTTON'S ROSE, SHAMROCK, and THISTLE, introducing characters in costume, with songs, every evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Saturday at Three.—Price of Wagon's Hall, 20, Regent-street, Admission 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Secured at Mitchell's Library, Bond-street; and at the Hall.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—A Prize of Ten Guineas offered for a composition of a lively character (restricted as to form), for the whole Choir. A Second Prize of Ten Guineas is also offered for a composition for male voices. The copyright of the prize works will remain the property of the composer. All persons competing for the above prizes must inclose a score with a double set of vocal parts to the Honorary Secretary on or before the 30th June, 1858; and each composition must have a motto or epigraph attached, together with a corresponding named letter, stating name and address. 210, Regent-street, W., March 1, 1858. STANLEY LUCAS, Hon. Secretary.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Conductor, M. Benoit. The first of a Series of SIX SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS will take place on Wednesday evening, April 7, when the works to be performed will be selected from the composition of Mendelssohn. Programme.—A. Soprano Concerto, violin and piano, Mendelssohn; B. The First Walpurgis Night, Sings, Locley, &c. Vocalists already engaged.—Madame Castellani, Miss Fanny Holdart, Mr. Monton Smith, Mr. Winn. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin—M. Santon. Band and chorus of 400 performers. Subscription to the Series, 41 1s.; Reserved Seats, 42 2s.; Stalls (numbered), 43 2s.; Double Tickets (not sold), 44 4s. Subscriptions received at Craner and Co.'s, 291, Regent-street; Leader and Coek's, 43, New Bond-street; Chappell, 20, New Bond-street; Olivier, 11, Old Bond-street; Katti, Prowse, and Co., 43, Chancery; and Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street.

INAUGURATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent-street and Piccadilly.—The opening of the New Hall will be celebrated by TWO GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCES, in aid of the Funds of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, on Thursday Evening next, the 25th March, and on Saturday evening, the 27th March, 1858, under the Special Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, K.G., H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and also His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., the President of the Middlesex Hospital. The following distinguished artists have been engaged for the occasion.—Madame Riederstorff, Madame Weiss, Miss Stubbuck, Miss Sherrington, Madame Louise Dorehardt, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard; Signor Lanteri, Mr. Monton Smith, Mr. Locley, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Thomas, Herr Deck, Signor Patti, Herr Molitor, the Vocal Association (consisting of 500 Voices), and Pull Orchestra. Organist, Mr. Henry Bent; Conductor, Mr. Benoit. Programme now received.—A. Stalls, Old Guinea; Reserved Seats, 20s.; Gallery, 10s.; Back Seats, 5s. Tickets to be had in the Arms and Balcony, Area and Balcony, Half-Guinea; Unreserved Seats in the Arms and Balcony, Five Shillings; Upper Gallery, Half-a-Crown—to be obtained at Messrs. Tanner, Baskin, and Co., 10, Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell's and Messrs. Leader and Coek's, New Bond-street; Mitchell's Library, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Katti and Prowse, Chancery; and from the Secretary at the Hospital; and at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

THEATRE ROYAL, SADDLER'S WELLS.—Lemnos, A. Messrs Greenwood and Phelps.—On Saturday, March 27, for the BENEFIT OF A LITHEARY GENTLEMAN, now afflicted with various Illnesses, A GRAND FÊTE AND ENTERTAINMENT. The following eminent artists have kindly given their services.—Vocalists, Miss Dolby, Miss Louisa Vining, Miss Poole, Miss Fitch, Miss Fanny Keeley (by permission of E. W. Blandford, Esq.), Miss Mendenhall, Miss Collins, Miss Jones, and Reeves, Mr. Charles Bratham, Mr. Alvo Irving, Mr. Ranford, Signor Lanteri, Instrumentalists—Violin, M.M. A. Lebon and Vioti Collins; Pianoforte, Signor Lanteri; Flute, Mr. Paton; Cornetist, Mr. George Case. The following eminent artists have obligingly consented to appear in the course of the evening.—Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori, M. Francesco Berger, and Mr. W. Goss. Doors open at Seven o'clock. Tickets, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-office open from Eleven till Three, daily.



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CONCERT AGENCY, &c.—**MR. VAN PRAAG** sends his thanks to his patrons and friends for the liberal encouragement he has for so many years received, and begs to inform them he will continue the management of concerts, matinees, &c., &c.—All communications addressed to him, at Mr. Brettell's, 25, Rupert-street, Haymarket, will be duly attended to.

CONCERT SEASON, 1858.—NOTICE.—**C. M. SHEE** respectfully intimates to the Musical Profession that he has removed to 2, Bank-street, Regent-street, where he continues the arrangement of concerts (public or private) at his usual moderate charges.

MUSIC.—TO PROFESSORS OF SINGING, &c.—To be disposed of, in one of the most fashionable neighbourhoods in the West of England, the Practice of a Professor (Lady) of Singing and the Pianoforte, ten years established. The connection is good, and introduction to many of the leading families would be given. To any lady of energy and unexceptionable abilities, this offers advantages of the highest order. Full particulars may be known by letter, addressed *Zeta*, Heaton's Music Warehouse, Park-street, Bristol.

SCARBOROUGH SPA SALOON PROMENADE.—

The Cliff Bridge Company are prepared to receive tenders for the supply of an efficient Band for the Spa promenade, during the ensuing season. The new Music Hall, from designs by Sir J. Stoph Paxton, M.P., is estimated to contain about 2,000 persons, and has orchestral accommodation for about 50 performers.

The Spa grounds and Music Hall command a handsome carriage approach, 50 feet wide, at all hours of the tide. Terms on which the tenders will be accepted, may be had on application by letter to the Secretary, to whom sealed tenders may be sent on or before the 31st instant. (By Order) R. WARD, Secretary. Scarborough, March 8, 1858.

THE PYNE AND HARRISON ENGLISH OPERA

COMPANY will give a series of FIVE GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in Passion Week (March 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th). The following distinguished Artists will have the honour of appearing:—Miss Louise Pyne, Mr. Weiss, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Ferdinando Glover, Mr. A. St. Albans, Mr. Hamilton Busham, Mr. Walworth, Mr. J. P. Patten, &c. Instrumentalists:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violins, Messrs. J. Carroude, and V. Collins; Violoncello, Messrs. G. Collins and Pettit; Contra Bass, Henry F. Pratten and White; Flute, Mr. H. S. Patten; Clarinet, Mr. H. and Mr. Cross; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Bassoon, Mr. Hutchins; Horn, Mr. Catchpole; Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper; Cornet—Piston, Mr. Stanton Jones; Trombone, Messrs. Cliff, Winterbottom, and G. Russell; Oboe, Mr. Hutchins; Snare and Bass; Harp and Pianoforte, Mr. Trust and Miss M. Prescott. A Full and Complete Orchestra—Leaders, Messrs. Dando and Thirlwall. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Stage Manager (for the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company), Mr. William Drough; Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray.

Private Boxes, 47 2s., 41 3s., and 41 1s.; Stalls, 5s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; First Circle, 3s. 6d.; Upper Boxes and Pit, 2s.; Galleries, 1s. and 6d. Doors open at Half-past 7, to commence at 8 precisely. Box-office open from 11 till 4, daily, under the direction of Mr. Chatterton, sen.

SONATA FOR THE PIANO, BY GEORGE FORBES

(Cocks and Co.)—"This sonata is written throughout with the ease and correctness of a finished musician."—*Musician World*. "This sonata does him great credit."—*Musical Gazette*. "His passages are those of a skilful pianist, his modulations are ingenious and effective, his cantabile phrases are elegant, and the effect of the whole is fresh and pleasant."—*Daily News*.

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Registers are kept for the Managers and the proprietors of Mansions, containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists wanting engagements, with all necessary particulars, &c.

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LOWES NEW LANCER QUADRILLES upon popular English Airs. Price 2s. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow; London, all musicellers.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "Come into the garden" (Maud" (by Balfe), and "Who shall be fairest" (by Moré), at Sadler's Well Theatre, on Saturday, March 27th.

MISS LOUISA VINNING will sing Pratten's new song "Too late! Too late!" at Mr. Cass's Grand Evening Concert at Exeter Hall, Monday, March 27th.

MADAME OURY'S NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—*Opera, polka de salon, St. Robert, tel quo l'aima de, Souvenir d'Ecône, Fantaisie on Scotch Air, de Grand Fantaisie on Prussian National Air, de Booney and Son's Musical Library, Holles-street.*

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing a new song, composed expressly for him by J. L. Hatton, entitled "Fie, fi, fo, fo, and Moré's popular ballad, "Who shall be fairest," at Mr. Cass's Grand Evening Concert at Exeter Hall, Monday, March 27th.

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGES SONGS.—Sung by her in "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The most attractive entertainment of the day—vide public press. The whole of the music by J. F. Duggan, Hartmann and Co., 18, Albany-street, N.W., and all Music-sellers.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.—FUMAGALLI'S

"CLARICE."—*The Morning Post*, Monday, March 13, writes as follows: "The versatility of Miss Arabella Goddard's genius was also strikingly exemplified by her brilliant rendering of the late Signor Fumagalli's wondrous duet, entitled "Clarice"—a melodious and shrew composition, such as our fair amateur pianists universally delight in. We need scarcely add that Miss Goddard (who plays all authors, from Bach to Proffert, with equal excellence) did ample justice to this very elegant and graceful novelty. "Clarice" is published by Fungus Dawson & Co., 25, Regent-street (where may also be had Jules Bonald's arrangement of "Bella figlia" quartet from Verdi's *Ligolotto*—and Mozart's work, complete for pianoforte).

THE MODERN GUIDE TO THE STAGE, OR,

AMATEUR'S INSTRUCTION BOOK, describing and teaching all the art and phases—Physically and Economically, in Love, Despair, Great Jealousy, Madness, Revenge, Rage, Hatred, Revenge, Joy, Hypocrisy, Tyranny, and Villain; with all the more striking points in Opera, Comedy, and Country necessary to specify qualify young persons of both sexes for this lucrative and pleasant profession. Also the Names and Residences of Managers and their Theatres all over the Kingdom, the Colonies, and the United States. This new work (written from the press) and never before in print, will be sent to any Address free by post for twelve post stamps—punctually per return post. Direct Fisher and Son, Kingsland, London. Established 1847.

THE PILGRIM'S PATH, Sacred Song, Words by Bishop

Heber, Music by Brinley Richards.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUMENTS FOR THE

PIANOFORTE, revised, enlarged, improved, and signed by CHARLES CERNY, 175th edition, printed from large folio plates, 62 pages, price 4s. "May be recommended, in short, as one of the most complete elementary combinations of handbook, grammar, and guide ever presented to the student."—*Daily News*, March 3, 1858. London, Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington-street. N.B.—All Hamilton's standard elementary works are published by this firm.

CONCERTINA CLASSES.—The increasing popularity

of the Concertina induces Mr. Cass to project a series of CLASS MEETINGS, for the purpose of imparting instruction in this instrument to persons unacquainted with music, and also as a means of supplying agreeable pastimes to those already somewhat advanced. Mr. Cass proposes to hold a class for ladies in the afternoon, and one for gentlemen in the evening, the terms to be fixed at such a rate as will admit of all persons joining them. Mr. Cass trusts that a permanent course of instruction, at a moderate cost, will be the means of rendering the Concertina still more generally popular, feeling assured that its many peculiar advantages over other instruments will ultimately gain it the preference of all numerous nations to excel in music with as little trouble as possible. Persons desirous of joining these classes are requested to communicate with Mr. Cass, to the care of Booney and Sons, 25, Holles-street.

NEW WORK FOR FLUTE AND PIANO BY

R. S. PRATTEN.—24 numbers, price 5s. (including case). R. S. Pratten's Recollections for Flute and Piano. Contents: 1. Robert, tel quo l'aima, Robert le Diable, 2. Quand je quittais, ditto, 3. Noli signor, Hugenstia, 4. Ye caso mio, ditto, 5. Va pensiero, Noli signor, 6. Brava, ditto, 7. Brava, ditto, 8. Le nozze di Figaro, ditto, 9. Le nozze di Figaro, ditto, 10. Il è dell' amia, ditto, 11. Quarta o quella, ditto, 12. Bella figlia, ditto, 13. Introduction and Grand Nocturne, ditto, 14. Moresca—Extrait des meris, ditto, 15. Le nozze di Figaro, ditto, 16. Si la stanchezza, ditto, 17. Merce, jentice amia, Le Vieux Siciliennes, 18. Amie le cœur d'lieu, ditto, 19. Jour d'ivresse, ditto, 20. Libiamo, Brindisi, Travolta, 21. Fugue, on ditto, 22. Jour d'ivresse, ditto, 23. Ah, foré l'ia, ditto, 24. Sempre libera, ditto, Booney and Sons, Holles-street.

MENDELSSOHN.

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

MENDELSSOHN was a man of small frame, delicate and fragile-looking; yet possessing that distinguishing peculiarity of the Hebrew race—a sinewy elasticity and a power of endurance which you would hardly suppose possible. His head appeared to have been set upon the wrong shoulders—it seemed, in a certain sense, to contradict his body. But that the head was disproportionately large; but its striking nobility was a standing proof to the pedestal on which it rested. His eye possessed a peculiarity, which has been ascribed to the eye of Sir Walter Scott—a ray of light seemed often to proceed from its pupil to your own, as from a star. But yet, in the eyes of Mendelssohn there was none of that rapt dreaminess, so often seen among men of genius in Art. The gaze was rather external than internal—the eye had more outwardness than inwardness of expression. Indeed this corresponded very much with the character of Mendelssohn; who, although an inward man was also an outward one—and although a great artist, was also something of a courtier and diplomatist. In his gait, Mendelssohn was somewhat loose and shambling; he had a finging motion of the limbs and a supple-jointedness, which, coupled with other little peculiarities of carriage, determined him—according to popular German tradition—as of Oriental origin. But this listlessness of bearing seemed to disappear entirely the moment he sat down to a piano-forte, or organ, and came into artistic action. Then, like a full-blooded Arabian courser, he showed his points—you had before you a noble creature. All awkwardness disappeared: he was Mendelssohn—and no longer a son of Mendel.

Mendelssohn married into a Gentile family—that of a wealthy banker of Frankfort. The lady of his love was as beautiful as she was high-bred and refined. She bore him children of remarkable personal charms. One boy, particularly, I was never weary of gazing at, for his extreme comeliness. He had his father's eye and his mother's elegance and grace of figure. I used to watch father and son, as hand in hand they stambled around the charming gardens of Frankfort, and silently applaud the father of such a son—the son of such a father.

Mendelssohn was too much a celebrity to be suffered to rest long in one place, and he became very much a citizen of the world and a traveller. But from all his wanderings, his steps seemed to return oftener to Frankfort, the home of his wife. Here on his arrival, he was frequently serenaded by the *Liederkrantz* of the city. The house he occupied was on the bank of the river Main; and beneath his windows—illuminated by colored transparencies, or the light of a summer moon—the minstrels were wont to gather. There were poured forth, from hundreds of manly throats, those tones of welcome, or those songs of Fatherland (chief among which were Mendelssohn's own compositions) that thrilled to their very depths the souls of the listeners. Mendelssohn usually stood at the window above, waving his thanks or addressing his friends. I shall never forget one serenade which was given him from the smooth breast of the river. Starting some distance up the stream, at a point from which the music was but faintly audible, the serenaders floated down in their barges, bearing beautiful coloured transparencies, disappearing for a moment beneath the lofty arches of the bridge which spans the river, and then picturesquely reappearing, the music now swelling grandly as they neared the house and wafting to the ears of the master those profound, smooth harmonies which only a German chorus, aided by the softening effect of tones passing over water, is capable of producing.

On occasion of such visits to Frankfort, Mendelssohn was often persuaded by his friends to gratify them by his organ-playing. He generally selected for this purpose the organ in St. Catherine's church—a quaint old edifice on the Zeil—although the organ in St. Paul's is a far larger and better one: this advantage being counterbalanced, however, by the structure of the edifice, which, handsome to the eye (the same, by the way, in which the celebrated German Parliament was held during the revolution), was offensive to the ear, by reason of its bewildering echoes.

I once heard Mendelssohn in St. Catherine's, when he performed in company with Adolphe Hesse—the celebrated organist of Breslau, and pupil of Rink. On this, as on other occasions, Mendelssohn played mostly Bach, for whom, of all the old masters, his reverence seemed deepest. It is mentioned as quite a triumph of Mendelssohn's critical acumen, that he discovered a positive, downright, consecutive fifth in Bach, which had been lying *perdu* ever since the death of the old master, unobserved by any of those who had so sedulously and critically studied him.

The *Cæcilien Verein* of Frankfort—a kind of N.Y. Harmonie Society, or Mendelssohn Union—was one of his favourite places of resort. After the rehearsal, he would occasionally play for his friends: sometimes giving them a sonata of Beethoven's—and always by heart. The *allegros* and *prestos* of these sonatas were dashingly and brilliantly executed, his high-strung nervous organisation seeming to exult in a conquest of whatever mechanical difficulties they might present. He bounded rejoicingly on, like a courser put upon his mettle; but, amid all the heat of the course, he never forgot a certain significant interpretation of the music—an intelligent and, in some respects, peculiar phrasing of the text. Even the musically uninitiated can understand that a difference in the collocation of notes might produce a marked difference in the significance of music—the effect being the same as, in literature, a change of punctuation; or, in rhetorical delivery, a difference in the breathing places, or pauses. Beethoven's *allegros* were better rendered by Mendelssohn than by any one else I ever had the fortune to hear.

The *andantes*, or more emotional movements, were, to my own ear, less satisfactory, from a certain classic polish and—if I may so express it—half reserve of style. Perhaps Mendelssohn felt, as others have felt, that in the matter of feeling, Beethoven had been somewhat overdone. Like persons who would seek deeper significance than really exists in the child-like simplicities of sacred text, or artists, in their morbidly intense manner of rendering the master, had fallen into affected depths of pathos. I would not do Mendelssohn the wrong, however, of representing him as really lacking in feeling. The heart was there; but it was the heart seen through a polite conventionalism of amber—like the insect, perfectly recognisable, but not too exposed to the common view and the touch.

Mendelssohn would occasionally extemporise, also, for his friends of the *Cæcilien Verein*. His improvisation was highly imaginative and masterly. The theme was usually wrought upon in counterpoint style, with occasional dashes into a brilliant *freie fantasia*. This *Cæcilien Verein*, by the way, gave annual performances of oratorio appropriate to the season, similar to those given in New York. On Good Friday, Bach's sublime oratorio of *The Passion* was always sung. Why had this masterpiece never been produced here! It ought to be as regularly and religiously given as the *Messiah*. If we celebrate the birth of the Messiah, we should also celebrate his death. I was once seated next Mendelssohn when the *Verein* was rehearsing Bach's works. He seemed entirely absorbed in the music—a silent movement, only—drawing attention now and then to the wonderful harmonic effects produced by the intertwining of such a mass of independent melodies. The last chord of this masterpiece, intoned to the word *Ruhe* (rest), seems to drop the soul, like a weary child from the arms of its nurse, into a profound slumber, from which it would never more be awakened.

Mendelssohn's influence in Leipzig upon the scholars of the Conservatory was always very salutary. He was in the habit of breaking in upon the usual routine of study and opening new vistas upon them of the world of music. When accidentally present during an exercise, he would sometimes assume the task of teaching himself, and, with crayon in hand, give some invaluable hint in the treatment of orchestral instruments, or elicit knowledge from the pupils themselves, by asking them to accompany a given passage with horns or other less obvious instruments; thus breaking in upon the ordinary routine of the day. This letting in of a little fresh air upon the mind, in teaching, is an excellent device, the uses of which Mendelssohn seemed well to understand.

There existed, at this period in Leipzig, a club of amateur

ladies and gentlemen who met to sing part-songs. Mendelssohn and Hauptmann both contributed largely to the compositions used on such occasions. Hauptmann, whose name is not as familiar as it should be on this side of the water, is Cantor of the *Thomas Schule* of Leipzig—a post originally filled by grand old Sebastian Bach himself. This school is a kind of seminary for young men mostly intended for the ministry, and all of whom receive a musical education; they rendering, by express stipulation, musical services in the churches during this scholastic period. Once a week they perform motets in the St. Thomas Church abjuring the seminary, sometimes accompanied by orchestra. It is a very ancient and admirable institution. At the time the office of Cantor was vacated by the death of the previous incumbent, both Mendelssohn and Hauptmann were candidates for the position; and I have been told that Mendelssohn felt, somewhat, his non-appointment to an office which he would really have liked to fill. Hauptmann, however, is admirably qualified for the position.

The last I ever saw of Mendelssohn was during the summer alluded to in a late article on Freidrieh, in the Taunus mountains, at the small spa Soden and Krontal. Notwithstanding his great pre-occupation, partly with his own genius and musical productiveness; partly with his engagements to visit England or to conduct great festivals; partly to receive the incessant individual homage offered him, which he was not always able to parry, he was ever ready to see and serve, if he could, a true student of art. Like all great masters, however, he had a holy aversion to mere dabblers in art and those who were but in the A B C of progress. And what could he do for such? The schoolmaster was that they needed—not the finished artist; their time for the latter had not come. And this, let me passingly say, is the great mistake our countrymen are constantly making who go abroad to study musical art. They go before they are ready to go. *The preliminary schoolmaster is neglected.* The scholastic part of Art can at the present day be as well pursued in this country as in any part of Europe. Our artists should not go abroad to learn their A B C's. It is an expensive way of learning the alphabet,—both as to time and money. Let them learn all they can here, first—and by "all" I mean harmony, counterpoint, form, instrumentation; they might then profitably go abroad to exercise themselves in composition, and to hear music. In a word, let them learn the *science* of music at home—but pursue the *art* under the guidance of a great master, if they will, abroad. Most celebrated men in Art are accessible in this way. They are willing to give one lesson, in the sense of examining compositions—but not in the sense of teaching the first rudiments of the Art. Nor let our art-students think that the Conservatories of Music are the only desirable thing. They are desirable for those whose means are limited—they are the common schools of art. But Hauptmann himself once told me, that—Professor, as he was in the Leipzig Conservatory—*he was glad that he was not put through a Conservatory course.* The idea being, that, in Art, it is not always well to shape a mind by the square and compass; but it is better to adapt the course to the individual mind, in order not to interfere with its originality, or check its independent development. Mendelssohn would, and did, examine and advise, in case compositions were submitted to him, and his suggestions and his counsel were as invaluable as they were ever readily rendered.

A singular circumstance, to me, at this time, was the approbation which he expressed of certain Ethiopian melodies—some of those earliest in use in America—which his friend Hoffman von Fallersleben had persuaded me one day to put on paper for him, in order that he might write a series of songs to them for German emigrants to America. Hoffmann—much to my astonishment and chagrin—submitted these one day to the classic eyes of Mendelssohn—an act of innocent audacity of which it seemed to me none but a poet, ignorant of musical valuations, and certainly never a musician, would ever have been guilty. We often undervalue trifles, however, and Mendelssohn's opinion of these little bagatelles (like that, subsequently, of other German masters) taught me quite a lesson as to an over-fastidiousness in art-matters, and a too dignified standard of judgment.

On parting with Mendelssohn at Soden, he was kind enough to leave a record of himself on a page of my album of autographs. He composed for me a canon and attached thereto his signature.—Both of which, as a matter of possible interest to others, as well as myself, I here transfer from a private, to a public page. While the notes, however, are given in ordinary music-print, I have had a fac-simile engraved of the signature, that all may see how an imperishable name was written by the hand that fashioned its fame. R. S. W.

LAST CONCERT OF HENRI HERZ IN PARIS.

(Translated from *La France Musicale*.)

Or all pianists, past and present, Henri Herz is the pianist most petted and most spoiled, by that capricious goddess, at the same time prodigal and avaricious, suspected and despised, who is called Fortune. Is there, I ask, a more enviable, and a more happy destiny than that of Henri Herz—and did any mortal, as they say at the Odéon, when an actor has fingers over the sonorous ivory of the piano, follow more obstinately a path more agreeably strewn with all sorts of roses, without thorns, in this long passage through life? For twenty years Henri Herz has held, without a rival, the sceptre of the piano; the piano has lived for him and by him, and his variations brilliantes, borne on the sonorous wings of melody, have gone round the globe. At the present day Henri Herz still seats himself, when he chooses, on the throne which rises above all the nation of pianists. Does Henri Herz wish to give a concert—that is to say, to add another triumph to his former ones? To do so, the eminent virtuoso needs neither leave his own house, or borrow anything from any one; he is himself amply sufficient. "Rome is not Rome; it is where I am;" the piano is not the piano; it is where Henri Herz is. Henri Herz gives, in fact, very fine concerts in Henri Herz's establishment. In these concerts, Henri Herz executes on Henri Herz's pianos Henri Herz's music, which is always fashionable. Thus we say that when we speak of the piano we are speaking of Henri Herz, and when we speak of Henri Herz we are speaking of the piano.

The most graceful, and, as we see, the most complete of all pianists, collected, last Wednesday, in his room, a most elegant society of amateurs. The great attraction was the performance, for the first time, of the pianist-composer's sixth and last concerto, which was said to be his best work. Is it, in truth, more charming and better adapted than the other productions of the author for bringing out the brilliant and amiable qualities of the executant? I do not think so; but this concerto is assuredly not in any way inferior to Herz's first five concertos, and this opinion, I fancy, is sufficiently favourable.

The first part (in A minor), commenced with a noble orchestral *tutti*, developed with art, and dying gradually away, to make room for the piano solo, beginning with the following notes:—D sharp, E A, F, E, C, A, F, E.—Then an octave lower, D sharp, A, F, E, C, A, F, D. Bravo! this is a skilful and clever touch, if ever there was one; a touch which reveals, at the same time, a genius for composition, a genius for execution, and a genius for industry. What a genius for industry! you will, perhaps, say. Without doubt. Did you not hear those sustained E's, so crystalline and vibrating in sound! Were they not there to say to the public: We belong to Herz's pianofortes, which bore off the medal of honour at the Grand Exhibition of Industry. After this well-merited homage rendered by Herz to Herz's pianos, the composer and executant appeared alone. The first movement of the concerto is the work of a consummate master. The *andante* is delicate and pretty. The higher notes of the piano stand out admirably from the background of the orchestra; it is a very graceful musical *genre* picture. The modern *fantasia* is then agreeably combined with the severe forms of the classical concerto. The third part commences with a very picturesque oriental rondo, which, in our minds, only wants a tambourine accompaniment to render it altogether oriental. After this, come some choruses, very pleasing in their effects, the whole being terminated by a *tutti* of the orchestra, voices and piano, grandiose and really captivating in style. This last *moreux* was redemanded, which, for the composer, was equivalent to a bulletin of victory.

All honour, then, to the sixth concerto. Let us add that the orchestra was conducted by M. Bottesini, who wields his *baton* of command as valiantly as the bow of the double-bassist. The public is as capricious as a pretty woman. Why did it receive Mad. Falconi coldly on Wednesday; and why, on other occasions, is it prodigal of applause! Oh! if any one ever propounded the theory of success, what a success the theory would obtain!

M. Hauman, the violinist, re-appeared at this concert after a silence of ten years. *He has lost nothing of his fine talent!* The same cannot be said of M. Servais, who is guilty of sometimes forgetting he is the *first violoncellist in the world!* To indulge in a touch of the bagpipe on his instrument. Put how beautiful his tone is when he likes, and how he plays with difficulty—I was about to say impossibilities! We must not forget the singer Monari, who sang an air by Mercadante extremely well.

Herz played three times, which was certainly not too much. After a pretty bolero, *Madrid*, inspired by the sky of Castille itself, he terminated this extraordinary musical entertainment by his military *fantasia* on *La Fille du Régiment*.

This is a season happily commenced by the piano; Litoff opened the march with his fine concerto-symphony; Herz followed, and, if we are correctly informed, the chief of the French piano school, the *philosophical pianist* (?), Emilie Prudent, will soon be heard in his turn. There are pianos in the air, and everything leads me to believe that the comets, incorrectly defined by the learned, are only grand pianos on which future nations will play pieces for a hundred thousand hands.

ONACR COMMENTANT.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the Leeds Mercury.)

THE decision of an influential meeting of Leeds gentlemen, held at the Court-house on Thursday last, that a grand inaugural Musical Festival shall take place in our noble Town-hall, in or about September next, has, we believe, given great and general satisfaction. Leeds stands second to no English town in its appreciation and practice of music, both vocal and instrumental. The numerous concerts annually given, the prevalence of instrumental bands amongst our operatives, and the general efficiency of the choirs in our churches and chapels, sufficiently testify this; and we are glad that so unanimous a feeling exists amongst all parties to render the first Leeds Musical Festival one of the most successful projects ever undertaken by Leeds people. The proposal to devote the profits of the Festival to the Leeds Infirmary, will call forth active sympathy and co-operation from very many in the West Riding, as well as in this town, to whom the great value of that admirable institution has long been known.

As was stated at the meeting last Thursday, the Infirmary is in a struggling condition, though so wide-spread is its excellence, and so high its repute is the skill of its medical attendants, that patients come hither not only from all parts of Yorkshire, but also from the adjoining counties. For such a charity, we feel assured, a Musical Festival must succeed; and we shall show that, if only the average result which attends nearly all musical festivals in England be obtained, a handsome sum will be handed over to the treasurer of the institution.

It was for a time a matter of doubt with many of those Leeds gentlemen who take a deep interest in the objects of the British Association, whether a Festival would not greatly interfere with the much-desired success of the meetings of that distinguished body, long since fixed to take place in this town during the ensuing autumn. But we do not see why one should interfere with the other, if only judicious arrangements be made. It will be almost impossible to get up a Musical Festival on such a scale as is contemplated, before the middle of the end of September, and for the very obvious reason, that nearly all the great vocal and instrumental *artistes* are, up to that period, engaged elsewhere; first, at the opera and oratorio performances in the metropolis, then at the Hereford Festival during the last week in August, and afterwards at the Birmingham Triennial Festival, which takes place the first week in September. We may surmise that the meetings of the British Association should be held as early as possible—no later than the third week in August, and the Musical Festival, perhaps, the next week in September. This would give a clear month between the two great events. If the committee can carry out this idea—and we see no practical difficulty in the way—it will add greatly to the success

both of the Association meetings and the Festival. Six months would then be secured to the Festival committee to mature their plans; and during this comparatively short period the closest attention of every individual member will be required. The labours of the general committee (among whom there are some gentlemen of great practical experience) will of course be much reduced and simplified by the appointment of sub-committees—one for the engagement of principal *artistes* and for the programmes, another for the orchestral performers, a third for the chorus, a fourth for financial purposes, and so on.

As to the oratorios which we presume will occupy the first and second days, there can be little doubt that the *Messiah* and the so popular *Elijah* or the *Creation* will be selected for performance. No festival is considered complete without the first, and to show the attractiveness of the second, we might state that from the year 1847, to February, 1858, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society in London fifty times, being more than one-fourth of all the society's performances during that period. With regard to the other sacred works to be given at the Leeds Festival, we presume that the conductor, whoever he may be, will have a considerable voice in the selection, which it is hoped will be of such a character as to make the festival one of the most unexceptionable of the age.

The duration of festivals in England varies from three to four days; and the latter period we would suggest for Leeds. Three of these days will perhaps be devoted to established sacred works, with the introduction of one or two of choice on each of the three days. In order to vary the general practice adopted in this country, and to give a distinctive feature to the Leeds Festival, a plan might be introduced similar to that followed out with great success at the large German festivals, namely, to devote one day to performances on the grand organ, by a selected number of organists of European reputation—both English and foreign—alternated with unaccompanied and accompanied choruses by the largest body of voices that Leeds will contain. A congress of organists might thus be obtained, which would attract great attention throughout England. France might be represented by Lefebvre Wely, Prussia by Haupt, of Berlin, the German States by Hees (Spohr's), and Austria by Schneider; whilst our own country would furnish such men as Wesley, Henry Smart, Best, Cooper, and Hopkins. The hope is entertained that Leeds will possess one of the finest organs in Europe; and if the above scheme be carried out, it would be a fair test of the capability of the instrument, and also prove a novelty of considerable attraction. There is yet one point, and one, too, of considerable importance, which we must mention before leaving this part of the subject. We refer to the People's Musical Festival, which has not only been anticipated by the Town Council in the arrangements of the hall, but which will most certainly be expected by the great mass of the people who are so fond of music, and generally so correct in their appreciation of it. At Norwich, a people's concert on a grand scale follows the festival. Many of the principal performers give their assistance on the occasion, and the working classes, to whom the chief festival is a dead letter, have an opportunity of hearing, at merely nominal prices, some of the greatest musical works performed on an effective scale. Such a course, it is hoped, will be followed in Leeds. The guarantee fund which will be required for the great festival might be extended to this desirable object, and we trust it will receive that attention which its importance demands.

Very much of the success of the whole festival—especially in a musical sense—will depend upon the chief conductor, and he should be a person not only of great experience, but celebrated for his musical attainments. There are only four or five gentlemen whom we can call to mind of sufficient capabilities for this responsible appointment. First, there is the veteran Spohr, whose name alone would be an immense attraction, but who, we fear, is too far advanced in life to undertake such arduous duties. Next, perhaps, in point of general attraction, would come Mr. Costa, then Mr. Benedict, and last (certainly not least), Professor Sterndale Bennett, the present conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, and the Bach Society. In a musical point of view the claims of the three last-named conductors are about equal; but we must be content for intending to perform the *Messiah* to select the most eminent English conductor than whom, as is universally admitted, it is impossible to find better. The foreign singers will have ample opportunity of displaying their talents at the evening concerts.

Of the chorus not a word is necessary to induce the committee to decide that it shall be formed exclusively of Yorkshire singers, who are now noted throughout England as the best that can be obtained for choral performances. (What will Leicestershire say?—Ed.)

We have made inquiries respecting the accommodation of our Town Hall. The large room will not contain so many persons as was at first calculated. Allowing a space of 17½ inches to each person, 2,000 can be comfortably seated; and it is calculated that the orchestra will hold 600 performers.

A PICTURE BY RAPHAEL.

(From the *Dibats of Saturday, March 13.*)

A VERITABLE event preoccupies artists and earnest lovers of painting. At this moment there is to be seen in Paris a picture by Raphael, of untested originality and irreproachable condition. The composition is of extreme simplicity; the painter of Urbino has there represented Apollo upright, with his lyre, listening with attention to Maryas, seated and playing on the flute. The two personages are naked, in the midst of a landscape canonized by a serene sky, across which some birds cut the air at full flight.

This picture, of about the dimensions of the "Vision of Ezekiel," suggests by its style and handling the period when the great Italian master painted "The Marriage of the Virgin" (*Lo Sposalizio*), which is at Milan, yet the remarkable vigour of the modelling and of the colouring, in the picture of "Apollo and Maryas," would justify the belief that it was executed at a period somewhat posterior. But, whatever may be the precise period at which it was painted, it is of that time when Raphael, quitting the manner of Perugino, his master, passed to a new style, and threw himself into that brilliant career which he subsequently pursued.

What strikes us first in this charming work, is the fidelity to nature of both personages, of whom one displays the ordinary form of man, whilst that of the other is of the highest elevation. But, in studying the details with attention, the interest and the charm continue so to increase, that when one's eyes and thoughts have been for a while fixed upon this delicious *chef-d'œuvre*, nothing can seduce them from it. In short, independent of the technical qualities which this picture combines, there exhales from the whole a picture of youth which goes straight to the soul. The simplicity of the composition, the sobriety of expression in both personages, their attitudes devoid of all affectation, are incomparable. There is not the slightest portion of the execution that is not conducted with such chasteness of handling, and so much respect for nature, as to render insensible the least trace of labour. The union of these rare qualities results from the youthful freshness of the artist when the "Apollo and Maryas" was painted.

Among so many eminent qualities with which Raphael was endowed, this great man ever evinced the spirit of his age, from the picture of "Apollo and Maryas" to that of the "Transfiguration." By obeying from year to year his instincts and his ideas successively modified, he was always himself and always new.

A considerable number of artists and lovers of art have already been admitted to the apartment of Mr. Morris Moore, the proprietor of the picture of "Apollo and Maryas;" but it were to be desired that this graceful masterpiece should be more generally known and appreciated. Mention has been made of a public exhibition which might be held in one of the halls of the *Palais des Beaux Arts*; we offer our ardent wishes that this idea may be realised.

BACH'S PIANOS MUSIC.—Last night a full rehearsal of this sublime work, which is to be performed on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Professor Sternsdale Bennett, took place at St. Martin's Hall.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Yesterday evening the fifth rehearsal of the great chorus for 1,100 singers, intended to form with the metropolitan nucleus at the grand Centenary Festival in 1859, in commemoration of Handel, took place at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

HER MAJESTY'S CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. GEORGE, WINDSOR CASTLE.—The trials for the appointment of a lay clerk, occasioned by the death of Mr. Salmon, took place at St. George's Chapel, on Thursday last, when there were no less than twenty candidates. After each had sung a solo of his own selection, seven were chosen from the number for a second trial, whose names are as follows: Mr. Poole, from Cambridge; Mr. Kibbe, from Chester; Mr. Brandon, from Durham; Mr. Thomas, from Worcester; Mr. Richards, from Gloucester; Mr. Atkins, from Norwich; and Mr. Lambert, from York. These gentlemen were thrilled with respect to their ability in reading music at sight, and, after a severe trial, Mr. Lambert was ultimately chosen. The choir of St. George is now composed of nearly all young men, and is considered one of the first in the kingdom. The trials took place before the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, the Revs. Lord Wriothley Russell, Wm. Canning, and the Hon. W. Moore, Canons of Windsor; and the Revs. John Wilder, G. J. Dupuis, and Charles Luxmore, the Fellows of Eton College, &c.—*Morning Post.*

THEATRICAL MEMS.—Miss Helen Faneit appeared on Monday evening in the character of Beatrice in *Much ado about Nothing*. The part is not exactly suited to the artist's means and instincts, but shows some fine points, nevertheless. Miss Helen Faneit is too accomplished an actress to do anything indifferently. The real comedy of Beatrice, however, escapes her. She cannot sufficiently assume the requisite buoyancy and vivacity.—At the Haymarket, *The Love Chase* keeps its place in the bills by aid of Miss Amy Sedgwick's admirable performance of Constance, and the very clever acting of Mrs. Wilkins, who has achieved no inconsiderable reputation by her personation of the Widow Green. A new ballet, called *Jack's Return from Canton*, was produced on Monday night. It was well got up, and is very amusing.

MADAME FREZZOLINI.—The report, happily erroneous, of the death of Mad. Frezzolini, is thus definitively refuted by the following letter from Havannah:—"Mad. Frezzolini has been nobly revenged for the coolness with which she was received in North America, and it is impossible to give you a faithful account of the ovations, the bouquets, and the presents she has received. Her benefit took place the day before yesterday, when *L'Éclair d'Amour* was performed. On her leaving the theatre, where she had been overwhelmed with flowers and applause, an old hidalgo, Don Diego Loines, was waiting for her with an open carriage drawn by six mules, and escorted by fifty slaves, bearing torches. Assisted by a crowd of the fair singer's admirers, the procession accompanied her in triumph as far as her hotel, where there were several bands, which played for a part of the night. A committee was introduced to the lady, and begged permission to present her, in the name of the inhabitants of Havannah, with a small testimonial. This consists of a silver casket, with a double bottom. In the upper part was a magnificent gold crown, enriched with diamonds; in the secret part were 4,000 piasters (20,000 francs)." It is superfluous to add that Mad. Frezzolini granted the permission demanded.—*Revue et Gazette de Paris.*

ST. PETERSBURG.—A new concert room has been inaugurated, with three grand musical solemnities: the first for the benefit of the Russian students, the second (given by the Philharmonic Society) for that of artists' widows and orphans; and the third, for that of the Polish students, in the rooms of Vauxhall (the new hall) in the Newski Perspective. The singers, male and female, and the artists of the Italian theatre, took part in this good action, Mesdames Bosio, Lotti della Santa, de Méric; MM. Labache, Tamberlik, Everard, Garki, the pianist, and Appolinaire, the violinist, being the performers. The last of these artists was the principal person at the concert for the Polish students. He played the symphonic concerto of Henry Litolff. The receipts were such as to enable the sum of 6,000 francs, after the payment of all expenses, to be handed over to the students. As this kind action called for another, the students presented the *virtuoso* with a very elegant chased silver vase, on which the following inscription is engraved: "To N. Appolinaire de Kotski, a mark of gratitude from the Polish students."—*Journal de St. Pétersbourg.*

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent, March 17).—At the Philharmonic Society, last night, the performances included Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's Cantata, *Lauda Sion*, the "Evening Prayer" and Chorus from Mr. Costa's *Eli*, and Spohr's Cantata, "God, thou art great." The executives were Madame Ruderdorff, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas. The band and chorus were good throughout. Mr. Hirst presided at the organ. The Hall was only moderately filled, and the audience extremely cold.—Mr. Barry Sullivan re-appeared as Hamlet, on Monday, and last night played Julian St. Pierre in *The Wife*. To-night he represents King Lear.—The concerts of the Royal Coldstream Guards have proved attractive. They opened on Monday night with the National Anthem and played the overture to *Der Freischutz*, with selections from *Moss*, *The Rose of Castille*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Traviata*.—On Saturday night the concert in St. George's Hall went off with great success. Almost everything was scored.—Mr. E. W. Thomas has resolved to renew his orchestral concert, and opens the series on Friday (last evening).—The twenty-first of the present series of the People's Concerts took place on Saturday evening, March 13th, in St. George's Hall, to a crowded audience. The following vocalists were engaged: Miss Dolson and Miss Pilling, pupils of Mrs. Wood (formerly Miss Paton); Mr. A. Mann, and Mr. D. Lambert; pianiste, Madlle. Louise D'Herbil; accompanist, Mr. H. V. Lewis. Encores were frequent. Amongst the more popular pieces were, "A way to the mountain's brow," "Casta Diva," dnet, "I know a bank," Schubert's "Wanderer," "Norah, the bride of Kildare," and the Scotch song, "Mary's Dream." Madlle. D'Herbil performed two fantasias on the pianoforte. Mr. Himes' spirit and liberality in giving these popular concerts is worthy of the large support with which his endeavours are crowned.

SHEFFIELD.—(From our own Correspondent).—On Monday last the Pyne and Harrison troupe opened to a good house at the Theatre Royal. This being the first time the *Rose of Castille* was played in Sheffield, much curiosity was felt as to the merits of Balfe's latest opera, and the local cognoscenti mustered in strong force. If we may judge from the hearty applause, the encores, and recalls, there can be no question of its being a great success, and it will consequently be repeated some three or four times during the stay of the company, which will last till the 27th. In the meantime, *Mariana*, *The Crown Diamonds*, *Traviata*, &c., are being played. Of the brilliant vocalisation of Miss Louisa Pyne, it would be impossible to speak too highly. She is indeed the queen of English singers, and it is more than doubtful whether any foreigner in her line equals her, with the exception of Bosio, with whom she may fairly rank in many respects. Mr. Harrison, Miss Susan Pyne, Messrs. F. Glover, Honey, St. Albany, &c., sustained their London parts. The chorus was efficient, and the band, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, the best ever heard in Sheffield. By the way, the local critics have been setting the public on their guard, advising them to see "that the opera are not abridged, as the last troupe here omitted the overtures to *Traviata*, *Sonnambula*, &c." They also recommend that the *Sings of Rochelle* should be played by way of a novelty, if only for the sake of hearing that "divine ballad," "The light of other days." It will be new to your readers to learn that there are overtures to *Traviata* and *Sonnambula*, and it has been hitherto supposed that "The light of other days" occurred in the *Maid of Artois*. These local critics are funny fellows. I once read a delicious bit in a certain paper cutting up a tenor, and, amongst other things, mentioning that, "he vainly endeavoured to reach B flat, when he could only achieve B natural."

BURY.—Dr. Mark and his little band of performers visited Blyth on Wednesday, and gave two of their truly grand musical entertainments in the Central Hall, to very large audiences. So captivated were the public with their performances, that the Central Hall directors re-engaged them for the next day when the audiences were far in excess of those of even the previous day. Many of the pieces met with a well-merited encore, and the exclamation of deep and universal gratification which escaped the lips of the audiences showed how fully their labours were appreciated.—*Northern Daily Express*, March 20th, 1858.

RYDE.—Mr. Austin's benefit concert took place at the Victoria Rooms on Thursday evening, and was attended by nearly 800 persons, the chief attractions being Mr. Sims Reeves, and our townsman, Mr. Austin, the performer on the cornet-bassoon. We believe the latter gentleman has met with a well-deserved compliment in the kind and gratuitous assistance of our greatest English singer, as also in the attendance of so large an audience. The programme was admirably performed by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, and Messrs. Snarey, Corps, Conduit, and Cross, of the Winchester Cathedral choir; Mr. J. Theodore Trekkell, the pianist, and Mr. Austin himself. The glees by the Winchester choir were much applauded. The appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves was the signal for loud and reiterated applause, and his first song, "Come into the garden, Mand," was rapturously encored, as also his second, "Who shall be fairest?" "The Death of Nelson" was substituted for the latter. Donizetti's "Da quel di" by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, was exquisitely rendered; and Mrs. Reeves gave proof of her talent in Weber's "Softly sighs," and "There's no lack about the house," the latter being redemanded. Mr. Austin delighted the audience with two fantasias on the cornet, which well deserved the encores that followed. The duo concertants, piano and cornet—Messrs. Trekkell and Austin—were also well received. The MS. piano solo of Mr. Trekkell and his accompaniments throughout added to the success of the entertainment. Mr. Austin deserved this flattering proof of his private worth and musical ability.

BELFAST.—(From a Correspondent).—CLASSICAL HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.—This flourishing Society gave its third and concluding concert for this season on the 9th. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, their Hall was nearly full. The programme consisted principally of madrigals and four-part songs, sung by about eighty voices, unaccompanied. Among the rest were, Leslie's arrangement of "Rule Britannia," Waly's "This world is all a fleeting show," Webb's "To love I wake the silver string," Benedict's serenade "Blessed be the home," and two of the Irish melodies—"Hath sorrow thy young days shaded," and "Oh! where's the slave so lowly," harmonised by the Society's conductor, Mr. George B. Allen. Miss Julia Cruise sang several songs very sweetly, and was warmly received. She gave for the first time a new ballad, "Youth's sunny memories" written and composed by Beatrice Abercrombie, which she was compelled to repeat. Herr Eisner (violincello) and Mr. Edson (pianoforte) played solos on their respective instruments, and altogether the concert appeared to give universal satisfaction.

HALFVY'S NEW OPERA.—We are assured that, up to the present time, the management of the Opera, has received 6,000 applications for seats, for the first representation of *La Magicienne*. As the house contains only 1,811 places, the fate of 4,189 applicants is already settled. May their health not suffer in consequence! The heroine of the new opera of MM. Saint-Georges and Halfvy is the sorceress Melusina. The author represents her as endowed with incomparable beauty during the night, but becoming frightfully ugly as soon as ever the sun rises. The question was how, without the aid of a mask, to make the lady charged with the part of Melusina turn ugly before the eyes of the spectators? This offered what at first was thought an insurmountable difficulty; it has, however, been overcome. At present the way in which this has been effected is a secret known to the Opera alone, but, this week, it will be known to everyone. The singers of the *Opera-Comique*, Mesdames Cabel, Lefebvre; M.M. Faure and Barbot, appeared at the second Wednesday performance at Court. Félix Godofroid alone represented the instrumental portion, and proved himself worthy of the honour. Their Majesties repeatedly expressed their very great satisfaction.

MUSIC OF THE ANGO-SAXONS.—A lecture on this subject was delivered to the members and friends of the Catholic Institute at the Natural History Society's Room, on Monday evening, by the Rev. W. Waterworth. The lecturer spoke of the influence of music on the feelings, and described the music of our forefathers as being superior to that of the people of other countries. Their instrument was principally the harp, but very different to those in use at the present day, from which he thought the violin originated. Their singing was always playing was equally extemporary, repetitive and of the same. The lecture was accompanied with singing.—*Worcester Journal*.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, March 22nd, and during the week, to commence at 7, last six nights before the Easter holidays, **THE LOVE CHASE** will be performed for the last six nights, in which **MISSES AMY SEDGWICK** will appear as Constance; the Widow Greer by Mrs. WILKINS; Lydia, Miss Bullock. After which a new ballet by Mr. Lecroer, entitled **JACK'S RETURN FROM CANTON**, in which Miss Louisa Leckerer, Mr. Charles Leckerer, and Mr. Arthur Leckerer will appear. With the company of PRESENTED AT COURT, Geoffrey Wedderburne (his original character), Mr. Buckstone, Concluding with the popular Spanish ballet of **THE GALICIAN FETE**, by Fanny Wright, Mr. Charles Leckerer, and the Corps de Ballet. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, after the new ballet, and for three nights only, the comedy of **A CURSE FOR LOVE**, in which Mr. Buckstone will sustain his original character of Mr. Sadgrove.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, or for which there will be a charge for looking 6s. each. First Price.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Full 5s.; Gallery, 1s. Second Price.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Full 4s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Colquhoun.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

Last Six Nights of the Pantomime.

ON MONDAY (last time this season) **THE CORSICAN BROTHERS**; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (last times for the present) **A MIDDUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**; Wednesday, **LOUIS XI.**; Friday, **HAMLET.** And the Pantomime every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with **YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.** After which a new farce, entitled **TICKLESHIN TIMER.** To conclude with **BOOTS AT THE SWAN.** Commence at 7 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, March 20th, **BORY O'MORE**, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. After which, **AN HOUR IN SEVILLE.** To conclude with the successful original farce called **THE IRISH TUTOR.**

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. **LAST NIGHTS OF MR. CHARLES DILLON,** who is nightly received by great houses with the greatest enthusiasm. The new farce a grand hit. On Monday and Thursday, the performance will commence with **HIDE AND PATIENCE**, supported by the company. On Tuesday, **OTHELLO.** On Wednesday, Mr. Charles Dillon, On Wednesday and Saturday, **BEATRICE.** On Friday, Mr. Charles Dillon. On Friday, the **CAVALIER** and **THE MURKETTERS.** Mr. Charles Dillon in two pieces. To be followed by, every evening, the new play of **MY FIRST DAY ON TRIAL.** To conclude with a popular drama. Great preparations for Passion week. A **GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,** under the direction of Mr. Isaacson, with other entertainments.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. SECOND (Darlington). *Inquire of J. H. DE MONTI* (Glasgow), and **DUNCAN DAVIDSON** and Co., 244, Regent-street.—*The suggestion of our correspondent is under consideration.*

FABIAN.—*We agree in a very great measure with our correspondent; but we must decline to enter into personal controversies.*

A FRIEND OF MOZART AND MODERSTY.—*We agree entirely with our correspondent, but we have no wish to prolong the discussion with the gentlemen to whom he alludes.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20TH, 1858.

HAVING chastised Mr. Dickens, and punished Mr. Thackeray, belaboured Mr. Punch with his own cudgel, scared *The Times*, and shaken "Mont Blanc" to the centre, *The Saturday Review* is bent upon extinguishing another ephemeral reputation. Mendelssohn is the victim offered up at the last hebdomadal sacrifice in propitiation of the God of Sleep. *Elijah* has the sin of being what Mr. Albert Smith, in the rough simplicity of his nature, designates "a good show." *Elijah* has been given by the Sacred Harmonic Society fifty times during the last ten years, without reckoning some 500, more or less, in other places. *Elijah* has drawn multitudes to hear it; multitudes have remained spell-bound during its performance, and have left with a determination to renew their sensations as early as possible.

Elijah, in short, is the popular oratorio of the present century. This was enough to elicit the displeasure of our grave contemporary, who, after long hesitation, has administered a just reproof. *The Saturday Review* has opened the floodgates of its ire. Mendelssohn and his oratorio are annihilated!

The so-called hebdomadal which has performed this new act of retribution is for ever talking about "scio-litists" (*demi-savans*), and philosophers; yet (we are told on good authority) the history of British periodical literature presents few instances of a more scio-litist staff than that which contributes to its pages. Our experience being confined to music, we cannot assume to legislate on other matters; but on one point we are able to substantiate in a great measure what has been said by competent judges with regard to the general conduct of this literary and political headsman. Music, as most of our contemporaries are aware, is an awkward theme to deal with, unless some considerable acquaintance with the art, both theoretical and practical, is at command of the writer. About no subject whatever is the entire press of Europe apt to write so large a quantity of nonsense. A periodical, however, started on the principles affected by *The Saturday Review*, could not possibly leave an art of such importance, and of such enormous popular significance, unrepresented; and so *The Saturday Review* has provided itself with a musical critic. In this functionary two duties seem to be vested. His first, independent of the aforesaid principles, is to praise whatever may be done at Her Majesty's Theatre (and really some of the articles on *Mlle. Piccolomini* are oddly out of place in a journal that teems with sneers at popularities built upon foundations so much more solid than hers); his second (and sterner), is to raise the iconoclastic sledge, in emulation of his *confères*, and dash in pieces every cherished idol of the nineteenth century. A recent article, on Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (fancy the mere name of such a flimsy piece staining the pages of *The Saturday Review*!), and *Mlle. Piccolomini's* *Arline*, may be regarded as an example of how the special officer accomplishes the former of the duties imposed upon him; while a still more recent notice of Handel's *Samson*, at the Sacred Harmonic Society, furnishes a specimen of his ability to fulfil the latter. With the praises of Her Majesty's Theatre we have no desire to meddle; but we cannot allow the article on Handel's *Samson* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* to pass without a word or two of comment. The sophisms, and even the jokes of our contemporary are amusing enough from a certain point of view; but there are things that should be held sacred from such ribaldry, and *Elijah* is among them.

As if *The Saturday Review* had not sufficiently entertained its patrons with the varied banquet at which the remains of murdered poets, philosophers, essayists and novel writers are served up, it must needs add, as a side dish, the body of a great musician, drawn and quartered. Like Nero—the most prodigal and dangerous of hosts—our Editor, leaning on his elbow, thus addresses his ravenous guests:—"Pray, gentlemen, commend this wine by your drinking, and let your fish swim again. Can you think I am contented with the small pittance of a supper which you saw just now? Is Ulysses no better known? But what then!—we must also show you the love we have for the arts and sciences." And the next

* Lord Byron, too, (see last Number), is disposed of in a column. But we are only musicians, and don't care a straw about poets.

course is the oratorio of *Elijah*, which, *farci d'injures de Latin*, is straightway served up to satisfy the craving of those windy analogues who nourish their intellectual appetites with the scotidinous matter contained in *The Saturday Review*.

"*Si notus Ulysses!*" The classic query may be flung back again at the head of *The Saturday Review*, whose anthropology, however otherwise comprehensive, certainly excludes the descendants of Tubal Cain. For aught we know, the gentlemen who contribute to the periodical in question may be as lettered as Hipparchus and Aratus, with wits as subtle (and as brittle) as Hermeogenes. Their familiarity with books and the depth of their metaphysics, however, are of little moment to us. We busy ourselves with music alone; and all we require of those who approach the subject is that their discourse shall evince some little learning. Now in his notice of *Samson* at Exeter Hall, the reviewer does not exhibit the possession of this desirable accomplishment. On the contrary, he betrays a lack of it almost unparalleled in a department of criticism with which the serial press has ordinarily shown itself least conversant. To begin with the beginning:—

"The Sacred Harmonic Society considers one performance in a year sufficient to satisfy the public appetite for a work such as Handel's *Samson*. It was given by the Society last week, with the announcement that it would not be repeated. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* had been shortly before performed two weeks consecutively, and that oratorio has been given by the Society not less than fifty times from the year 1847 to the present time, as we learn from a recently printed statement. No doubt the Society judges on the whole justly as to the average public taste."

No doubt it can do thus much without the assistance of *The Saturday Review*, which seems to be unaware that "one performance in a year" is considerably beyond the allotment accorded to Handel's *Samson* since the first institution of the Society. But "the average public taste" is of course not that of the Saturday Reviewers, who, as the Egyptians of old, would fain reduce the arts to *compensaria*. Painting and music are alike constrained within the limits of their Procrustean bed (*utrosque parietes limum*):—

"The admirers of Webster will outnumber those of Raffelle; and there will be a hundred people who can appreciate Wilkie for one who cares about Albert Durer. We do not mean that these parallels run exactly on all fours. Mendelssohn's aims in art may have been considerably higher than those of either Webster or Wilkie. His technical peculiarities are, however, very like theirs; small detail, careful finish, are his forte; instrumental colouring is used with excellent effect to conceal the want of great melodic ideas. He composed for the nineteenth century, and has completely hit that taste for the *semi-grand* which prevails throughout all strata of society."

By superficial readers the above may probably be accepted for profound criticism; but well-informed amateurs of music, who have also found pleasure and advantage in making themselves acquainted with the sister art, will at once detect its absurdity. The comparison of Webster and Wilkie with Mendelssohn betrays an equal ignorance of the arts and of the men who professed them. As well, indeed, might Crabbe be compared with Beethoven, or Robert Burns with Michael Angelo. True, these parallels do not run "exactly on all fours"; but the reviewer who ventured on them might do so characteristically. Mendelssohn's "aims in art" were unquestionably "higher than those of either Webster or Wilkie," and it would appear, higher than can be scanned by the vision of *The Saturday Review*, which, in attempting a catalogue of the great musician's "technical peculiarities," unconsciously hits off those of its own contributors. "Small detail, careful finish are their 'forte'; and

a show of scholastic pedantry may stand for the "instrumental colouring" used by themselves, with "excellent effect, to conceal the want of great ideas" on more subjects than one. The last sentence about the "nineteenth century" (which has chiefly sinned in begetting *The Saturday Review*) is a famous example of "that taste for the *semi-grand*" of which the writer complains, in a pun not even semi-decent.

In the course of some dull reflections upon Handel we are favoured with this astounding piece of intelligence:—

"Handel, though possessing the fullest confidence of the British public, is slightly archaic, and requires a little treatment to make him go down."

Handel's *archaism*, reduced to plain English, means that, as he wrote more than a century ago, his language is not precisely that of the present day—an objection which may apply to anybody else, under the same circumstances, from Hesiod downwards. The allusion is therefore a mere platitude, concealed under the "instrumental colouring" of a Greek derivative. The last assertion is scarcely worth notice. *The Messiah* has required no "treatment to make" it "go down." It has gone down, for 120 years, as glibly as a *pâté de foie gras* down the throat of a gourmet. "Slightly Archaic," though he be, the composer of this immortal masterpiece has met with his deserts in England. Heaven knows the English people have displayed "engagement" enough for Handel. No poet, no statesman, no warrior, ever had greater honours paid him. What, we should like to be told, was the Handel Festival at Sydenham, but the homage of a great nation paid to a great man? And yet, after this, we are reminded, that Handel, being "slightly archaic, requires a little treatment to make him go down."

Perhaps the critic, like the tailors of Tooley-street, relates his own grief in the name of the "people of England," in which case he requires a "little treatment" himself, and of a nature which it would be superfluous to describe. But the art of saying little or nothing with solemnity was never exhibited to higher perfection than in the following:—

"The hearing of *Samson* has forced these reflections upon us, and more particularly the significant fact that it is not thought advisable to repeat it. Yet the Hall was scarcely perceptibly less full than on an *Elijah* night, and the performance was a very satisfactory one. Something like a third of the music was omitted. But this cannot be objected to. Handel himself found it necessary to *lop off* many of the long recitatives which he had originally written; and a conductor in the present day may be excused for carrying this process a little further, and expunging some Handelian exuberances, which singers of the present day hardly understand. The work may be more artistically complete as originally conceived and written; but something must be conceded to the weakness of humanity, which necessarily wearies if a performance be unduly spun out. But, taking the work as performed the other evening, how colossal and majestic it seems. There is stuff in it to furnish forth ten *Elijahs*. Mr. Costa's additional accompaniments may no doubt improve the general effect, but it is not by the running use of instruments that Handel seeks to impress his hearers. In broad clear, melodic outline, he draws each character in such a way that the physiognomy cannot be mistaken."

The argument involved in the above is "scarcely perceptibly" (rather slipshod English for *The Saturday Review*) intelligible. A great deal seem to be meant at first sight; but on closer inspection the spirit of the sentences evaporates, and an attempt to refute the statements of the writer would be something equivalent to a sciomachy. Lord Bacon would have exclaimed—"Magno conata nugis!"—and thrown aside the paper; and but for the half-silly, half-malicious attempt to reduce Mendelssohn from the dimensions of a giant to those of a dwarf, we should feel inclined to do as much. There is no worse sign of the present age than this itch for depreciating the greatest man that has lived in

it—an itch experienced alike by pretended past-worshippers and maniacs who imagine that, up to the present time, the mission of harmony has been unapprehended. The one party is just as obnoxious as the other, and the dull twaddle published in *The Saturday Review* should no more be allowed to pass unquestioned than the livelier paradoxes of Liszt and Wagner. Each should be scrutinised with anxious poly-scopicity, and each exposed in its true colours before a too easily deluded public. The last paragraph we have quoted is a tissue of fables and absurdities. Handel did not find it necessary "to lop off" his long recitatives; nor are there any such things as "Handelian exuberances, which singers of the present day hardly understand." It is well known, on the one hand, that instead of "lopping off," Handel was accustomed to add airs, duets, &c., to his oratorios, to suit the caprice of this and that popular singer; and, on the other, everyone knows (except *The Saturday Review*) that there is not one of the pieces omitted from *Samson* which is a jot less at the command of practised "singers of the present day" than any of those which are retained. The admission that a whole third of *Samson* may be expunged without loss, coupled with the asseveration that "there is stuff in it to furnish forth ten *Elijahs*," but for the manifest intention of the writer to aim a blow at the reputation enjoyed by Mendelssohn in this country, would be too ridiculous for notice. In length, probably, *Samson* might "furnish forth" two *Elijahs*; but of music, beautiful, expressive, and sublime, *Elijah* might "furnish forth" at least half-a-dozen *Samsons*. The sneer at instrumentation is stupid. Is the writer so ignorant as not to be aware that "the cunning use of instruments," now constituting so important a branch of musical composition, was almost as much unknown to Handel as to John Sebastian Bach—that it was not brought to perfection till long after Handel's decease—till Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, in short, had lived and written, and died! If the reviewer is so ignorant he has no business to write upon music; and if really cognizant of the fact, that Handel could not use an art which was yet unborn, he is simply disingenuous.

The most monstrous paradox of all is contained in the opening of the analysis of *Samson*:—

"First, there is the grand line of demarcation between the worshippers of Dagon and those of Jehovah, which is maintained admirably all through. The free jovial strains of the one are contrasted with the solemn tones of the other. Mendelssohn feebly imitates this in *Elijah*."

Musicians will of course treat this *ipse dixit* with the contempt it merits; but very few musicians are in the habit of reading *The Saturday Review*. There is not the remotest resemblance between the styles in which Handel and Mendelssohn have contrasted the music of the idolaters and the true believers. Mendelssohn's treatment is in all respects superior—more poetical, more expressive, and more sublime. Handel paints the Dagonites in *Samson* as he paints the Belites in *Deborah*. He makes them dance to a monotonous and incessantly repeated tune. That was his entire notion of the matter. The Israelites sing to solemn harmony; and thus we have the contrast. How infinitely beyond this is the magnificent scene of the priestly contest before Ahab, in *Elijah*, those who know anything of music (and, we may add, anything of poetry) can attest.

We shall not trouble our readers with further extracts from *The Saturday Review's* analysis, which is about as commonplace as anything we have perused. Let it not be supposed that we wish to take one atom from the consid-

eration due to Handel, who, if he had only composed *The Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, would have rendered it impossible for any future musician to surpass him. But all Handel's oratorios are not *Messiahs* and *Israels*; and because we reverence Handel, that is no reason why we should allow other illustrious composers to be robbed of their well-earned laurels. We believe we shall find an echo in every musical heart when we say that the man who has approached the giant of the choir most nearly is Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and that the work which has forced the world to acknowledge it is *Elijah*.

The contributors to *The Saturday Review* were no doubt born under *Pisces*—like the cooks and rhetoricians; and just as Lucilius, the poet, could dictate 200 verses in an hour, standing on one leg,* such is their fluency of composition we will wager they can dictate as many columns of prosier matter, standing on their heads. Now and then, however, they get out of their depth, and are prone to hold forth after the style of the same Roman Emperor, in his cups:—"Dionede and Ganymede were two brothers, and Helen was their sister. Agamemnon stole her away, and shammed Diana with a hind in their stead. Homer also sings, how the Trojans and Parentines fought together. But Agamemnon got the better, and married his daughter, Iphigenia, to Achilles, upon which Ajax ran mad." And this vein is something like the vein of their musical critic, whose arguments, instead of being served up as clear as amber, undergo the process of coppelling, and are "furnished forth" to the reader in a recrementsation state. Nevertheless, *Incandens nihil est, nisi quod reficit varietas*; and if *The Saturday Review* had followed in the steps of the *Athenæum* it would hardly, in its 125th week, have reached its present eminence, and ministered to the delight of so many bilious and dyspeptic readers.

WHEN dramatic "readings" were new to the world, they took the world somewhat by surprise. A man who, in everyday costume, without any assumption of character, could call upon a multitude to gather round him, and hear him read a book, such a man, in the estimation of the world, was blessed with a high degree of moral courage.

It is an old City joke that the first banker was the most impudent of the human species, inasmuch as he undertook to make persons believe that he could take better care of their money than they could themselves. In the eyes of City philosophers, the first "reader" followed in the wake of the first banker. He had to persuade his neighbours that, instead of quietly perusing a book in their own chimney-corners, they ought to quit their comfortable homes, and pay for seats in the dreary hall of some dull Institution, to hear him read it instead.

However, in course of time, "readings" like banks, became familiarised to the world, and it was found that a large body of semi-puritans, who objected to theatres, had no objection to hear plays read by a single individual. On what ground, beyond absurd prejudice, the act of being present at the imperfect execution of a work should be deemed innocent and even laudable, while attendance on the perfect execution of the same work is regarded as sinful in the extreme, we do not pretend to explain. Certain it is, that many persons who will not go to a play, will listen to a "reading," and that to the illogical minds of these persons

* Horace assures us of the fact.

may be attributed the prosperity of so many non-dramatic entertainments in this metropolis.

On the principle that of two evils the lesser is to be preferred, the existence of London semi-Puritanism is not to be altogether deplored. It is, at any rate, better than that thorough-going Puritanism which would oppose every form of art, high and low, as we are constantly reminded by the squabbles that arise from time to time on the subject of sacred music. The provincial methodists, and the London frequenters of Exeter Hall, are constituents of the same large party, and fraternise at the so-called "May Meetings;" but there is this practical difference between them, that the former do their best to put down the "festivals," while the latter are the strongest supporters of Handelian music.

Therefore let the semi-Puritans have their readings. It is better that they should become acquainted with Shakspeare through the medium of a "reader" than that they should remain estranged from him altogether. Moreover, the patronage of "reading" has led to the development of a special talent unknown to our fathers. The excellence of Miss Glynn, for instance, as a Shaksperian "reader," is well known to all who peruse our columns, whether metropolitan or provincial.

Nevertheless, we cannot conceive that even the model semi-Puritan is of opinion that a play read aloud in a lecture-room is more attractive than a play well acted on a stage. He has a notion that the profession of acting is, somehow or other, accompanied by moral laxity, and therefore, being of a delicate conscience, he foregoes the enjoyment that would be afforded by a combination of poetic and histrionic art, and contents himself with the poetry alone. A tendency to render the æsthetic element always subservient to the moral; and in case of a possible collision to insist on the absolute triumph of the latter, is a characteristic of the puritanical mind in all its degrees and phases; from the fanatic of Cromwell's time, who insisted that actors should be whipped at the cart's tail, to the fastidious patron of the drama, who would not object to theatres if such plays as the *Gamester* were alone represented.

The semi-Puritan, therefore, when he patronises a "reading," has exactly the same respect as the non-Puritan for the poet's part of a production, and if the non-Puritan found this part intolerable when presented through the medium of acting, the semi-Puritan would hardly find it tolerable when read behind a board of green cloth. The discovery of the theory that a play, that absolutely fails, when performed on the stage—well performed, too—can be attractive, when simply read, was reserved for Mr. Westland Marston. His play, *Ann Blake*, admirably played by Mr. and Mrs. C. Ken at the Princess's Theatre, with all the tasteful appurtenances of that establishment, was one of the most unsuccessful pieces ever shone upon by the foot-lights of Oxford-street. The author, however, deems that *Ann Blake* though defunct as an acting drama, may still flourish as a reading-play,—and accordingly there are readings of *Ann Blake* by Mr. Marston himself. Wonderful!

There is a statistical society, which holds its sittings in the north-west corner of St. James's square. We should be much obliged if some intelligent member of that society would find out for us how many persons in this metropolis regard a reading of *Ann Blake* as an attractive entertainment, with additional information as to the views of the same persons on the subject of things in general.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHORUS.

The sixth concert of the season was given on Thursday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, and although there was no absolute novelty in the selection of music, still the large hall was densely crowded, the stalls extending more than half-way down the room. In the gallery and area there was hardly standing room, so closely packed were the audience. The programme consisted of the following pieces:—

PART I.	
Madrigal—"In going to my lonely bed," A.D. 1560	Edwards.
"Flora gave me," A.D. 1608	Whiby.
Choral Song—"O gentle sleep"	Henry Leslie.
Song to May Morning	
Serenade for male voices—"Summer, dearest"	Mendelssohn.
Glee—"Here in cool Grot"—Miss Hill, Miss Stanley, Mr. Lovett, and Mr. Carr	Earl of Mornington.
Motett— <i>Ave verum</i>	Mozart.
Two part song—"Take thy banner"—Miss Ellen Lyon, and Miss Leffler	S. W. Waley.
Rule Britannia	Dr. Arne.

PART II.	
Palm for Soprano and Chorus—"Hear my prayer"—Miss Hemming—At the organ Mr. C. Ward	Mendelssohn.
Serenade—"Blessed be the home"	Benedict.
Grand duo for two piano-fortes on subjects from "Les Huguenots"—Miss Cayley and Miss Hemming	G. A. Osborne.
Part songs for 4—"Evening"	Henry Leslie.
male voices—"The merry Wayfarer"	Mendelssohn.
Madrigal—"We happy shepherd swains" ...	J. Netherclift.
Part Song—"The Shepherd's farewell" ...	Henry Smart.
God save the Queen.	

Although we had no novelty in the programme, there is no denying that the selection was a most admirable one, and so the audience appeared to think, for, with the exception of some twenty (of nervous and fidgety temperament), all remained until the last bar of the National Anthem.

The performance was in all respects worthy of the Choir—indeed, we think it the very best we have heard given by this distinguished corps. The encores were numerous, but Mr. Leslie very judiciously did not give way to the demands of the audience in every instance.

The Psalm of Mendelssohn was of course the feature of the concert, and charmingly did Miss Hemming sing the *soprano* solo, in spite of a bad cold from which it was quite evident she was suffering.

Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Leffler deserve honourable mention for their performance of the duet by Mr. Waley, who accompanied the fair vocalists, to our minds, a little degree too slowly.

The duo of Mr. Osborne was exceedingly well and brilliantly played by the young ladies to whose care it was assigned. On leaving their seats in the choir they were loudly applauded, and, at the conclusion of the duo, were favoured with an ovation. Miss Cayley bids fair to shine as a pianist, and it is seldom one meets a young lady like Miss Hemming who is capable of taking a prominent part in a work so important as the Psalm of Mendelssohn, and then shining in a piece so difficult as the duo of Osborne. An announcement to the effect that a performance of Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio *Immanuel* is to take place on May 7th, explains to us the absence of novelty in the programme, for no doubt Mr. Leslie has enough to do in rehearsing his oratorio, in order to be ready in a style expected from his choir. The principal parts on that occasion will be sustained by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. These artists, with the choir and a select orchestra, ought to ensure a good performance.

We may here call the attention of the musical public to the prizes offered for composition for the choir. The terms are stated in our advertising columns.

The next concert is announced for Thursday, April 8th, at St. Martin's Hall.

MADAME BOSTO AND SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.—These eminent artists have arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg, *en route* we suppose, for Bow-street.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. HULLAH'S "Orchestral Concerts" are drawing to a close. The fifth, and last but one of the series, took place on Tuesday night, and although the hall was not so full as is usually the case at performances of sacred music, the programme was decidedly attractive. It began with Professor Bennett's overture, entitled *The Naiads*; which was well played, and received with great favour by the audience. If any composition from an English pen merits a place near the works of the great masters, it is this romantic and beautiful overture, which has now stood the test of upwards of twenty years, and appears at the present moment as genial, fresh, and masterly as when, in 1836, at the concerts of the Society of British Musicians, it was welcomed as the harbinger of a new era for English musical art. The hopes which this and other efforts of the same period encouraged have not exactly been fulfilled, it is true; since, although extraordinary progress has been made in the general cultivation and appreciation of music, we are still as far off as ever from what was anticipated, viz.—a national school. *The Naiads*, and the rest of Professor Bennett's earlier productions, nevertheless, retain their hold in the estimation of all true judges; and whatever may lie hid in the future, they must always be cited as the first evidences of a latent power in the British mind to emulate a highly interesting branch of art which the Germans were the first to develop, and which their great musicians have brought to the highest state of perfection. There is a tendency, both at home and abroad, to class Professor Bennett not merely as a disciple, but as an imitator of Mendelssohn. The former is probable, the latter more than problematical; but, admitting both, for the sake of argument—and comparing the published works of our compatriot with those of any among the sedulous copyists of Beethoven's distinguished successor (whose peculiar manner exercised a fascination almost without precedent)—the difference between composers of the aptly denominated "Mendelssohn-and-water school," and one, who with great natural gifts of his own, has contemplated art from the same point of view as the most illustrious of modern musicians, can hardly fail to be detected. The other orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's. A major symphony, the triumphal march from Beethoven's *Tarpeia*, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*. The symphony was admirably played and loudly applauded. Mr. Hullah wisely abstained from taking the first and last movements too fast, as is now generally the case, whereby they become in some places almost impracticable. Beethoven's march has already been heard twice at the Crystal Palace.

Miss Freeth, a pupil of M. Alexandre Bilet, performed, in a highly meritorious manner, and with great success, Mendelssohn's Rondo in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra. This rondo is exceedingly difficult but Miss Freeth has evidently studied with assiduity and zeal. She was loudly applauded and recalled at the end.

The vocalists were Madame Borchardt, Miss Messent, and Mr. Seymour. Mendelssohn's grand dramatic scena, "In felice," was given with great expression by the first-named lady; Miss Messent gave Mozart's "Parto" with genuine taste; and Mr. Seymour, a new tenor, displayed some good qualities in the air, "Pria che Spunti," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. All three might be criticised for certain shortcomings, but we have neither time nor space to give to their consideration. Curschman's trio, "L'Addio," was a remarkably good performance.

The concert was brought to a conclusion in splendid style by the overture to *Der Freischütz*.

The programme of the sixth and last night's concert will consist of a selection from Beethoven's work, including the "Choral Symphony." Miss Arabella Goddard is to play in the *Choral Fantasia*, so that Mr. Hullah may expect a "bumper."

Mr. Hullah's "First Upper Singing School" attempted Handel's *Israel in Egypt* on Wednesday evening. The attempt was more ambitious than successful. *Israel in Egypt* is at present somewhat beyond the resources at Mr. Hullah's disposal. In the elaborate choruses, "With the blasts of thy nostrils," and "The people that hear," want of precision and uncertainty of intonation were painfully evidenced. Nor did the short fugued choruses, from "Egypt was glad" to "The earth swal-

lowed them," fare much better. Worse than all, the simple and impressive passage in nison, "The Lord shall reign for ever," was so out of tune that the band seemed inclined to leave off playing. In some instances, however, the choral singers were entitled to high praise. The opening chorus, "And the children of Israel sigh'd," went well, and the fugue, "They loath'd to drink the water," was equally good. The encore awarded to "He gave them hailstones," was thoroughly deserved; and the applause bestowed on "He dashed them to pieces," and "The horse and his rider," was equally well placed.

The soloists were Misses Banks, Fanny Rowland, Palmer; Messrs. Perren, Santley and Thomas. Mr. Perren sang well, and was encored in "The enemy said;" but he must be admonished not to "embellish" Handel's music with vulgar and irrelevant cadences. Mr. Santley and Mr. Thomas both sang well, and their vigorous execution of "The Lord is a man of war," won an enthusiastic encore. The three ladies distinguished themselves by zeal and discrimination.

The hall was full, but not crowded.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The fifth concert was given on Monday evening at the Hanover-square Rooms, and attracted a very large and brilliant audience.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.	
Overture in D	J. S. Bach.
Aria célebre—Madame Pauer	Stradella, A. D. 1667.
Aria—"Figaro"—Miss Theresa Jefferys	Mozart.
Symphony—"Jupiter"	Mozart.
PART II.	
Fantasia—"Recollections of Ireland"	Moscheles.
Pianoforte, Madame Roche	F. Schubert.
Songs—"Der Neugierige"	F. Schubert.
"Mach' auf!"—"Bolero"—Madame Pauer	Desseaux.
Overture—"Bohemian Girl"	Balfé.
Ballad—"The Minstrel Boy"—Miss Theresa Jefferys	Irish Melody.
Introduction and March	Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.	

The overture of Bach is rather too much for the amateurs at present, but it contains no passages that are not well adapted for the stringed instruments, and, therefore, on a better acquaintance, the band might really give a very fair reading of it. Its principal requirement is steady playing, and this is not one of the virtues of the amateur orchestra. By constant attention to their conductor, however, they cannot but improve; so with this short piece of criticism we will leave the overture of Bach.

The glorious *Jupiter* Symphony was well given, particularly the *andante*. It was with the utmost difficulty Mr. Leslie could restrain the ardour of his forces in the *finale*; but he kept them in tolerable order, and all went well.

In the *fantasia* of her father, Madame Roche displayed great talent, and on leaving the orchestra was greeted with loud applause.

Mr. Balfé's overture might have received with advantage more attention from the members of the band, for there were several slips which could only have arisen from sheer carelessness.

The vocal music was excellent. Madame Pauer was in good voice, and sang charmingly, receiving a well-merited encore in the *bolero* of Desseaux. Miss Theresa Jefferys, a daughter of the well-known publisher, appeared for the first time at these concerts, and made a highly favourable impression. She has evidently been well taught, and possesses a pure and beautiful *mezzo soprano* voice.

The concert was brought to a conclusion by a well scored Introduction and March by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—We understand that His Royal Highness the Prince Consort has been graciously pleased to signify his intention of honoring with his presence the concert for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital, which will take place at the New St. James's Hall, on Thursday next, 25th March, 1858.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' SOIRÉES.

THE first of these took place on Wednesday week, in the Beethoven Rooms, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The following programme will show the classical nature of the entertainment:—

PART 1.—Sonata in F major, No. 2, Op. 23, pianoforte and violin—Beethoven; Aria, "Vieni Torna," (Teseo)—Handel; Grand Sonata in G minor, "Didone Abbandonata," (Scena Tragica)—Clementi.

PART 2.—Trio in E flat, No. 1, Op. 2, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Beethoven; Sacred Song, "The Pilgrim's Path"—Richards; Lied Ohne Worte, E major, book 2.—Mendelssohn; Characteristic pieces, No. 4 in A major, "Schnell und beweglich"—Mendelssohn; Pianoforte—Mr. Brinley Richards.

We have said so much of late about Clementi's very fine sonata, that it is enough here to compliment Mr. Richards on the refined musical taste which induced him to present it to his patrons, and the true artistic zeal which, as his performance betokened, he must have devoted to its study. It was listened to with equal interest and attention, and greatly applauded at the conclusion. The sonata and trio of Beethoven (in the former of which he enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Mr. H. Blagrove, and in the latter of the same gentleman and M. Paque), were equally successful. The beautiful romance from Mendelssohn's second book of *Lieder*, and the brilliant *presto* in A ("Schnell und beweglich") from his *Seven Characteristic Pieces*, were well matched. The latter, played with the desired rapidity and spirit, was an effective termination to the *soirée*. The singer was Miss Messent, who, in the new sacred piece of Mr. Richards, a most expressive setting of some elegant words by Bishop Heber, received the compliment of an encore.

At the next *soirée* Miss Arabella Goddard is to play J. S. Bach's prelude and fugue, *à la Taranella*, and a duet of Mendelssohn with Mr. Brinley Richards.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE concert of last Saturday was exceedingly attractive, and comprised, among other things, a novelty of great interest—namely, Moscheles' Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, a work of high merit, and now too seldom heard in the concert-room. The programme was as follows:—

1. Overture, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail"—Mozart. 2. *Scena and aria*, "Ah perfido," Miss Louisa Vinning—Beethoven. 3. Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in E major: Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Moscheles. 4. Symphony in D, No. 1.—Gounod. 5. Ballad, "Why do I weep for thee," Miss Louisa Vinning—Wallace. 6. Solo for flute, Mr. Swenden—Talon. 7. *Clarice*, "Morceau de Saloni," Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Fumagalli. 8. Song, "Too late," Miss Louisa Vinning—Pratten. 9. Overture, "Les Francs Juges"—Berlioz. Conductor—Mr. Manns.

The name of Miss Arabella Goddard is now, we need hardly say, a tower of strength in any programme, and the large number who flocked to the palace on Saturday proved that a good name is as attractive at Sydenham as in Hanover-square, or St. James's. Moscheles' concerto, at a period when the composer was at the zenith of his popularity and resided in London, was in great favour with the public performers. It is a fine work and brilliantly written for the instrument. It is, however, like all the concertos of its composer, as difficult to execute as it is brilliant. Its performance by Miss Arabella Goddard created the greatest enthusiasm, every movement being received with vociferous and prolonged applause. Fumagalli's *Clarice* was equally successful from another point of view, and exhibited Miss Goddard's highly polished graceful *fantasia* playing in the most favourable light. The style was as graceful and captivating as the execution was perfect.

Miss Louisa Vinning, too, was a highly attractive feature. She sang both her English ballads so well as to elicit unanimous encores. That of Mr. Wallace is one of his most deservedly popular, while Mr. Sydney Pratten's "Too Late" is one of the liveliest and prettiest of the ballads of the day. Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido," is less suited to the style of the young English artist, who, nevertheless, sang it with the greatest care. Mr. Swenden, a skilful flautist, was much applauded in the solo of Talon,

which is not the less rubbish for all that. M. Gounod's symphony is interesting; the first two movements containing many things both spontaneous and clever. There are too many direct imitations of Beethoven, however, upon which, on some future occasion, it may be worth while to dwell. This, and the two overtures (representing the very opposite extremities of the art), were well played by the band, under the direction of Mr. Manns.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performance of *Samson*, on Friday night, the 5th instant, attracted a very large audience. That *Samson* enjoyed, in the composer's time, a celebrity only inferior to that of the *Messiah*, is known to every reader of musical history. It is even said that Handel himself preferred it, after the *Messiah*, to any of his oratorios. Whatever consideration *Samson* may have obtained in Handel's time, there is no probability of its enjoying the distinction now. This oratorio is known to the modern public principally by the airs "Total Eclipse," and "Let the bright Seraphim," and some of the choruses, which are among the grandest Handel has written. The Sacred Harmonic Society do not appear to count upon its attractions. It was last performed in 1851 or 1852, we believe three times, and since been laid aside; nor is it likely that the performance this season will be repeated. In short, we are led to the inevitable conclusion that *Samson* is not exactly what Handel and his contemporaries regarded it. The reception awarded it on the present occasion will not warrant the Society in giving it a second trial this season.

To the book, altered and adapted from Milton (very far from Milton!) by Mr. Newburgh Hamilton, scarcely a word of praise can be given. The great poet is not only spoiled, but degraded by this forced alliance with an insane and vapid splutterer of doggerel. Had Milton been allowed to speak for himself there was enough in *Samson Agonistes* to make a really impressive sacred drama. Handel, no doubt, was clogged and fettered by his poet(!), and would have risen far higher in his music had he been left unshackled. In his grander thoughts he has, however, taken his leading idea from Milton, and is indebted for nothing to the Scot. Witness "Total Eclipse," in which Milton's gold is set off against Hamilton's tinseil. How grand, how expressive, how Miltonian is the music! Handel fondly kindred thoughts in Milton's poetry, and rendered them as sublime in song as the poet had done in verse. That *Samson* shows, in a great many instances, the hand of the composer of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt* is undeniable; but that his inspiration continually flagged is just as evident.

The performance generally was praiseworthy, if not perfect. In two or three places the chorus covered themselves with laurels. We may cite, "Then round about the starry throne," "Hear, Jacob's God," "Fixed in His everlasting seat," and "Let their celestial concerts," as the most effective. On the other hand, "To man, God's universal law," was not all that could be desired, while the Chorus of Virgins, so exquisitely amalgamated with Dalila's air, "My faith and truth," was too frequently out of tune.

Madame Ruderadorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss, were the singers. Mad. Ruderadorff is out of her element in this music; but she was encored in "Let the bright Seraphim," thanks to the magnificent trumpet-playing of Mr. Harper. Miss Dolby sang for the most part with her usual artistic excellence, but her reading of the air, "Return, O God of Hosts," was somewhat exaggerated. Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss both sang well. Mr. Weiss's ponderous voice telling with due weight in the music of the giant Harapha, and fully he merited the encore obtained in the duet with Mr. Sims Reeves—"O, baffled coward, go." Mr. Reeves sang better than ever. The pathos displayed in "Total Eclipse" could not have been surpassed. His grandest vocal effort, however, was in the air, "Why does the God of Israel sleep" which is more difficult and taxing than any other tenor song by Handel. Mr. Reeves's florid execution was quite as wonderful as his declamation, and we have

no hesitation in saying that grander Handelian singing than his, on this occasion, was never heard. The part of Sanson is an arduous one for the tenor—the most arduous indeed Handel has written—but Mr. Sims Reeves is the Sanson of tenors. Another encore was awarded to Mr. Santley for his careful and finished execution of the air of Manoah—"How willing my paternal love"—in the last part of the oratorio.

The *Lobengany* and the *Requiem* are announced for Friday night.

THE "PASSIONS" AND THE PRINCE.—Field Marshal H. R. H. Prince Albert has intimated his intention to be present at the performance of John Sebastian Bach's *Gross Passion-Music*, at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHEAP MUSIC.—The Verdi Album (112 pages), Gs. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, edited by J. W. Davison (101 pages), 7s. 6d., sixth and gold. Laurent's Album of Dance Music (75 pages), 6s. F. Fretschel and La Traviata, complete for the pianoforte, 6s. each, in cloth. 100 dances for the violin, 1s. Cassa's 100 melodies for concertina, 1s. Boney's complete opera for violin, 1s. each. Balle's new singing method (58 pages), 6s. Any one post free. Boney and Sons, Holles-street.

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"We have received an English version, by John Ozanford, Esq., of Meyerbeer's hymenal serenade, 'Adieu aux jeunes marins.' It is published under the title 'This House to Love is Holy.' It is composed for eight voices, or, rather, in eight parts; since each part may be strengthened by any number of voices. It is without accompaniment, and differs, in that respect, from most of the grand dramatic choruses to be found in Meyerbeer's operas, supported by the orchestra. This purely vocal serenade is more after the model of the great contrapuntal writers of the seventeenth century—Agostini, Benvenuti, Marzocchi, and Beretti—who hequeathed to us imperishable treasures in the dramatic and fugued styles, consisting of soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. These colossal compositions, though masterpieces of contrapuntal contrivance, have long since fallen into disuse, except as examples for study in the Musical Conservatories. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the ear alone (unless assisted by the eye, and a view of the partition) could follow the beauty of the harmony so ingeniously and so ably involved with so many voices of similar character, intertwining and crossing each other. The nearest approach to di-tinctness was probably arrived at by playing the several choirs at some distance apart from each other. This method has been tried, in our times, under the direction of the celebrated and lamented Mendelssohn, when he conducted the performance of Bach's 'Passion-Music' according to St. Matthew, composed for two orchestras and three choirs; but the result was not satisfactory. These remarks are necessary, to explain the peculiar merit of Meyerbeer's Serenade, now under review. In order to obtain distinctness, he subdivided his two choirs of different materials—each choir consists of male voices, first and second tenors, first and second bass. The first voice is continued by the male choir, and is afterwards taken up by the female. The same musical subject is then divided into three or two or one part, and given to the choirs alternately. Thirdly, both choirs combine. By these means, Meyerbeer has avoided the confusion which was inseparable from the earlier compositions which we have mentioned. While he expresses the old Masters in the carriage of the voice, in the purity of writing, and progression of the parts, he has imparted a charm of melody to which their canon and fugue never attained, and he adds the element of modulation which was unknown to them. We would particularly instance an abrupt modulation, from G flat to A natural (given for double B flat), and back again to D flat. The English words also are fittingly wedded to the music. We would not add that we strongly recommend this Serenade to each of our local choral associations as being the advantage of female voices. *Erwerps-Mat.*

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VOL. 36.—No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

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MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his *Matinée* Musical will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May the 14th. Further particulars will be duly announced.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Poppel, and Venusino every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

CRYSTAL PALACE—FLORAL BAZAAR, for the Exhibition and Sale of Spring Flowers, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, 14th, 15th, and 16th of April. Open each day at ten. Admission, 1s; children under twelve, half-price.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED (late Miss P. Horton) will repeat their Entertainment every evening, except Saturday, at Eight. Starting afternoons at Three. Admission, 1s. and 3s.; Stalls 3s., secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Craner, Biale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read his **CHRISTMAS CAROL** for the BENEFIT of the HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN, on Thursday evening, April 15th, at Eight o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall, Stalls, 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Back Seats, 1s. Places can be secured, and tickets had at St. Martin's Hall; the Egyptian Hall, Finsbury; and at the Hospital, Great Ormond-street.

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TONIC SOL-F.A. ASSOCIATION.—CHORAL MEETING. EKETER HALL, Thursday, April 15. The choir of eight hundred voices will sing a selection of English church, part songs by Mendelssohn, a chorale of J. S. Bach, and the "Amen" chorus from Handel's MESSIAH. A brief lecture by Rev. John Curwen between the parts. Doors open at Seven; to commence at Half-past Seven precisely. Tickets for Area, 1s.; Western Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; at Ward and Co., 57, Paternoster-row; and of the music sellers.

PROGRAMME

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FIRST—Sonata in A major (Op. 101), Beethoven (Piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Grand Quartet in F minor (No. 2), Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mendelssohn (Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainson, Herr Goffine, and Sign. Piatto).
The Second Soiree will take place on Wednesday, April 23rd, the third on Saturday, May 12th.

Subscription Tickets for the Series, One guinea; Reserved Places for a single Soiree, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Places, 7s.—to be had only of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal music publishers.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Subscribers and the public are respectfully informed that the FIRST CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Evening next, the 15th of April. Programme: Nufonia in D No. 4, Mozart; Concerto in F minor, piano-forte, Mr. W. G. Cramer; Scerbo's Bennett; Overture, Alvin, Mendelssohn; Sinfonia in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Concerto in E No. 4, violin, M. Sainson, David; Overture, Freischütz, Weber. Vocal performers, Madame Cavallini and Miss Dobby. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. To begin at Eight. Subscription for the season, Three guineas; Single Ticket, 1s.—to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollar, and Lucas, 510, Regent-street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Vocal Association, Conductor, M. Benedict. On Friday next, April 16th, will be performed the whole of Lock's music to MACHITH, with the *Earl's Actes* composed for the State Performance in honour of the Marriage of the Princess Royal by M. Benedict. Also, the overture to "Obéron," and "Grilliana Tall"; Piano concert-piece, in B-flat, Frantz, with full orchestra; Part-songs, Richter, Abt, Benedict, and Luca Marconi; by the Vocal Association of 500 voices. Articles already engaged—Madame Weira, Madlle. Froll, Miss La-salle, Mr. F. Thomas, and Mr. Weiss. Fido, R. Sidney Frattien. Band of choirs of 400 performers. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 2s. 6d., 2s.; Balcony Stalls (numbered), 7s. 6d.; 5th Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had of Messrs. Curwen, Biale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street; Mr. Hammond, Regent-street; Messrs. Sains' Library, St. James's-parade; Messrs. Leader and Cook, 88, New Bond-street; Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Collet and Frowde, 48, Chapside; and Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 28, Old Bond-street.

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All letters addressed, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or to the unmentioned places of engagements.

By Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Market Hall, Huddersfield, on April 17. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Bolton, on April 18. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Bury, on April 19. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Rochdale, on April 20. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Salford, on April 21 and 22. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 17, at Regent-street, London.

MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON has returned to town for the season.—All communications to be addressed to 7, Hyde Park-street, Bayswater.

MISS CORELLI has returned to town for the season. All communications for engagements to be addressed to 23, James-street, Buckingham-palace.

TO THE MUSIC TRADE.—Wanted a Shopman for the Paper Trade. Apply to Forth Brothers, Music Warehouse, 6 St. Ann's-street, Manchester.

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WORCESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—A Vacancy has occurred in the Choir Department of the above Choir, which it is proposed to fill up on Thursday, the 23rd instant. Candidates are requested to forward their testimonials as early as possible to the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, Prebendary, Bromwich-house, Worcester, and to appear personally at the morning service on ten o'clock on the above-named day.
April 8th, 1858.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Proceedings respectfully informed that the above Society has removed its offices and extensive library to Warwick's-square, Hall, 16, St. George-street, where all particulars may be obtained on Wednesdays and Thursdays, between 3 and 4 o'clock.
April 19th. W. W. GIBSON, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Easter Term commences on Monday the 19th April, 1858. Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for examination on Saturday, the 17th inst. at 8 o'clock.
By order of the Committee of Management,
Royal Academy of Music, J. GIBSON, Secretary,
Tottenham-street, Hanover-square,
April 8th, 1858.

CHEAP MUSIC.—The Verdi Album (112 pages), 6s. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, edited by J. W. Davison (101 pages), 7s. 6d. cloth and gold. Laurent's Album of Dance Music (150 pages), 5s. 11 p. Volume and La Traviata complete for the pianoforte. 2s. each. 100 dances for the violin, 1s. Cassel's 100 melodies for cornetta. 1s. Boney's complete opera for viola, 1s. each. Baffo's new singing method (48 pages), 6s. Any use post free. Boney and Sons, Holles-street.

CONCERTINA CLASSES.—The increasing popularity of the Concertina induces Mr. Case to project a series of CLASS MEETINGS for the purpose of imparting instruction in this instrument to persons unacquainted with music, and also as a means of supplying experienced persons with the notes already so much advanced. Mr. Case proposes to hold a class for ladies in the morning, and one for gentlemen in the evening, the terms to be fixed at such a rate as will admit of all persons joining them. Mr. Case trusts that a permanent course of instruction, at a moderate cost, will be the means of rendering the Concertina well known and generally used; and that its many peculiar advantages over other instruments will ultimately gain it the preference with all amateurs anxious to excel in its use with as little trouble as possible. Terms & terms of joining these classes are requested to communicate with Mr. Case, to the care of Boney and Sons, 25, Holles-street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Theatre will open on Tuesday next, April 13, when will be produced (for the first time at this Theatre) M. Meyerbeer's opera of LES HUGUENOTS (fill up-south). Valentine, Madlle. Titiens; the Queen of Navarre, Madlle. Orestini; the Pope, Madlle. Lucienne Landi; Bouché de Navarre, Sig. Di Rigoli; Marshal, Sig. Valenti; Count of Nevers, Mr. Albiglietti; and Count of Flanders, Mr. De Lott. Châteauneuf, Mr. De Lott. With scenery, entirely new and original, by Mr. Marshall. Dresses, entirely new and taken from the best authorities, by M. de Coligny, and executed by M. Lamy and Mrs. Masterman. The music composed by M. de Coligny, and conducted by M. de Coligny.
Description of the Scenery.—Act I., 8 to 16, till—Touring in the Castle of the Count de Nevers. This scene has been composed in the Renaissance style, and is full of scenic beauty. The architecture is of the 16th century, and the sketches made in the vicinity of Antibes. Act II.—Paris.—The Pré-aux-Clercs and View of Paris in 1570, from the gardens of St. Murel's. Act III.—Paris.—The Castle of the Nevers—Interior. 16th French Comedy with Renaissance enrichments. Act IV.—Paris.—Chapel of the Huguenots—A Quartet of actors from the chateaux of St. Pierre.

The Nations of France will be sung after the opera—the principal soprano part, by Madlle. Titiens.

In order that the great work, the HUGUENOTS, may be produced with the fullest effect, no alterations are made, except that incidental to the opera, will be given on the first night.

The new Ball & Dinner-tablement by M. Massé & Co., entitled LE RENVOI DE L'AMOUR, will be produced on Monday, the 13th inst. (fill up-south). Subscription night on Tuesday, 14th inst. July, for the first appearance of Madlle. Fournier on Tuesday, April 20, Madlle. Fournier will make her first appearance this season on Wednesday, in Desmet's opera of DON PASQUALE, and a shortly after in LUISA MILLER.

A full number of Boxes has been reserved for the public, price 31s. and 5s. each.

The full prospectus of the season arrangements may be had at the Box-office.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—SEASON 1858.—

The appearance of a new season has been announced by the Directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, the welcome day of acknowledgment for the constant kindness and assistance with which his friends have ever aided to supply a safe guarantee of success, and a constant attendance to new exertions.

The past year was distinguished by events which call for special recognition. The arduous selection of Her Majesty's Theatre as the scene of the Royal Festival, of its successful execution, and the assistance of the noble and noble the Princess Royal, has added new lustre to the historical distinction which the Opera House has so long enjoyed as the favoured resort of the Court and Aristocracy of Britain.

The Director has again to record his grateful appreciation of the noble and munificent encouragement which, after achieving the re-establishment of the Theatre, has continued to be afforded to the same, and to the assistance of the noble efforts made in each successive year to sustain for the Opera of London its fitting position among the national institutions of Europe. That position is now more fully recognized & every continental capital, and the growing verdict of the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre is universally accepted as the highest testimonial which an artist can produce.

The last year has contributed to extend, as well as to elevate, the influence of the establishment, and to exhibit it in the largest sense as a national Institution. The Subscribers, by whose effective encouragement during the season the Theatre has continued to be supported, and the public, by whose constant attendance possible, will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have not only secured and improved for themselves their accustomed recreation, but have been instrumental in conferring upon a wider circle the refined enjoyments of the highest musical art.

The operatic features of the last season must still be fresh in the memory of all, & it is a tribute to the talent and industry of the performers, and to the management of the Theatre were enabled by the acquisition of a tenor whose artistic genius and melodious sweetness of voice were most successfully recognized by the judgment of musical connoisseurs, and by the instinctive appreciation of every lover of music.

The Director has been fortunate enough to retain the invaluable aid of Madlle. Fournier, Signor Gagliardi, and all the vocalists who contributed to past success; and is able to announce, in the approaching debut of Madlle. Titiens, a talent which it is believed will distinguish the season of 1858 as the first appearance of a singer who has not only the talents of an artist, but also the qualities of an actor.

It is seldom that nature bestows on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to form a great actor. A voice which is not only strong and full, but also clear and sweet, and a mind which is not only quick and active, but also original and inventive, are scarcely to be met together. The Director has been fortunate enough to secure the services of a tenor whose artistic genius and melodious sweetness of voice were most successfully recognized by the judgment of musical connoisseurs, and by the instinctive appreciation of every lover of music.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE second grand concert in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital took place on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., and drew even a more numerous audience to the new music-hall than the first. We append the programme, which was, on this occasion, exclusively secular:—

PART I.—Overture, "Leonora"—Beethoven. Quartet, "O'er the dark blue waters"—C. M. v. Weber; Aria, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"—Mozart; Part-song for eight voices, "This house to love is holy"—Meyerbeer; Duet, (*Les Diamans de la Couronne*)—Auber; Concert-stück, "Fiancéto"—C. M. v. Weber; Part-song, "Sleep, gentle lady!"—Sir Henry Bishop; The Music to Shakespeare's *Midsommer Night's Dream*.

PART II.—Quartet and Chorus, (*Euryantje*)—C. M. v. Weber; Canonet, "The Spirit's Song"—Haydn; Song, "I am a roamer" (Son and Stranger)—Mendelssohn; Solo, Violoncello—(Piatti); Recitative and Air (with chorus), "The Queen's greeting" (*My Day*)—G. A. Macfarren; Duetto, "In bella immantatione" (Metley)—Donizetti; Fandango, Violin, with orchestral accompaniments—Molique; Duet, "Ball' aria"—Mozart; Part-song for male voices, *Saabian National Air*, "The Three Roses"; Coronation March (*Le Prophète*)—Meyerbeer.

The above selection afforded universal pleasure, although it was infinitely too long. We must not, however, be critical on a charity concert. The part-song of Meyerbeer—"This house to love is holy"—was a highly-interesting novelty, and, doubtless, will be heard of often. This, and all the choral music, was entrusted to the members of the Vocal Association. The solo singers were Mad. Borchardt, Miss Dolly, Mad. Sherrington Lemmas, Miss Kemble, Sig. Luchesi, Herr Deck, Messrs. Montem Smith, Santley, and Weiss. The solo instrumentalists were Herr Molique (violin), Sig. Piatti (violoncello), and Miss Arabella Goddard (pianoforte).

The band was as numerous as could be expected under the circumstances. By "the circumstances" we mean the very confined space afforded by the orchestra, more than four-fifths of which was monopolised by the great organ and the chorus. There being no room for a pianoforte, a "supplementary platform," to speak politely, to speak plainly, a sort of foot-stool was manufactured for the occasion. Upon this was placed Miss Arabella Goddard, who had almost to "elbow" the public. But nothing could spoil her magnificent playing; and the audience not objecting to have so near a view of her "magic fingers," received her with enthusiasm and honored her with a regular "ovation" at the end of the *Concert-stück*. The whole scheme of the orchestra must nevertheless be rectified, for more reasons than one, if St. James's Hall is to assume the position of the first music-room in the metropolis, which we sincerely hope it may attain. At present there is no use in concealing the fact, that however favourable may be the acoustic dispositions of the hall, the arrangements in the orchestra are so ill contrived that it is impossible to pronounce any opinion on the subject.

Mr. Benedict was the conductor. We are glad to hear that a very considerable sum has been realised for the Hospital by the two splendid concerts instituted under this gentleman's direction.

M. HAMMER.—A pianist of this name is about to give a concert in Paris. By all means let him come to London. St. James's Hall will "grab" at him. M. Hammer! How many eminent *virtuosi* might be named after him!

MUSIC WITH TUNES IN IT.—Several weeks had passed, and the legitimate opera season had closed, but a few extra nights were being given, at playhouse prices, and the works of Mozart and Beethoven, which are quite good enough for vulgarians, had succeeded to the noises invented by Signor Verdi for destroying all the voices of Italy. Mr. Philip Arundel had procured a box for a *Fidelio* night, and Margaret had experienced that singular sensation of elevation, and of pleasure of which the soul refuses to be ashamed, which is felt by the young and unworn mind when brought into contact with the creation of genius. The opera was over. Aunt Spencer had, of course, been terribly bored; she liked music with tunes in it, as her definition went.—(*The Gordian Knot*, by Shirley Brooks).

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE first of a series of six grand concerts was given on Wednesday evening in St. James's Hall by the members of the Vocal Association under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The weather was fearfully inclement; the rain never ceased to descend in torrents; and yet the music-room was crowded by a brilliant audience. The cause was the never-failing attraction attached to the name of MENDELSSOHN, from whose compositions the whole programme was selected:—

PART I.

Symphony in A Major	Mendelssohn.
Choral Part Song—"For the New Year;"	
"Hunting Song"...	Mendelssohn.
Concerto, Violin (M. Sainton)	Mendelssohn.
Finale—"Loreley"—Solos by Miss Stabback	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Overture—"Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"...	Mendelssohn.
Grand Scène—(Madame Castellan) "Intellect"...	Mendelssohn.
Capriccio—Brillante, pianoforte (Miss Arabella Goddard)	Mendelssohn.
Choral Part Songs (male voices)—"The Hunter's Farewell!" "Eastern Drinking Song"...	Mendelssohn.
Part Song—"O wert thou in the cloud blast!" "I would that my love" (Madame Castellan and Miss Fanny Huddart)	Mendelssohn.
The <i>Walpurgis Night</i> —(Solos by Miss Huddart, Mr. Winn, and Mr. M. Smith).	Mendelssohn.
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.	

Of the familiar, often played, but always fresh and enchanting symphony, it is unnecessary to say more than that—like the much less frequently heard overture, in which a calm sea and a pleasant voyage are so poetically illustrated—it was thoroughly enjoyed. Nevertheless, we could willfully have dispensed with the symphony for the sake of hearing the *Walpurgis Night*, the longest and most important work of the evening, *frat*. As it was, a great number of the audience left before the *Walpurgis Night* began. The fact is, as a morning contemporary has observed, there was too much music at this concert, by at least half an hour. The ear cannot listen to, nor the mind be impressed with, so many pieces at a sitting. The music of Mendelssohn must be heard with deep attention, and this in itself involves a kind of mental task which, at last, becomes fatiguing. Concert projectors should take into consideration such indispensable conditions of the human economy.

The choral part-songs were admirably selected, and the members of the Vocal Association afforded the utmost gratification to their subscribers by the manner in which they executed them, one and all. Of the two-part songs allotted to Madame Castellan and Miss Fanny Huddart, "I would that my love could silently flow" (as exquisite a melody as ever presented itself to the imagination of composer) was encoined, in spite of a strong and sensible protest from the majority of the audience. We are glad to observe that a steady opposition is being organized among discriminating amateurs against this abominable system of encoining, which has been a pest in our concert-rooms time out of mind.

Madame Castellan gave the *fine scena*, "Intellect," with energy and feeling, but did not completely realise the intentions of the composer.

The violin concerto was superbly played by M. Sainton, who, moreover, took the finale in the genuine "presto" time, which to the *schertz* of Mendelssohn is indispensable. The great French violinist achieved a genuine success, and retired "covered with well earned laurels."

The *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, with Miss Arabella Goddard at the pianoforte, was one of the most perfect performances ever heard. In spite of its gloomy character, not absolutely relieved by the bright and characteristic episode of *la marcia* with which the principal subject is alternately contrasted and mixed up, this capriccio can be made as brilliant and effective as either of the concertos—which Miss Goddard (whose "temporary platform" was this time raised to the level of the orchestra—a manifest improvement) proved triumphantly. Her whole performance was as animated, as

instinct with fire and energy, as it was graceful and expressive wherever the passionate character of the movement yields to those gentle touching and melodious phrases that contrast with the rest so charmingly. Miss Goudard was enthusiastically applauded for this masterly display, and never appears more justly bestowed.

One of the marked successes of the evening was the glorious *finale* to *Lordely*, in the solo parts of which Miss Stubbach exerted herself with commendable zeal. The audience were enchanted with this noble piece, every bar of which is an inspiration of genius, and testified their delight by the warmest demonstrations at the end. The *Walpurgis-Night*—alas!—we were unable to hear, since it was nearly eleven o'clock before it commenced, and the audience had already enjoyed fine music enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving. Mr. Benedict directed the orchestra and chorus, and accompanied the two-part songs on the piano, with that artistic earnestness and consummate ability for which he is justly famed.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

MR. LESLIE and his redoubtable choir gave their seventh concert on Thursday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, when, although the weather was as bad as if the forty days of St. Swithin had been concentrated in one, there was a crowded audience. After this, who will say that the inhabitants of London are not "musical!"

The concert began with the part-song "O, who will o'er the downs so free!" by Mr. Parrsall, which, although composed no earlier than 1852, has (its merits considered) been performed a vast deal too often. At the very best, it is a pretty tune smoothly harmonised. To pretty tunes, smoothly harmonised, we have of course no objection; but to hear them once now and then is quite enough. J. Bennet's "Flow, O my tears," composed 257 years earlier (in 1599) is nearly 257 times better. Coming after the other, it was quite refreshing to ears attuned to harmony, and able to appreciate the noble art of vocal part-singing. The next piece was one of Bishop's most conventional and hackneyed glee "Blow, gentle gales," sung by Miss Lucia (Lucy would be more melodious) Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon (not a bad *contralto*), Messrs. Regaldi, A. Bubbly, and Matthews. If "Blow, gentle gales" were scattered to the winds we should not be sorry. Rarely has Bishop *waddled* so much as in this monotonous five-part glee. Then followed two part-songs for male voices by Mr. J. L. Hatton, both of them very weak specimens of his talent. The first, "Though long years have passed away," is somniferous to poppification; the second, "Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale," is extremely common-place and boisterous. The latter, nevertheless, was so admirably sung, that it was "encored," and Mr. Henry Leslie (who ought to know better,) in spite of the admonition of *Punch* (which we append):—

"THE ENCORE SUITANCE."

"Certainly in one respect, at any rate, we agree with a contemporary that the new St. James's Hall has been most promisingly opened, and the occasion gave betokenment and sign of a new era in our musical entertainments. The respect which we refer to is that on the night of the Inauguration Concert the programme was gone through without there being an encore. As far as our experience enables us to judge, this fact is unparalleled in concerts now-a-days; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the opening of the Hall deserves a special mention in our world-wide columns. A performance of such promise reflects a like credit upon all who took a part in it, whether vocally or instrumentally, or indeed acrobatically. The audience did their parts as well as band and singers, and the result was a success beyond the wildest hopes of the well-wishers of the Hall. To inaugurate a Concert-room without suffering an encore is an achievement such as even the most sanguine would have had the opening of the Hall, and every one of those who had a hand or voice or ear in it, we heartily congratulate upon the triumph they have won.

"Encores are not solely matters of bad taste. They result from greediness more even than from ignorance. People have a tendency to try and get as much as they are able for their money, and are especially delighted if they can manage to get something more than what they're paid for. Your shop-girl is charmed with half-an-ounce of overweight, or an inch or two of ribbon more than has been charged her;

and persons who contrive to swindle an encore are gratified by thinking that they've got a something given in, and are apt to pride themselves upon their sharpness in so doing. Now it may do these people good to take this ill conceit out of them; and the best cure for their cheating is to show their fancied sharpness only proves them to be flat. It may be assumed that the getters-up of Concerts know pretty well the money's worth of what they have to offer; and make allowance in their estimates for the chance of being asked to give a trifling over-measure. Caterers of music, in drawing up their programmes, reckon the encores as part of the performance, and so shorten their selection, in order to make room for them. They have to pay their *articles* for a fixed amount of work, and of course must keep the quantity within the stipulated limits.

"Here Spittskull is engaged to sing four songs per night, and as he's sure to be encored, he is announced to sing two only. Herr Spittskull knows the current value of his notes, and of course will not part with them without their aureous equivalent. He is not a wit more likely to give a song in *gratis*, than a pastry-cook would be to let the buyer of a bath-bun take another without paying for it. In persisting therefore to encore the Herr, the public in real earnestness than nothing. It gets two songs sung twice over, instead of four distinct and fresh ones. It thinks to cheat the Herr, while in fact it cheats itself, getting two stale hunks and paying for two new ones; and the verdict we should bring in would be, *Serre it right!*

"We perfectly agree with our contemporary aforesaid that Mr. Owen Jones has shown both taste and skill in the internal decorations, and the St. James's Hall may be pronounced by far the most complete and highly ornamented Concert-room in London. Nevertheless, as there is nothing which *Punch* could not improve, if allowed to take his way with it, we think if Mr. Owen Jones had consulted as beforehand, we could have suggested an amendment in the way of decoration which might have pleased the audience as well as the spectators. We should have proposed that on the walls and ceilings of the Hall, and especially conspicuous upon the orchestra and organ, the words should be—

"No Encores Allowed,

"All caterers of concerts should take this as their motto, and emblazon it on all their programmes and admission tickets; and efficient M.C.'s should attend at the performances, to take care that the rule be strictly carried out. Anybody willfully demanding an encore, or siding and abetting any swindler who might do so, should be taken up and sentenced to attend the House of Commons every evening for a week, to cure him of his wish to hear the same things over twice. If this tremendous punishment were rigorously enforced, we think that the encore nuisance would speedily be checked; and Mr. *Punch* and other sensible and rightly thinking persons might find it possible to go to concert-rooms in peace, without their having nightly to do battle with the fools who clamour for encores.")

was inconsiderate enough to yield to the demand of a clamorous minority. Nevertheless, if Mr. Punch and the Editor of *The Times* continue to support us in this matter, it will be a case of "*Musical World* against *Encore*," and there can be little doubt as to the issue.

After Mr. Hatton's part-songs (especially his "Tar song"), and the other preceding pieces, one excepted, the violin sonata of Beethoven in G (Op. 96) was like the rain which drenched the Jews after the three years' curse of Elijah. "Thanks be to God" might well have been sung, in gratitude for such a relief. What a genuine inspiration is this sonata!—written, too, just near the period when idiots began to suspect Beethoven of being mad. Never did genius declare itself at once so simply and emphatically. It is a pity that nearly all the violin sonatas of the great composer should be preferred and otter played than this, which is one of his very finest; and thanks are due to Miss Arabella Goldard and Mr. Blagrove for introducing it and playing it with such admirable taste and skill. The *adagio espressivo* seemed to please the audience best, although the whole created a marked sensation. This is intelligible enough. Slow movements (especially in little known works) are always thought the most of, because their meaning is more easily apprehended; but a familiar acquaintance with the sonata Op. 96 must bring with it the conviction that the *allegro scherzo*, and *finale* are one and all equally fine, if not finer, than their slower companion.

Mr. Henry Leslie's "National Song of Defence," composed in 1851, just after the *coup-d'état*, and performed at Mr. Hullah's (with a view of terrifying Napoleon III. out of his threatened

invasion of England) is a spirited setting of some irregular verses by the Earl of Carlisle, which are about as poetical as the prose travelling books and prosy speeches of that fluent orator. It was of course (being Mr. Leslie's composition) well executed by the "choir," and by the solo singers (Misses Henning and Cazaly, Mrs. Dixon, Messrs. A. D. Coleridge and W. Simpson). The audience were so much impressed that another "encore" was raised, and Mr. Henry Leslie was again, in spite of the admonition of *Punch* (which we have already appended) inconsiderate enough to yield to the demand of a clamorous minority. Nevertheless, although the organ was well handled by Mr. J. C. Ward, and the pianoforte eagerly manipulated by Mr. J. C. Calcott (Calcott, Calcott, or Calcott), we confess that the combination did not exactly please us. At the same time Mr. Leslie knows that we are "eclectics," and that we have an ear for *Immanuel* as well as an ear for *Elijah*, and an eye towards *Judah* just as we had an eye towards *Christus*.

Part II. commenced nobly with two very fine, simple, and grandly harmonised *Chorales*, with organ accompaniment (Nos. 1 and 2 from Mendelssohn's *Fest Gesang*, which were splendidly sung by the choir, and which did not get "a hand" of applause. Mr. Leslie himself appeared surprised at this; but a glance at some items in Part I. might have explained to him the seeming anomaly. Mr. Leslie, and all such men as he, must either resolve to educate the crowd up to their own level, or descend to the level of the crowd. These are the only two paths open to public men—the one the path of a teacher and benefactor to his species, the other that of a quack and pretender. Mendelssohn's *Chorales* were rendered impossible by what had gone before.

What came after was not better. So stupid and trivial a four-part song as that of "De Call" (*Qui diable!—peut être ce monsieur?*)—as that of "De Call," called "Oft when night has rest bestowed," has rarely been heard by a civilised audience. And yet, look at the sequel. It was so well sung by Messrs. A. Lester, Taylor, Harries and Stroud, that it was "encored," and Mr. Henry Leslie (who ought to know better), in spite of the admonition of *Punch* (which, as we have already said, we have appended), was again inconsiderate enough to yield to the demand of a clamorous minority.

A fantasia for the violin, on airs from the *Vesper Siciliennes* of M. Verdi, composed by Mr. Blagrove, and played by Mr. Blagrove in a masterly manner, was followed by Mr. George Allen's part-song, "I love my love in the morning," which by no means improves on acquaintance—being at the best flippant and common-place. S. Webb's manly and vigorous glee, "The mighty conqueror of hearts" (sung by all the male voices of the choir), after that trivial effusion, was as welcome as a Havelock to a long beleaguered Lucknow.

Then came another instrumental solo—M. Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," played by Miss Arabella Goddard, and, as usual, in such a manner as to turn "beaters' leaf" into ingots of gold. Miss Goddard's execution of this piece was nothing short of marvellous, and the enthusiasm it excited was followed by the *one* unanimous "encore" of the whole evening. Miss Goddard, however, had as usual perused the hebdomadal lucubrations of Mr. *Punch*, and would by no means consent to do more than return to the orchestra and respond to the audience by one of her most graceful courtesies, accompanied by one of her sweetest smiles. Were her admirers disatisfied? Certainly not—on the contrary, they saw at once their indiscretion, and redoubled their applause. Other artists should take example by Miss Goddard.

Mr. Henry Smart's delicious "Ave Maria" (which cannot be heard too often), and Mr. Leslie's arrangement of "Rule Britannia" brought the seventh concert to a close.

HENRI BERTINI.—"This celebrated author of studies for the piano," (says *La France Musicale*), "has been for some days in Paris." M. Bertini lives at Grenoble, where he has made for himself a mild and glorious retreat" ("une douce et glorieuse retraite").

EASTER AMUSEMENTS.

We remember no previous Easter in which there has been such a lack of novelties at the theatres. Drury Lane has closed its doors altogether, Mr. E. T. Smith doubtless thinking no fortune was to be made just now by an Easter piece. Was he deterred by the sudden blooming of the season? by the opening of the two Italian operas? by the announcement of the Philharmonic Society, the inauguration of St. James's Hall, the innumerable concerts advertised, and the bias towards musical entertainments in the summer months? The answer is plain as road to parish church. Mr. E. T. Smith is one of the very shrewdest of managers, and Drury Lane closed its doors at Easter. Mr. Robson pursued a different course at the Olympic. He took no heed of Easter at all; but, having gone into resting quarters during Passion week, opened his theatre with old pieces on Easter Monday. We may conclude that no novelty was demanded at the Olympic. Mr. Buckstone has provided one of his most brilliant and telling Easter offerings, in the form of "an entirely new and original mythological extravaganza," termed *Pluto and Proserpine*, by the author of *Atalanta*. The piece is capably written, and the scenery splendid in the extreme; the last scene being a marvel of the scenic and decorative art combined.—Like Mr. Robson, Mr. Charles Keen ignores any deference to the Easter holidays, and although he has produced two new pieces, no concession is made in the shape of extravaganza, burlesque, or travesty. The new pieces are farces—one entitled *The Stock-Exchange*; or, *The Green Business*; the other, *Samuel in Search of Himself*. Both are amusing and smart, and both were successful. *Faust and Marguerite* was the principal piece, Mr. Charles Keen appearing in his original part, Mephistopheles.—At the Adelphi the return of Madams Celeste, Messrs. Webster, Wright, Paul Bedford, and Co., have allowed of the resumption of the *Poor Strangers*, or leading piece. The after-entertainment consisted of a new version, or more properly alteration, of Bolidieu's comic opera the *Catipah of Bagdad*, with nearly all the music omitted. A young lady, Miss Roden, made her *début* with most decided success in the principal soprano part. She possesses a charming voice, and appears to have the true dramatic instinct. She was most liberally applauded, recalled, and showered over with bouquets, of course premeditated; but, in spite of preparation and friendly prejudices, Miss Roden has undoubted talent, and will be heard of to more purpose anon.—The Strand Theatre opened under the management of Miss Swanborough, *Nothing Venture, Nothing Win*, and a burlesque on the opera of *Fra Diavolo*. Mr. Leigh Murray, who is of the company, was taken suddenly ill, and could not sustain the principal part in the comedy; so it had to be read, which did not enhance the merits nor tend to the success of the piece, which, nevertheless, was successful. In the burlesque, Miss Swanborough supported the part of the Brigand Chief; we say how? Between the play and burlesque an address, written by Mr. Albert Smith, was spoken by the fair managers. It was as follows:—

"When in the forum of Old Rome they found,
One morn, a chasm wide yawning in the ground;
And Marcus Curtius to the margin ran,
Seeing an opening for a nice young man;
So I to-night, prepared to be self-hur'd
Into this void in the dramatic world,
Appear before you, old familiar friends;
But here, I fear, analogy all ends.
Into this gulf, unless you will oppose it,
I plunge to keep it open, net to close it.
Yet net without much trembling do I come
To welcome you to this, our little home.
The Drama's Home, I might long since have said,
But the poor drama—bankrupt and half dead—
Is houseless—friendless—dripping decay,
And her poor children as a nest her glade;
So that the Drama's Temple now might claim
The Drama's Almshouses as fitter name.
I found our little craft in its worse days,
When it was settling down upon its ways.
But the Leviathan was launched at last;
And set by minor worries ne'er downcast,
Taking advantage of the first spring-tide,
Into the stream at length to save her glide;
She got her under weigh—saw land grow fainter,
Set all the canvases, and cast off the painter.
Our crew is small; but they have been all tried—
In the good will of each I can confide.

Yet on our course, commencing full of fear,
Uncertain yet as which the way to steer.
By your assistance, aid the little band
To land at last upon a friendly strand.
And let us hope on this, our opening night,
Your ebeers will hearty be, your censure light;
And we will make all adverse tides to weather,
'A long pull, strong pull, and pull all together.'

At Sadler's Wells music took the place of the drama, *Marianna* and *The Beggar's Opera* being presented on Easter Monday. Miss Dyer and Mr. Henry Haigh were the stars in Wallace's opera, and Mr. Russell Grover, a name as little known as it is inharmonious, was the Captain Meecheth. The indefatigable Mr. Tully is director and conductor.—The Surrey Theatre rejoices in drama, opera, and extravaganzas—all new and original. The first belongs to the romantic school, and is entitled *Confession*; the second is more properly an operetta, or ballad opera, than an opera proper; and the last is an unmistakable extravaganza, since anything more extravagant never was perpetrated. The interest of the evening was concentrated in Mr. Henry Phillips, the once renowned English barytone, who, like other renowned barytones, more renowned than he, has long fallen from his pride of place. Mr. H. Phillips had been previously singing at the Surrey Theatre in the entertainments given during Passion Week.—The Magician, Professor Wiljilba Frikell, has entered upon a new season at the St. James's Theatre, and has been delighting his visitors with a new trick, "The Shower of Toys," which, if possible, is more baffling and surprising than any he has yet exhibited. The Professor's stay is limited in England, so that those who desire to see the wonders of his handicraft, should lose no time.—At the Canterbury Hall, Mr. Augustus Braham continues to edify his audiences nightly. The capital programmes provided by Mr. Jonghmann, the musical director, would do no discredit to more lordly and pretentious places.—The Alhambra Palace, in Leicester-square, has been converted, for the time being, into a Circus, and hither Messrs. Howe and Coulson have transported their immense equestrian party, amounting to about two hundred men and horses. The horseman-like umbrings, and acrobat performances are prodigious. A band of Bedouin Arabs attached to the troupe go through some wonderful feats. Moreover, the two clowns, Jim Myers and Joe Penland, are capital. Jim is the best jester, but Joe beats him hollow in jokes. There is no entertainment better worth seeing in London, and none more sure to please the holiday folk, than the performances of the equestrian company at the Alhambra Palace.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL AT THE ADELPHI.—To make amends to the frequenters of the Adelphi Theatre for the loss of their dramatic recreations, curiously interdicted by the legislature in Passion Week, and to compensate in some measure for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and the absence of the regular troupe of the establishment, occupied with engagements in the provinces, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul opened the theatre with their popular entertainment, "Patchwork" on Monday the 29th last, and gave their performance five times during the week, the Lord Chamberlain and regard for religious feelings preventing their repetition on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. "Patchwork" is a most lively and attractive entertainment. The lady and gentleman divide the characters between them, the lady, however, as a matter of course, taking the lion's share of the vocal performance. One of Mr. H. Paul's most successful assumptions is the double one of Mr. and Mrs. Doubledot, in which, by dressing herself differently on both sides, she represents husband and wife, keeps up a conversation, and sings a duet. Bating an excusable caricature of the brogue, the portraiture of an Irish girl, Mary Doolan, is happy and striking. Mrs. Howard Paul, who may be remembered as Miss Featherstone, has a deep-toned, powerful contralto voice, and sings with much taste and skill. Mr. Howard Paul's delineation of Yankee characters is imitable. Nothing can be better or more true to the life than his Jonathan Bang, which never fails to create the utmost mirth in the description and realising. The entertainment is well written, and is altogether one of the most amusing of the day.

THE SISTERS SOPHIE AND ARIE.—These two talented and most industrious young ladies have been displaying their eccentric powers in an entertainment entitled "Sketches from Nature," at the Surrey Theatre, during Passion week. The fair sisters sustained no less than eighteen characters in costume, and sang

no less than sixteen songs each night they appeared. Each sister has her style and peculiarity. One is serious, the other gay. The elder sings the sentimental strains, the younger the light and joyous. Miss Annie inclines to laughter; Miss Sophie to tears. Like Minna and Brenda Troil in *The Pirate* they might be denominated "Day" and "Night." "Day," we surmise, is the chiefest favourite of Apollo; but "Night," perhaps, is more favoured by Melpomene. Annie creates an immense impression by her singing such popularities as "Bonnie Dundee," "Chil-chal," the "Barcarole," and others. Sophie produces her best effects by her dramatic and vocal powers in conjunction. The entertainment was of the most varied kind, and embraced a range of characters that would have done no discredit to a novel by Dickens or Thackeray—to say nothing whatsoever of Mr. Albert Smith. The most attractive of these were "Biddy Maloney," "Horatio Crawford," "Margery Muggles," and "Mrs. Minerva Stronghead," by Sister Sophie; and "Harry Clifton," "Mrs. Snyllite," "Miss Dolorous," and "Marin," in *The Child of the Regiment*, by Miss Annie. The singing of the "Rataplan" in the last-named character, with the drum accompaniment, made a *furor*. The applause the first night was frantic; the ecores too numerous to mention. Never was success more genuine and unanimous than that achieved by "The Sketches from Nature;" and never did two artists exert themselves to more purpose and afford more general satisfaction than the Sisters Annie and Sophie.

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The doors of the Sadler's Wells Theatre being closed during Passion Week, against Mr. Phelps and Shakspeare, by statute, was, nevertheless, by the wisdom of our rulers, rendered accessible to entertainments, concerts, soirées, ré-unions, and all other amusements, musical, monological, choreographic—anything, in short, except dramatic—of which Miss Julia St. George availed herself, and introduced to the Islington and Pentonville public select specimens from her entertainment, "Home and Foreign Lyrics." Miss Julia St. George was received, on Monday, by the north-eastern inhabitants with more than the usual distinction conferred on favorites. The fair lyricist possesses peculiar claims to the favor of the Islingtonians and Pentonvillians. Her metropolitan dramatic career commenced on the boards of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and hence the unwonted enthusiasm of the audience on Monday week. "Home and Foreign Lyrics" is perhaps more diversified than the majority of musical and dramatic entertainments. Characters and lays of many nations are introduced. Miss St. George goes round the world in search of amusement, and the visitors are made recipients of what she is supposed to have seen in her grand tour. Amid the customary quota of humorous songs and characters, Miss St. George makes a dash at the grand and impressive by her assumption of Sappho and Joan of Arc, and comes off with flying colours by her vigorous declamation and energetic singing. The music is all original, and has been expressly composed for Miss St. George's entertainments, by Mr. F. Duggan. The author of "Home and Foreign Lyrics" is Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the popular novelist. The entertainment, given, we believe, for the first time in London, was eminently successful.

MR. CHARLES COTTON'S MONOGRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT.—At the Prince of Wales's Hall, Regent-street, Mr. Charles Cotton continues to deliver to crowded audiences his very amusing entertainment, entitled *The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle*. Mr. Charles Cotton reads well, is a capital mimic, sings like an artist, and has a good voice. In his descriptions he has an evident leaning to the laud of St. Patrick, and his imitations of the countrymen of Billy O'Rourke and Lord Palmerston, if not true to the life as regards the brogue and humour, are exceedingly amusing and striking. Chief of the Irishman delineations are Mike Connolly, one of the 88th, or Connaught Rangers, returned from the Crimea minus a leg; and Tim Raggarty, the Irish ballad singer. But the "Rose" and "Thistle" given, we believe, for the first time, is not particularly happy, but the specimens of English idiosyncrasy are excellent. Mr. Cotton goes out of his way a little to sing one of Verdi's boisterous scenes; he sings it forcibly, however, and proves that he has studied vocalisation to some purpose.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE fourth and fifth concerts under the Pyne and Harrison management do not call for much notice. At both, a selection from *The Rose of Castille* was given, consisting for the most part of the pieces enumerated in our last. At the last (on Saturday) there were eight encores, four for *The Rose of Castille*, the others for "Lo! here the gentle Lark," sung by Miss Louisa Pyne (since *obligato*, Mr. R. S. Pratten), "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," by the same (harp, Mr. Trust), and two new ballads introduced by Mr. Harrison—*a* patriotic ballad entitled "The heroes that fought in the ranks," and a sentimental ballad (to some very graceful verses by Mr. W. Brough), called "I will not weep for thee," with both of which the audience were evidently pleased. But in these encores Miss L. Pyne, still suffering from indisposition, and already down four of them, and thus had to sing no less than ten times during the evening. The system is utterly monstrous, and should be abolished by Act of Parliament.

The other singers were Miss Susan Pyne (who sang the charming *bolero* from the *Crown Diamonds* with her sister), Messrs. St. Alban, F. Glover and Honey. *The Jupiter Symphony* of Mozart was well performed by the band under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, at the beginning of the concert; and this was the only piece of *bona fide* classical music in the programme. The selection from *Luceria Borgia* (a *pot-pourri* of the same calibre as the *Troicatore* mentioned in our last), and solos for clarinet and ophicleide, admirably played by Mr. Lazarus and Mr. Hughes, were the other instrumental features.

On Monday Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Alfred Mellon, and "troupe," left London for Newcastle.

MADAME LANCIA.

(From our Turin Correspondent.)

As you will have learnt from the extracts I sent you from the Turin papers, Madame Lancia met with a favourable reception on her first appearance, and I certainly must do her the justice to add that she far surpassed the expectations of her friends, and of Sig. Ricci, who, as I have mentioned before, thinks most highly of his young pupil. It is to be regretted that she was unable to make her *début* in an opera in which there was a larger scope for the display of her histrionic talents, as they are known to be of a very high order; but, although high tragedy may likely enough be her forte, yet there is such a charm and fascination in her every movement, and so much playfulness and animation about her acting, that in light parts, such as Rosina in *R. Barbieri*, she cannot fail to please. Even before she had made her *début* she appeared destined to make a *façade*; and had she been a singer very much inferior to what she has proved herself, I have no hesitation in saying that she would have obtained a "success," for so much anxiety had been excited, and every one seemed to have heard of the personal attractions as well as of the talents of the new cantatrice, which, added to her extreme youth,* rendered the interest still greater.

A burst of most enthusiastic applause greeted her on her first appearance, and its duration fortunately gave her time to regain her self-possession, which evidently abandoned her when she found herself, for the first time, face to face with an audience. As soon as silence was imposed, she commenced "Una voce," and, though her voice trembled on the first few notes, it soon became firm and melodious, and the musical critic was rejoiced to detect the presence of some very valuable qualities in the young artist. A round of hearty applause followed the cavatina, which was renewed with increased vigour, and universal cries of "brava" and "bis" at the close of the cantabeta; and when the audience perceived, by a nod which the young lady gave the conductor, that she was about to consent to their wish, "brava," "bella," and other expressions only to be heard in an Italian theatre, resounded on all sides of the house. I need not mention every circumstance connected with her first appearance. Her singing was admirable throughout in every respect—in execu-

tion, style, and expression. Of course, she made an immense deal of her *duet* with Figaro, in which she was admirably supported by Signor Grandi, of whom I have spoken before, and was called on before the curtain an unprecedented number of times in the course of the evening, after the true Italian fashion—were I to say twenty times, you would declare me to be guilty of exaggeration, but really it would not have been many short. On the night of her benefit she was able to revel in the full display of her unparalleled lyrical genius, as a selection from *Semiramide* was given, for the purpose of introducing her in a part particularly suitable to her fine voice and style of singing. She produced an immense impression, and, on appearing to receive a well-merited ovation, was presented with a bouquet (without exaggeration, as large as herself), which, it was understood, was presented to her in the name of the directors. Between the acts she held a regular *lente*, which was attended by all the most eminent *cognoscenti* at Turin; amongst others, the composer of *Don Chico*, which in Italy is considered the best *opera buffa* written since *R. Barbieri*. It seems the general opinion of all those who are capable of judging, that, with her splendid voice (and the term *splendid* may be accepted in the fullest meaning of the word) and her genuine dramatic feeling, by study and perseverance she will attain to the very highest position in her profession.

Madame Lancia is an extremely young lady, with good eyes, good teeth, long, wavy hair, and decidedly pretty; her face is full of intelligence, and her eyes, like those of Lola Montes, are at once soft and terrible—orbs that are either veiled with tears, or flashing lightning and poniards. She is not tall, but somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*; she is wonderfully active, and runs about the stage with a vivacity that is quite amusing. Although her height is much against her figure being suited to the stage, she is so full of energy and dramatic action that, with her commanding look and her magnificent voice, in a year or two I shall expect to find her a most admirable representative of such parts as Norma, Luceria Borgia, &c.

It has seldom been my lot to hear a fresher or more melodious voice; its compass is remarkable; naturally a soprano, it descends to the lowest regions of the contralto, and I am inclined to think that it is upon her lower notes that she relies for the greatest effect. Her organ is so sympathetic that it goes to the heart at once, and produces an irresistible emotion. Her pathos, sensibility, and energy are equally remarkable, and her singing is distinguished by a clear and refined execution and true expression.

Just before I left Turin it was reported that Madame Lancia had been offered an engagement for the approaching season at Her Majesty's Theatre; but this I know is not the case, and if you hear the report in England you may contradict it with safety. Since her *début* a friend of Mr. Lumley has been seen much in her company, and it is probably this fact which gave rise to the rumour I have mentioned; but her husband—and he ought to know—gave me to understand that, in consequence of her extreme youth, he had been advised not to expose her to the wear and tear of operatic engagements during the whole year, and that therefore he had decided on her appearing only at concerts in London this season. She will return to Italy early in the autumn, to fulfil some of the numerous engagements which have been offered to her.

[We accept this very flattering account of Madame Lancia on the credit of our correspondent, with whom we beg to leave the entire responsibility for its correctness.—Ed. M. W.]

BRIGHTON.—At M. Dury's Military Concert last Saturday, the band of the Inniskilling Regiment, under the direction of Herr Ernest Hartmann, performed selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and some compositions by Meuldorshon. Madame Onry and Herr Neuzerling, M. Jullien a new cornet player, were the solo instrumentalists. The lady played the popular fantasia on *Traviata*, composed by herself, in her most brilliant manner. The military band executed several *Morceaux*, the most admired of which was, "Alexander Romanoff Waits," by Laurent.

* At the time of her *début* she had not completed her 17th year.

PERSEVERE, OR THE CAREER OF HAVELOCK.*

By JOHN OXFORD, Esq.

Hard to climb the hill of fame;
Hard to win a glorious name;
Hard to clutch the laurel crown,
Hard the toil that earns renown.
Yet the soldier murmurs not,
Patiently he bears his lot
For, ever in his ear,
A soft voice whispers, "Persevere!"

Hark, throughout the land arise,
Women's shrieks and children's cries;
Dull inaction now is past,
Soldiers, win the prize at last!
Roused as by the thunder's shock
In the soul of Havelock;
In accents loud and clear,
Britannia bids him "Persevere!"

On to glory hastens he,
Lucknow, as a blow, is free;
Thankful crowds are pressing round,
Blessings through the air resound.
"Soldier, well thy work is done;
Soldier, well the prize is won!"
The wreath that ne'er grows sore,
Soldier, thou hast found it here.

Soldier, ended is thy task,
Further gurdon do not ask;
Thou hast gain'd the laurel-wreath
Twin'd about the plant of death.
Sleep! thy fame is watchful still—
Countless hearts with hope to fill;
In each depending ear
It shouts thy motto—"Persevere!"

* The words of Mr. Charles Braham's new song, published by his permission.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KRAN.

ON Monday (last time this season), HAMLET, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business. FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. On Saturday, will be performed Shakespeare's tragedy of KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening (evening April 10th), the performance will commence with the popular drama YOUR GRANDMOTHER. After which a new farce, entitled TIGLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOUIS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening April 10th, the performance will commence with the popular drama OF THE POOR STROLES. In two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations &c., called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—PROFESSOR WILKINSON.

FRIGATE.—Last week but this previous to Professor Wilk's departure for Russia. "TWO HOURS OF ILLUSION," as performed, by one and a half, by the Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Court, at Windsor Castle. 20th performance on Monday, April 12. Every evening at Eight; Wednesday, and Saturday afternoons, at Three. Balls &c.; Ballroom, 4s.; Boxes 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery in Private Boxes and places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Engagement of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Frederick Robinson, and Miss Atkinson. Given in one of Wilk's new style of entertainment; the new scenery titled with enthusiasm be applause On Monday and Tuesday, THE BRIDAL. Wednesday, Mr. Phelps; Amateur, Mr. Frederick Robinson; Evening, Miss Atkinson On Wednesday and Friday, to commence with BICHSELIEU. Mr. Phelps, Mr. Frederick Robinson, and Miss Atkinson. On Thursday first time, THE MAN OF THE WORLD. Mr. Phelps; Mr. Phelps; On Saturday, a Play, in which Mr. Phelps will perform. To conclude every evening with THE SEVEN CASTLES OF THE FASHIONS. No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANGLO-SCOTIC MUSIC.—Professor W. Sterndale Bennett has written six pianoforte concertos—No. 1, in D minor; No. 2, in E flat; No. 3, in C minor; No. 4, in F minor; No. 5, in F minor; No. 6, in A minor. No. 4 and No. 6 have been played in public by the composer, but are not printed. The two which Miss Arabella Goldard has performed are No. 3 and No. 5 (No. 4 according to the catalogue of published works). She has played the Caprice (in E) several times.

MARRIED.

On the 3rd instant, at Knutsford, by the Rev. R. Clowes, Vicar, Robert Barnett, Esq., R.A.M., 129, Albany-street, Regent's Park, to Kate, youngest daughter of Mr. Siddieley, Aigburth, Liverpool.

DIED.

On Monday, April 5th, at 26, Somerset-street, Portman-square, aged three years and nine months, Rosalie, the beloved child of Mr. Frank Mori.

ERRATUM.—In our last it is stated that Mr. Cousins was to play Bennett's fourth pianoforte concerto at the fourth Philharmonic concert. It should have been at the first.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10TH, 1858.

THE Leeds Musical Festival being decided on, it is of course now the chief topic in Leeds and those parts of Yorkshire within the immediate smoke of that salubrious city. The local press is already beginning to talk very big, as though there had never been a festival at Bradford, and as though no such thing as a music-hall, and no such thing as a great organ, existed in any other part of the world. One paper finds everything *couleur de rose* in the appointment of the committee and officers; another finds everything *couleur de brème*; but both are seemingly of opinion that there never was and there never could be such a festival as the Leeds Festival must naturally turn out—under any circumstances.

We hope this civic confidence may be verified; but we have our doubts. The month of October is, we understand, selected for the historic immortality which the Leeds Musical Festival is to confer. Following this, it would be only in keeping to re-christen October, "Leeds"—in accordance with the manner of the Roman senate under the Empire, who, when Nero or Tiberius had detected a conspiracy and punished the conspirators, called the month of the discovery after the name of the emperor. But the month of "Leeds" is a very inconvenient month for London "reporters," who generally get their holiday just then, and if compelled by duty—instead of seeing the brown leaves scattered in the park of some hospitable country mansion, or the autumn sun reflected on the bosom of the Rhine—to pass "the fall" under the dingy atmosphere of the dingiest of manufacturing towns, will doubtless feel inclined to view the proceedings with a hypercritical eye. The praises of the Festival, must, in that case, be exclusively trumpeted by home journalists. The *aristarchi* of the metropolis—mindful of their purgatory, and groaning for the lake, the forest, the mountain (or the *café*)—will be chiefly on the look-out for faults. Perhaps, however, the great London papers (in consideration of the health of their musical critics in ordinary) may dispatch parliamentary and general reporters, to take down, in short hand, so much as they can understand, and consign to oblivion whatever is not brachygraphically amenable. For our own parts, we have no idea of abandoning Venice and the "Eternal City"

(included in the proposed scheme of our next autumn trip), for the Leeds Festival, but shall request our furious correspondent, "An English Musician" (who abuses everything), to act as our representative; and we take this opportunity of stipulating that he be furnished with the best places at every performance, morning and evening. There never was a more unhappy notion than this of holding a provincial music-meeting in October!

To have done with the question of egotism, however—an article signed "X," and entitled "Round men in Square holes," from *The Leeds Times* (April 3), has been forwarded to our office, for what purpose we are unable to make out. It is a rambling incoherent essay, from which we are able to gather that what is to be actually done at the anticipated paragon of festivals is as yet altogether undecided. The writer (apparently in the "opposition"), lost in the labyrinthine mazes of his diction, wanders about, unable to find an outlet—or, in plainer language, a meaning. He wants everything, and wants nothing. Leeds is about to enter the arena with the cities and towns of England most "distinguished in musical annals, famed for the works they have originated—musical undying—*imperishable as long as soul, sentiment, and inspiration exist.*" A "bright realization" is anticipated, for "that Leeds is musical no one can deny." But, if any one was rash enough to question that great truth, he would be fairly smashed by the logic of "X," who thus unburdens himself of his argumentative diarrhoea:—

"Witness, for instance, the excellent taste and judgment exercised by the persons who frequent the *pit and gallery** at the Theatre Royal whenever musical performances, or performers, are submitted to the test of public opinion. Witness, again, the critical and fashionable audiences which in 'said long sym' graced the full-dress concerts given in our Music-hall, few reminiscences of which, we are sorry to say, now remain. Witness, also, the reception, good, bad, or indifferent, given to the perigrinating parties who, under the auspices of a society, or, under distinguished patronage, are continually appearing before Leeds audiences. No doubt, the spirit of music is fairly imbued in what we may term a Leeds musical audience. Who that remembers Catalini, Braham, Incelesin, Paganini, Paton, Pasta, Malibran, Salmon—(there were giants in those days)—and many, many others, can forget the inward glow which shot through the soul as these portents enchanted and astonished their hearers."

The fact of Leeds being "musical" is, therefore, established beyond dispute. The illustrative arguments are incontrovertible. But this vein of gratulation is speedily followed by one of lugubrious uncertainty. Leeds is musical, no doubt; but Leeds has not yet gained the reputation to which it is entitled; and there seems to be a question in the mind of "X" whether the Festival, after all, will effect thus much for the great manufacturing town which throws a dusk over so many acres of Yorkshire pasture, turning evergreens into ever-browns, and *vivres* *dé* nature. The experiment is about to be tried. A music-room has been built, an organ has been "ordered," and each will have a very important part to play in the forthcoming event, which is to glorify Leeds and extinguish Bradford. Neither the music-room nor the organ "ought to be" inferior to any in Britain; but "X," with a candour that entitles him to be hailed "XX" insinuates (if he does not openly admit) that a good deal remains to be proved:—

"We are now entering a new musical existence. We are on the eve of establishing a musical reputation or of sinking in the scale. It, therefore, behoves us to look with bright anticipation or with doubtful apprehension as to the result. Upon our success or failure depends our future musical position. We have, at an enormous cost to the inhabitants, erected a room and have ordered an organ; neither of which

* Only "the pit and gallery"?

ought to be inferior in its capabilities, and in the objects for which it was designed, to any others in the United Kingdom. It remains to be seen whether the persons to whom these matters have been committed were the proper parties with whom the responsibilities of such undertakings should rest. Time and experience can alone test the matter. Right or wrong, it is now too late to alter. The plans have been submitted, accepted, and are now being carried out. Public opinion will soon be expressed upon the results. As we said in our first sentence, we are now going to take a new position."

Something ugly lurks under all this. Leeds is not of a mind; divisions reign in the camp; "XX" (we have invested him with the extra initial) is not psychologically satisfied, and however he may feel desirous of assuming a stoic indifference, a cynic contempt for the Festival Committee "is fairly imbued in" his soul. After a quantity of suggestions, very few of them feasible, as to what should be performed at the Festival, he proceeds (somewhat in Ercole's vein):—

"Leeds should take a step far, very far, in advance of Bradford, or its character as the metropolis of the West Riding music, in a musical point of view, sink in the estimation of the public. On the committee appointed to carry out the Festival everything depends as to its success or non-success. The chairman, vice-chairman, secretaries, and committee, must be men, each and all, thoroughly acquainted, not only with vocal and instrumental music, but with the capabilities of the artists to be engaged; they must be thoroughly acquainted with musical taste and the musician's point of view, and know very well how to use their trial. The public are their jurors, and on their verdict they must stand or fall."

Of course Leeds must go far ("very far") beyond Bradford; no one can doubt it. But how is that desirable end to be accomplished? If simply by the Utopian idea of a committee entertained by "XX," it is not likely to be accomplished at all. There never was such a Festival committee, and there never will be. Were it possible, however, Leeds would have a committee of musicians—the worst business-men in the world. These might stand for "round-men in square holes" much more appropriately than the unfortunate members of the Town Council, against whose musical ignorance "XX" inveighs so savagely:—

"A glance at the names of the principal officers of the committee will satisfy any practical musical person that sufficient care has not been taken in selecting the proper parties to carry out the object in view. Prudent and proper generalship, under competent commanders who understand the nature of the duties devolving upon them, may place Leeds in the position it ought to be, but incompetency and impotency will carry along with them degradation. The mixed nature of the general committee, half being selected from the council and half from the inhabitants, was a bad move to commence with, and may lead to unpleasantness. Why does not the Town Council attend to its sewerage, lighting, police, hackney coaches, and scavenging? The idea is certainly rich, when we think for a moment of parties who do not know one note from another, nor a march from a psalm tune, nor a polka from a mazurka, nor an oratorio from a cantata, being stuck up as directors of musical taste. It is an old saying and a true one, 'Fools rush in where angels' feet do tread.' However, as some time must elapse before all the necessary arrangements can be made, we can, perhaps, afford to watch calmly and serenely."

If "XX" be the "angel" he would wish us to understand, we advise him to "watch calmly and serenely." He may, perhaps, find the committee not quite such "fools" as he imagines. At all events it is to be hoped they will not be induced to accept many of the hints contained in the subjoined extract—the last for which we can find space:—

"Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others, are names written one and for ever on the tablet of eternal fame, and their works are identified with the places which the musical taste and energy of the leading inhabitants originated their conceptions. In Leeds, however, as some time must elapse before no one who can boast for himself an acquaintance in the world of fame? Cannot Leeds secure the proud position of having named one worthy to be added to the many imperishable ones which appear in public music-rooms and theatres? Surely it ought. The committee

appointed to manage the Festival should at once communicate with Meyerbeer, Spohr, Bilas (we know *Silas* has for some time been thinking of writing an oratorio, and the title has been fixed upon), and other great continental composers. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let us have the same oratorios performed, which have been hackneyed over and over again at the gardens, and at the cheap concerts, until their greatness and beauties have been marred with such an accumulation of all that is bad, common, and indifferent, as to make their repetitions now a complete surfeit. One of the hackneyed oratorios, either the *Elijah Messiah* or *Oratorio*,—that will be quite enough."

The last part of the above hardly tallies with a previous extract, vindicating the right of Leeds to be regarded as "musical." Such performances of great works as "XX" describes are sadly at variance with the definition. It is consoling, nevertheless, to know that the author of *Round Men in Square Holes* does not object to one "complete surfeit," but will allow the patrons of the festival to hear a good performance of *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, or *The Creation*, as a set-off against the cruel massacre in the tea-gardens.

We are disposed to think that, with less talk there might be a likelihood of more wool; and that if the Leeds press would calm its excitement, the Festival would have just as good a chance of being creditable to "the Metropolis of the West Riding." What a pity "XX" himself is not a "round man!" Had that been the case he might have tried to square his proportions to the "holes," like the scavengers of the town council.

In the *Götz von Berlichingen* of Göthe there is a well-known scene, the speakers in which are Götz himself and his little boy Karl. Having paid particular attention to geography, the urchin shows his proficiency in that branch of knowledge by gravely stating that Jaxthansen is a city and castle on the Jaxt, and has belonged for two centuries to the lords of Berlichingen. Hereupon Götz asks him, who is the lord of Berlichingen? but is only answered by a stare. "Through sheer learning," exclaims honest Götz, "the boy does not know his own father."

We are strongly reminded of this scene, by the following letter, which has been sent to us by an "Amateur of Music and other Arts":—

Sir,—What is the meaning of your sneers at comic writers? In the *belles lettres* no man can attain eminence who is not a comic writer or a poet, and if you will take the trouble to examine the careers of the most eminent novelists and dramatists who have flourished in England and in France during the last twenty-five years, you will find that the best of them have not merely possessed wit, but that they have been "wise" in a professional sense, and have contributed largely to comic journals.

I will mention three cases in proof of my assertion:—Balzac, a contributor to *Figaro*; Thackeray—*Punch*; Jerrold—*Punch*. In other words, the first novelist and the first dramatist in England, and the only great novelist modern France has produced, not only wrote comic articles, but wrote specially for comic journals. You know, too, that Alphonse Karr made his reputation by his comic periodical, *Les Gaiques*, and that Soulié, Fize, and a number of other French writers who, directly or not, afterwards attained great fame, commenced, with Balzac, their literary career in the *Figaro*.

Without stopping to facts, it would be easy to show that, among the qualities which combine to form the talent of the novelist or dramatist, wit and humour must necessarily hold a high place. The author of large experience who possesses these valuable gifts uses them in an indirect manner—that is to say, instead of ridiculing his neighbour, he ridicules a class in which his neighbour is included. But the young writer usually applies them point blank to the last book he has read or the last man he has met. In other words, he adopts the style of the comic journal.

But who are these comic writers who sneer at high art? Had Balzac no admiration for Bossini, Schubert, and Mozart? Does Thackeray sneer at Raphael, or Jerrold at Shakspere? Do the pages of Dickens

and Hood prove these eminently comic writers to be insensible to beauty?

If you can mention the name of any "comic writer" who sneers at high art, I venture to say that his own art is of the very lowest, and I deny beforehand that such an one can be a comic writer at all, for he must be deficient in perception. He may write, and he may occasionally be comic, in a style which no man of taste would tolerate, but say that a man of such dull mental vision can be a "comic writer," in the full sense of the word, is to say that a blind dog can be an excellent pointer.

Now here is a well-informed gentleman, who knows all about Balzac, and Jerrold, and Thackeray, and Dickens, and Alphonse Karr, and, doubtless, could write the biography of every one of them, if occasion required, and yet has never in his life heard of such a thing as a comic writer who ventured to sneer at high art. Nay, with the *Musical World* before his eyes, expressing sentiments that completely harmonize with his own views, he takes us for bitter adversaries. Good Amateur, we are holding out our hand in friendship, and you think we are clenching our fist. Thus did the benighted traveller, in the old fable, mistake the kindly hand-pout for an ill-conditioned ghost. Read more attentively, good Amateur,—read first, and, if you will, object afterwards.

As for the names of those who sneer at high art, it is—Legion; as you will find out if you mix in the literary society of London.

A WISE man will accommodate himself to circumstances; he will recollect that, although his mind is strong, the world is still stronger, and that all attempt to mould the latter according to the pattern of the former, must necessarily prove a disastrous failure. As far as this accommodating spirit goes we will be wise also. The world has become confirmed in a contempt for the old-fashioned way of keeping holiday; therefore will we also despise the merriment of our fathers.

Decidedly we will not bewail the suppression of that complex evil called Greenwich Fair. We will not regret the disappearance of gingerbread-nuts, that made us sick—of bad beer, brewed especially for fair-time—of lucky bags, that compensated for the absence of blanks by the allowance of none but worthless prizes—of round-abouts, that made us giddy—of swings, that made us frightened—of Crowns and Anclors, that astounded the calculating mind by shewing the vast amount of vice that could be crammed within a comparatively limited space—of exhibited monsters, that offended the nose even more than they disgusted the eye—of brace-tri-distributors, who were a greater nuisance than the nuisance against which they protested—just as Theseus was more intolerable than the monsters he slaughtered. For the disappearance of this aggregate of every deadly and venial sin—of this mass of cheating, charlatany, harlotry, and hypocrisy, we will certainly not shed a single tear. Do the mourners for the past distinctly recollect that filthy and obscene crowd, the constituents of which were apparently drawn together for no other purpose than that of inflicting mutual inconvenience!

Surely they do not, or they would no more shed tears of ink—

[We say advisedly "tears of ink;" for the honest reader who devours with his eyes the printed launnet of a paschal journalist must not, for a moment, imagine that tears of anything but ink are shed on these occasions. Neither must he think that, because we ourselves thus grow indignant on the subject of Greenwich Fair, there is actually a frown

upon our brow. We never were in a better humour than at this moment; and if Greenwich Fair—(bless its old heart)—is revived next Whitsuntide, we shall be the first to welcome the resuscitation.]

Surely they do not, or they would no more shed tears of ink at the disappearance of this gigantic abomination than at the decease, ages ago, of the May Day revels. Gracious heavens, what a nuisance must an old English May Day have been! What villainous antics must have been perpetrated by those clod-hopping louts who lyngly said that they danced round a Tom-tawdry thing called a May-pole, and whom modern ballad-mongers persist in calling "swains"! What an incarnation of vulgar conceit must have been that poppy-cheeked minx called a May Day Queen, and how hideous must have been her English! Then how drunk—beer drunk—must all of them have been early in the afternoon, and how manifold must have been the vices towards nightfall! And when they went as far as a dragon, and a Saint George, and a Robin Hood, and a Maid Marian, frightful indeed must have been the spectacle!—That dragon must have been the shabbiest of properties;—those mythical personages must have looked like the dregs of a *bat mauguel* held at a penny gaff, with dresses furnished by an insolvent *costumier*. Enshrined in Mr. Macfarren's music, "May Day" is a thing of beauty. May Day is beautiful in the nineteenth century because Mr. Macfarren's music exists and the revels don't. May Day was horrible in the seventeenth century because Mr. Macfarren's music did not exist, and the revels did. Blessings on our old friends the Puritans! They have shown themselves right in both respects. They put down the revels, and they go to hear Macfarren's music.

And now, having complied with the fashion of the world, we will seek to amuse ourselves and accept such dramatic entertainment as the present Easter affords. Shall we go to the Haymarket, and see Mr. Frank Talfourd's admirably smart burlesque, illustrated by Mr. Calcott's extremely beautiful scenery? Or shall we refresh ourselves with Mr. Keau's Mephistopheles at the Princess's! Or shall we hear Miss Roden at the Adelphi! Or shall we study the firm adherence of the *Boots at the Steau* ("boots" being Robson) to the Olympic bills! Or shall we admirably contemplate Miss Swanborough and Miss M. Oliver, at the Strand, which is now converted into a-a-a- *bijou*! Yes, that's the word. So, having arrived at an accepted common-place, we bring our lucubrations to a close.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is to be produced in the course of the season, cast as follows:—Donna Anna, Grisi; Elvira, Marni; Zerlina, Bosio; Leporello, Formes; Commandant, Tagliacico; Masetto, Roncoui; Ottavio, Tamberlik; and Don Giovanni, Mario.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the first concert (on Monday evening), M. Sainton is to play a violin concerto by M. David, which will be interesting if only as a novelty.

M. HENRI HERE is to play at the fourth concert of the Conservatoire. The piece he has selected is his new concerto (No. 3), for pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus.

ROSSINI (it is reported) has composed a *Madrigal* for violoncello and pianoforte, expressly for the Belgian violoncellist, M. Servais. TAMBERLIK IN PARIS.—Tamberlik (*le farceur*) has taken Paris by assault with a C sharp in alt—just as Duprez took Paris with a C natural. Rossini is the medium on this occasion as he was before. Instead of saying "Rossini's *Gustave Tell*," it has long been the habit, among elevated Parisians, to say, "Rossini's *Ut de poutaine*." It will now become equally the vogue, instead of "Rossini's *Gello*," to say "Rossini's *Ut diéssé*."

JULIEN AT BRIGHTON.

(Abridged from the Brighton Guardian.)

It needed not the overflowing room, or, more properly speaking, rooms, with which M. Julien was complimented at his Grand Concert on Monday evening at the Town Hall, to prove the popularity of this Prince of Musical Conductors. On several other grounds, however, the success of the undertaking in Brighton is a matter for congratulation both to M. Julien himself and to the town. It was understood that the sole party interested in it was M. Julien himself, who, thus, in a moment of difficulty caused by his enormous losses in connection with the Royal Surrey Gardens, appealed to his patrons of "lang syne" to rally round him with their smiles and presence at his embarkation on a renewed voyage of speculation. It is something for Brighton to have been the town honoured by such a man for such a purpose; and we feel bound to record our entire satisfaction at the enthusiastic manner in which the inhabitants testified their appreciation of M. Julien's preference. The applause which greeted him when he appeared in the orchestra and took up his position as conductor, was of the heartiest and most legitimate character, honourable alike to the donors and the recipient.

Beethoven's overture to *Leonora* opened the concert. The execution and tone of M. Dubéme in the solo parts of the overture were perfectly fascinating, and it is no compliment to say that Reichart's flute passages were marked by consummate taste. The next piece was the *Jeby Treffé Quadrille*, which was greatly applauded, and promises to become a great favourite. Miss Louisa Vissing sang "Taces in note," from *Il Trovatore*, and was honoured with an enthusiastic encore. The *Andante* from Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony followed, every point being brought out in the most masterly manner. Mozart's air, "L'Addio," was sung by Miss Ranoo, whose voice (contralto) possesses great power in the lower notes. "The Fern Leaves Valse," by Julien, played for the first time, succeeded in every acceptance of the term. This was followed by a solo on the violin by M. Remenyi, "solo violinist to Her Majesty," who was recalled. The first part of the performance concluded with the *Campbell's are Coming Quadrille*, by Julien, suggested by an episode at the siege at Lucknow. It was also played for the first time, and the merry Scottish melodies so judiciously introduced were received with great applause.

The second part commenced with a selection from *La Traviata*, the cornet and flute receiving especial marks of commendation. Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love," sung by Miss Vinning and Miss Ranoo, was well received, as was also the *Andante* from Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*. Mr. Remenyi again favoured the company with a solo, the *Carnival de Venise*. Miss Vinning sang Frank Moris's ballad "The May time is coming," for which she was very warmly applauded. *The Kiss Polka*, by Julien, was played for the first time. The recurrence of the peculiarly suggestive noises at intervals during its performance caused great merriment. Herr Reichart's solo on the flute was very successful, the lateness of the hour only protecting him from an encore. The concert concluded with—also for the first time—the *Old Dog Tray polka*. The highest possible satisfaction was expressed on all sides.

Last night M. Julien was to be at Portsmouth.

THE PROPHEET AT GLOGAU.—Meyerbeer need no longer be apprehensive about the future. The *Propheete* has been played at Glogau, under the direction of Nolden, and with entire success. After this MM. Wagner and Aldini *auront beau torire contre lui*.

M. WOOLSKELSKI has not yet decided on paying London a visit this season. Mlle. Ida Bouillée—"une *de ces rares pianistes qui réinventent*" every possible quality (according to our revered contemporary, *La France Musicale*)—is equally undecided. So is Mlle. Langlumé, notwithstanding the praises of M. Daniele in *l'Orphéon*. M. Jules Frin, the pianist (pupil of M. Stamaty), has never had any idea of coming to London. It is curious to reflect on the thousands of pianists "qui réinventent," and find bread and reputation in Paris. All the world is "celebrated" in that marvellously endowed Metropolis.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 199.)

Upro the left hand side of the street, (Calle de something they call it) was a house, upon that house was a signboard, to that house was a door, in that house was a shop-window filled with wigs, blocks, bottles of perfume, and the various greasy nastinesses that are to be found in all barber's shops. There could be no mistaking the proprietorship of that establishment. It was Figaro's, I am positive of it, or if wasn't Figaro's shop, what the deuce did Doctor Bartolo's house do exactly opposite? for there it was, in the third entrance P. S., with a practicable balcony, and evasive bars in front. If it wasn't Figaro's shop, what was Rosina doing in the balcony with that same old fan of hers that I saw Ronzi de Begnis play with (I am ashamed to say how many years ago)! I repeat it, if it wasn't Figaro's shop, what fit of enthusiasm set me howling "Ecco ridotte" till Rosina in the balcony looked as black as midnight (and lovely black eyes she had too), and made a motion very much like calling for a policeman! If it wasn't Figaro's shop, why did any twelve, no not Apostles, but Disciples seize me, and carry me off bodily, but for the fear of Figaro rushing out and incontinently depriving me of that appendage which is my pride and delight? I mean my beard. Figaro a myth! Stuff and nonsense, Sir; he lives, and moves, and breathes; and will as long as the name of Rosini has a place in the Annals of Music, or as long as gratitude for his delightful works exists in the breast of one true artist. But, says the reader, what have Havana, and Figaro, and Doctor Bartolo, to do with a tour in California and Australia?

Poco tiempo, poco tiempo, Señor! You are now in a Spanish country, where nobody ever hurries himself, and if you had to go over the same ground (or rather water), you would be glad enough to linger over some spot that had the charm of (at least) a spice of artist-like feeling about it, before plunging into the inevitable money-grubbing propensities of El Dorado. So come to our hotel, and after a delicious dinner at six o'clock, and a more delicious cigar afterwards, let us adorne, and take a stroll upon the Plaza de Armas and hear the bands play. The promenade upon the Plaza is one of the institutions of Havana, and fairly divides favour with the Opera (without the Opera no Havanae could live a month). You are in a large square—nearly as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields—beautifully paved in geometrical figures, and laid out in *parterres* of lovely tropical flowers; in the centre are four magnificent specimens of the *palma reale*, or royal palm; on one side of the square is the palace of the governor, a row of *tiendas*, or shops, and on another the church which contains the mortal remains of Columbus. In the centre, near the palms, are stationed two military bands of about a hundred each; in number, who are admirably drilled; they play from half-past seven to eleven alternately, and I must say that the best E flat clarinet player I ever heard in my life was a member of one of the bands. The style of music consists entirely of operatic *pot-pourris* arranged by their band-masters, who are generally Germans, and, of course, excellent musicians.

The scene is perfectly enchanting; beautiful women in full evening costume (short sleeves, low-necked dresses, &c., in short, as much undressed as compatible with absolute decency); a glorious moon overhead ("as big as a frying-pan," as an unsophisticated gentleman from Pike County, Illinois, remarked at my elbow); the lovely temperature and stillness of the atmosphere—so still that the wax candles upon the desks of the performers burnt quite steadily; thousands of well-dressed and well-behaved persons of both sexes smoking such famous cigars, and not a bonnet in all the island, except, perhaps, upon the head of some melancholy female on her way to California, who, during her short stay in Havana, comes on shore to make herself miserable, in a dowdy bonnet, heavy stuff gown, and (*horresco referens*) stays, or corsets, or what other names ladies call the abominations. All are superbly dressed, with loads of jewellery, the dark hair simply braided, and upon the head a black lace veil, which is worn with a grace and archness that none but a Spanish woman possesses. But hark! eleven

o'clock strikes, and off go the bands playing altogether the melodies of the negroes: none of your would-be sentimental abortions called negro minstrelsy, but downright African airs (and very comical ones, too) steed by the negroes upon the island at their lalla, where the style of dancing is of the liveliest description, as far surpassing in breadth of action the *cazon* at the close of a carnival ball, outside the Paris barriers, as the same *cazon* would go a-head of Mr. Spurgeon's idea of a lively set of quadrilles.

So off we go; bang, bang; jingle, jingle. Everybody goes, the sound of the bands grows fainter and fainter, as they thump away to their barracks; the Plaza is deserted,—all are off. Where? Home! Not a bit of it, madam, they are gone to Domenico's. And who is Domenico? Come and see. There, at the corner, so brilliantly lit, through the arches, there they all sit. Ladies and gentlemen, all drinking, all smoking, all jelly, all polite, and all sober; for the tipple of this fairy land never inebriates. Claret or chablis are the most fiery beverages used here—those most in vogue being iced sherbets, and numerous delicious fruit ices known only at the tropics and to Domenico. Well, there they sit, and chat, and smoke, and sip, lulled by the drip of the fountain in the centre of the large mosaic-paved courtyard, the moon shining through the open square in the centre, only dimmed at times by the silken awning that is drawn across the opening if the night dew should be too heavy.

One by one the little pattering feet of the ladies are heard as they cross the courtyard to retire, the *café* grows by degrees more empty, and, after correcting our fiery northern stomachs ("unused to the melting mood" of water ices in the month of January) with a horn of capital French cognac, "to bed, to bed," as Lady Macbeth and Mr. Peppys say, the said bed being nothing more than a cot covered with a sacking, one sheet, no mattress, and a hair pillow; and these beds made up in the large dining-room of the hotel, as the city was full of visitors. There were about forty in this room, but as all the doors and windows were open, and a gentle breeze had sprung up, we all slept in the most cherubic style until five o'clock in the morning, when we were awakened by sundry young damsels attired in the "dusky livery of the burnished sun," each with a delicious cup of coffee, a manchet of snow-white bread, and the never-failing cigar. I immediately arose, awakened a long alab-sided Yankee friend of mine, with whom I had made friends on board, and off we sallied for a swim, if possible, at all events a good cold shower. (This is a Somersetshire word, and a most expressive one, and if it isn't in the dictionary it ought to be.)

(To be continued.)

WEBER'S MONUMENT.

(From the *Neue Wiener Musikzeitung*.)

THE model, by Professor Rietschel of the city of Dresden, for the bronze statue to be erected at the side of the Theatre Royal, in memory of Carl Maria von Weber, will be completed in a few days. That this mark of respect should have been originated and afterwards carried out where this high and creative genius excelled the most important part of his labours, is but natural; but it is also the duty of the whole German nation, for whose musical fame throughout the world Weber, in conjunction with Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, worked so gloriously, to take a more active part in this project than they have hitherto done. Something has already been effected, with brilliant success, on the grandest scale, and in a true feeling of art, to facilitate the commencement of the plan, by a committee formed for the purpose. The interest evinced in the proceedings, especially on the part of the theatrical establishments of Germany, has not been at all general or sufficient, while there has hardly been any shown by vocal artists. This is the less to be explained and excused, as no other operatic composer has proved such a fruitful source of the most successful results to German theatres and the singers engaged in them. Of the many singers, male and female, who have achieved, and are still achieving, triumphs in Weber's operas, there is not one—not a single one—who has made the least sacrifice for the above object, with the exception

of Madame Ney-Bürde, who will shortly again sing Rezia in Berlin, having previously given up for the monument the money she will receive for so doing. Ought it not to have been a point of honour with all the many operatic establishments in Germany, and for all its great and very great singers to have contributed to the completion of a monument to that great master, whose ever young *Der Freischütz*, and *Preziosa*, touch old and young with everlasting freshness; whose *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*, especially the former, belong to the most elevating and charming productions of art; whose warlike songs ("Littor's "Feld Jagd," "Schwätzelied," etc.), inspired, in their day, the German nation in its noble struggle; whose still more numerous instrumental compositions for piano-forte, violin, violoncello, flute, clarinet, bassoon, etc., are found in all ranks of society; and, in a word, whose works hourly afford us all the deepest and most noble enjoyment! Ought it to be a matter of such inference to the German people generally, leaving out of consideration their musical representatives, to interest themselves in the speedy completion of Weber's monument! The committee still want 3,000 thalers for the expenses of casting. If this sum, which, compared to the number of the master's admirers, is small, be not forthcoming, a touching mark of Germany's appreciation of her most popular composer, will be out of the question—a fact which could not be reconciled either with the deep love for art possessed by the German people, or with the veneration manifested in all times for the memory of the great advocates of art. The committee in Dresden will certainly receive with gratitude contributions for their noble object.

VIENNA.—On the 22nd and 23rd March, Liszt's solemn mass was performed, in the Redouten-Saal, under the direction of the author, by the chorus and orchestra of the Imperial Opera-house and a great number of the pupils of the Conservatory. Some of his very warm admirers offered him, during his stay here, a conductor's desk of chased silver. This handsome piece of furniture does not weigh less than 75 kilograms, and is a real masterpiece of finished workmanship. According to a computation, which we have every reason to believe exact, it is worth more than 15,000 francs. M. Roger is still pursuing his successful career at the Kärntner-Theater. The following are a few particulars, but little known, concerning the early life of this celebrated singer. M. Roger held a completely subordinate position in a commercial establishment. He was received in the house of a lady, a widow, of a certain age, who, having heard him sing, was struck by his voice and advised him to take lessons, which might enable him to procure an engagement as chorister at the Opera. As Roger was not able to afford, out of his moderate salary, the necessary twenty francs a month, the widow advanced them, and, after a certain period, the young *ritornello* was engaged as a chorister. After migrating, without any marked success, to the Opéra-Comique, he returned to the theatre at which he had first appeared, and it was not long, thanks to his talent and a proper feeling of ambition, before he obtained the first place. Out of gratitude, he married the widow, who was the cause of his elevation, and who, treating him more as her child than her husband, takes the most touching care of him. Roger has been heard and admired in most of the capitals of Europe, and, though the Paris Opera-house may, perhaps, be rather too large for his voice, is greatly esteemed and liked, especially by the ladies.—*Humorist*.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY SIGNOR BOSCO.—Signor Bosco, the "Wizard," had been performing nightly in the Assembly-room of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. On one night he had, as usual, a crowded house, his performances were as clever as ever, and nothing extraordinary was noted in his demeanour. On returning to his lodgings something appears to have induced him to attempt suicide by throwing himself into a pit in a brick-croft, about a mile from his lodgings, behind Strangeways Hall. He was followed by his wife, whose screams, when she saw him in the pit, attracted a policeman. With some difficulty the officer succeeded in dragging Signor Bosco out of the water, and conducted him to the police station. He has since recovered from the ill consequences of this act of mental aberration.

M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

IN the fourth and most recent of this series of articles, M. Fétis turns his attention to the dramatic branch of the art. He points out how operatic composition is the most attractive to young composers aspiring after fame, the theatre affording the widest publicity, and being the surest road to popularity, while it is the only field in which success is remunerative. The theatrical career, however, is full of delusions, and when much time has been wasted in overcoming the difficulties of obtaining a start, the result is too frequently only a series of vexations, ending in failure and disappointment. M. Fétis describes here a peculiar feature of French theatrical affairs, rendering it difficult to ascertain when really a success has been obtained or not. Absolute failure, since the organisation of the *opéra* with all its deceptive apparatus of counterfeit demonstration, has become impossible. The public, seeing their judicial functions so completely wrested from their hands by these impudent actors before the curtain, have abdicated their right of summary condemnation, and no longer his their disapproval—but merely stay away. So generally adopted likewise is the system of producing these artificial successes, every party concerned contributing his share in the deception, that all are in turn made dupes, and neither author, actor, composer, manager, nor journalist, can discern a genuine from a sham success, save, at the end of many nights of performance; for the multitude of strangers arriving by railway to the capital will always supply a certain number of spectators, to whatever the work performed. Another difficulty, even supposing success be actually and *bona fide* realised, is to determine to what element of attraction that success is due. Seldom will it be the excellence of the music, so few are those endowed with a sincere love of the art, and capable of appreciating the real beauties of a work, supposing it to possess any. The character of the music, indeed, has come to be a secondary consideration with managers, who possess little judgment in the matter; and reliance is rather placed on some novel peculiarity in the book, the vogue of a great singer, or the opportunities afforded for splendid scenery and dresses, or startling mechanical effects. Thus a composer who has once obtained a footing on the stage, need trouble himself but little about the intrinsic merit of his work, which is sure to succeed—until it dies a natural death. To this fatal facility of success is due much of the degeneracy into which compositions for the stage have fallen. Artists have learned to despise their art when they have seen it thus converted into the mere accessory to an evening's amusement. One work follows another; each in turn is condemned to absolute oblivion, not so much as a concert piece remaining, while even the very titles are forgotten.

Bad as things are, however, all hope must not be abandoned. *Nil desperari* is as good a maxim for the artist as for the patriot; but matters have gone too far in Paris to afford the least chance of success for any reformatory movement, which should commence there. The manners of a people are not to be altered by an open conflict with them—they must be indirectly operated on from some remote point. Parisian managers are too fondly enamoured of the system at present existing, with all its traditional usages, to be dissuaded from it. It could, indeed, scarcely be otherwise, whatever might be the result financially, or in mere show, of their mode of operating. Being ignorant in all that concerns music when merely properly executed, they cannot be brought to measure its power and effect. They can only be guided by great names—but when a man has won a name he is near the end of his career, and thus the future is left unprovided for. It is possible to imagine, however, a manager conversant with music and devoted to the cause of true art, who should constantly draw round him all the young and rising talent he could discover, encouraging and guiding wherever there was promise, and thus bring back the time when operas were written and heard for themselves, and not as accessories. But this is a dream, and no such a manager will ever flourish in Paris.

Having pointed out the evil, the remedy is to be considered. There needs little ingenuity, writes M. Fétis, to discover it, for experience has pointed it out. The centralisation of everything

in Paris has stood in the way of progress with French dramatic music, while in Italy the multiplicity of theatres has afforded an excellent field for practice. From these we have sprung a succession of composers of the first rank, and a long list of Italian towns may be cited as having produced the greatest artists. True, it may be said these theatres are still in existence while there is a manifest decadence of Italian art. But in addition to the special causes for this already pointed out, Italy is absorbed, and has long been so, by serious preoccupations, turning away public attention from art and its cultivation.

The great number of towns in Germany possessing lyrical stages all of equal importance corroborates the view which is here taken. German composers, from Mozart downwards, have written their most successful works, and have written indifferently, for all of these in turn; whereas French composers have only been enabled to gain a reputation in Paris, which in matters of art has swallowed up all France. M. Féty had early taken into consideration this disadvantage for the future prospects of his pupils at the Conservatoire, and had recommended, in order to obviate it, the endowment of five great provincial towns with a subvention of 50,000 or 60,000 francs, for a theatre, in which should be produced three operas in one or two acts, and two in three acts, composed by laureates of the Institute, nominated to that effect by the Minister of the Interior, on the report of the Chief of the Theatrical Department.

From the numerous essays which would have thus been brought to light, M. Féty considers that many productions would have resulted of distinguished superiority, and the frequent opportunities of practice afforded would have caused young composers to acquire a free freedom in the art of writing, while, in their turn, these would have greatly improved the executive powers of the choruses and orchestras by their advice and supervision, and counteracted the bad habits which vocalists acquire in the provinces. The public of the provincial towns thus favoured, flattered by the appeal to their judgment, would have taken an active interest in the scheme, and, by exercising their free suffrage with a vigorous independence unknown to the tolerant Parisian audience, would have rendered success more valuable by the mortification of an occasional reverse.

BRUSSELS—(From a Native Correspondent).—The journals are in ecstasies with another pianist (pupil of M. Louis Lacombe), who is to distinguish (if we may believe the Flemish and Walloon critics) Mad. Claus, Mdle. Causseville, and even Mad. Pleyel. The name of this new pianist is Mdle. Delphine—not Gay, nor Fix, nor Champignon, but Champion! *Va pour Champion!* A new wonder, aged 16 (*qui reunir, &c.*), who plays (of course) Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and (not of course) Ries's concerto in C, and (still less of course) M. Lacombe's *belles études en octaves*. "When you hear "the young and tender Champion" you may judge for yourself. For my part I get it."

A NEW OPERA BY RICHARD WAGNER—The assertion that, in addition to the *Nibelungen*, Richard Wagner had finished another new opera, which he wishes to have represented first in Prague, is, according to the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, doubly erroneous. To begin with: the *Nibelungen* is not all complete, but only the introductory evening and the first two principal evenings (*Rheingold, Walkyrs, and Young Siegfried*). The last evening (*Siegfried's Death*) has yet to be composed. It is true that Wagner has put off working at this, in order first to complete the book and music of a new opera, the subject of which is kept a secret by the author. But it is another mistake to assert that the new opera is already completed. The impossibility of this will be immediately apparent to every one, when we inform them that Wagner did not begin the *libretto* until the middle of August, last year. It is, however, a proof of his enormous productivity that, within a space of four months, he has not only finished the entire book, but, likewise, the music of the first act. He was prevented working any more at his task by his journey to Paris.—*Niederhainische Musikzeitung*.

* Our correspondent probably means the concerto in C sharp minor.—Ed.

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VOL. 36.—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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LES AMENITES DU MUSICAL WORLD.

L'AIR DE PIFF PAF.

The *Musical World*, journal de musique publié à Londres, manifeste depuis quelques semaines des velléités joyeuses, et cherche à prendre le ton et les allures de la petite presse parisienne. Comme ses hautes tendances musicales et le tempérament anglais ne lui permettent guère ce genre de littérature, ses louables efforts n'en ont que plus de mérite. Nous ne savons en vérité comment le monde musical de Paris a pu dénigrer du *Monde musical anglais*; mais il est positif que le *Musical World* saisit toutes les occasions de lancer des pierres dans le jardin de nos dilettanti français,—des pierres parfois grosses comme le Leviathan. Voici un dernier échantillon de ses ironiques proses. Notez que l'article est inséré en entre-fillets au milieu du journal. C'est à rendre jaloux le *Punch* et tous les *Charivaris* de l'univers:—

"PARTIE NON OFFICIELLE.

LE NOUVEAU PIFF-PAFF.

(Communiqué)

"Le texte de l'air de Marcel vient de subir une nouvelle version à l'Opéra de Paris. Voici comment cet air sera chanté désormais au théâtre. Il est dédié aux régiments français qui seuls ont gagné les batailles d'Alma, d'Iukermann, qui ont tout fait en Crimée, et se disposent à conquérir l'Angleterre.

AIR DE MARCEL.

"A bas les scérah rosâifs!

Jean Bull à terre!

A bas leurs femmes à rendre!

Au feu Ley-ces-terre-squerre!

Au feu de Londres les mûrs,

Repaires impurs!

Les Anglais! Torrazons-les!

Frappons-les!

Piff! paff! pouf! Boxons-les!

Qui's dément!

Qu'ils meurent!

Mais grâce.....Goddiam!

"Jamais la France ne trembla

Aux plumes du Times!

Malheur au *Punch* perfide,

Qui vante les crimes.

Brisons Roebuck qui triche—

Qui spik Anglesh;

Docks, Lord-Mayor—cassez-les!

Chassez-les!

Piff! paff! pouf! Frappez-les!

Aï-an-â!

Portez—paff!

Mais grâce.....Goddiam!"

Pour extrait coofirme:

J. LOVY.

[The above is extracted from the *Journal pour Rire—Journal peu Amusant*. The *Journal pour Rire—Journal peu Amusant* is not very apt at literal translation, to judge by the way he has "done into English" the preliminary remarks which introduced the *Nouveau Piff-paff* to our readers, and ran as follows:—

"From the amended version of *Les Huguenots*, as ordered by the *Ministre* to be sung in future at all representations of that opera. *The Emperor knows nothing about it, and will be so sorry, you can't think, when he finds it has got into the Government organ.* Dedicated to those glorious French regiments who alone won the battles of Alma, Inkermann, and everything else in the Crimes, and are now coming over to take England."

Somebody in authority, if not "the Emperor," evidently knew something of the intended re-production of the *Nouveau Piff-Paff*, by the *Journal pour Rire—Journal peu Amusant*, since the passage we have italicized was *bifé* (*cheverole*)—in plain English, struck out before it was allowed to appear.—ED.]

M. HALÉVY'S "MAGICIENNE."

(From *La Gazette Musicale*.)

THE first performance of an opera in five acts is always an event of considerable importance, entailing six months of study and preparations of every kind, setting at rest a whole world of singers, dancers, musicians, costumiers, painters, machinists, and supernumeraries, and with its magical name representing a vast sum of labour and expenditure. People talk of it long beforehand; its marvels are vaunted, its effects enumerated; a piece of music is cited here, a spectacle scene or a ballet there; the electric light will be introduced at this juncture, at another the sea will roll up the stage. Weeks elapse ere the vessel is brought into port, and every voice in the press has already striven against its fellows to chorus forth the song of triumph.

What happens when such precocious indiscretions are committed, when so much enthusiasm "before letters" is expended? The public take note of these pompous and hyperbolic promises, and its expectations grow more exacting in proportion to the prodigies which have been made to flash in glimmers before its eyes. Then comes the day of trial, and of all the miracles announced the most astounding will prove to be the fact that the authors of the libretto and the music, the ballet-master, the tailor, and the scene-painter, should succeed in keeping up to the mark of the anticipations based on their merits and their practical skill.

For ourselves, who are, we fancy, beyond the effects of giddy amazement and not easily to be blinded by exaggeration, whether for good or for evil, it will be a task to bring the truth down from the clouds in which it has somewhat lost itself, and we will endeavour to sum up faithfully, and, above all, conscientiously, the general impression of the first night, reserving the right of appeal or of suit for pardon.

Let us first say a few words about the libretto, the author of which has himself taken the pains to inform us whence its subject has been derived, namely, a chronicle of Poitou, where the ruins of the castle of Lusignan are yet in existence. We cannot do better than let him speak for himself:

"The Count de Lusignan, whose ancestor was king of Jerusalem, became enamoured of the fair Melusina, one of the rich and noble ladies of the country, and sought her hand. The young damsel accepted the suit of the count, fixing only one condition to his happiness, which was that when once she had become his wife she should remain invisible to him during the whole of every subsequent night. As the price of his compliance with this compact, she gave him her love, immense riches, and unlimited power. The marriage was solemnized; Lusignan was at first blest with perfect felicity, for he remained faithful to the terms of his promise; but one evening, giving way to a jealous impulse, he entered a mystery part of the castle, whither the countess retreated from sunset to the first beams of aurora. She who was so beautiful now appeared before her husband in the form of a horrible monster with wings, a sort of serpent of the saurian genus, partaking of the nature both of a reptile and a bird. Suddenly startled from his sleep, the monster flew into the air at the sight of the count, uttering frightful cries, which have since been called the '*cries of Melusina*.'"

This fable, incapable of theatrical exposition in its original crude form, has only, as will be supposed, furnished the hint for the new opera, in which Melusina is made to have purchased her infernal power at the cost of her son's future welfare, and under the dire penalty in this world of appearing beautiful only in the day and ugly at night.

Faithful to the plan of his work, M. de St. Georges has shown us Melusina enamoured of the youthful René, Viscount de Thouars, who has returned from Palestine to marry Blanche de Poitou, and to whom she appears in a dream in order to inspire him with a violent passion for herself. That she may the more securely attach him, she calls into play the jealousy of René by evoking a phantom which she clothes in the form, costume, and countenance of Blanche, and then shows this phantom to the unfortunate viscount, conversing in the twilight hour with a page. René, convinced of the treachery of Blanche, suddenly breaks off the proposed alliance and yields himself up to the seductions of Melusina, who bears him off to her enchanted abode. Here, for the second time, appears a personage no less endowed with supernatural power than Melusina, but whose character is not sufficiently defined. Devil or necromancer, the chevalier Stello de Nicé disputes with René the possession of the sorceress, who, as it would seem, has previously made over her soul to him. René plunges to his illusion; but while the discussion is proceeding the day dawns, and Stello, after resting in the teeth of his rival the abhorred name of Melusina, completes the work of undeception by showing him the features of the sorceress covered with a *livid tint*, and assuming a terrible aspect.

At this fatal revelation, René, overwhelmed with horror, hastens to return to Blanche, whom he arrests on the threshold of a convent, wherein she was about to bury her shame and her sorrow. At the same time, the Cavalier Stello comes to seek Melusina, whom chance has led to the same spot, and who, regenerated by the presence of Blanche, seizes a rosary, exclaiming "I believe in God! I am a Christian!" and expires in the arms of Blanche and René, while Stello retires underground with his lugubrious retinue.

Notwithstanding the consideration due to the numerous successes of M. de St. Georges, we are constrained to avow that the *Magicienne* is not exactly a *chef-d'œuvre* of invention nor even of construction, and that he has often been more happily inspired.

In the first place, on reading the title of the *Magicienne*, who would not have expected another Armide, having recourse, to ensure the triumph of her passion, to all the prodigies which the great power conferred by the infernal regions placed within her reach? Great was the disappointment when the witchcraft of Melusina appeared reduced to the exiguous proportions of an every-day intrigue, when Melusina, the type of consummate perversity, haughty and humiliated in the eyes of her lover, in the presence of her rival, ends by giving glory to God and dying a Christian! But, in addition to this capital defect, how can any interest be felt for a knight who goes first from his mistress to his betrothed, and then from his betrothed to his mistress, unable to make up his mind which of the two he prefers? The reminiscences of the *Comte Ory*, of *Robert le Diable*, of *La Favorite*, of a score of other works perhaps which the plot will suggest, are too flagrant to require any special reference on our part. There is one, however, on which we cannot be silent, because it serves to introduce one of the principal situations of the piece, and that is the balcony scene, with all its consequences, borrowed from the celebrated opera *Motino of St. Petersburg*. As in the *Magicienne*, Montano, deceived by a similarity of appearance and of costume, believes himself betrayed by Stephanie. As in the *Magicienne*, he curses his love and repudiates his engagement. The only thing which M. de St. Georges can claim as original is the inconceivable scruple of Blanche of Poitou, who takes upon herself the refusal of René, and acknowledges that she is guilty, to turn aside the wrath of her father. We must sincerely confess that the motive of this strange determination, which singularly weakens the effect of the situation, entirely escapes our comprehension, and, in the same manner, we are at a loss to discover any necessity for the phantasmagorical effect invented, it is said, by Robert Houdin (which failed and must frequently fail in precision), when it is quite enough for Stello to name Melusina in order to fill René with horror.

It is allowable to make mistakes; the privilege belongs to the most skilful authors, and cannot be denied M. de St. Georges, who has produced so many successful works at the Opera. He possesses, it is said, above many of his fellows the secret of cutting out good situations for music, and of a nature to inspire composers. Let us examine then what inspirations have been derived by M. Halévy from the libretto of his collaborator.

The *Magicienne* is without an overture, and in this the composer has only acted in accordance with more than one precedent for which he himself set the example, and there is accordingly no room for blame. The curtain rises upon a few bars of introduction, setting forth a motive which occurs more than once in the course of the work. The scene of the *scelte* presents nothing striking, since we must wait for the prayer sung by the Count of Poitou and his daughter, with the accompaniment of the bell tolling the Angelus, before we can quote anything worth remarking, and then rather from the peculiar character of the piece than the melody. Blanche's ballad, which commences tolerably, does not keep up to the same mark to the end. The battle song of the count is to be preferred, and is very satisfactorily connected with the repetition of the prayer.

The second tableau of this first act is composed of a chorus of fairies, and of a romance sung by Melusina. The chorus is good in point of situation, and the romance is sared by one of those phrases which are destined to become, as it were, the distinguishing marks of a character. This phrase returns whenever Melusina again makes her appearance. Consulting our reminiscences as to the second and third act, we find but little to point attention to as having left any durable impression. In the first tableau of the second act, however, we will cite the two melodies accompanying each other towards the end of the duo between Stello and Melusina. In all the rest, including even René's air and the stanzas of the sylb, a monotonous colouring hangs over the end of the second act and the whole of the first, excepting the serenade sung by the page, and the concerted piece which precedes the finale. Lastly, in this finale, though Melusina invokes the aid of all her magical resources, in vain do she demom of the air, hastening

at her command, extemporise a storm in which the thunder grows and the lightning flashes; the situation is none the less ineffective, none the less insipid, and the spectators are none the more moved.

We come now to the fourth act, and here inspiration awakens. We will pass over a chorus of nymphs and oonides, which opens the scene, with the bacchic couplets of René and Melusina, and proceed to the dramatic trio which contains some excellent passages. The only thing to be regretted is, that the shout of the demom, "Tolle infernale repledi tu non," should not have a more diabolical expression.

The fifth act is without gaining the most complete and the most happy in the whole score. The romance of Blanche, her duo with Melusina, the great scene of Stello and his retinue of *condemnéés* souls, contrasting with the religious chants sung by René, the Count and Blanche, are all skilfully brought forward and, above all, scientifically treated. From time to time a true, impassioned, and energetic accent seizes on the ear, stirs the heart, and makes one forget how long it has been waited for.

To sum up, *La Magicienne* has not quite fulfilled general expectation. We are stating a fact, not pronouncing a judgment, for it is impossible to utter a downright and irrevocable opinion at one hearing. Nevertheless, when a grand opera contains beauties of a high order, it rarely happens that some few are not perceptible at once, and for such we sought in vain.

Whatever destiny, however, be reserved to *La Magicienne*, it is just to leave out of the question the interpreters of the score, and the management of the opera. Mme. Borgli-Manno was admirable in the part of Melusina; Mme. Lauters-Gueymard once more found herself in possession of her voice in all its purity and extent, and sang with remarkable expression the opening air of the fifth act. Gueymard left somewhat to be desired in the character of René, an ungrateful method to give effect to Stello, and was extremely fine at moments. In the Count of Poitou, Beiral won legitimate applause. Mdle. Delisle is charming in the page Aloys.

There is nothing remarkable in the *disertissement* of the second act,* except that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to understand. It has evidently puzled the ballet-master, and the ballet has suffered in consequence. The dance movements, on the other hand, have nothing salient about them. Mdle. Zola Richard alone sustained the attention of the audience, and elicited deserved applause.

As to the *mise-en-scène*, the richness of the costumes, the splendour of the scenery, with one or two exceptions, we shall astonish no one in recording that the management of the Opera has spared nothing to keep up the title of the establishment to the rank of the first theatre in the world.

MORNINGTON IN E.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to allow me to ask, by means of your journal, whether the second phrase of Lord Mornington's chant in E should run E D C B A G F or E D C B A A G; as I have been told that the latter is the correct version, while I have never heard but the other used. Your obedient servant,

PEDALA.

[We should consider it a matter of indifference. Nevertheless, to such of our readers as may be chant-bitten our columns are open for the instruction and enlightenment of "Pedala."—Ed.]

THE APOLLO AND MARSYAS.—(From the *Indépendance Belge*)—"Allow me to say a word incidentally about a magnificent painting by Raphael, which the *Journal des Débats* recently (March 13th) described to its readers. Excited by curiosity, I procured an introduction to its fortunate possessor, Mr. Morris Moore, who far from being jealous of his *chef-d'œuvre* and concealing it from the eyes of artists and the lovers of excellent and beautiful things, taken real delight in showing it to all. This picture is of small dimensions; it represents Apollo and Marsyas in a landscape, illuminated by a lovely Italian sky. Although executed during the youth of the Painter of Urbino, this work but slightly recalls the manner of Perugino. It is hoped that Morris Moore will consent to a public exhibition of his picture. —(Paris Letter, April 11th.)

* Where the dancers are made to represent the pieces on a chess-board, and to execute a game by their movements.

THE GERMANIC LISZT CONFEDERATION.

(From Punch).

THERE seems to be in the continental papers a grand Germanic confederation to praise Liszt. It is *toujours Liszt*, and with the Ghost in *Hamlet*. It is the rule, apparently, with all Teutonic editors, if there happens to be a craze, or a small craziness, in their paper, that wants filling up, to dab in, invariably, a bit of Liszt. This prevalence of the same commodity, that German editors resort to as often as their wits are ditty, that German editors resort to as often as their wits are woolgathering, reminds one of an invalid's room. The constant look, and monotonous sound of the thing begins to weary one.

However, we are not indisposed to believe all the magnificent things that are being perpetually ding-dogged in honour of this wonderful Kapelmester. On the contrary, we are most anxious to open our ears wide to every stunning peal of praise that his followers are daily ringing in commemoration of his victorious merits. It is one glorious privilege, attached to the happy fact of being a musician, that the homage addressed to him is always of the most superlative kind. There are no pigmies in the art; they are all giants! What a musician of the most gigantic proportions is Wagner! what a Titan of music is Liszt! The old Titans, we believe, tried to take Heaven by means of ladders. But these stupendous Titans of the fiddle and the pianoforte are in the habit of running up monster scales to Heaven, and bringing down with them on the tips of their fingers all the melody and music that is stored there in the keeping of the angels. At least, this is what their mad pupils tell you, and what we are consequently bound to believe. The Future, too, sings to them, years in advance of other mortals; and so quick are they of hearing, that, like *Fine-air*, who was a member of *Pastorini's* celebrated band, they have only to put their ears to the ground, and they will hear sounds such as no one else can hear. In this way, they listen to operas ten, fifteen, fifty years before the rest of the world; but it pains us to state that these favoured giants, with their *oreilles* in a future world, are rather apt to get angry, because the world is weak enough to prefer good music of the present day to bad music that would be popular half-a-century hence. When we are fifty years older, perhaps we shall know better.

We will not take up again the golden thread that we had dropped for a few sentences, of our great admiration for Liszt. To prove how credulous we are in his noble favour, and only too ready to believe every incredible thing that is drivelled about him, we have written, and with no small amount of pleasure, the following startling paragraphs, all of which bear record to his surpassing genius. We present them cordially to the German editors, and they are at liberty to use every one of them:—

"Liszt wears out a piano every day. If it were not for his colossal fortune, he would not be able to do this."

"At the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander walked before Liszt; the gifted young composer was so hurt at this, that he got up instantly and left the church. He has never forgiven the insult to the present day."

"It is a libel to say that Liszt's hair is two yards long. It is true that it is of such a length that, on state occasions, a beautiful young Gräfin walks with conscious pride behind him, and is enabled to hold it up, as a page does the train of a lady's dress. The fact is that, not being able to endure the excruciating of the hair-cutter's scissor, he does not have his hair cut oftener than once every fifteen years. The effect of that operation on his sensitive nature is such that he cries for weeks afterwards. However, if his hair is a yard and a half long, it is to the full as much as it is; but then when I saw it, it was only in its sixth year."

"To show how nice he is in his distinctions, he calls himself the Raphael of music, and Wagner the Michael Angelo."

"He will not endure the slightest affront paid to his art. One day the Grand Duke of Grosshunderbosien accidentally put his hat on the lid of his piano. It was his cherished piano—the one that he would

allow no one to touch but himself. Instantly Liszt seized hold of the recent *chapeau*, and with a frenzy that almost made his long hair stand bolt upright, he flung it out of window. The next day he had the piano (it was made of sandal-wood, ornamented with turquoise, and standing on spiral legs of malachite) chopped up for faggots for the post. Notwithstanding the most abject apologies, he would never permit the Grand Duke to enter into his presence again."

"As a proof of the wonderful spell he exercises over all listeners, we can mention the following well-authenticated fact: One night he was playing on the balcony of the *Goldene Gans* at Prague. An immense crowd was collected below—all Prague, in fact. With the greatest good-nature, he played for several hours, though the weather was intensely cold. The mob secured never to tire of listening to him. What was the lamentable consequence? The next morning, three peasants, nineteen market-women, a Field-Marshal, and a dog, were found frozen to death on the spot! Since then, not all the entreaties in the world will ever induce Liszt to play for more than half-an-hour at a time."

"Liszt's influence over the fair sex is too well known to be doubted by any one. Ladies have disguised themselves as water-carriers, as porters, even as chimney-sweeps, to gain admission into his divine presence. Sometimes he is obliged to have the police pull the women away from his house, before he has been able to get in at the street door. On each finger, Liszt has a valuable ring—each ring was the gift of an empress, a queen, or a princess, and he would not take any more rings now. He will give as many as you like—but he's too proud to receive an obligation from any one. It was from Herlia, we think, that he once took a horn of beer; but the Grand Dowager Duchesse Fybbbitujiboiaki, had to go on her knees to get Liszt to accept of her a pearl that was almost as big as a swan's egg! It was valued at several thousands of pounds, but imprudently he set upon it one day, and smashed it! He has an immense box of love-letters: they are all in Russian, Swedish, German, Polish, Italian, French, and Greek, and are from beggar-girls. Appreciating the spirit that dictates the homage of them all, he has designed to receive *billet-doux* from the poorest, or the highest, or the most degraded! Well, before Liszt sits down to compose, he dips his hands into this trunk full of letters, and allows them to remain there for at least half-an-hour, steeped up in his elbow, in the electric current of the tender epistles. He says it permeates his fingers to the very tips with the pure inspiration! He calls it his Fountain of Joureence—his Egeria of love!"

"Liszt has made more money, perhaps, than any one else in the world. To show what little value he places on wealth, he has been known to throw big handfuls of gold into the pit of the Opera. It has been calculated that if all the pretty sums he has received in exchange for the exercise of his sublime talents, were changed into gold Napoleons, and placed side by side, that they would make an auriferous pavement round the circumference of the globe more than sufficiently wide to allow a couple of Saloon Omnibuses to drive about upon it. Change the same enormous sums into £5 bank notes, and you could paste the Wall of China all over with them, and in addition, have several park-pavings to spare. It is certainly stupendous!"

LONDON SOCIETY FOR TEACHING THE BLIND.—The annual meeting of this valuable and useful society was held at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday last, the 13th inst., when the Blind Pupils sang a selection of choruses from the *Messiah* and *Judas Macabbeus*. The manner in which these were executed, both in regard to precision and tone, excited the highest credit on their professor—Mr. Edwin Barues, organist of St. George the Martyr, Bloomsbury, and conductor of the Dover Choral Society.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From a Correspondent.)—Professor Sterndale Bennett has been appointed conductor of the Leeds Musical Festival, to be held during the autumn of this year. On Monday last the festival committee met, when the report of the original committee (Alderman Kitson, chairman), recommending Professor Bennett as conductor, was read. A short conversation ensued, and by a unanimous vote the recommendation was adopted. When the subject was discussed at the orchestral committee, the only other name actually proposed was that of Mr. Benedict. The others mentioned were Spohr, Costa, Charles Hallé, and Alfred Mellon. About £2,000 has been subscribed to the guarantee fund.

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.*

MADAME VIARDOT-GARCIA gave a concert, which was very well attended, on the 29th March, in the small room of the Gürzenich establishment. On the two following days, she appeared as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, and Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, respectively. We found the opinion pronounced by our Berlin correspondent, on this lady's admirable qualities, fully borne out by her performance on the above occasions. Her technical excellence must be reckoned by all competent judges superior to anything they have yet heard—taking the expression "technical excellence" in its widest sense, and including in it all the requisites necessary for vocal art. Among these we may especially name the art of managing the breath and the pronunciation of the words. Mad. Viardot is not only a perfect mistress in both these respects, but surpasses all the expectations of the most exacting criticism, for whatever the theory of singing can propose as the highest excellence and most ideal perfection in this particular, is, with her, resolved into astounding reality. That her pronunciation should be equally clear in the most different languages ought scarcely to surprise us in one possessing such varied talent, but that Mad. Viardot should pronounce German with a clearness and beauty we have never heard in a single fair German artist—to say nothing of the gentlemen—is certainly astonishing, and proves how much this branch of the vocal art is neglected by us. Her impersonation of Rosina combined all her best qualities; nay, we might almost say her execution of the first well-known air alone did so; we never thought the mode of singing this cavatina, which ladies generally look on merely as a vehicle for display, could present such a perfect piece of character. In Donna Anna, also, the conception was admirable, and all those portions of the music within the fair artist's voice, very fine. The part is, however, one of those which require a strong, powerful organ, in order to carry out the conception perfectly. At the concert, Mad. Viardot especially displayed her capabilities for *bravura* singing (more particularly in the fabulously brilliant *bravura* air from Graun's *Britannicus*) and her general execution of songs, more particularly in Spanish. We should like to have heard a German song; as it was, the character of the programme was rather too Parisian. Herr Hiller, who accompanied the lady at the piano, played, between the vocal pieces, a short *fantasia*, treated in a very elevated style, taking his motives from Samson's prayer, by Handel, which Mad. Viardot had sung in English. Herr von Königslow had a hard task in having to compete upon the violin with so cultivated a human voice. He executed, however, Beethoven's romance, and Ernst's "Hungarian nira" with so full and beautiful a tone and such masterly skill, that he, too, was rapturously applauded.

Mlle. Agnes Biry appeared, on the 6th instant, as Martha, and was to sing Lucia on the 9th, while Mlle. Johanna Wagner began a star engagement on the 8th, in the part of Romeo.

TWO AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

(From the "New York Musical World.")

No. 1.—FRY.

FRY is a bundle of genius and waywardness. He does not know, himself, whether he likes better to do the brilliant and clever thing, or the wayward and eccentric thing. When he takes pen in hand, pen-musical or pen-literary, what seem can foretell where he is going to bring up to—and how should anybody know?—he does not know himself. For this reason, Fry is immensely exciting and interesting to everybody. If you get astride of his Pegasus with him, he may soar with you to the stars—or he may lodge you in a turnip-field; and one result is about as amusing and satisfactory to the mad rider as another. He likes, apparently, to upset his own conclusions, turn paths into bathos, and—like Halleck's music-ceasing-when-it-rains-on-Seudder's balcony—preach a mocking rooster upon the steeple-top of a fine lyric.

Here is a quartet,† for instance, which, from all accounts (for we were most reluctantly called out from the concert-room before we had reached this point in the programme, and had to hear

* From the *Niederdeutsche Musikzeitung*.

† Performed at the concert of a Mr. Guilmette.

with other, but judicious, ears), has a first movement which is a veritable nest of snakes—the instruments coiling and squirming and intertwining in the most labyrinthian confusion; and yet a succeeding, slow movement, which is a square, consecutive, beautiful piece of writing, as though a man had come to his senses from previous champagne, and now were talking coherent and charming sense to you.

Long live Fry!—He is full of "youth and juice"—enthusiasm for art and glorious charity and kindness for all artists—with a fire in his brain (though smoke sometimes envelops it), which makes him luminous when it does clearly break forth, and stamps him as a man of genius.

No. 2.—SATTER.

This composer-artist has arrived from Boston, and purposes to give the New York public a touch of his quality. Considerable interest seems to be felt in Satter's advent here and his fortunes among us. On the one hand, the severest judges concede him to be a very uncommon pianist—a marvellous sight-reader and *memorist*—a man of very versatile musical talent. On the other hand, he has many enemies. The only true method for an artist in such ease is to tread squarely before the public (as Satter purposes to do)—the public, that knows nothing, and cares nothing for private feuds and professional animosities, and who, after all, is the arbiter to whom every artist must ultimately appeal. The public, indeed, is the only true arbiter; and every artist is lacking in sense who does not recognise this fact, and let the profession (and the critics, too, we will add)—go hang! Satter has tried his hand in all departments of composition. He has composed three operas—five symphonies—six piano sonatas—two quartets—three trios for the piano—some string quartets, and about one hundred solos for the piano. He plays by heart one hundred fugues of Bach, as well as nearly every good classical composition from Bach up to the present time. Now such a man as this deserves to be heard. One opportunity will be offered next Tuesday evening, when he gives his first concert: another at the last Philharmonic concert of the season, when one of his symphonies will be performed. We can say nothing in advance, for we do not know Satter musically—as we have only known him personally since yesterday. But he will soon be known of the public generally.

MERIT ROLL

OF THE GREATEST LIVING VIOLINISTS AND COMPOSERS FOR VIOLIN; ALSO A STATEMENT OF THEIR PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS, WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

The following curious "merit-roll" of violin artists and composers *The New York Musical World* translates from the *New Yorker Criminal Zeitung* and *Bulletinisches Journal*—to which periodical the document has been contributed by Mr. Julius Schubert, a German music-publisher of New York. The grounds upon which Mr. Schubert bases his opinions are stated below. The gentle reader will understand that M. Schubert does not by any means—from the fact that it appears in a "Criminal Zeitung"—present it as array of distinguished names as a list of criminals—the article being intended, presumably as a contribution to the literary, or "bellettristic," rather than criminal, department of that paper.

ARTISTS I.—Class (A.)

Heinrich Vieuxtemps, born 1820 in Verrier, Belgium—settled in Dreizeichen, near Frankfurt a. M., Germany. A good deal of a traveller; Heinrich Wicniawski, born 1832 in Lublin, Poland. Constantly travelling; Camille Sarcori, born in 1817 in Genoa, Italy. When not travelling a dweller at Paris; Heinrich W. Ernst, born in 1814 in Braun; living since 1854 in London; J. Joachim, born in 1831 in Preßburg—since 1856 royal concert-master in Hanover; Antonio Bazzini, born 1818 in Brescia. Always travelling; Appolinar V. Kontski, born 1826 in Warneha—solo player of the Imperial chapel, St. Petersburg; Edward Mollenhauer, born 1827 in Erfurt—living since 1854 in New York; Jean Botti, born 1826 in Cassel—since the summer of 1857 Court-Kapellmeister in Meiningen.

ARTISTS I.—Class (B.)

Bernh. Molique, born 1803—since 1849 living in London. Former royal musician and conductor in Stuttgart; Thereso Mianollo, born 1838 in Milan—since early in 1857 married to Parmentier, a French Captain of the Line. Living in Paris; Heinrich Leonard, born 1819 in Brussels,

teacher in the Conservatory of that city; D. Alard, born 1825 in Lyons—teacher in the Conservatory of Paris; Michael Hauser, born 1820 in Pest—a traveller; Prosper Sainton, born 1813 in Belgium—since 1850 in London; Th. Haumann, born 1813 in Brussels, and settled there; F. Laub, born 1830 in Bohemia, since 1856 Concert-Master of the Royal Opera, Berlin; Edward Singer, born in 1839 in Tottin, Hungary—since 1850 Grand Ducal Concert-Master in Weimar; Friedrich Mollenhauer, born 1818 in Erfurt—living since 1854 in New York; Paul Julien, born in 1841 in Crest, France—since 1853 traveller in America; Ferd. David, born in 1810 in Hamburg—for twelve years a teacher in the Conservatory of Leipzig; Joseph Hellensberger, Jun., born 1823 in Vienna—teacher in the Conservatory there; Carl Müller, born 1797 in Braunschweig—Concert-Master of the Royal Chapel there; Ole Bull, born in 1810 in Bergen—a good deal of a traveller, passed from 1843 to 1857 in the United States of America; Edward Reményi, born 1830 in Pest—since 1854 in London. Court Concert-Master of the Queen of England; Carl Dancla, born 1815 in Paris—Professor in the Conservatory there; Franz Schubert, born 1808 in Drosden—Concert-Master of the Royal Opera there.

Possessing perfect execution and great bravura—H. Viénotemps, H. Wieniawski, E. Sivori, Eduard Mollenhauer.

Especially classic artists—H. Viénotemps, B. Molique, J. Joachin, Jean Bott, Ferd. David, Carl Müller.

Of the newest school and genius—H. Wieniawski, H. Viénotemps, A. Kontski, A. Bazzini.

Genialists of no school at all—Ole Bull.

Representatives of the older school—J. Joachin, B. Molique, Carl Müller, Ferd. David.

Perfect in musical purity and accuracy—H. Viénotemps, B. Molique, E. Mollenhauer, Carl Müller.

Sight Readers—H. Viénotemps, E. Mollenhauer, C. Müller, J. Bott. *Individual characteristics*—Ole Bull, the best staccato-ist; unappreciated in the ordinary opinion; irresistible—when not false in tone. Wieniawski and Kontski, strong in baguette and pizzicato passages, also in rapid springs—lacking in art-culture. Ernst and Sivori rivals for the palm in the execution of Paganini-an (sinny-ian? *Traas*.) *Capricci*, to the great discomfort of the cultivated musician. H. Viénotemps, great tone, and unequalled in octave and tenth-passages, and in double-grasp.

ACTIVE COMPOSERS—First Class.—H. Viénotemps, B. Molique, Jean Bott.

Second Class (A).—J. Joachin, D. Alard, H. W. Ernst, F. David, C. Dancla, A. Bazzini, S. Leonard, F. Mollenhauer.

Second Class (B).—So-called solo-composers—Hauser, E. Mollenhauer, A. Kontski, H. Wieniawski, Th. Haumann, E. Sivori, F. Sainton, Ole Bull.

VIOLINISTS.—First Class.—(Who appear no longer in public, but eminent as artists and composers.)—D. L. Spohr, born 1784, in Braunschweig, Court-Kapellmeister in Cassel; Ch. Lipinski, born 1790, in Rasz, Poland; since 1838, Concert-master of the royal opera in Dresden; Joseph Mayrseider, born 1789, in Vienna; director of the Conservatory in that city; Carl de Baur, born 1802, in Löwen, Belgium; settled in Brussels; Louis Maier, born 1789, in Paris; since 1852, chief of orchestra in Petersburg; J. W. Kalliwoda, born 1800, in Prague; since 1822, Kapellmeister of the Royal Chapel in Donaueschingen.

The three greatest living violinists are—H. Viénotemps, who combines in himself all artistic excellencies; H. Wieniawski, who excels in the brilliant execution of technical difficulties, but without attaining to Viénotemps in certainty of tone and in volume; C. Sivori, perfect in every department, of a smaller range.

PECIAL POSTSCRIPT—FOR FIDDLEERS AND FOR THE FRIENDS OF VIOLIN-PLAYING.

The foregoing critical classification is not based upon mere hearsay—no, it is the result of a personal acquaintance with the artists themselves, with whom I have been on terms of intercourse, more or less, for about thirty years. It should also be added, that I have repeatedly heard all these artists perform, and at different periods, that I stand in friendly relations with most of them, and have myself played with the greater number. Opportunity has therefore frequently been afforded me of becoming acquainted with each artist, and from many points of view, also with the particular characteristics and excellencies of each. It has here been proper, of course, to speak only of such artists as, by actual appearance in public, have won for themselves a name—only such are naturally entitled to a place in the above merit-roll. Such artists, therefore, as have lived in quiet

retirement, who have only occasionally played in public, or who, perhaps, have never crossed the threshold of their native city, are of course excluded. Just as little could sundry fiddlers expect a mention, who are capable of playing—haply in the very neatest possible manner—a de Beriot-ish air, or a self-fabricated solo or two. Finally I would say, that in this classification of artists I have proceeded upon the plan of adjudging each according to his excellencies, taken as a whole, without laying particular stress upon any single accomplishment of a technical kind, in which one may have gained an advantage over another by special industry. I will add only hereto my conviction that to constitute an artist of the first class demands a harmonious union of the following qualities, namely:—

Perfect execution and bravura—soulful rendering and gentility—a right apprehension of classic compositions.

JULIUS SCHUBERT, of Hamburg.

1858.

Written in New York, January, 1858.

[The great "crinial" in the whole affair appears to be Herr Julius Schubert, who has been guilty of robbing so many violinists and composers for the violin of their property, and making others the receivers of stolen goods. Herr Schubert should be condemned for the rest of his life to hear M. Apollinaire de Kontski play St. Vitus's dance.—Ed. LONDON MUSICAL WORLD.]

MISS LILIAN TO MR. LUMLEY.

(From Punch.)

"O thank you Mr. Lumley, for this pretty shiny book,
Between whose glittering covers we're so glad to take a look,
To be in the *Leiro* of *Ovo* proves an old Italian's claim;
But 'm sure your *Silver* look holds much more nice Italian names.

"And so, dear Sir, you open with the famous *Heguenola*,
New scenes, ever, everything that makes a splendid show?
And though it's April, never mind, if Titiana tuns out fine,
We shall all be very happy to receive your *Falstuf*.

"And little Pico-lo-mi, *La jolie petite Reine*,
What happiness to see your list contains her name again!
To hear her I'd walk any time a distance in the wet;
She's a duck, a dear, a diamond, and a darling, and a pet.

"Then, Mr. Lumley, exquisite Giugliani comes. Well, there! if you'd him and Piccolomini alone, I wouldn't care.
Of course upon subscription nights we'll never stop away,
And on the Thursdays I must try to get Mamma to pay.

"You've got the great Albouli, too, with that contralto voice,
Which she should never alter, Sir, if I could have my choice;
I love her for her happy face, that seems so good and true,
Dear Mr. Lumley, *Il Segreto*, make her sing it, do.

"Pocchini dances splendidly, so firm, and quick, and bold,
I wish they made more dancers of such rigour and such mould;
And I see you've got a new one, call'd Oriani; if she's nice,
You'll have a Ballet for the two—at least that's my advice.

"I mean a real Ballet—don't you know, a lovely sight,
With stars, and clouds, and waterfalls, and syzys, and coloured light;
You used to do it, that I know, when I was quite a child—
Ethra—no, 'twas *Ethra* that nearly drove me wild.

"But you'll do all that's possible, you're such a darling dear,
And graceful Taglioni and Rosati will be here;
And the programme of your season has a most inviting look,
So thank you, Mr. Lumley, for your pretty shiny book."

"Violet Lodge." "LILIAN."

PARIS.—The well-known Chevalier Neukomm died on the 3rd April, aged 81, and was buried on the afternoon of the 6th. This friend and favourite of Talleyrand, pupil of Michael and Joseph Haydn, had travelled through Europe (and the Brazils also), and had lost none of his intellectual activity, having revised a new work shortly before his death. The Chevalier Neukomm was very popular among musical circles in Paris, as, at one time, in London, and we were consequently much astonished at seeing no musical or literary celebrities among those who were present in the church. The Chevalier was buried in the cemetery of Mont-martre.—(France Musicale.)

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The second subscription concert took place last night at the new St. James's Hall. The programme included Locke's music to *Macbeth*, with the *entr'actes* music by Mr. Benedict—as played before the Royal party at Her Majesty's Theatre on the occasion of the recent nuptial festivals; the overtures to *Egmont*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Oberon*, and the march from *Athalie*; *Concert-stück* for the flute by Mr. Pratten; together with a madrigal and two part-songs for the choir, and a miscellaneous vocal selection. The solo singers were Moslamés Weiss, Finoli, and Lascelles, Messrs. Thomas, George Perren, and Weiss. The Hall was well filled, and the various performances afforded much satisfaction. Mr. Benedict was the conductor.

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—On the 9th instant was produced at the University Concert, Dr. Stewart's new masque, or concert-opera, *A Winter Night's Wake*. The work, which occupies above an hour in performance, was very well received, many of the songs were encored, and one chorus received a similar compliment—the latter rather an unusual circumstance here. The music is very lively, and contains a profusion of melody, both in songs and chorus, in addition to being well scored for the band. It is considered the best work of the composer, who has written various odes, cantatas, and other pieces, for chorus and orchestra. The Earl of Eglinton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and an audience of above a thousand, attended the concert.

BURHAMSTEAD.—(From a Correspondent).—The Glee and Madrigal Society's concert was held at the King's Arms Assembly Rooms on Tuesday, April 13th. The principal vocalists were Miss S. Cole, Messrs. Heath, Ellens, Crew, and Norris, with a chorus of thirty; conductor, Mr. W. H. Strickland. Miss S. Cole sang charmingly, and was encored in an air from *Ernani* and in a duet with Mr. Strickland. But the gem of the evening was her "Softly sighs" (*Der Freischütz*), which elicited the loudest applause. The glees were, "Queen of the valley," "Here in cool grove," Mendelssohn's "Merry wayfarer" and "May day," "Hark, the curfew," and the Market chorus from *Masaniello* were also performed, the last being encored. Great credit is due to Mr. W. H. Strickland for the very efficient manner in which he had trained his body of singers.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, KING LEAR, preceded by SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. **Tuesday, THE STRAW EXCHANGE**, or *The Green Business*, **FRISK AND MARGUERITE**, and **SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIM-SELF**. **Friday** (on this occasion), **THE STRAW EXCHANGE**; or *The Green Business*, **A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM**, and **SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF**.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, April 17, the performance will commence with **YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER**. After which a new farce, entitled **THE CLASH TIMES**. To conclude with **HOUTS AT THE SWAN**. Commences at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, April 17th, the performance will commence with the popular drama of **THE FOUR STROLLERS**. After which will be produced a grand original spectacular operatic drama, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations &c., called **THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD**.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BHOREDDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Second week of the eminent comedian Mr. Phelps, who will appear every evening in conjunction with Mr. Frederic Bolson and Miss Arkles, in a series of Sadler's Wells. In consequence of the very great success of Mr. Phelps in **THE MAN OF THE WORLD**, he has having created the greatest sensation ever witnessed, he will repeat the character on three nights this week. On Monday, **HAMLET**. **Tuesday**, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Frederic Bolson, and Miss Arkles. On Wednesday, **THE STRAIGHT**. **Thursday**, Mr. Phelps. On Friday, **THE STRAIGHT**. On Saturday, **THE SEVEN CASTLES OF THE FASHIONS**, with new scenery and grand magical effects.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILKINSON'S

FRISK!—Last week but one previous to Professor Frisk's departure for Russia. "TWO HOURS OF SILENCE" as performed by some and Professor Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Court, at Windsor Castle. Every evening, at 8 o'clock; Wednesday, and Saturday afternoon at Three. Balls, 50; Backstage Seats, 4s. Boxes 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. Gallery, 1s. The orchestra and places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Broad-street.

MARRIED.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 7th inst., Alexander Reichardt, to Marie Anne Bourgeois.

DIED.

On the 13th inst., at 26, Somerset-street, Portman-square, Alice Maud, aged 14 years and 9 months, eldest daughter of Mr. Frank Mori.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA, BY A MUSICIAN, will be continued in our next.

A CONSTANT READER.—The first concerto of *Moscheles* is in *F*; the second (or third) in *E flat*; the third (or second) in *G minor*; the fourth in *E*; the fifth in *C*. Then there are the Concerto Pathétique, the Concerto Fantastique, and another, which we have not at hand to consult. Mr. Lindsay Stoper has very recently played the Concerto in *G minor* and *E flat* in public.

MUSICOLO.—We have looked for the publications mentioned by our correspondent, but in vain. We shall, nevertheless, have much pleasure in reviewing them, if he will forward us copies.

MR. JAMES RAE.—Next week.

H. C. (Bristol).—We have been oppressed with important matters, but "better late than never." H. C.'s matter will not lose by the keeping.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17TH, 1858.

THE unanimous election of Professor Sterndale Bennett to the important post of conductor at the forthcoming Leeds Festival has given general satisfaction. The eminent place which our compatriot has won for himself in the very first rank of musicians—to say nothing of his position as Musical Professor at Cambridge, founder and director of the Bach Society, and conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts—would alone justify the choice of the committee, without reference to the fact that being born in Sheffield Mr. Bennett is a Yorkshireman. This accident, it is true, had, in all probability, some weight in the decision, for Yorkshire as a county is not a bit less locally affected than England as a nation. But so, indeed, it is, and ought to be, in every part of the civilised world, from Muscovy to Wales. Without a feeling of patriotism, without a sentiment of nationality, without a sly leaning towards the place in which we first saw the light, breathed the air, and heard the human voice, we should all of us be little better than swallows.

Under the superintendance of Professor Sterndale Bennett, the chances of the Leeds Music-Festival being more than was anticipated, even by Leeds itself, are doubled. Let us trust that Leeds will gallantly endeavour to equal, if not surpass, its neighbour, without forgetting what Bradford has already done to restore the musical fame of the West Riding. To strive earnestly for pro-eminent is far wiser than to brag of it in advance; and instead of emulating a couple of game-cocks, or the rival villages of Manchester and Liverpool, Bradford and Leeds should talk matters over in a friendly way, with a view to a future *belle alliance*—

"Neighbour Bradford, you have done well. We will try to do as well as you, or better, but with the same object in view. Let one help the other. We will go to your festival; you shall come to ours. It is creditable that, being so much our junior, you should have been first in the field, for the honour of Yorkshire, and the love of music. But then your generalissimo was the great Neapolitan, who never made a failure since he gave up singing for conducting.* Now we have got a great English-

* It is still remembered that Mr. Costa began his career in this country, as a singer, and that the scene of his early failure was also the scene of his latest triumphs—the Birmingham Festival.

man—or rather Yorkshireman, (some parts of Yorkshire being still independent—Leeds for example)—we have got Sterndale Bennett. Long life to both of them, and may they conduct the festivals at Leeds and Bradford—the Yorkshire Festivals—for many anniversaries to come!”

To which Bradford may answer—in French, the Bradford conductor being a foreigner:—

“Attends un peu, mon voisin! Nous avons déjà donné deux festivals (résu!). Toi, tu as force bavardé depuis cinq ans—et jusqu’ici tu n’as rien fait. Nous verrons, mon bon Leeds. Tu es riche, et tu es fier (un peu jalous peut-être), mais dans ces entreprises la réussite est fort difficile. Demander plutôt au père Smith (Samuel, jadis maire de Bradford). Du reste—Costa est toujours des notes: ainsi nous ne craignons rien—pas même le Leeds Times—pas même Mad. Sunderland—pas même M. Phillips—pas même M. Spark. Autrement je te prendrais les deux mains avec moins d’acharnement. Dis donc Maître Jackson vient d’achever son dix-neuvième oratorio. Cela ne va pas précisément à notre festival (d’après l’avis du père Smith); mais cet ouvrage de notre co-enrûmé (nous sommes tous enrûmés à Bradford, comme à Leeds—tu comprends bien—il n’y a que le beau ciel de l’Italie, &c.)—est presque-vingtième chef-d’œuvre de notre co-enrûmé doit convenir parfaitement à votre très louable coup d’essai. Qu’en pense tu?”

“Quant à cela, mon ami, notre siège est fait”—comme dit Paul Smith, qui siège lui même sur le trône des arts à Paris—ce cher est bien regrettable ville, d’où nous sommes bannis dorénavant, faute de passeports. “Notre siège est fait.” Merci de votre enrûmé à vingt oratorios! Gardez le pour St. George’s Hall.”

The tone half pettish, half supercilious, assumed by Bradford in this dialogue, may be easily explained. An occasional reference to *The Leeds Times*, or a conversation with Mr. Spark, the enthusiastic advocate of Mrs. Sunderland in the affair of 1856,* will at once render it intelligible. Bradford, besides, is half foreigner, as every one knows—and jovial fellows are those Teutonic wool-gatherers, and as hospitable as jovial. Adoring foreign singers, they went frantic about Mdlle. Piccolomini at the last festival, and got up fire-works in her honour, which the wet weather prevented from exploding. Nevertheless, it would be easy to reconcile all differences. The Leeds papers should write of the musical doings at Bradford in a style less acrimonious and carping; while the Bradford papers would be all the warmer and all the more persuasive if less in the vein of the French colonels, and less in the spirit of “cock-a-doodle-doo.” The respective and respectable mayors might readily modify this state of things, by the exercise of a little excusable policy. If the Mayor of Leeds were to invite the members of the Bradford press to dinner once a week, and the mayor of Bradford to pay the same hebdomadal compliment to the press of Leeds, a brotherly feeling would soon be engendered. They are capital fellows, the Leeds and Bradford reporters, but, like the English and the Yankees, inclined to cherish a secret dislike until they come together, when the hostility on either side vanishes like mist, and they find, to their equal surprise and satisfaction, that they were rather made to be fast friends than envious rivals.

Now, at any rate, is the time for the two manufacturing towns to unite, and work, as brothers, for the attainment of a common object—the general advancement of music, and all the benefits that may, directly or indirectly, be associated with its progress in such a large and wealthy county as Yorkshire. Instead of being twisted into a subject of contention, the mere fact that two towns, within twelve miles of each other, possess magnificent music-halls, and are able to organise festivals on the same scale as the giant-

meetings in Birmingham, under the superintendance of such renowned musicians as Michael Costa and Sterndale Bennett, ought to be a matter for just pride and exultation.

Yes—Leeds and Bradford, Bradford and Leeds, must join hands and swear eternal amity. “Yorkshire and Music” for their motto, local prejudice eschewed, petty jealousies disclaimed, Bradford less bumptious, Leeds less intolerant, and the Mayor’s dinners will accomplish the rest.

IF, on the evening of Thursday week, the 29th inst. St. Martin’s Hall is not crammed to overflowing, the people of London will have proved themselves so absurdly ungrateful, that we shall look back with regret to the ancient Egyptian code that declared ingratitude a capital crime. Nay, under such monstrous circumstances, we are of opinion that a general massacre of the metropolitan population would be perfectly justifiable. The memory of the day of St. Martin might righteously eclipse the remembrance of the day of St. Bartholomew.

On Thursday, the 29th instant, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS will commence a series of “readings” on his own account, and every shilling paid for the enjoyment of the high intellectual treat will consequently go into the wharfiest of treasuries, Charles Dickens’s own pocket. Charles Dickens has read his “Christmas Carol,” we veritably believe, for the benefit of every institution in the country, except the most valuable institution of all, namely Charles Dickens himself. If a charitable fund falls into difficulties, the committee at once look upon Charles Dickens’s voice as the lever that is to raise it from its disagreeable position. Charles Dickens is much better entitled to the name of Chrysothem, or the “Golden-mouthed,” than the Saint to whom that appellation is commonly given, for his words have literally been so much gold for every party in whose behalf they have been uttered. The only person in the slightest degree comparable to Charles Dickens is the young lady in the fairy tale, from whose lips a diamond dropped whenever her thoughts received verbal expression.

However when the beneficent fairy endowed the good little girl with the faculty of diamond-talking, she desired that the little girl should derive some benefit from the gift. Her kind intentions would have been utterly frustrated if the privileged damsel had always walked with her head bolt-upright and allowed the treasures she scattered before her to be picked up by every beggar-boy, secretary to an institute, mistress of a ragged school, rheumatic harlequin, and paralysed *corpshée*, who crossed her path. The fairy was not a reckless indiscriminating fairy, who tossed about her blessings at random, but she had a fine sense for moral distinctions, as is fully proved by the fact, that while she blessed one sister with the power of uttering diamonds, she cursed the other with the disadvantage of talking toads. She meant to reward a particularly good little girl, not to relieve poverty in general.

Greatly do we rejoice that Charles Dickens has at last begun to think of that basis of all arithmetic, which goes by the name of Number One, that he will pick up his own diamonds. The judiciously benevolent man is always anxious to find a proper object for his benevolence, and where can Charles Dickens find an object more proper than himself? Here is a man, who has amused every reader of the English language on the surface of the globe (to say nothing of foreigners who read translations), for something like a quarter of a century, and has employed his matchless gift

* With any further allusion to which we shall certainly not bore our readers.

in diffusing a feeling of kindness and charity over all who come within the circle of his fascinations. With the exception of the "Saturday Reviewer," there is not a living Briton who does not love and revere Charles Dickens. As for the single exception, it is natural enough. We do not imagine that the young lady who uttered toasts was particularly fond of the young lady who lisped diamonds.

The talent of Charles Dickens, as a "reader," is commensurate with his genius as a writer, and if this talent is appreciated as it always has been, when he has used it for the benefit of his neighbours, he will speedily realise a splendid fortune. This is the sort of monument that the nation should raise to such a man as Charles Dickens—a monument that the living man can enjoy. Long may the time be before we set up statues to his memory, but let us be as rapid as possible in loading him with golden honours.

So mind, British public, if the crowd assembled at the door of St. Martin's Hall, three hours before the opening, on the 29th, does not stretch to the northern extremity of Endell-street, our land is disgraced for ever.

PROFESSOR STERNDALE BENNETT.—This distinguished English musician is appointed conductor of the Leeds Festival.

HER JOSEPH JOACHIM is to play at the next Philharmonic Concert. He will introduce a concerto in the first part, and a shorter piece in the second.

M. CHARLES HALLE has arrived in town for the season.

HERR REICHARDT has returned from the Continent.

MR. VAN PRAAG, the most polite, attentive, indefatigable, and useful of concert agents—who, as a linguist, is a Person, who knows everybody by heart, and has had a world of experience as the janitor of musical temples—Mr. Van Praag, whom all admire for the kindness and suavity of his manner, and with whom to have been once engaged on business involves a tie not easy to be undone, has issued his challenge (a circular) for the season, inviting attention to the fact that he is active, in good health, ready and willing to officiate in his united capacities of agent for concerts and balls, and sentinel at the doors of halls and rooms devoted to the arts musical and dramatic. In his own words, Mr. Van Praag "tenders thanks to his patrons and friends for the liberal encouragement he has received for years past, and solicits a continuance of the same," which, we have no doubt, will be granted, not only by the friends and patrons of Mr. Van Praag, but by the public at large. Had Mr. Van Praag, like his celebrated predecessor at the gates of Erebus, three heads, we should dedicate three articles to his honour; but since the one which is on Mr. V.'s shoulders is equal to three, considering the languages contained in it, one article addressed to him is equal to three addressed to ordinary individuals. To write more on the subject, in short, would be as monotonous as playing the *Baute of Praag*.

EXETER HALL.—Mr. Case's "Great National Concert," on Easter Monday, was attended by nearly 2000 persons. The programme was a medley, containing many good things, some bad, and more indifferent. Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Sherington Lemmens, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Weiss won the greatest successes in the vocal department; while Miss Arabella Goddard (who played Bennett's *Capriccio* superbly, notwithstanding the badness of the orchestra that accompanied, or rather did not accompany her, and Wallace's "Home, sweet home," with her accustomed taste and brilliancy), on the piano; Mr. John Thomas, on the harp; and Mr. Case, himself, on the concertina, obtained the "honours" in the instrumental. To describe this concert in detail, however, would be to occupy a whole page to no great advantage. Suffice it to say, many encores were accepted and many refusals (among others, by Miss Goddard, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Weiss); that the audience was a regular Easter audience, jovial and uproarious; that the entertainment afforded infinite satisfaction; that the idea of the concert was excellent; and that Mr. Case will be able to carry it out much more completely on some future occasion.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Tuesday evening, when Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was produced for the first time; a new *prima donna* made her first appearance as Valentine; Signor Giuglini essayed for the first time in England the part of Raoul de Nangis; and a new *contralto* made her *début*. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the performance by their presence.

The *Huguenots* was an advance on any former production at Her Majesty's Theatre since Auber's *Prodigo*. A few more rehearsals were wanted, and a reinforcement of the chorus, to say nothing of a substitute for Signor Mercier in the first Huguenot Soldier, whose intonation in the "Rataplan" elicited dissatisfaction from all parts of the house. The scenery, painted after sketches from nature, by Mr. Charles Marshall, is beautiful, the last scene a master-piece of scenic art; the dresses are all new, and appropriate to the period; and, with one exception, the principal artists were admirable. The cast was as follows:—Count de St. Bris, Signor Belletti; Nevers, Signor Aldighieri; Raoul, Signor Giuglini; Marcel, Signor Violetti; Marguerite de Valois, Mdlle. Ortolani; Urbano, Madame Lœuici Landi; and Valentine, Mdlle. Titiens.

Of the last named artist we are called upon to speak first. Mr. Lumley is proverbial for good luck in finding singers at the moment when they are most wanted. In the year when Gritti and Mario seceded from Her Majesty's Theatre, and when all the world thought there was no hope for the old Opera, Jenny Lind flew to his rescue, and with the voice of a "Nightingale" converted defeat into victory. Again, when the Swedish songstress abandoned the stage, Madame Sontag, after an absence of five-and-twenty years, unexpectedly reappeared. In 1856, on the reopening of his theatre after the burning of Covent Garden, Mr. Lumley discovered Mdlle. Piccolomini; and now, at the moment when some new attraction was imperative, he has lighted upon an artist who, unless we greatly err, is destined to achieve the greatest things. Mademoiselle Titiens is an "artist" in the truest sense of the word. Her voice is a pure soprano, fresh, penetrating, and powerful. Like most German singers she pays little regard to embellishment. In the music of Valentine she sang what the composer has set down and no more; but what she *did* sing was accomplished to perfection. For this she is entitled to high commendation, since modern vocalists who look upon composers as of more than secondary importance are rare. By her execution of the occasional florid passages allotted to Valentine—the descending scale of two octaves from the C in alt, in the duet with Marcel, and the chromatic passage in the duet with Raoul, for example, both of which were faultless—we are not warranted in concluding that Mdlle. Titiens possesses more than ordinary fluency, but must leave that point for decision when we hear her in *Lucretia Dorgia*, and *Norma*. At present our impression is that *Fidelio*, of all operas, would suit her best, and that nothing in the Operatic repertory is too grand for her means. As an actress Mdlle. Titiens is no less remarkable than as a singer, which every one who saw her on Tuesday evening must have felt, as she issued from the Church in the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, and uttered the words "O terror! mi spaventa." There was no mistaking this. It was thoroughly dramatic and genuine. Every scene displayed the same *impetuosity*. Mademoiselle Titiens' movements and gestures are noble, and altogether free from conventionalism. Her walk is easy and natural, while her attitudes are classical without being in the least constrained. Her success was immense, and this, too, in spite of the *claque*, who committed manifold indiscretions in the course of the evening.

Raoul, as our Milan correspondent informed us last year, is hardly one of Signor Giuglini's most admirable impersonations. Some of the music was sung exquisitely, but we cannot approve of the alterations in the song with the viola accompaniment. The duet with Valentine in the *Conspiration* scene, displayed several magnificent points; but the grand effect was in the *scet*, where Signor Giuglini exhibited wonderful power and energy. The second movement was received with thunders of applause, and accorded unanimously.

Mdlle. Ortolani's voice and style are well adapted to the

music of Marguerite, which she sang with extreme brilliancy, acting the part with becoming grace.

Signor Belletti, next to Tamburini, is one of the best representatives of St. Bris we have seen in London. The Mareel of Signor Violetti took everybody by surprise. The voice of this gentleman is well suited to the rugged strains of the Huguenot soldier. Signor Aldighieri found the music of Nevers too low for him.

The new contralto is not destined to supplant Alboni, nor Madame Nantier Didile, nor Mlle. Sannier—who, by the way, should have been allotted the part of the page.

On Tuesday the *Huguenots* was repeated, when Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were again present. The success of Mlle. Titiens was even greater than on the first night. Both as actress and singer she has created a genuine "sensation."

After the opera a new ballet *divertissement* was given for the return of Mlle. Pocchini, that fascinating dancer whose brief stay last season was universally regretted. It was a mistake to have any ballet after the *Huguenots*, which is more than enough for one evening's entertainment. The house was certainly not empty when Mlle. Pocchini came on, but many had departed, and of the chœurs that should have welcomed her she was thus in a great manner deprived. Those who remained, however, had good cause for satisfaction. The plot of the *divertissement* is beyond our comprehension. All we could make out was, that a nymph, Calisto, who had repudiated Cupid, is forced to alter her mind and take him back to favour. Mlle. Pocchini had only two "pas," but in each she displayed the consummate ease and exquisite grace which distinguished her last year, and exhibited even still more perfect mastery of her art. Some of her steps were really wonderful, and in a *pas de deux* with M. Caron—especially in one brilliant variation—she created a *furor*, the audience cheering her for several minutes, and calling loudly for an "encore" which she very properly declined. At the fall of the curtain Mlle. Pocchini was unanimously recalled, but seemed in no hurry to appear. At last she did, however, and brought with her M. Caron and M. Massot, the "gifted" author of the *divertissement*, who, nevertheless, had neither hand nor foot in her success.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini made her *entrées* on Tuesday, in *Don Paquale*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. GRIS has issued his prospectus for the forthcoming season. It cannot be said to be full of promise, seeing that all the old hands are engaged, which promises that all the old operas will be given. Two new works, nevertheless, are to be produced—Plotow's *Marika*, and Hérold's *Zampa*. The former has just achieved a decided success at the Italiens, in Paris, Mario being the principal attraction. *Zampa* has been spoken of for several seasons. When brought out in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, some years ago, it was not very favourably received. The return of Tamberlik to his old post—an event which will be hailed with delight by the subscribers and the public—has probably induced the director to recur once more to Hérold's opera. A faint hope of Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* is held out. This opera is worth a trial. Mercadante, next to Rossini, enjoys, and not undeservedly, the greatest reputation of any modern Italian composer in his own country. Besides, the *Giuramento* contains two grand parts for the soprano and barytone (Rondeoni) and a splendid part for the tenor—written expressly for Donzelli—which no doubt Tamberlik will play—that is, "if time permit."

That, however, in the prospectus which will excite most curiosity, is the cast of *Don Giovanni*, in which Mario appears for the first time as Don Giovanni, and Ronconi as Masetto. That Mario can act the part of the libertine we readily believe; but the music is out of his register. There are first-rate precedents for a tenor playing the part—Garcia, Donzelli, and Braham, to wit. We believe the first-named took great liberties with the music to suit his peculiar means. Donzelli and

Braham, however, having extraordinary power in the middle register, and unusual depth for a tenor,* were enabled to sing all he concerted music without transposing it. But Mario's voice is hardly of that character. If Gris is allowed to transpose the grand scena, "Or sai ehe l'onore," however, there is no reason why Mario should not do the same with the duet, "La ci darem," the air, "Fin che dal vino," and the serenade, "Deh! vieni alla finestra." The concerted music will be the difficulty; nevertheless, there is Mr. Costa, happily, still at his post, and he will see that no great injury is done to the music of Mozart. Ronconi's Masetto will surely be inimitable. The other parts will be as before—Donna Anna, Gris; Zerlina, Madame Bosio; Elvira, Mademoiselle Marai; Leporello, Herr Formes; Commendatore, Signor Tagliafico; and Otavio, Signor Tamberlik.

We are spared all further speculation from the nature of the prospects. The list of artists, vocal and choreographic, comprises but two new names—Signor Rossi, a tenor, we believe, and Madlle. Zina Richard, a dancer of eminence, from the French Academy and St. Petersburg. Of Signor Rossi we know nothing. Whether the presence of Madlle. Zina Richard will make amends for the absence of Madlle. Carito remains to be seen.

The new theatre is announced to open on the 15th of next month with the *Huguenots*, the cast the same as in 1855, with the exception of M. Zelger supplying the place of Sig. Poleni as St. Bris.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

MISS GODDARD'S performances of classical pianoforte music have been this season, like the last, a series of successes almost unexampled in their sphere. At length, it having become impossible to find accommodation for the many connoisseurs anxious to attend them, in the comparatively limited space afforded at the residence of the fair artist, Miss Goddard has judiciously selected a public arena for the exhibition of her talents—and that arena the most fashionable and the best adapted without exception for chamber music in London. The first *soirée* of her second series was held in the new locality on Wednesday evening, and rarely have the elegant, brilliantly lighted, and spacious *salons* of Mr. Willis been graced by a more numerous and distinguished assemblage of musical amateurs. The programme, as usual, consisted exclusively of high-class music, chosen from the works of the greatest composers; and the performance was so admirable as even to transcend anticipation. We subjoin an outline:—

PART I.

Sonata in E flat, pianoforte and violin (No. 18). Mozart.
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainston.
Grand sonata in D, major, (Op. 106). Hummel.
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.
Fuga scherzando, and prelude and fuga, in A minor, J. S. Bach.
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.

Sonata in A major (Op. 101). Beethoven.
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.
Grand quartet in F minor (No. 2), pianoforte, violin, viola,
and violoncello. Mandelslohn.
Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainston, Herr Gouffe, and Sig. Panti.

The sonata of Mozart, an inexhaustible banquet of melody, and a masterly piece of writing in the bargain, was played to perfection by Miss Goddard and M. Sainston. So rarely has this exquisite work been heard, that it may be cited among these neglected gems which Miss Goddard is ever industrious

* Donzelli used to sing all the music of Count Almaviva in the *Nozze di Figaro*, without alteration or transposition, except in the duet, "Crucel perche, finora," and the air, "Vesti! lo mio sposo."
† The last pianoforte sonata composed by Hummel.

* We do not object to a "pas" or so being encored.—*Mr. Pasch* and the *Ed. M. H.*

in bringing to light, and for reviving which she is entitled to the grateful consideration of all who love genuine unadulterated music. The sonata produced the deepest impression on the audience.

Ths unaffected and yet indescribably expressive beauty of Mozart's most genial inspiration was effectively contrasted with the animation and brilliancy of Hummel's grand sonata in D—his last great composition for the piano solo, to perform which, even tolerably, amounts to nothing short of a *tour de force*. The word "difficulty," however, has no place in the vocabulary of Miss Goddard, whose execution of this elaborate production was superb from end to end. The vigorous and stately *allegro*—the *scherzo* and "alternative," so admirably constructed after the style of the elder masters—the *larghetto*, in which Hummel has parodied, with such facility and *esprit*, the *tempo rubato* of Henri Herz, and other "fashionable" pianoforte composers, who were undermining (perhaps unconsciously), by means of their florid embellishments, the healthy musical taste that had been ennobled by Dussek and his gifted contemporaries—and the *Andante*, terminating with one of the most masterly fugues ever written for the pianoforte, were one and all performed in such a manner as to realise entirely the intentions of the composer. The whole sonata created a *furor*. Miss Goddard must repeat it on an early occasion, one hearing of so fine a composition being scarcely more than enough to reveal a third of its beauties.

Of the romantic *scherzando* of Bach, and the extraordinary fugue in A minor—the longest and most difficult (to play at the requisite speed, and with the necessary fluency) ever composed—we spoke at length when Miss Goddard introduced them at the last concert of her first series. Their great success on that occasion fully warranted their repetition now.

The marvellously original and imaginative sonata of Beethoven—first of those wonderful inspirations at which certain critics were wont to sneer, as vague, unintelligible, and incoherent—has already been played in public by Miss Goddard, who on the present occasion surpassed herself, and made the whole sound as clear and simple as though it had been *The Battle of Prague*, Nicolai's first sonata, or Pleyel's once famous *Concertante*. Among her many grand performances this was perhaps the most faultless. With such an interpreter the latest works of Beethoven need no longer stand in fear of being rejected as incomprehensible. It is worth noting, moreover, that these "wild and shapeless vagaries" of the deaf composer (who heard with his mind's ear a thousand times more than the great majority of his predecessors, contemporaries, and followers, with their physical organs of hearing), invariably carry away the palm from all the rest at the interesting and instructive concerts of Miss Goddard. The simple explanation is, that to be understood, appreciated, and admired, it is only indispensable they should be played *correctly* and in a congenial spirit.

The last piece in the programme—one of the earliest efforts of Mendelssohn's precocious and enthusiastic boyhood—brought the *soirée* to an end with appropriate "fêlité." It was performed with amazing fire, vivacity, and precision, by Miss Goddard (piano), M. Sainon (violin), Herr Goffrie (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello); and every movement was heard with rapture. A proof of the excellence of the music, and the irreproachable character of the performance, may be gathered from the fact that scarcely half-a-dozen persons left the room until the whole was concluded.

The next *soirée* will be one of unusual interest, since the rival *chevaux de bataille* of Wölfl and Dussek—*Ye Plus Ultra*, and *Plus Ultra*—are to be played by Miss Goddard in immediate succession.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE season began on Monday night with an admirable concert, of which the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 4,	Mozart.
Aria "Come scoglio," Madame Castellan,	Mozart.
Concerto in F minor, pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins,	Sterndale Bennett.
Aria, "O del mio dolce ardor," Miss Dolby,	Strakoska.
Overture, "Athalia,"	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7,	Beethoven.
Duet, "Serbami ognor," Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby,	Rossini.
Concerto in E major, No. 4, violin, M. Sainon,	Freilinaud David.
Overture, "Freischutz,"	Weber.

Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett.

Mozart's symphony, now rarely heard, was doubly welcome, on account of the clearness, spirit, and brightness of its execution, under the direction of Professor Bennett. We should have liked the trio in the minuet better had it been given *piano*. But here criticism is arrested. The *allegro con spirito*, one of Mozart's grandest first movements, made a profound impression.

The pianoforte concerto in F minor is in many respects the finest Professor Bennett has written. It is not so elaborate as No. 3 (in C minor), nor so brilliant as No. 2 (in E flat), but the style is generally more elevated than in either. The orchestration is splendid, and the accompaniments were so admirably played by the band, that many "effects" may be said to have been heard for the first time. The playing of Mr. Cusins was earnest, spirited, and energetic; but his expression was somewhat affected (*mannered*—as a Frenchman might say in English), while liberties were taken with *time*, to the occasional inconvenience of the accomplished conductor and his band. They, nevertheless, brought the young pianist (who is too good a musician not to be aware of the faults he has to conquer) home with flying colours. Mr. Cusins was greatly applauded at the end of every movement. This was his first appearance at the Philharmonic Concerts, a terrible ordeal for nervous aspirants; but the nerves of Mr. Cusins are of steel, and "Be not afraid" was evidently his motto. However, he succeeded, and his whole endeavour must henceforth be to deserve success.

The magnificent overture to *Athalie*—in which Mendelssohn (unconscious of his powers) equalled Beethoven, whose two grand "character-pieces" (*Elymunt* and *Cordoba*) can alone be compared with it—was nobly played and re-demanded by the majority of the audience. But neither of these instances, nor in that of the *allegretto* of Beethoven's prodigious symphony (which has seldom been executed with more fire and precision), would Professor Bennett set the edict of Mr. Panch (whose moral ear and moral eye are everywhere, even when he is not corporeally present), at defiance, by giving encouragement to the vulgar system of "encores." For this the Professor deserves to be placed on a pedestal by the side of Mario, Sims Reeves, Alboni, and Arabella Goddard, who have all combined in a crusade against "encore." Such a reinforcement to their rank as Professor Bennett is as good as Sir Colin Campbell to the Indian army.

M. Sainon's performance of Herr David's fourth violin concerto (which, though by no means a great work, the admirable French "*virtuoso*"—who cannot for ever be playing Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr—was thoroughly justified in bringing forward) was unimpeachable from end to end. Although (as we were informed), suffering intensely from that most pitiless of bodily afflictions—*toothache*—M. Sainon gallantly occupied the post of *chef-d'attaque*, during the first part, and played out of Mr. Blagrove's book in the symphony of Beethoven; notwithstanding

standing which, he executed the concerto of Herr David, which "bristles with difficulties," to admiration, and retired from the orchestra amidst loud plaudits from every part of the room. Only a genuine artist could have thus distinguished himself under such circumstances; but that M. Sainon was a genuine artist—a great artist—no one ever doubted.

The *Der Freischütz* overture, famously rendered, made a capital ending to this capital concert. We have made no allusion to the vocal music, since vocal music is rarely interesting at the Philharmonic; but Miss Dolby sang admirably, and Madame Castellan sang her best.

The return of Sainon and Blagrove to their old and friendly position of alternate leaders has added material strength to the band, and afforded universal satisfaction. This, we believe, was due to the good offices of Professor Bennett, who conducted the whole concert with distinguished ability, and well merited the warm reception he experienced from the audience—one of the most discriminating, and at the same time "demonstrative," we remember at the Hanover-square Rooms.

MUSIC IN THE WEST RIDING.—(From our own Correspondent).

—A concert was given on Monday in the Mechanic's Hall, Hoyalan, a place of which perhaps none of your readers ever before heard. The audience and performers were almost exclusively workmen employed by Messrs. Davis, at the Milton and Eleazar Iron Works. Feeling greatly indebted to the Sheffield Infirmary for the care bestowed upon their fellows who had been admitted through accident or disease, they resolved to show their gratitude, and as the elements of a concert were already in existence in the shape of an excellent brass band, an entertainment was got up in aid of the funds, and the result surpassed expectation, a balance of £20 remaining for the benefit of the charity after payment of expenses. Among other pieces performed by the band (composed entirely of workmen), I may mention the quartet "Judge me O Lord," and two choruses from Mozart's 12th Mass. "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and the "Hallelujah" chorus; while the lovers of lighter music were regaled with a selection from *Il Trovatore*, "Return of the Guards" march, and a polka ("the Milton") composed by Mr. Snape, the band-master, to whom all credit is due for the efficiency of his corps. A variety was afforded by the introduction of several glee and a couple of pianoforte solos, by an amateur, late pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, who had offered his services, and delighted the audience with his admirable playing. The hall was crammed, and nearly double the number of tickets might have been disposed of had their been room to accommodate the people.

MR. H. J. TRUST'S MATINEES.—Mr. H. J. Trust gave the first of three harp performances at his residence on the morning of the 7th instant. The room was very full, and among the audience was some of the highest fashion. The concert began with Dussek's well-known concert for pianoforte and harp, with accompaniments for two horns, admirably performed by Mr. Trust, Miss Marie Salzmann (his pupil), Messrs. Jarrett and Stauden. Spohr's charming fantasia, composed for, and dedicated by the great musician to his own wife, was then played by Mr. Trust with great taste and finish. Trios by Boehm and Labarre for piano, harp, and horn, and violin, violoncello and harp, in which the horn was again taken by Mr. Jarrett, whose pure tone and masterly playing it is now too seldom given to the public to applaud. M. Dando holding the violin and Mr. Lidell embracing the violoncello, were equally well given, and afforded entire satisfaction. In order that the harpish character of the entertainment should be kept up even in the vocal music, Miss Marian Prescott sang Rossini's "Arpa gentile," and Wallace's "Harp in the air." Not the least interesting performance of the morning was a duet by Oberthür, for piano and harp, perfectly rendered by Mr. Trust and Miss Salzmann. There was also a violoncello solo by Herr Lidell, and, last and best, Mendelssohn's beautiful capriccio in A minor, No. 1, performed with remarkable delicacy and taste, by Miss Salzmann, who, we believe, is not only a young and promising artist, but a niece of Mr. Trust. The concert was heard with unabated pleasure from end to end.

ISLINGTON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—(From a Correspondent).—At the last concert given here (on the evening of the 9th inst.) the name of Miss Arabella Goddard proved an almost unprecedented attraction. The room was crammed to suffocation, as on a "Sims Reeves night." Miss Goddard was received with a tumult of applause. Adopting the wise and honest counsel of the Islington local press, the admirable young pianist performed, as first piece, one of the most beautiful of the solo sonatas by Beethoven, *entire*—the B flat, Op. 22. How it was executed I need not tell your readers; but you and they will be pleased to know that it was heard with rapture, and each movement followed by the loudest plaudits. The final *ritando* was asked for again; but Miss Goddard would by no means comply. After her magnificent display in Thalberg's *Masaniello*, nevertheless, the audience would not let her off at any price, and she was compelled to return. Instead of repeating the same piece, however, she gave Wallace's "Home, sweet home," with which everybody was enchanted. I cannot remember any instance of such enthusiasm as ensued, and shall not attempt to describe it. All the rest of the programme was in that strictly "miscellaneous" character which made the item

"Sonata in B flat, Op. 22.....Beethoven" look very much like a fish out of water—or rather (as I found it), an oasis in the desert. Three things pleased very much, and were all repeated by the performers, in obedience to very mild "encores"—Molière's "When the moon" (sung by Mr. Montem Smith), the "Hunting Tower" (Miss Lascelles), and "Good-bye, sweetheart" (Mr. M. Smith). Miss Stalbach and Mr. Winn were also among the singers, and Mr. George Case played a concertina solo, besides conducting the concert. Miss Goddard must pay us another visit—and that soon—and give us another Beethoven sonata in the bargain.—ISLINGTONIAN.

RACHEL.—Among the relics of Rachel was to be seen, yesterday, for sale, an old guitar worth about five shillings, which bore a label to the effect that young Eliza Felix had played on it for many years in beer-shops and *cafés* as an accompaniment to the songs of her sister Rachel. One would fancy that the family who inherited so much wealth from their distinguished relative would have treasured up this memento of her early days. I did not learn how much it fetched.—(Paris Correspondent of the *Globe*.)

(LXIX.)—Faganini left his best violin to the safe custody of the Genoese municipality, as an enduring memorial of his birth in the city of Columbus. Whether a Stradivarius, or an Amati, I forget, but Bazzini, the violinist, says that, if not constantly played on, it must soon become worthless, and suggests that some retired virtuoso should be made official guardian of the bequest.—*Globe*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 17. SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

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REUNION des ARTS, 76, Harley-street.—The members are respectfully informed that the **EIGHTH SEASON** will commence in May, and will embrace some new features, viz., an orchestra and choir, comprehending the best amateur talent, &c. There are vacancies for a few (master) stringed and wind instruments. For further particulars apply (personally if possible), to C. Goffin, 61, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. AGUILAR begins to announce that he will give a *Matinée Musicale* at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24. Vocalists.—Miss Linda (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marras. Instrumentalists.—Herr Jansa, M. Clementi, Herr Goffin, M. Pajou, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; single tickets, 1s. To be had at all the principal music-sellers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent-park, N.W.

HERR OBERTHU'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, the 5th of May. Artists: Madame Farnes, Miss Stobich, Signor Ferrari, Piano. Miss Frenck, Harp. Miss Chatterton, Miss R. Vining, and Miss Jones (who will perform a *Kolofore* for three harps); Concertina, Signor Regondi; Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, Herr Laidl. Conducter, Herr W. F. Powell. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; single tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. To be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Oberthuis, 14, Cottage-road, Westbourne-terrace North, W.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOSSER has the honour to announce that his **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, 13th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists.—Madama Clara Novelli, Mr. Bentley; Pianoforte.—Herr Adolph Schlosser. The orchestra will be on the most complete scale. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Numbered Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had at all the principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schlosser, 18, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, W.

MR. ARTHUR O'LEARY has the honour to announce that he will give a **MATINEE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC** (under distinguished patronage) at the Brompton Rooms, on Thursday, April 26th, to commence at three o'clock. Artists: Miss Frenck; Instrumentalists, Herr Moique, Mr. Cipiani, Foster, Mr. W. H. Powell, Mr. Arthur O'Leary. Seats, India-rubbers; usually twelve, to admit 100 guineas; unreserved seats, seven shillings each. To be had of Lender and Co., 65, New Bond-street, and of Mr. Arthur O'Leary, 54, Great Curran-street, Pall-mall, W.C.

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SECOND PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, at the Madie Tigit, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Sabin; Viola, Herr Goffin; Violoncello, Signor Platt.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Sonata Duo, in A (pianoforte and violoncello), W. S. Bennett. Prelude and Fugue, in A minor (à la Tarantella—by Chopin), J. S. Bach. Sonata, in F (No. Five Ultra) Chopin.

PART II.—Grand Sonata, in A flat ("Plus Ultra"), Dušek. Grand Quartet, in B minor, No. 1 (pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello), Mendelssohn. Reserved Places, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-publishers.

MR. CHARLES HALLE begs respectfully to announce that he will resume his *Pianoforte Recitals*, at his residence, 22, Chesham-place, Belgrave-square, on Thursday, May 15th, to commence at three o'clock. Subscription for the Series of Three *Matinées*, One guinea. Subscribers' names received at Crumer, Beale, and Co., 20, Regent-street, R. Olivier's, Old Bond-street, and at Mr. Halle's residence.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Vocal Association, Conductor, M. Benedict.—On Friday evening next, April 30. Artists.—Mad. Costelan, Madlle. Finelli, Miss Moseley, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Allan Irving, and the Vocal Union, who will perform some of the most celebrated English Part-Songs and Glee. The burden of the Chorus will be taken up by the Vocal Association. Duet for Two Pianos by Messrs. Lindley Sneyer and Benedict. Mendelssohn's Overt for eight instruments. Harmonium, M. Engel. The Chorus will number nearly 400 performers. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Bajoury Stalls (numbered), 2s. 6d. Non Stalls, 10s. 6d. To be had of all the principal music-sellers.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The subscribers and the public are respectfully informed that the **SECOND CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday next, the 26th of April. Programme.—Sinfonia in A, composed for the Philharmonic Society, Mendelssohn; Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim, his first appearance this season; Overture, Der Alchymist, Spohr; Sinfonia Pastorale, Beethoven; Solo Violin (Trillo del Diavolo), Herr Joachim, Tartini. Overture, Fausala, Cherubini. Other performers:—Mad. Costelan and Sig. Bellotti. Conductor, Professor Steradale Bonetti, Mus. D. To commence at eight. Subscription for the season, 40s. 2s.; Single Tickets, 10s., to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hoeller and Lonsa, 310, Regent-street.

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Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 25, at K.D. graduation; Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 27, at St. James's Hall; Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 29, at Worcester; Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 29, at Farnborough; Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 30, at Chesham; Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 1, at St. James's Hall.



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MR. WALLWORTH'S tour with the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company will be completed on Saturday next, May 1st, after which date he will be in town for the season. 6, Somerset-street, Portman-square, W.

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THE MISSES McALPINE beg to announce that their CONCERT will take place at the Grosvenor-square Rooms, on Monday evening, June 14, under distinguished patronage. Tickets to be had of the Misses McAlpine, 23, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater.

NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. and Mrs. German Read (late Miss P. Horton) will give, on Monday next, at Eight, and every evening during the week (except Saturday), a New Series of Illustrations. Saturday Afternoon, at Three. Admission, 2s., 1s., and 3s.; Seats secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 291, Regent-street.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIFTH SEASON, 1858-59.—The New Season will commence on SATURDAY, MAY 1st. SEASON TICKETS, available to the 30th April, 1859, are now ready, PRICE ONE GUINEA; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets will admit to the Palace on the following occasions, viz.:

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- The Lectures.
- The Saturday Concerts.

And on all ordinary days. While this meeting of the public is so liberal a spirit, in the prizes and privileges of the Season Tickets, the directors reserve to themselves the power of withholding the right of admission to those tickets, on any special days, not exceeding six in number, during the year, should they find it necessary for the Company to do so, for any additional Sites or extraordinary attractions beyond those named above. In the event of this power being exercised, care will be taken to give public notice at least seven days previously.

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**"THE ARROW AND THE SONG,"
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BY
LONGFELLOW AND BALFE.**

I shot an Arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a Song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of a song?
Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the Arrow—well embroked;
And the Song—so keen and strong,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

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MR. JAMES RAE AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

[We have been requested to publish the following correspondence.—Ed. M. W.]

(COPY.)

16, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square,
March 1st, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by the directors of the Philharmonic Society to explain to you that, in consequence of certain arrangements which it has become necessary to make regarding the orchestra, they find themselves unable to offer you an engagement for the ensuing season. This they request me to say they deeply regret, as they have a sincere respect and regard for your character as an estimable brother of the profession, and a high sense of your long and able services to the Society. With my best wishes, I am always

Yours most truly,

J. Rae, Esq.

GEO. HOGARTH.

(COPY OF REPLY.)

39, Strand-street, Regent's-park,
March 6th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have looked in vain in your note for the explanation why the acting directors of the Philharmonic Society for the ensuing season should have sent me so unceremoniously my discharge at the same time as the other professors received their engagements. It is not the mere loss of my engagement in that Society, but the injurious reflection it casts upon my character, position, and capacity for my future endeavours to live by my profession, which is quite enough for me in these days, when those whose position would enable them to do good for the profession were only actuated to lower their means of maintaining themselves in anything like respectability.

Being dismissed without any explanation came from a situation I have held for so many years to the satisfaction of every conductor (I believe) who have presided over those concerts, I cannot understand what those certain arrangements are to which you allude, that have become necessary to make regarding the orchestra, to which I can be an impediment by renewing my engagement. You must have some one in the situation I have held, and however superior that person might be in talent, I have ever done my duty in the orchestra; he can do no more. If persons in any position in society held their situations no longer than their superiors in requirements might be found, regardless of previous character and conduct, it would be a sad reflection for many.

I trust, Sir, for the reasons I have assigned, I may be favored with some justifiable explanation.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

G. Hogarth, Esq.

JAMES RAE.

MENDELSSOHN'S UNPUBLISHED M.S.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Sometime about the year 1853, there was a rather sharp controversy took place in the musical community respecting the above. We were told that the M.S. had passed from Mendelssohn's to his brother Paul Mendelssohn, the banker, who, not being a musician himself, handed them over to Herr Schleinitz, the worthy composer's successor at the Leipzig Conservatoire, for the purpose of revising and publishing them. This gentleman, however, either not having time, or inclination, or something else, delayed bringing them forth, so the charge intrusted to his care was taken from him and put into the hands of four leading Leipzig professors, viz., Messrs. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Kietz, and David. Such are the facts. Now what I wish to ask is—do you or any of your readers know whether these four gentlemen, having done anything towards presenting the precious M.S. to the world, or have they been content with looking them over; and because Mendelssohn has attained sufficient popularity by that which we have, think themselves justified in withholding that which we have not, fearing lest, on production, "the world would think less of Mendelssohn's genius."

If nothing has been done in this case, and the long-wished for M.S. are securely locked up in some strong box belonging to any of the above-named gentlemen, or in the archives of the Gewandhaus, let us—beg of that committee in charge again to take up the matter, and not rest content with an idle excuse like the above; or else the only epithet we can apply to their conduct in England will be "gammon," and in Germany "dummheit."

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

TOWNSEND.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 236.)

As we emerged from our hotel down the dingy stone stairs and into the court-yard beneath, where slumbered several broken-down volantes (the cabriolets of Havana), we involuntarily drew a deep breath, and experienced a profound feeling of relief at exchanging the close air of our dormitory for the cool and perfumed land breeze, which at this early hour always blows steadily until eight o'clock, when immediately it changes, and a firm and equal pressure of air commences, and continues without intermission until about noon; and it is quite interesting at times to watch the arrival of vessels at the mouth of the harbour waiting with exemplary patience the breath of old ocean to waft them safely into their land-locked haven.

The streets were empty: not a sound was heard, not a shop displayed its wares in the open air (*sans fenetre*) as we, myself and my six feet-two American friend, having found a glorious bath-house close to the hotel, started to see one of the lions of Havana, viz.: the fruit market at early morning.

From what reason I know not, my extensive friend had the impression upon his mind that I spoke Spanish; possibly he having heard me attempt a little French on board: indeed so firmly did he seem impressed with my philological acquirements, that had we met with Dominie Sampson himself, and the dear old Dominie had challenged me (like Henry Bertram) to a disquisition in the Bengalee dialect, he would have backed me to any amount, or as he would more euphoniously ejaculate "He'd go his pile upon my slinging the nastiest tongue in Kooba."

My friend being so perfectly convinced of my powers, I was of course expected soon to put them to the test: for in quitting the bath-house, we had missed our way, and seeing a rather gentlemanlike individual taking down the shutters of a shop that looked as if there had been an explosion of gas there, and all the window frames had been blown out, I advanced and in the true Castilian style made a low bow, and, insensibly trusting to the possibility of the individual being acquainted with French, the following interesting dialogue took place:

Myself.—Bon jour, Monsieur!

The Individual.—Buenos dias, Señor!

Myself.—Parlez vous français, Monsieur?

The Individual.—Si, Señor. "The Lord forgive him for lying.)"

Myself.—Voulez vous me faire voir la Marche, ou la Halle, Monsieur? (You see what a linguist I am.)

The Individual (gracely).—No intendo, Señor.

Here was a pickle! The wretch did not know a word of French; and as Lover's well-known tale of "Lend me the loan of a griddle" came to my mind, I felt how abominably ridiculous I must have looked in the eyes of my extensive henchman: when I suddenly recollected the old story of Jarnevick the fiddle-player finding his way to Marlborough-street by whistling the air of Marlbrook, and so I determined upon the following coup d'essai.

Myself.—You know opera, Signor!

Individual (rather impatiently). Opera! Si, Señor, si!

Myself.—Teatro Tacon! (the name of the Grand Opera-house).

Individual.—Si, Signor! Teatro Tacon!

Myself.—Opera Franceco! Masaniello!

Individual (very savage indeed).—Si, si, si, opera Masaniello!

Then here goes, says I; and in that mellifluous voice which would be such a blessing to mothers to frighten naughty children with, I yelled the "Market-chorus" of Auster.

By this time the individual looked as if he had a strong doubt of my sanity. I proceeded almost in despair. He seized the iron bar of his shutters, and stood upon the defensive; my friend from Illinois buttoned his coat, turned up his sleeves, and was, as he afterwards told me in confidence, "prepared for a difficulty," ("a difficulty" being the general term, not West, for gentlemen trying to butcher each other).

My desire seemed at once to flash upon him, and he really danced with delight, struck his forehead, seemed to upbraid his obtuseness, and uttering about a thousand "Carajos," shut up

his shop, and led us captives to the market-place, where the beauty of the fruits and vegetables in the pure early morning, and the exquisite perfume, combined with the novelty of their forms, present a scene of loveliness worth travelling over the world to behold. Our new friend was in costacies of delight, and kept continually stopping his acquaintances and relating my novel method of acquiring information; and I don't mind telling anybody now, that we drank a bottle of excellent claret together; and that before breakfast too, and it didn't hurt us a bit. But oh! that breakfast, that delicate, exquisite breakfast, so charmingly in tune with the climate; those little, little mites of fried fish, so numerous in kind that the inhabitants won't take the trouble to name them specially, those sweet plantains and bananas, those French preserves, those glorious claret, that guava jelly, not forgetting "The substantial, Sir Giles, the substantial," and, to crown all, the coffee and cigars! Where can you, even in Scotland, get such a breakfast? And it comes just at the right time of day—ten o'clock; after your maternal coffee and your oranges: always oranges before breakfast—for what says the Spanish proverb of the orange, "Gold in the morning, Silver at noon, and Lead at night." So, breakfast over, we start, all the thirteen, but one, to see the Bishop's garden, in the outskirts of the city. The bishop's garden is about four miles outside the walls, encloses a very large space of ground, and was originally intended as a place for botanical and zoological students, having been planted with every kind of tropical tree and shrub, and possessing a large menagerie of animals kept in nearly as admirable a manner as our own Zoological Gardens: but times changed, the church estates were seized by the general government, convents and monasteries were converted into public offices, and the bishop's garden, which thousands had been lavished to beautify, was left neglected. But oh! how wildly beautiful in that neglect; those broken fountains choked with weeds, the lizards basking in their dry basins, the overhanging bamboo rattling in the gentle breeze, the semicircular benches covered with moss, the cocoa-nuts, palmetto, palm, plantain and banana mingling in rude luxuriance, while the melancholy croak of some sexagenarian parrot, one of the few remaining specimens of the herds of animals that once made the garden resemble that of Eden before the fall, sounds like a querulous old ecclesiastic mumbling his breviary. There sits poor Polly, mournfully scratching his old poll and croaking out "Loritas," as if asking sympathily of him the Spaniard deems almost an enemy.

Our party had wondered much at the unaccountable absence of the Dominic (number thirteen), a kind good-natured creature, and a general favourite, whom we fully expected to meet at the garden, but who was not to be seen.

Now the dominie, he it is known, was a clergyman, and being fearful that his cloth might possibly be soiled by too close contact with us heathen, he cleverly gave us the slip, and trusting to his knowledge of Spanish, hailed a volante, and desired to be driven to the "Palacio Obispo," thinking, naturally enough, that the garden was attached to the Bishop's Palace; but such not being the case, and after waiting an hour while the Bishop finished mass, and then his breakfast, he was introduced with much ceremony to the reverend Prelate, and after an odd conversation in all sorts of languages, of which the principal was Latin, discovered the mistake had made, upon which the kind and polite old gentleman insisted upon his staying to luncheon with him, little dreaming that he was entertaining a heretic priest.

As we were to renew our voyage the next day, and that day being Sunday, we, the thirteen, met in solemn conclave to devise ways and means for promoting our comfort while crossing the much dreaded Isthmus of Darien, for in that time the railroad was not in being, and we had to ascend the Chagres river in canoes or boats, and all sorts of raw-head and bloody-bones stories of the ferocity of "the salvages" (as old Cotton Mather termed the Indians) were in great vogue among the passengers; so we formed ourselves into sub-committees of three, with a captain (a New Jersey militia major) to direct the whole; the various committees bravely did their duty, and we were well

provided with every kind of French preserved meats, hermetically sealed, sardines, hams, tongue, bolognas, and tins of biscuit; and as the liquid department was left to the experienced care of your humble servant, the Dominic, and an editor of a newspaper (who now sleeps his last slumber in a grove of cocoa-nut trees in the stranger's burial ground at Amapulo, with the dull roar of the Pacific singing his requiem,) everything connected with our department was in apple-pie order, and ——"No, Mrs. Grundy, we didn't forget the knives and forks, nor did we mix the mustard with the currant jelly, as you seemed to infer just now; but we did every thing as a man—And so at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon we went on board our crazy old craft again, and bade adieu to this delightful place, with its balmy air, its quaint old houses, its polite inhabitants, (whose graceful manner of returning your cigar after taking a light, with a delicate twist of the wrist, and a slight thrust *en fasconnade*, must be seen to be appreciated,) its old churches, its shovel-headed, Don Basilio like, priests, its lovely women with their mice-like feet ("No *ma'am*, that is *not* my idea, but Sir John Suckling's, as recollect—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peeped in and out.")

And talking of feet, we mustn't forget that extraordinary fashion the female negro slaves have of appropriating the delicate white or coloured sandalippers of their mistresses, and scuffling along the street with them stuck on their great toes, the principal one of which (the identical one that went to market, my little niece says, at my elbow) just fits the miniature chausseur; nor must we lose sight of those green and gold-bedecked gentlemen, the volante-drivers, they were neither boots nor shoes, but in lieu thereof enormous spurs upon their naked heels. So farewell all thy charms and oddities, beautiful Havana! we have lingered lovingly among thy recollections, and like Niagara, thy beauty but increases as we linger. "Increase of appetite doth grow by what it feeds on." (I believe that is the correct quotation.)

Well, onward through the Caribbean Sea we rolled, leaving Cuba upon our left, passing by Cape San Antonio, and Providence Island, formerly one of the many resorts in these seas of the early buccaners and pirates, and in four days and a half from the time of our last offing we came in sight of Chagres.

Chagres has simply a roadstead, and a very rough one it is too, for we kept bobbing up and down while at anchor, until I thought we should have been pulled to pieces. The land did not look very inviting, there being only what appeared a rising ground, or bluff, and a semi-circular sandy beach, with tall cocoa-nut trees; and as for the water—ugh! the very recollection makes me shudder; it was literally alive with sharks, and the feeling was anything but cozy or comfortable, in getting from the vessel into the whale boats which swarmed around us, to see these obscene fish nuzzling up against the gunwales of the light craft, which kept dancing up and down from one to twenty feet in the pea-green water; however, at last, at the expense of some barking of skins, our party with our luggage got safely away in various boats, and I had then time to look about me; and as we neared the entrance of the river the land assumed quite a different appearance than as seen from the lofty sides of the steamer. The Chagres river has its rise in the interior mountains, and in its rapid course towards the ocean (when swollen by the terrific rains that pour without intermission for at least four months of the year,) it deposits at its mouth a vast quantity of alluvial soil, which, quickened by the generating heat (which is here within ten degrees of being equatorial), a dense jungle is formed, and the mangrove branches growing beneath the seaweed seem to threaten completely to close the river, which rolls sardine, black and unctuous with its pestilential miasma. Upon the left of the entrance, perched high in air, are the ruins of an old Spanish fort, covered with creeping plants, and defended by some old honeycombed cannon, which had often done good service in old times in defending the caravans of precious metal which were brought from South America to cross the Isthmus, and a shipyard, at Chagres. The town (so called) was on the opposite side, and on the top of land upon which the cocoa-nut trees grew. It consisted of numerous

native huts, that looked like dirty beehives, and several wooden-framed houses imported by speculating youths from the Eastern states, who were rapidly amassing fortunes by preying upon the unwary travellers, at the expense of health, both mental and bodily. I speak of the town in the past tense, as undoubtedly by this time it has resolved into its pristine ruin and solitude, the abode of a few fishermen and the ubiquitous turkey-buzzards; for the building of Aspinwall, about twenty miles down the coast, and the Atlantic terminus of the railroad across the Isthmus having been completed, the Chagres river as a medium of travel has ceased to be available, and you now walk ashore from the deck of the steamer into a railroad car, and in from four to six hours walk out of the car into a steamer on the Pacific Ocean, having avoided the difficulties and dangers of the river and land passage, through the engineer's triumph, and over a railroad whose every yard of length has cost a human life.

The principal articles of consumption in this precious town, were very fine brandy and quinine; the latter exquisite bitter being vendued at the extremely low price of five dollars per dose. Several of our passengers here began deliberately to sow the seeds of that fearful disease, Chagres fever, which has made so many a home desolate, has strewn the Isthmus, and polluted the waters of the Pacific, with the yellow and putrid bodies of its victims. For God's sake let us get out of this horrible place! We hunted up a padrone, or owner of a boat large enough to take our party and luggage to Gargona, then the head of navigation of the river; and having secured everything to our liking, and at really a reasonable charge, the next thing to be done was to stir up the boatmen; and this was one of the most difficult things to accomplish, for the *vagabonds* were busy on the opposite side of the river playing *monoi*, a Spanish game of cards, the principal peculiarity of which seemed to me to be like those enticing delights they used to have at races, in which "Noble and sporting games, the more you put down, the less you take up." I crossed with the padrone, (a very dark coloured gentleman from Hayti) to arouse our "merry merry men," but as they were in the thick of excitement, it was perfectly useless to attempt to move them; so the padrone and I sat down quietly in the shade, enjoying some noble plantation cigars about a foot long, until the sporting gentlemen had lost all their money, which took place in the smoking of two cigars; when four lithe and active black fellows came out of the hut quite cleaned out, and evidently much in the same frame of mind as our young friend Cornet Fitz-Spoonerville, as he desperately staggered up St. James's Street, after a pleasant evening at cards with his dear friend Jack Swindlesford. However the ill-humour of our boatmen soon wore away, and as they found that we were tolerably decent *combres* and did not haggle at their charge nor abuse them unmercifully, (as too many of the *royageurs* used to do, thereby engendering the bad blood that too often has resulted in the brutal murder of the innocent,) they cheerfully packed our trunks in the boat, the padrone sat in the stern ascoxswain, we cracked a bottle or two of glorious claret (which with my amazing artfulness had hung an hour before in the sun, wrapped in wet flannel waistcoats to cool the wine by external evaporation,) and giving three hearty cheers of delight at leaving this home of pestilence, the boatmen pulled away lustily chanting (as well as my memory serves me) something very like this—



The words to which cheerful ditty being (as my sabbie Padrone informed me) rather of too facetious a nature to suit a translation, I am reluctantly obliged to omit.

(To be continued.)

JOHN CRAMER.

JEAN BAPTISTE CRAMER, eldest son of William Cramer—the celebrated German violin player—was born at Maubheim in 1771. He was a mere boy when he accompanied his father to England. His talents for music displayed themselves at an early age, and were cultivated with care. His father at first taught him the violin, and intended him for the instrument; but the young Jean betokened a decided predilection for the piano. He took every opportunity that presented itself of practising, and exhibited such perseverance, that his father decided to let him follow his own inclinations, and placed him under the instructions of a pianoforte teacher named Benser. After having taken lessons from this professor for three years, Cramer, in 1782, was transferred to Schröter, and finally, in the autumn of the following year, became the pupil of Clementi. He had, however, the advantage of that renowned master's counsel for one year only, Clementi having left England in 1784, to travel on the Continent. The following year was employed by Cramer in making himself familiar with the works of the great masters, especially those of Handel and Sebastian Bach. He had hardly attained his thirteenth year when he signalled himself by his remarkable talents as an executant on the pianoforte. He received many engagements to play in public, and astonished his hearers by the purity and brilliancy of his performance. In 1785, he studied the theory of music, under Charles Frederick Abel. Having terminated his studies, he set out on a continental tour at the age of seventeen, performing in public at every town and city on his travels, and everywhere exciting astonishment and admiration. He returned to England in 1791, and commenced teaching the pianoforte. He had already gained some reputation as a composer by the publication of several sonatas. Some years afterwards he again quitted England and repaired to Vienna, when he renewed his acquaintance with Haydn, whom he had known in England. From Vienna he went to Italy. On his return to England he married, and from that time resided in London, making it his fixed residence, excepting when he took short excursions to Paris or the Low Countries. After some years, when his talents and accomplishments became well-known, he was made professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.

Among the numerous and various compositions which John Cramer wrote for the pianoforte, his "Studies" have gained the greatest reputation by the interest of the subjects, and their felicitous treatment. They are, indeed, eminently classical. The entire collection of his compositions embraces one hundred and five sonatas for the pianoforte, divided into forty-three "operas;" seven concertos with orchestral accompaniments; three duets for four hands; two duets for piano and harp; grand quintet for piano, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso; quatuor for piano, violin, violoncello, and contra-basso, two nocturnes; two *suites d'études*, and a multitude of detached *morceaux*, rondos, marches, waltzes, *airs variés*, fantasias, and bagatelles.*

Cramer was remarkable for the manner in which he played adagio, and for the variety of his tone. Nothing could surpass the delicacy of his touch. His manner was entirely his own, and resembled that of no other great pianist.

MISS ABRAELLA GODDARD IN BACH'S MUSIC.—But excellently as she played throughout the evening, in no other piece did Miss Goddard surpass her performance of Bach's two fugues. Brilliance of touch and careful study of the music are joined to a finish of execution and a distinctness of performance so perfect, especially in passages with the left hand, as to justify a conjecture that Miss Goddard does not possess one—but that the air fingers which produce so wonderful an effect are in truth two right hands. In Bach's music she is unrivalled; no one does or can attempt to surpass her, and to equal her in this walk is a task which scarcely any of our pianists would like to set themselves; and vastly are the lovers of this music indebted to her for the exquisite performances she from time to time gives of the chief pianoforte works of this great composer.—*Musical Gazette*.

* Since this catalogue (borrowed from M. Fétis) was made, Cramer published many more works.—Ed. M. W.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.

This indefatigable composer and traveller, whose career was destined to be prolonged over so long a period, commenced music at an early age. He was born at Salzburg, on the 16th July, 1778. His musical instinct was developed when he was only in his tenth year. He had Weissenauer, the organist, as his first master, and was soon able to help him. He studied successively the mechanism of most stringed instruments so well as to acquire a remarkable degree of skill on some of them. At fifteen he obtained the post of organist at the University, but this did not prevent his continuing his classical studies, under the guidance of his father, professor at the Normal School of Salzburg. Michael Haydn, whose wife was related to Neukomm's mother, gave the subject of this memoir lessons in thorough-bass and harmony; frequently, indeed, he caused his pupil to officiate for him as Court organist. He was destined to procure him, moreover, a far superior advantage, namely, the protection and friendship of his illustrious brother, Joseph Haydn. When, after having completed the usual course of philosophy and mathematics, and filled the place of *co-répétiteur* at the Opera, young Sigismund left Salzburg for Vienna, he was welcomed at the latter place by the great master, who, for seven or eight years, treated him less as a pupil than as a son. Towards the end of 1806, Neukomm left for Russia, taking Sweden in his way. At Stockholm, he was made a member of the Academy of Music; at St. Petersburg, he was entrusted with the direction of the German Opera, and the Philharmonic Society admitted him among its members. He caused several of his own compositions to be executed in this city, as well as at Moscow, but it was in Germany that he first published anything. He had been summoned back thither by the death of his father, and was present at the last moments of Haydn.

Neukomm went to Paris after the peace of 1809, and was induced to remain by his connection with distinguished men of all classes—scholars, artists, and diplomatists. The Princess de Vaudemont presented him to Prince Talleyrand; and Dusseldorf, then attached, as pianist, to the Prince's establishment, happening to die, Neukomm succeeded him. In 1814, he followed the Prince to the Congress of Vienna, and a *Requiem* he had composed, in commemoration of the death of Louis XVI., was executed in St. Stephen's Church, by a chorus of 300 persons, in the presence of the Emperors, Kings, and Princes assembled at the Congress. In 1815, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, together with letters of nobility, was conferred on him. In 1816, he accompanied the Duke de Luxembourg, when the latter was sent as ambassador extraordinary to Rio Janeiro. He was appointed *maître-de-chapelle* to Dom Pedro, and remained in that situation four years. Having returned to Europe in consequence of the Brazilian revolution, he re-assumed his place in the establishment of Prince Talleyrand. But an irresistible impulse led him, shortly afterwards to Italy, Holland, England, and Scotland. In the last named country he was warmly welcomed by Sir Walter Scott. After the revolution of July, he followed Prince Talleyrand in his embassy to London, whence he proceeded to Berlin, and thence back again to London and Paris. After this period his whole time was spent in travelling, and residing, for various periods, in different parts of Europe. The more he advanced in age, the less sedentary did he become. Latterly, however, he resolved on remaining with his family, and died at Paris, on the 3rd April, surrounded by his brother, Antoine Neukomm, his sister-in-law, and his nephew.

Despite his nomadic life, Sigismund Neukomm was an artist of the most regular and methodical habits. Every day he performed with unalterable punctuality the task he had set himself; every day he wrote or improvised at a fixed hour, and his work suffered in no wise from the many acquaintanceships he had the art to keep up. In the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, M. Fétis gives a summary of the thematic catalogue which Neukomm had kept of his works from the time he was five-and-twenty, and which then stopped at the month of August, 1836. This catalogue did not contain less than 524 vocal, and 219 instrumental pieces, making 743 in all. Since then, twenty-two years have elapsed, and Neukomm employed them as he had employed the others: he was no less laborious and no less

fertile. A great number of these compositions have been published in France, Germany, and England, but the larger portion is still in manuscript.

Sigismund Neukomm's obsequies were celebrated on Monday, the 5th April, in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette. A friend of the family, M. Boisjard, member of the Philotechnic Society, pronounced the last words of regret and the last adieux over his tomb.

MUSIC AT NAPLES.

(From *La France Musicale*.)

Naples, 27th March.

This year, as usual, the works of *Maestro Verdi* have almost alone supplied our first lyrical theatre, and, despite the mediocre and inefficient manner in which they were rendered, have met with a more brilliant reception than any other productions. Signor Verdi was only able to be present at one performance of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*—he had not the courage to go again. The book was mutilated and changed into *Battilo di Turenna*—the first transformation, *Giovanina di Guzman*, adopted in all the other states of the Peninsula, not having been considered innocent enough by the Neapolitan censorship. The execution was imperfect; the score arranged so as to suit the powers of those charged to interpret it; and the *mise-en-scène* mean. All this was not very attractive for the composer. The opera was, however, considered by every one here to be the spilt child of the manager. He had loosened his purse-strings, and incurred expense for scenery and costumes more willingly than for any other work.

Since the month of October, when the winter season commenced, the following operas have been played in succession:—*I Lombardi*, *Il Trovatore*, *Violetta*, *La Traviata*, *Battilo di Turenna* (*Les Vêpres*), *Lionello*, *Rigoletto*, *Luigia Miller*, and *I Due Foscari*. The amount received for these works, compared with that received for the *Vesale*, *I Puritani*, and *Linda*, is an eloquent testimony of the preference evinced by the public for Verdi's compositions.

The management of the theatre here, wishing to give the illustrious composer a mark of their gratitude, have brought an action to recover special damages from him. Why? Because he would not write an opera to a fearfully mutilated *libretto*.

Signor Jacovacci (the manager of the theatre at Rome) was here for three days, during which period he was clever enough to come to terms with Signor Verdi about a new opera. The composer signed the engagement, on condition that Fracchini, the tenor, and a contralto should be engaged. Signor Jacovacci engaged Fracchini the same day, and then set out for a contralto. By this time he must have found one. This is a good lesson for our managers. Rome has *chiefed* them out of the composer and their best artist. Long deliberations and longer correspondences were required to engage Signor Verdi at Naples. To engage him for Rome, Signor Jacovacci needed only five minutes and a signature at the bottom of a letter. Luckily, the public protest loudly against such faults on the part of managers.

While on the subject, I cannot pass over in silence the brilliant ovation offered to Verdi, a few days since, by the pupils of the Conservatory of Music. His Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse having expressed a desire to hear some pieces of classical music well executed, the pupils of the college performed, under Mercadante's direction, Beethoven's symphony in E flat, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. The audience consisted of our most distinguished musicians and of members of the most fashionable circles. The performance was irreproachable. After the above selection, the overtures to *Stiffelio* and the *Vêpres Siciliennes* were played. At the conclusion of the concert, Verdi visited the archives of the Conservatory, the Chevalier Florino, the keeper of them, doing the honours. The illustrious visitor examined successively the manuscripts of the most celebrated composers, and, among them, those of Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Piccini, Jomelli, Paisiello, etc. On his arrival at the Conservatory he was received by the principal professors of the school. The pupils greeted him with a triple round of cheers. Signor Mercadante went to meet him, and the pupils again cheered the two celebrated composers.

Bottesini, the incomparable contrabassist, will shortly play for

the benefit of the victims of the earthquake. It is impossible to describe the success achieved by him in the saloons where he has already played, that is to say, at his Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse's and Mercadante's. The *maestro* had invited the chief Neapolitan professors to meet him. All the Monteliveto room, where Botteani is to give his concert, is let. Luckily, the celebrated artist has promised to play there more than once.

C. H.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Post.")

THE third subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society was given on Tuesday night. The vocalists were Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, and Herr Deck. The solo instrumentalist was Miss Arabella Goddard. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony, in C minor	Haydn.
Song—"Per questa bella mano"—Herr Deck	Mozart.
Aria—"Della rosa" (Bianca)—Madame Castellan	Rossini.
Madrigal—"Sweet honey-sucking bee"	Wibbey.
Aria—"Mille volte sul campo"—Miss Dolby	Donizetti.
Concerto in A flat—Miss Arabella Goddard	Hummel.
Trio—"L'usato ardir"	Rossini.
Chorus—"William Tell"	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture (Midsummer Night's Dream)	Mendelssohn.
Song—"The green trees"—Miss Dolby	Balfé.
Fantasia (Masaniello)—Miss Arabella Goddard	Thalberg
Song—"Arpa gentil"—Madame Castellan	Rossini.
Four-Part Song—"The deep repose"	Mendelssohn.
Duet—"Serbami ognor"	Rossini.
Song—"The Wanderer"—Herr Deck	Schubert.
Overture—(Le Fré aux Clercs)	Hérold.

The symphony (No. 5, of Saloman's twelve) was very well played. In the other orchestral works the band appeared to considerable advantage. Madame Castellan's most successful attempt was in the duet, "Serbami ognor" with Miss Dolby, towards the end of the second part. Miss Dolby was in excellent voice. Her reading, so refined and free from affectation, was everywhere admirable. She delighted the audience in Balfé's "Green trees whispered low and mild," and was encored. Herr Deck appeared for the first time. Schubert's "Wanderer" was his best effort, though he sang Mozart's "Per questa bella mano" with much taste. Mr. Thomas played the *obbligato* accompaniment very well on the violin. The chorus gave Wibbey's madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bee," very creditably, but appeared to most advantage in Mendelssohn's four-part song.

The great feature, however, of the evening, was undoubtedly Miss Goddard. Her performance of Hummel's beautiful concerto in A flat was truly marvellous. She had a purity of style, evenness of touch coupled with great power, and a delicacy, that places her in the very foremost rank of pianists. We never saw a performer so free from affectation. With powers of the highest excellence, she takes her place at the piano with a lady-like ease and dignity every way to be admired. Her *pose* is graceful throughout: there is no labouring, however great the difficulty; and our ears give the only evidence that the music she is playing, so far from being the simplest in construction, is replete with every conceivable manual difficulty. The concerto of Hummel was undoubtedly a rich treat to the educated musician; yet we cannot but admit that Thalberg's *Masaniello*, and "Home, sweet home" (given on the former being encored), were more fitted to the taste of a mixed audience. We should have liked something of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, although the arrangements of both the fantasias are perfect in their style. In the *Masaniello*, the treatment of the "Tarantella" and "Prayer," in combination, was masterly, and the way in which Miss Goddard maintained each melody intact was a triumph of executive skill. We have reason to be proud of having such a countrywoman. We hope it will not be long before we again have to welcome this gifted lady amongst us. Pianoforte playing seems easy indeed while we look at Miss Goddard. We have

only, however, to glance at the music, to see what years of labour must have been spent, aided by a hearty love for her art and natural gifts of no ordinary character, to attain to that facility and excellence which so much delighted us.

On this occasion Mr. Herrmann conducted with that watchfulness and skill which so much conduce to a satisfactory result.

REGIATE.—A concert was given, on Thursday evening, at the Town Hall, by the Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Thurnan, assisted by Miss Hughes and Mr. Cummings. The programme comprised, in the first part, selections from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Dr. Evey, and Costa. The second part, devoted to higher music, comprised glass, duets, and part-songs. The singing of Miss Hughes and Mr. Cummings was excellent, and both were honoured by more than one encore, a compliment which was also paid to the chorus, in a part-song, by Miss Stirling. The success of the Choral Society, when the difficulties are considered, is highly creditable to their conductor. The Town Hall was too crowded for the comfort either of the audience or the performers.

ERITH.—(From a Correspondent).—On Friday, at the Assembly Rooms, Pier Hotel, a concert was given by the Erith Philharmonic Society, to a crowded audience. Mr. Hall conducted the band. The vocalists were Miss Hall, Miss Haynes, Mr. G. Dell, and Mr. G. C. Bliss. The programme consisted of some of the most popular music of the day, and was executed in such a manner as to give perfect satisfaction to all present.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—The Concerts for the People (under the direction of Mr. Henry Nicholson) have been brought to a most successful termination; the local papers speak in the highest terms of the whole series. "Excellence and variety of entertainment have been particularly marked features."—Mr. Elliot Gale's Opera Company, aided by Mr. Nicholson's excellent little orchestra, are now performing at the Theatre Royal.—Julian announces a concert on Tuesday evening next the 27th, with Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Kate Ranco, Mr. Rományi (solo violin), &c. &c. No doubt the "grand amateur" of the "great public" will receive a hearty welcome from his Leicester friends.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MR. CHARLES KEAN has achieved in *King Lear* a success that will do more to confirm him in his high position than any he has yet attained. Fine as was his acting in Cardinal Wolsey and Richard II, the splendid accessories by which he was surrounded enable his detractors to sink the merits of the actor in those of the manager, and to declare that, in the case of these pieces, the decorations were the main attractions. *Louis XI.* and *Hamlet* had indeed fully revealed the power of Mr. Charles Kean to rely on his unaided genius; but the former was not a Shakspearean part, and the latter was so much identified with his youth, that it might be cited as an exceptional character. Now his triumph as *Lear*, which combines the elaboration of *Louis* with a display of emotion altogether unprecedented, is purely an actor's success, and that in one of the loftiest of Shakspeare's creations. By the intensity of the curse, by the combat between grief and rage in the second act, by the details of insanity, by the suddenly awakened love for Cordelia, does he cause all who listen to him to thrill with awe, or to melt with sympathy, and the effect would be the same, if the shabby scenery that lined the stage in the old days of the Haymarket occupied the place of the beautiful views of Anglo-Saxon England that now decorate the Princess's. Never was the inspiration of genius, and the conscientiousness of art, more thoroughly brought into harmony with each other, than in this great Shakspearean delineation.

MAINTENANT 'DONC.

(From "Punch.")

WE'VE got a great artist, a lady named Titiens,
Whose praises we'd sing, but her name will not rhyme,
Stuff! Horace remind you, with "Tantalus nitens,"
We've Thirsted for music like hers a long time.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, KING LEAR, preceded by SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or The Green Bushes, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Saturday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or The Green Bushes. MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening (to-night, April 24), the performance will commence with the new comedietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled, TICKET IN THE TIME. To conclude with ROUTE AT THE SWAN. Commences at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, April 24th, the performance will commence with the popular drama of THE FOUR STROLLERS. After which will be produced a grand oriental spectacular operatic drama, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations &c., called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRICKELL—Positively the Last Week previous to Professor Frickell's departure for Russia. "TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS," as performed, by command, before Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Court, at Windsor Castle. Every evening, at Eight; Wednesday, and Saturday afternoon, at Three. Stalls, 6s.; Gallery Seats, 4s.; Boxes 3s.; Fil. 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes and places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Broad-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. James Douglas. Engagement of Mr. Phelps, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. F. Robinson, Miss Atkinson, of Sadler's Wells, and the popular vocalist, Miss Rebecca Isaacs. On Monday, VIRGINIA. On Tuesday, WINTER'S TALE. On Wednesday, ITALIAN WIFE. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, A Play, in which Mr. Phelps will perform. After-noon, THE PET OF THE PUBLIC and THE KISS AND THE ROSE, in which Miss Rebecca Isaacs will sustain her original characters. To conclude with THE SEVEN CASTLES OF THE PASSIONS. No advance in the price.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH, 1858.

JOHN CRAMER died on the evening of Friday the 16th instant, and was interred, at Brompton Cemetery, on the morning of Thursday last. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-eight, and till within a year or two of his decease was in all the vigour of health and the fullest enjoyment of his faculties.

Cramer was a celebrity both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In early youth he had attained the highest rank as a pianist, and his fame spread every where. In the course of his long career he was esteemed a worthy rival and associate of Clementi, Woelfl, Steibelt, John Field, Dussek, Hummel, Ferdinand Ries, Moscheles, and other eminent "virtuosi," who made the age in which they lived, and wrote and played, an age as famous for pianists as the Byronic age for poets. From Clementi's counsels, and the study and practice of Clementi's works, Cramer derived that faultless mechanism for which he was distinguished. His peculiar style of playing (especially in the performance of *adagio*) may, however, be traced to Dussek, who was his model in composition. Certainly a greater genius than Clementi, Dussek, nevertheless, was not to be compared with the renowned Italian as a musician of acquirement; and it was easier to imitate Dussek's strongly defined manner than Clementi's marvellous ingenuity. Although one of the most prolific composers that ever lived, Cramer was by no means learned. The number of his published works is prodigious, and still more remarkable the fact that they are now almost all forgotten. The reason of this is evident. Not one of them bears the stamp of genius. Cramer had no genius; he possessed that extraordinary faculty which is so often mis-

taken for genius at first sight, but which is as remote from it as mere oratorical fluency from the godlike gift of poetry. Those who have access to his works can verify by reference the truth of our assertion. They were made for the hour. His concertos and sonatas—in short, his important compositions without exception—examined from the point at which musical taste has now arrived, are like ancient dresses and decorations, that may have shone and sparkled in their day, but are now worn and faded, and if handled at all roughly will fall to pieces. A concerto of Cramer can no more bear looking at in the present time than a quartet of his historically illustrious patron, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, whose death, by the way, inspired the genial Dussek with an effusion of such deep feeling, and glowingly imaginative beauty, as could never at any time have proceeded from Cramer.*

Cramer passed the greater part of his life in England, but his fame, both as a pianist and composer for the piano-forte, was European. He was acquainted with almost all the contemporary celebrities. The date of his birth is interesting, from the fact that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all living—Haydn in the prime of life, Mozart, a very young man, already in the vigour of production, Beethoven, the future giant, in his cradle. Cramer knew Haydn intimately, and frequently profited by his advice. It may, therefore, be said of him that he was nursed in the lap of music. How it was that in such a nursery the boy grew up to be little better than a first-class *virtuoso*, it is not for us to say. Suffice it, Cramer was a meteor, dazzling in its course, but, once departed, lost in utter darkness—

"Drunk up by thirsty nothing."

But let us be just. One work of Cramer's is, in all probability, destined to immortal honours. His *Studio per il Piano* (familarly known as *Cramer's Studies*) is the most valuable bequest in its way that was ever made to the world of pianists. Professors and amateurs have alike profited by the study of this admirable guide, and will continue to profit by it so long as the pianoforte holds its place among musical instruments. In the face of similar works from some of the greatest of composers, it continues to maintain its rank, and has every chance of going down to posterity with the *Clavier bien Tempéré* of John Sebastian Bach, and the *Cradus ad Parnassum* of Clementi, with which, although of course it can bear no comparison in a certain elevated sense, it has an evident affinity. Just as the figures of Clementi, Bach, and Handel form the mind, the exercises of Cramer train the fingers of the student. But this is not all the praise to which the *Studio* is entitled. It consists of beautiful and finely written music from end to end; and upon this one production must rest the future fame of Jean Baptiste Cramer.

MANY a chequered year has elapsed since an esteemed friend of ours sent to this journal the following pithy proposition:—

"All men are brethren—Cains and Abels."

We have read a great deal, and we have forgotten a great deal, since the above snart sentence was published in the *Musical World*, and we have heard much snarier things emanate from the mouth of the writer. But somehow or other it has always held a resting-place in some corner of our memories, whence, on the slightest provocation, it has been ready to start forth. Provocatives not always slight

* To say nothing of the giant, Beethoven, who stood aloof from and surpassed them all.

* *King's on the Death of Prince Ferdinand*, op. 61.

have been frequent, and the wisdom of Charles Lamb Kenney has proved lamentably correct.

The maxim or aphorism (alas! may we not even say the "axiom") rose upon our minds the other evening as we sat in St. James's Hall, illumined, like devout Islamites, by the small chandeliers that, in mosque-like fashion, dangled from the roof. The hall was bright and beautiful,—statues of Cupids or male Muses, such as might have sprung from the hand of Phidias or of Madame Tussaud, smiled down upon us, and dissipated our Moslem fancies. We pondered, also, on the names of the musical immortalities painted on the panels that adorn the upper part of the room, and some of these we worshipped with a full knowledge of their deserts; others we revered in the spirit of faith; for with the nature of their claim to the unfading laurel we were but imperfectly acquainted. And we said, truly immortality is, in some respects, like death. For whereas death puts the high and the low into one common earth, so doth immortality write the names of the renowned and the obscure on one common tablet, and that tablet is at St. James's Hall.

Thus we looked around, and we reflected, and we sentimentalised, till suddenly we asked ourselves, why, of all the organs of sense that connected us with the external world, our eyes were alone employed! There was an orchestra, and there were vocalists, and there was a band immediately before us—and we think that, somewhere in the background, we discerned a chorus; but, nevertheless, the appeals made to our ears had not interrupted the operations of our eyes.

How was this! Here was new matter for reflection. Why did that orchestra stand before us as a silent sphinx, with a riddle not issuing from its lips, but written on its forehead! At last the truth flashed upon us, bright as those gas-constellations that were shining from a heaven of the bluest plaster. The hall, although called a Music Hall, was made to be looked at, not to be a temple of sound. Therefore was a portion of the edifice fashioned like the alcove of a French bedroom, that the muses of melody and harmony might slumber therein, and not disturb the devotions offered by the faithful to the genius of architecture. Truly, the *Musical World* is not fit to appreciate the merits of the St. James's Music Hall—the only journal to which it is addressed is the *Builder*.

St. James's Music Hall! Thus is there a place in London called the "Cider Cellars," at which cider is the only drink not consumed. Thus was slaving the last purpose contemplated by the manufacturer of Peter Pindar's razors. What's in a name! I' faith, a great deal. The musical properties of St. James's Hall lie in its name, and nowhere else.

Nevertheless, the company to whom the property belongs intended to have a music hall in reality. Nay, the finest music hall in England. Let them hasten towards the fulfilment of this wish, and in spite of architectural remonstrances. That alcove will not do;—it would make a capital safe for the preservation of title-deeds, and in the summer season it might be used for the purposes to which the Black Hole at Calcutta was once devoted; but it is bad for the transmission of sound. As the Elizabethan Benedict told us that the world must be peopled, so doth the Victorian Benedict tell us that a music hall should be filled with music. Owen Jones reverses the operation, and thrusts the spirits of Mozart and Mendelssohn into an abyss, from which no enchanter can free them. Othello's taste for music was such, that the clown said to the musicians, "If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say,

to hear music, the General doth not greatly care." Doubtless if Othello had wished to be present at the execution of a great classical work, he would have stationed the musicians in the orchestra of St. James's Hall.

But what has all this to do with the maxim, wherewith we commenced our Incubations, and why did the imperfect acoustics of St. James's Hall recall it to our minds!

Why, we thought that as all men are brethren, namely, Cains and Abels, so the arts were sisters, namely, members of the Cinderella family. Music is the poor slighted Cinderella, who sings in an obscure corner, while the other arts are the haughty sisters, who go about flaunting in their fine clothes amid the admiration of the world.

THE directors of the Crystal Palace have issued their prospectus—a document of portentous significance, replete with a variety of promises.

The season opens on the First of May, with a grand musical, floricultural, and artistical display. A series of monster concerts follows, and the public is called upon to be joyful for great choral demonstrations of National School Children, combinations of choirs, on a large scale, from remote provinces, gigantic entertainments by the children of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, Titanic performances of the Handel Metropolitan Festival Chorus, with all the means and appliances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, first-class concerts, vocal and instrumental, under the direction of Mr. Manns, others by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir and the celebrated band of the Garde Nationale of Paris, three Grand Horticultural and Floricultural Fêtes, two Shows of Poultry, two of Pigeons and two of Rabbits.

But this is not all. Courses of popular lectures on the various departments are in contemplation, and a Penny Guide, in a popular style, is in embryo.

Soberly speaking, what good do the directors expect from Monster Concerts, and, above all, Monster Concerts, with children as the sole executants! What end is contemplated by sending to Yorkshire for a chorus, which might be found in Middlesex!—or engaging a band from Paris when as good may be obtained at Chatham! The directors acknowledge their inefficiency in every line of the prospectus. They have no band—or they would not have to send to Paris. Instead of a choir of their own, which should have existed from the first establishment of concerts at the Crystal Palace, they are compelled to borrow singers from the northern provinces, or to lay embargos on Mr. Leslie's Choir, the National School Children, and the Tonic Sol-Fa. Why do not the directors pursue the same course with regard to music as with the other fine arts! Music alone is not properly represented, and has no separate department. Painting and sculpture are considered of paramount importance, both from a scientific and artistic point of view; while music, the loveliest of the sisters, is treated with indifference and neglect—like Cinderella in the fairy tale. And yet it is to the musical attractions that the directors especially look when the treasury needs replenishing, and which never fails them at a pinch. To no other of the fine arts could they, by any ingenuity of management, hope for such a success as that which attended the Handel Commemoration. The Crystal Palace should have a numerous and efficient band, a complete body of choristers, and first-class solo singers. These should belong exclusively to the Palace, and be heard nowhere else. The attraction would be quadrupled, and the Crystal Palace Concerts become as much the fashion

as the best standard entertainments in the metropolis. By this means, too, a vast saving, in the end, would be effected, and no recourse need be had to "National Schools" and "Juvenile Associations."

But not to their own band, chorus, and principals, should the directors confine themselves. We see no reason why they should not establish other amusements, hitherto un contemplated at the Crystal Palace—dancing, for instance. What could be more appropriate than to have a ballet in the very temple of statues and flowers? A good band, good dancers, and a green curtain, is all that is wanted. The Palace would supply its own scenery, and real flowers would offer a pleasing variety. If we might be allowed to suggest, we would recommend the ballet to take place in the central transept during dinner-time, and a table might be laid for five thousand people, all of whom, by a simple arrangement, could witness the performance.

Above all, we would implore the directors not to take Exeter Hall to Sydenham, nor make the special entertainment provided in the Strand for subscribers to the Sacred Harmonic Society a recreation for the multitude in the Crystal Palace. None can accuse us of underrating the importance attached to the performances of sacred oratorios, and the immense influence they exercise in the progress and appreciation of the best music. But everything has its time and place. People go to Exeter Hall to hear the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, the *Requiem*, or the *Stabat Mater*, and for no other purpose. They are subject to no interruptions and no distractions when the performance has commenced; nor, were they ever so inclined to be inattentive, is there anything to interfere with their reverence and respect. Nay, when the idle and the volatile—as will sometimes happen from many causes—are induced unwittingly to step within the precincts of the temple in the Strand, they are compelled, by the absence of external attraction, to listen and affect gravity; or, better, they become insensibly interested, and depart confirmed admirers of Handel. All this is very different at the Crystal Palace. People go there to be amused, to be recreated, to be refreshed, to experience as great a number of sensations as possible in the shortest space of time—to make a holiday, in short. To these the performance of an oratorio would be no temptation, but the contrary. Of course there should be attractions for all classes. Many, no doubt, would be invited to Sydenham by the performance of the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, or *The Creation*, whom nothing else would induce to pay a visit to the Crystal Palace. But the great mass flock to Sydenham, leaving thought and occupation behind them, to enjoy the fresh air, see the beautiful sights and hear the beautiful sounds—to walk among the shrubberies, inhale the breath of flowers, and behold the crystal fountains; or, as Aretæus hath it:—

"Visere aspe amnis nitidæ, permanente Tæpe,
Et placidas summis sectari in montibus auras."

Except, indeed, on occasions of high festivals—anniversaries, and special commemorations, when the mind is worked up to the proper tone of feeling—the proper attention cannot be paid to large and serious works at Sydenham. Everything around is antagonistic. The eye is bewildered with enchantments; the odour of the flowers intoxicates the sense of smell; the mind insensibly wanders outside to the grassy lawns and marble terraces, and wonders what can possibly detain anyone within doors, when art and nature are so prodigal of excitement without.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Huguenots was given for the third time on Saturday, and Madlle. Titiens justified all that has been said about her acting and singing. There can now be little doubt that the new *prima donna* is destined to occupy the highest position on the lyric stage. As an actress, notwithstanding her magnificent voice and the largeness of her style, we even think more of her than as a singer. To passion and natural earnestness, she adds unerring judgment. The great scene with Raoul is worthy of any actress, and leaves an indelible impression.

Madlle. Piccolomini made her first appearance on Tuesday as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, when the reception awarded her showed that her light had not been extinguished in the effulgence of the new "star." Madlle. Piccolomini was applauded, recalled, and presented with "bouquets" as usual at the fall of the curtain. She was forced to appear no less than four times.

Signor Rossi would succeed better in *Don Pasquale* if he had any voice and any humour. Signor Belletti sings the music of Dr. Malatesta admirably, but wants *amour* almost as much as Signor Rossi. The part of Ernesto was sustained by Signor Belart, the new tenor, who achieved so decided a success last season. Signor Belart sang the music of Ernesto like a true artist, and was cheered in "Gom" a gentill."

The new *ballet-divertissement*, *Calisto*, followed, in which Madlle. Foschini, now the most favoured daughter of Terpsichore, added largely to her list of admirers.

On Thursday, the *Huguenots* and the new *ballet-divertissement* was repeated.

The Huguenots, with Madlle. Titiens as the heroine, and Giuglini as Raoul, continues to run, and is announced for Tuesday and Thursday. *The Trovatore*, the next opera in which Madlle. Titiens will appear, is fixed for Tuesday, May 4th, with Mad. Albani as the gipsy, and Sig. Giuglini as the Troubadour. Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, with Madlle. Piccolomini, is to be rehearsed; and on Saturday a new ballet (*Fleur des Champs*) will be produced for Madlle. Foschini.

MADLE. VICTOIRE BALFE has arrived from Paris. She was engaged to sing at the last Dublin Philharmonic Concert.

MADAME GASSIER has arrived in London.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM arrived on Thursday, and will attend the rehearsal for the second Philharmonic concert to-day.

M. JULLEN.—The provincial tour which this most renowned of caterers for the public entertainment is now making, is, we are glad to learn, one of the most lucrative he has ever undertaken. The weather has been propitious, and the success uniformly triumphant.

The Vocal Association of 300 voices will give a grand performance at St. James's Hall, Regent-street and Piccadilly, on Friday evening, April 30. The programme will be of a most interesting character. Messrs. Benedict and Sloper will perform a duet on two pianofortes, and other instrumental works of importance will be introduced.

MR. JOSEPH ROBINS, who may be remembered as the admirable and unctuous clown of the Amateur Pantomimes, has announced a benefit to take place at the Lyceum, on Saturday, May the 8th, assisted by first-rate talent. We shall allude further to the subject in our next.

LEADS TOWN HALL ORGAN.—The contract for building the case of the Town Hall organ, designed by Mr. Brodrick (architect), has been let to Messrs. Thorpe and Atkinson, of this town. Last week an inspection was made of that portion of the organ already completed at Messrs. Gray and Davison's factory, in London. There were present, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Aldermen Kitson, George, Botterill, and Gill; Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. Spark, the designers of the instrument, and the contractors. Arrangements were made as to the disposing of the hydraulic apparatus in the Town Hall, for supplying wind to the organ, and also on matters connected with the case. Great satisfaction was expressed with the progress of the gigantic instrument, and there is no doubt that it will be fully completed in time for the Musical Festival. The contractors will take possession of the Town Hall orchestra at the close of next month.—*Leeds Mercury*.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIREE'S.

(From "The Leader.")

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, in her early and already brilliant career, presents a noble and encouraging example of the true beauty and dignity of Art, earnestly and devotedly pursued for its own sake. Richly gifted by nature, with uncommon facilities and graces above measure, unspurred by the exuberant eulogies of admirers, undisturbed by the jealousies that accompany the rising of a reputation like the mists around the morning star, this young lady has, in her vernal years, reached the very summit of a profession crowded with celebrities; and, at the present moment, she may be said to take rank with easy pre-eminence, among the first pianists in Europe. The series of *soirees* lately given at her private residence, attracted a select aristocracy of lovers of classical music; but she has wisely enlarged the area (as they say in Parliament) of her audience, and the upper saloon at Willis's Rooms was thronged, on Wednesday evening last, with a brilliant assemblage of rapt, attentive, and critical listeners, amongst whom almost every virtuoso in London, and a host of notabilities in the various ranks of art and literature, sat silent and entranced. Surely such a gathering as this was a noble tribute of admiration and respect to the young lady who, to all her other rare qualifications, unites the rarer charm of an unpretending simplicity of manner not often perceived in the professional celebrities of the Continent. As a pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard is a perfect prodigy of deep and various learning; all forms of composition, the severely classical, the conventionally brilliant, are equally within her power; in all alike the mechanical difficulties are conquered with the same force and flexibility of hand; in all alike the touch is round, rich, and soft, the expression stamped with strength and grace, the reading bright with intelligence. Such is the correctness, and such the mechanical dexterity, that we are almost tempted to accuse a faultless accuracy of want of feeling. These *soirees* are the cream of the musical season. The next will be on the 28th instant.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

HANDEL'S *Samosa*, performed on Wednesday evening by Mr. Hallah's First Upper Singing School, despite of some shortcomings, was, on the whole, a very creditable performance—far more satisfactory indeed than the recent performance of *Israel in Egypt*. The want of the additional accompaniments was sensibly felt, although the band, by extreme care, did all in their power to supply the deficiency. The "cuts" were not so numerous as those made by Mr. Costa, and the consequence was that the performance was too long.

The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thomas. The singing was not all first-rate. Miss Palmer spoils a nice talent by exaggeration of style and forcing the lower notes. Mr. Sims Reeves sang as grandly as ever, and created an immense effect in "Why does the God of Israel sleep!"—one of his very finest efforts—and in the duet, "Go, coward, go," with Mr. Thomas. The last-named gentleman was loudly and universally applauded in the air, "Honour and arms." The Hall was crowded in every part.

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—Before you receive an account from your own Correspondent, perhaps you would like to learn that Madlle. Victorie Balfe achieved a remarkable success at the Philharmonic Concert here, on Wednesday evening. She was encored in everything she sung, and the plaudits after each performance were deafening. The Lord-Lieutenant and a large number of the Dublin aristocracy were present.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Norwood, April 20.

THE last four Saturday concerts have been of average interest. I have attended them all, but observing your columns filled with reports of metropolitan performances of greater importance, I did not think it worth while to send you a separate account of each, week by week. The programme on March 27th was as follows:—

Overture, "Faniais"—Cherubini. Scene, "Through the forest," Mr. Miranda—Weber. Fantasia, violin, "Le Strégué," M. Reményi—Paganini. Aria, "Tacea la notte," Miss Louisa Vinning—Verdi. Symphony No. 2, in D—Beethoven. Ballad, "Good bye sweetheart," Mr. Miranda—Histon. Violin solo, "Carnaval de Venise," M. Reményi—Paganini, Ernst, and Reményi. Ballad, "Too late," Miss Louisa Vinning—Pratten. March from *Athalie*—Mendelssohn.

Cherubini's fine and vigorous overture, so well known to the Philharmonic subscribers, and Mendelssohn's glorious march, began and ended this concert worthily. But even better played than either of these, were the *andante* and last movement of the second symphony of Beethoven, which formed a splendid *pièce de résistance* in the middle. Of the violin playing of M. Reményi, I do not pretend to judge. Suffice it that he created a great impression, especially in the *Carnaval de Venise*. This was encored, but Mr. Reményi came back without his *Stradivarius*, and bowed his acknowledgments. The vocal music was not striking on this occasion. Mr. Miranda was not admired, either in the ballad or the *scena*—the last, by the way, altogether beyond his reach. Miss Louisa Vinning sings "Tacea la notte" too often. She pleased most in Mr. Pratten's ballad, "Too late," which was re-encored and repeated.

On April 3rd, we had the selection enbodied:—

Overture, "Coriolan"—Beethoven. Aria, "Non piu andrai," Mr. Thomas—Mozart. Concerto Dramatico, Violin, M. Reményi—Spohr. Aria, "Batti, batti," Madame Castellan—Mozart. Symphony in D—Haydn. Song, "The tribute of a tear," Mr. Thomas—Leder. Aria, "Alcibiades," Madame Castellan—Bini. Violin Solo, "Carnaval de Venise," M. Reményi. Overture, "The Siege of Rochelle"—Balfe.

Mr. Manns and his doughty little orchestra distinguished themselves honorably on this occasion. The sublime overture of Beethoven was excellently played, while the capital symphony of Haydn (for the first time at these concerts), equally well given, had also the good fortune to obtain a very attentive hearing. As for Mr. Balfe's overture, the band knows it by heart, and "interprets" it to perfection. The grand *scena drammatica* of Spohr is not suited to the peculiar style of Mr. Reményi, who again created a *furor* in the *Carnaval de Venise*, with variations by Paganini, Ernst, and himself, some of which, the "encore" being persisted in, he was obliged to repeat. Madame Castellan pleased very much in both her songs, and in the first had the advantage of an effective execution of the violoncello *obbligato*, by Herr Danbert, a member of the band. Bellini's *aria* (and the majority of the audience) "narrowly escaped an encore," as the phrase goes. Mr. Thomas sang "Non piu andrai" famously, and was much applauded. Mr. Loder's quiet and pleasing ballad hardly suited the audience so well.

At the next concert (April 10) the programme was also interesting, as may be seen below:

Overture, "Die Vestalin"—Spontini. Cavatina (Donna Carita), Madlle. Ventidì—Mercadante. Fantasia, pianoforte (on a German melody), Herr Theodor Maus—Maus. Recitative and aria, "Dove Sono," Madame Castellan—Mozart. Symphony, No. 6 (Pastoral)—Beethoven. Ratanjal, Madlle. Ventidì—Malibran. Solo, flute ("Blas bells of Scotland,") Mr. Svendsen—Aris. Aria, "O luce di quest'anima," Madame Castellan—Donizetti. Gipsy March, "Preciosa"—Weber.

Spontini's overture (for the first time at the Crystal Palace) is all but a fine work. It deserves to be heard often, nevertheless (like his *Fernand Cortes* and *Nourmahal*), a wonderfully clever parody of Rossini's *Semiramide*, and if played as well as for the orchestra under Herr Mann's direction, can never fail to please, like on the present occasion. The gorgeous *Pastoral*

Symphony is just the work to make a mixed crowd in love with orchestral music. The execution of this great piece was marked by good luck from end to end. Not only was the "ensemble" admirable, but the various *obligato* passages for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, were every one of them happily "hit off." Not one of the audience made a move towards the door, (as is generally the case with some twenty or thirty "rustics" at these concerts, when the *Symphony* is about to begin), and not one left his place till the end. The audience listened as attentively as the band played, and the result was a triumph for "the grand Beethoven, (*Punch*). Weber's delicious march, although it came at the *fac-end*, was unanimously liked. Mr. Svendsen's flute solo was remarkably effective as a display of execution; but the music of (Herr I—Monsieur I—Signor I—Mr. I) Artz, cannot be profusely eulogised. The poor flautist has not a rich collection of masterpieces at disposal, it is true; but that does not make Artz' music a bit more welcome. The pianoforte solo was mediocre, both in respect to composition and performance. Madame Castellan was singing her very best, and obtained a loud encore in the *extrême* from *Linda di Chamouni*. Madlle. Ventaldi, too, was encored (against the wish of the majority) in the "Rataplan" of Malibran. This lady has a good *contralto* voice, but her *intonation* is unsatisfactory.

The programme on April 17th had some good points, but on the whole was inferior to its immediate predecessors:—

Overture (*Demetrius*)—Cusins. Scene, "Non Temer," Madame Borchardt—Mozart. Introduction and Rondo, pianoforte, "Le Retour à Londres," Mr. W. G. Cusins—Hummel. Scene, "Ah, si, ben mio," Mr. George Ferren—Verdi. *Symphony* in C (*Jupiter*)—Mozart. Air, "Ah, quelle nuit," Madame Borchardt—Auber. Pianosolo, Fantasia Etude, "Perles d'Ecume," Mr. W. G. Cusins—Kullak. Ballad, "In this old chair," Mr. George Ferren—Balfé. Overture (*Huy Bias*)—Mendelssohn.

The mighty *Jupiter* was the feature of the concert, and I was glad to hear it so well played, and to find it so warmly appreciated by the audience. The performance of Mendelssohn's brilliant overture was, however, still better. The *Demetrius* of Mr. Cusins is not a very remarkable work; but, in revenge, he gave Hummel's graceful (and difficult) rondo with the utmost spirit, and the worn-out "Madame Borchardt" of Kullak so well as to obtain and merit an "encore." Madame Borchardt sang Auber's air charmingly, and would have been more successful in Mozart's "Non temer," had she committed the pianoforte accompaniment to some other hands than her own. Mr. Cusins was at call, and would readily have undertaken it. The violin "obligato" part was carefully given by Mr. Watson. Mr. Ferren sang Verdi's *aria* with effect, and was encored in Mr. Balfé's ballad.

And so enough of the Saturday Concerts for the present. Great preparations are making for the Friday Concerts, which are to supersede those of the Royal Italian Opera "troupe," and which it is hoped will be less expensive and more profitable to the Crystal Palace Company.

EXETER HALL.

A CHORAL meeting of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association was held at Exeter Hall on Thursday evening, the 15th instant. The choir numbered 800 voices, and the selection comprised the most popular madrigals, glee, and part-songs, together with the chorale, "O God of Strength," harmonised by Bach, and the "Amen" chorus from the *Messiah*. The singing, in general, was excellent, the effect from such a body of young, fresh, and vigorous voices—in the pieces most familiar—being very remarkable. Of course there were encores, and attempts at encores, but the able conductors—there were three—very properly set their *batons* against them, and only a few were complied with.

A brief and very interesting lecture was delivered between the parts by Mr. Curwen, the energetic founder and promoter of the Association, in which he claimed indulgence for his choir on the score of their being pupils, and expatiated generally on the utility of the Tonic Sol-Fa method of instruction.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

DR. WYLDE has at length confessed that the public suspected long ago, *viz*, that the New Philharmonic Society and Dr. Wyld are one and the same thing. In the address prefixed to the programme of his first concert this season (the 7th), he accepts the entire responsibility, and declares that henceforth the performances will be conducted under his unaided management.* The Doctor's right to call his concerts "New Philharmonic Concerts" has been questioned, but with no more justice than if we were to arraign a well-known weekly paper, published on Saturday, for calling itself "Sunday Times." Dr. Wyld's concerts are just as *philharmonic* as their elders and *devanciers*, and therefore are appropriately named. Besides, have we not "Philharmonics" in all parts of Great Britain? The more of them the better.

Dr. Wyld has prudently selected St. James's Hall for his concerts; prudently, because that beautiful building can accommodate a multitude of people *comfortably*—and because it is there enabled to ask reasonable prices, and be sure of a profit in the bargain. He will give further proofs of wisdom by urging the representatives of the company to set to work without delay, and contrive such alterations in that part of the building devoted to the orchestra, which at present, in the unanimous opinion of competent judges, is wholly inadequate. A music-hall, the acoustic properties of which are not favorable to music, may just as well be dedicated exclusively to flower-shows and fancy-fairs.

The first concert took place on Monday night, and the brilliant audience assembled spoke well for the subscription list. The hall never looked more animated, dazzling, and cheerful. It is certainly a jewel of a hall. But oh! those acoustics! Just as Professor Porson, coming home drunk, cursed "the nature of things," so might the lover of music, visiting St. James's Hall with a hope of hearing a fine orchestra to advantage, rail at "the nature of acoustics." The chairs and tables that Porson overturned, when he could not succeed in lighting his candle, were not more inconvenient to the inebriate pundit than that provoking recess and the reverberations that inhabit it to the baffled amateur.

But to leave grumbling—the programme was capital, and the band first-rate (as may be seen by a glance at the list of members—all good, from Willy ("leader") to Middleitch ("cassa"). The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Egmont</i>)	Beethoven.
Duet (Mount of Olives), Mad. Borchardt and Mr. Tennant	Beethoven.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte and orchestra, Miss Arabella Goddard	Beethoven.
Aris, "Ah qual furor" (<i>Fidelio</i>), Mad. Castellan	Beethoven.
<i>Symphony</i> in C minor	Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Freischütz</i>)	Weber.
Aria (Bianca e Faliero), Mad. Castellan	Rossini.
Aria (Domino Noir), Mad. Borchardt	Auber.
Aria, "O luce di quest' anima," Mad. Castellan	Donizetti.
Overture (<i>Massiniello</i>)	Auber.

Conductor—Dr. Wyld.

The first part—the Beethoven part—was of course the best. Dr. Wyld adheres to his principle of only giving one *symphony*; and he may be right, though we confess we could willingly have dispensed with the vocal music (which produced no effect) for another. The magnificent *Egmont* and the familiar "C minor"

* The performances will take place in future under the title of *The New Philharmonic Concerts*. They will be under the sole direction of the original promoter, who has never ceased to do all in his power to carry out the promises made to the public at the commencement. The performances will be in reality a series of subscription concerts, at which music of the highest class, interpreted by the highest available talent, will be introduced.

were played with extraordinary vigour and "entrain," and (a "slip" or two excepted, in the symphony, upon which we need not expatiate,) with point, decision, and general correctness in the bargain. Perhaps the *andante* was a shade too slow; but an experienced musician like Dr. Wyld, has an undoubted right to an interpretation of his own, however that may differ from the "aristarchi" of the press—those "anonymous critics" who are expelled from the "— — — — —," as the Peri was expelled from Paradise.

With regard to the pianoforte concerto, the *Morning Post* has written so eloquently, and so much to the purpose, that our readers will not chide us for allowing the remarks of our contemporary to stand in place of any observations of our own.—

"Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat is the greatest of concertos—a wonderful expression, in tone, of feelings and sentiments of the loftiest, most beautiful and imaginative kind, the interpretation of which none but a performer of the highest genius should attempt. If music be an imitative art, like all the rest, what marvellous sounds and images must have been moving about in Beethoven's mind when he composed this extraordinary musical poem! What supernatural voices must have been singing to him of God-like love, passion, heroism, or despair! What noble and lovely forms, moving with unearthly power, swiftness, and beauty, must have been passing before his mental vision! Otherwise where could he have found all those strange accents, speaking to the soul plainly almost as verbal language, yet how much more beautifully?—and where that wondrous variety of rhythm, in which may be traced the most grand and lovely movements of the human form divine, the faithful delineation but of one of which would suffice to make a sculptor famous for ever? No! Beethoven did not take his long solitary walks in the country, at all times and seasons for nothing.

"How it is that the electric current of the soul flows down to the fingers' ends, and makes them speak the language of feeling and passion, quite as plainly and much more touchingly than mere words could do, we must leave to the learner's own philosophy to explain. But certain are we that so singer, sided even by words, could possibly touch the heart or excite the passions more effectually than can a really great instrumentalist, or than did our celebrated English pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, in her truly poetical rendering of Beethoven's greatest concerto on the present occasion. In following so fine a performance throughout, we should necessarily exceed our limits, otherwise numerous "points" might be cited, in which Miss Arabella's genius shone with surpassing lustre, and which, taken collectively, would present a mass of merits, such as rarely, if ever, are found assembled in the execution of one pianist. Of course the slow movement was most admired (slow movements nearly always are); and its rendering was certainly one of the most exquisitely-beautiful pieces of cantabile playing we ever listened to; but the rest of the work was quite as finely given, and deserved at least equal applause. At the termination of the concerto, Miss Arabella Goddard was enthusiastically recalled into the orchestra."

The above may seem high praise, but it is nothing more than is due to the prodigious grandeur of the work, and its wonderful performance by our gifted young countrywoman.

Dr. Wyld, on appearing in the orchestra, was welcomed most cordially. At the end of the first part we were compelled to leave. At the second concert, Mozart, with the hours; and at the third, and fourth, respectively, Mendelssohn and Weber; so that the system introduced by M. Julien would appear to be gaining ground.

HACKNEY.—Mr. Charles Salaman delivered his new and popular concert-lecture, "Handel and his Contemporaries," on Wednesday evening last, at the Manor House Assembly Rooms, Hackney, before a numerous gathering of the friends of the Literary and Scientific Institution. He was assisted in his illustrations by Miss Rothschild and Mr. Theodore Dittus, who selected from the Italian operas of Handel and his famous contemporaries, Leonardo Leo, Galuppi, Pergolesi, and Bononcini, were received with great applause. Mr. Salaman performed on the pianoforte Handel's overture to *Orlando*; his air, with variations, in D minor, from the third, "Suites de pièces pour le Clavecin;" and a sonata by Domenico Scarlatti.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE fifth concert of the regular season (the Amateurs have, also, their *irregular season*) took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, and attracted a very crowded and fashionable audience. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (Figaro)—Mozart. Trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor, "O Memory"—Miss Griffith, Miss E. Griffith and Mr. A. Coleridge—Henry Leslie. Symphony, Letter R—Haydn. Glees, "By Celia's arbour," "Come, let us join the roundelay"—Messrs. Heming, Coleridge, Busby, and Fownall—Horsley and Beale. Overture (Eury-anth)—Weber.

PART II.—Rondo Brillante, in B minor—Miss Freeth—Mendelssohn. Quintet, "Di scrivimi" (Così fan tutti)—Miss Griffith, Miss E. Griffith, Mr. A. Coleridge, Mr. A. Busby, and Mr. Fownall—Mozart. Glee, "L'ape à la serpe"—R. Spofforth. March (Camp of Silesia)—Meyerbeer.

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The orchestral pieces were all very well played. Those deserving particular notice were the first *allegro* in the Symphony; Mr. Graham Browne's admirable flute playing in the *Andante*, which gained, and most deservedly, a round of applause; and Mr. Alfred Pollock's oboe solo in the Trio.

Miss Freeth highly distinguished herself in the beautiful *Rondo Brillante* of Mendelssohn, as did the band in the accompaniment—at least in the *amateur* department, for there were several "slips" among the professionals, which was anything but creditable in a piece so well-known.

There was more vocal music than usual, and it was all "concerted." Mr. Leslie's Trio was excellently sung by the Misses Griffith and Mr. Coleridge, and the charming Quintet, "Così fan tutti," was loudly *encored*.

The Glee—admirable specimens of their respective authors—were given in a style hardly to be excelled. Beale's, "Come, let us join the roundelay," was asked for twice, and, accordingly, repeated, the Amateurs not having yet made up their mind to adopt the suggestions of Mr. Punch.

A vigorous execution of Meyerbeer's March brought the performances to an end, about half-past seven.

The next concert will be given on May 3rd.

THE THEATRE-LYRIQUE, PARIS.

"PRECIOUSA."

A COMIC OPERA, IN ONE ACT. WORDS BY MM. NUITTER AND BEAUMONT. MUSIC BY WEBER.

(Translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

"PRECIOUSA," is, properly speaking, a "melodrama," which does not signify the same in Germany as it does among ourselves. A melodrama, in Germany, is a work in which the story occupies the greater space, having here and there a little corner for the music. There is an overture, some music between the acts, a few choruses, a march, a little dance music, and, if necessary, a ballet and a few stanzas connected with the action, but never standing in the way of it. Sometimes the music is added subsequently to the poem. Goethe only made *Count Egmont* a tragedy; Beethoven transformed the tragedy into a melodrama, and the tragedy has lost nothing by the change.

Melodrama, after the German fashion, has been tried several times in Paris, but it is difficult to find persons to play it, on account of the strictness with which the various lines of business are marked out. We should need a good orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and a company of actors sufficiently complete to depend on their own resources. There is not such a thing in any theatre of the capital.

To return to *Preciosa*. It is in Germany, a three-act drama, with incidental music (*Drame mêlé de musique*), as people used to say. But this incidental music is the work of a composer of genius, and the little there is of it has been sufficient to give the piece an immense value. Weber wrote two gipsy choruses, a romance, a brigand's song, a march, some ballet airs, and an overture, which is a summary of all the rest. Some years ago the Société de Sainte-Cécile executed this little score twice at least. I do not know why the Société des Concerts du Conser-

* More shame for them.—Mr. Punch, and the Ed. M. W.

vatoire allowed the other society to be first in the field any more than I know why, since the symphonists of the former association have been dispersed, it has taken no trouble to enter on the inheritance left by its rival. M. Carvalho has taken possession of it, because no one else came forward to claim it, and it is certainly right. As Weber's score is at most only sufficient for one act, M. Carvalho has had three acts of the German piece compressed into one. The plot of the French piece is very simple. Preciosa, the daughter of the great Corcoles, is, after him, the *chefe* (chief-tiness, as a certain author once said) of a horde of *gitanos*, whom the Captain-General of Andalusia pursues hotly in the Sierra Nevada. This terrible captain-general has a son, a young man of romantic disposition, who has met Preciosa in Seville, and fallen in love with her. Preciosa, by her singing, attracts him into the mountains, like the *Sires* at the *Opéra-Comique*. The gipsies seize him, and send to inform the captain-general that, unless he ceases to pursue them, they will kill his son. The captain-general, however, snaps his fingers at their threat, telling them the young man is a foundling, whom he has brought up out of charity, and who, according to all appearances, belongs to the accursed race he has sworn to exterminate. Such being the case, says Preciosa, I can love him without betraying my nation. I do love him, and I will marry him. Moreover, since we are surrounded, I will, to save every one, employ the last resource. It is said that *diapason* has the stones being ready, shows the opening of a shaft, which is the beginning of a long subterranean passage leading to the Alhambra of Grenada. All the gipsies go down; the crifice is closed after them, and the captain-general is *done*.

This story needs no observations; the authors have not taxed their imagination much. There is a clever scene, however, between the brigands and their young prisoner, who, instead of trembling, laughs at them, and *chaffe* the most terrible one of them all. The whole interest lies, however, in the music, so highly coloured, and so full of imagination and fancy, which Weber wrote for the original work.

The music, by the way, is very well given by Mad. Borghèse-Dufour, M. Froment, and another artist of the name of Sérène, who plays the ferocious brigand. The orchestra did wonders, and so did the chorus, although it might be reproached with being, now and then, too forcible.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF
 the Directors of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, together with the CASH ACCOUNT and BALANCE SHEET, for the year 1857, showing the state of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 17th of February, 1858, also Prospects, Form of Treaty, and a list of the Bonuses paid on the Claims of the past year, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.

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<small>"Among the many pianoforte arrangements of Signor Verdi's very popular quartet, we have not seen one more unpretending and at the same time more complete than this. The composer's ideas are respected, while the display and the convenience of the pianist are consulted; and the result is a piece of moderate difficulty, attractive in more senses than one.—Musical World.</small>		
A SUMMER'S DAY, Romance, by EGÈNE MONIOT	...	3 0
<small>"A Summer's Day' is one of the neatest and most pleasant musical trifles we have met with for a long time. M. Moniot evidently possesses much poetical feeling, which he has very cleverly infused into this composition.—Liverpool Mail.</small>		
THREE LIEDER OHNE WORTE, by C. J. HARGITT	...	3 0
<small>"Quite worthy of this talented young composer."</small>		
PAULINE, Nocturne, by G. A. OSBORNE	...	3 0
LA JOYEUSE, Souvenir des Champs Elysées, C. MCKORRELL	...	3 0

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THE LORD'S PRAYER, for four voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) with English and Latin text, organ ad lib, in score	...	3 0
Separate vocal parts to the above	...	each 0 6
<small>"We have met with few devotional songs of late years so calculated to become widely popular. The melody is quite Handel's, and the harmonies are arranged with the most masterly skill; while the subject, being one which involves no question of doctrinal or sectarian difference, commends itself to all who profess and call themselves Christian.—Bristol Mercury.</small>		
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HERE, HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN RECLINING (Des Schäfer's Lied), for voice, piano, and clarinet, or harmonium. Sung by Herr Reichardt	...	4 0
<small>"* The above two songs are eminently calculated for singing at public concerts."</small>		
THIS HOUSE TO LOVE IS HOLY, Serenade for eight voices (2 sopranos, 2 contraltos, 2 tenors, and 2 basses), without accompaniment, in vocal score	...	3 6
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<small>"We have received an English version, by John Ostrander, Esq., of Meyerbeer's hymnical serenade, 'This House to Love is Holy.' It is composed for eight voices, or, rather, in eight parts, since each part may be strengthened by any number of voices. In order to attain distinctness, he constitutes his two choirs of different materials—one choir consists of female voices, first and second soprano, first and second alto; the other choir consists of male voices, first and second tenor, first and second bass. The first verse is commenced by the male choir, and is afterwards taken up by the female. The same musical subject is then divided into phrases of two or three bars, and given to the choirs alternately. Thirdly, both choirs combine. While he equates the Old Masters in the carriage of the voices, in the purity of writing, and progression of the parts, he has imparted a charm of melody to which their canons and fugues never attained and has added a richness of modulation which was unknown to them. We would particularly instance an always modulation, from G flat to A natural (enharmonic for double B flat), and back again to D flat. The English words also are fittingly welded to the music.—Liverpool Mail.</small>		

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The copyright of the new Italian and French versions of M. Flotow's opera of "Martha," performed with the greatest success at the Italian Opera, Paris, and to be produced this season at the Royal Italian Opera, are vested in MM. BRANDUS and DUPOUX, of Paris. Messrs. D. Davison and Co. have the complete opera in octavo (Italian and French words), as well as the vocal music, with Italian words, in separate pieces, on sale.

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VOL. 36.—No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Grà has the honour to announce that the
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On which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIFTH SEASON, 1858-59.

The New Season commences THIS DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 1st. SEASON TICKETS, available to the 30th April, 1859, are now ready. PRICE ONE GUINEA; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets will admit to the Palace on the following occasions, viz.:

- The Opening Musical and Fireworks Display on May 1 (this day).
- The Festival of the National School Choral Society.
- The Three Grand Faneur Shows in May, June, and September (five days in all).
- The Performances of the Great Girls' Society.
- The Series of Classical and Miscellaneous Concerts.
- The Grand Display of the Great Water-work.
- The Grand Choral Display by the Handel Festival Chorus, Military Bands, &c.
- The Concerts of the T. n. i. c. S. o. A. Association, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and of the Bradford Choral Association.
- The Poetry and other Shows.
- The Lectures.
- The Saturday Floral Promenades and Fountain Displays.

And on all ordinary days.
While thus meeting the public in so liberal a spirit, in the praise and privilege of the Season Tickets, the Directors reserve the power of withdrawing the right of admission to these tickets, on any special days, not exceeding six in number, during the year. On any occasion on which this power may be exercised, at least seven days previous notice will be given.

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One Guinea; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets are now ready for issue, and may be obtained at the Railway and Central Transport Entrances of the Crystal Palace, at the Offices at London and Brighton Railway Company, London Bridge, and Regent Circus, Finsbury; at the West-end Highway Midden at Finsbury; at the Central Ticket Office, 2, Exeter Hall; and of the usual Agents to the Company.

Reservations for Season Tickets to be by Cheque or Post Office Order, payable to George Grà.

Full programme of the season may now be had of all the agents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL SCHOOL CHORAL FESTIVAL.

IN AID OF THE CHURCH SCHOOLMASTERS' AND CHURCHMEN'S BENEVOLENT FUND.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBERY, THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, THE BISHOP OF LONDON, THE DUKE OF MARRBOROUGH, MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE, MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, EARL OF CARLISLE, RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON

And a large number of the Privates, Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of the Metropolis.

The Committee of the National School Choral Society have determined upon holding a GREAT CHORAL FESTIVAL, on Saturday, May 8, at the Crystal Palace. The Children will perform in the orchestra created for the Great Handel Festival, and the Committee entertain the confident belief that the display will not disappoint the expectations of the numerous and almost unprecedented body of strangers who have so-courted them with their support.

The Orchestra will consist of nearly 4,000 of the Children, Pupil Teachers, and Members of the Grand and Royal Bands of the Metropolis and its immediate vicinity, and will be aided by the Full Band of the Royal Military Asylum.

The Performance will consist of a carefully arranged Selection of Sacred and Secular Music, comprising the choicest portions of what will be accompanied by the organ erected for the Great Handel Festival.

Tickets of admission, 5s. 6d. each; or Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra; or to Patrons' Rooms, 10s. 6d. extra; may be had at the Crystal Palace; at the Central Office, 2, Exeter Hall; and of the usual agents.

Full particulars may be obtained, and plans of seats inspected, at the Office of the National School Choral Society, No. 2, Exeter Hall.

Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Organist, Mr. BROWNSMITH. Treasurer, Mr. E. A. WAUGH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni,

Ginghini, Vialotti, and Mattioli.—IL TROVATORE.—On Tuesday, May 6th, will be revived Verdi's opera IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Mollie Titiens; Annetta, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season); Maurizio, Sig. Ginghini; Ferruccio, Sig. Vialotti; and Il Conte di Luna, Sig. Mattioli (his first appearance in England). And new Ballet, entitled FLEUR DES CHAMPS; the principal parts by Madlle. Pochini and Annetta. On Thursday next, May 8th, an extra night, will be repeated IL TROVATORE. And new Ballet FLEUR DES CHAMPS. A limited number of boxes have been reserved for the public. Price 21s. and 31s. 6d. each; may be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND

LAST PERFORMANCE OF HER GRAND PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 13th, at 10½-past Eight, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.

On this occasion, Miss Goddard will have the honour of performing, among other pieces, Weber's Grand Sonata in E minor; Fugues by Handel, Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Mendelssohn; and BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SONATA IN E FLAT, Op. 106.

Reserved Places, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-pubsters.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his

friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday, May 24th, supported by the most eminent artists.

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V. R.

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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or 46 the under-mentioned places of engagements.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 2 and 4, at 7½ o'clock.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 2, at 10 o'clock.



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MADAME SZAVARDY (Wilhelmina Clause) has arrived in London for the season. Communications to be addressed to Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

SECOND-HAND ORGANS FOR SALE.—Messrs. FORSTER and ANDREWS, Organ-builders, Hull, have several second-hand Church and Chamber Organs for sale in thorough repair. Price and particulars forwarded on application to Forster and Andrews, Organ-builders, Hull.

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SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and singing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 301, Regent-street.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—Herr Goffrie respectfully informs the members of his orchestra that the **FIRST REHEARSAL** (full band) will take place on Wednesday evening, May 5, at half-past seven o'clock precisely, at 16, Hart y-street.

REUNION des ARTS, 76, Harley-street.—The members are respectfully informed that the **BOIRES MUSICALES** of the **EIGHTH SEASON** will commence on the 19th May, and will embrace some new features, viz. an orchestra and choir, comprising the best amateur talent, &c. These arrangements for a few amateurs stringed and wind instruments. For further particulars, apply to Herr Goffrie, 61, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. CHARLES HALLE begs respectfully to announce that he will remove his Pianoforte Repository, at his residence, 22, Chesham-place, Belgrave-square, on Thursday, May 19th, to commence at three o'clock. Application for the new and improved Machines, the greatest "Salutiferous" machines, received at Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street, R. Oliver's, Old Bond-street, and at Mr. Halle's residence.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a **Musical** at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24, Vocalists.—Miss Lindo (soprano) of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public and Signor Barba. Instrumentalists.—Herr Jansa, M. Clement, Herr Goffrie, M. Pagan, Mr. Howat, and Mr. Aguilar. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Box's tickets, 7s. to be had at all the principal music publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 161, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

HERR OBERTHUR'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at William Rowse, on Saturday, the 8th of May. Artists: Madame Ferrar, Miss Staback, Signor Ferrari, Piazzi, Miss Froth; Harp; Miss Chatterton, Mrs. B. Vinning, and Miss Froth (who will perform a Nocturne for three harps); Concertino, Signor Ferrar; Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Conductors, Herr W. Ganz and Herr Fischer. Tickets, 19s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., to be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Oberthur, 14, Cottage-road, Westmoreland-square, W.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOSSER has the honour to announce that his **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, 19th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists.—Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sealey; Pianoforte.—Herr Adolph Schlosser. The orchestra will be on the most complete scale. Conductors, Mr. Benedict, Musical Director, and Herr Adolph Schlosser, principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schlosser, 58, Cavendish-square, Hyde-park, W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—By Command.—Under the immediate patronage of the QUEEN and of the **ROYAL FAMILY** and also of the Patrons and Patronesses of the Royal Academy of Music, a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT**, which Her Majesty has signified her gracious intention of assisting with her presence, will take place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 23rd of June. A list of the Ladies Patronesses, of whom alone tickets can be obtained, is to be exchanged for tickets, for the area of the hall, in which Her Majesty and the Royal Visitors will be seated, will be shortly published. Further particulars of the concert will be daily announced.

AN EVENING WITH BEETHOVEN.—MR CHAS. SALAMAN, at the request of his pupils, will repeat his **CONCERT LECTURE** on BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC, at the Hanover-square Rooms, 19th May, at 8 o'clock, on Tuesday evening, May 4, at half-past eight o'clock. Pianoforte, Mr. Salaman. Violin, Herr Deichmann. Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Vocalist, Miss Eliza Hughes. A limited number of tickets, at 5s., to be had only of Mr. Salaman.

MR. FERDINAND GLOVER (principal baritone to the **Myra** and **Harison** opera company) will return to town for the season on the 2nd of May. All communications to be left at Cadby's Music Warehouse, 42, New Bond-street; or at Louis's Hotel, 10, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

HARP MATINÉE.—Mr. TRUST begs to announce that his Second Harp Concert will take place on Wednesday next, May 5th, at his residence 13, Fort-street, Maddox-street, commencing at Three o'clock, when he will be assisted by the following Artists:—Miss Marian Prescott, Miss Marie Salzman; Messrs. Lyall, R. Sidney Frutkin, Jarvis, Stuart, and Herr Oberthur.

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CONCERT AGENCY, &c.—MR. VAN PRAAG begs his thanks to his patrons and friends for the liberal encouragement he has for so many years received, and begs to inform them he still continues the management of concerts, matinees, soirées, &c. All communications addressed to him, at Mr. Bretell's, 25, Bouverie-street, Haymarket, will be duly attended to.

MR. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendance of orchestras.—Address, 13, North-street, Westmoreland Abbey, E.W.

THE NUN'S PRAYER.—An Illustrated Edition of this Popular Piece is published this day, price 1s. Hodey and Sons' Musical Library, 23, Holles-street.

CZERNY, WALLACE, AND HAMILTON.—Czerny's 101 ELEMENTARY ETUDES (the most perfect edition) with notes by Hamilton; together with 20 new five-finger exercises, and six new exercises for the left hand alone; composed by Carl Czerny expressly for this edition; to which is added the favourite slow Duos, by W. Vincent Wallace 21st edition, beautifully engraved on extra-sized paper, music folio, two parts, each 4s.; or complete 8s. N.B. Ask for Robert Cooke and Co.'s edition.—London: Robert Cooke and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

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SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE AND SINGING is now published, price 2s., and may be had at his residence, Devonshire-house, Portland-road, Portland-place, and at all the principal music sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—Daily News. "There is more sense in this work than we find in nine out of ten publications of a similar kind."—Athenaeum. "Furns a kind of grammar of vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—Ottie. "Here is a really sensible work."—Musical World.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY EVENING SERVICES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

London, 27th April, 1858.

SIR.—From a statement which appeared in several of the daily papers last Monday, one would be led to suppose that the service at Westminster Abbey, last Sunday evening, had been disgracefully interrupted and quite put out by the conductor, or rather misconduct, of the organist, at least the following extract would seem to imply it:

"When the reverend gentleman had reached about the middle of the first lesson, the organ struck up with IMMENSE VIGOUR, to the no small astonishment of Mr. Frere himself."

It is really too bad that such gross misrepresentations should find their way into the papers; and the "immense vigour" referred to being nothing else than the accidental touching of one of the notes, and the consequent emission of a sound, which lasted not more than a few seconds.

I was rather astonished next morning on being complimented by several persons on the disgraceful manner in which the service had been done, and was still more astonished on being referred to one of the morning papers for a confirmation of the same.

Whoever the individual may chance to be, whose duty it is to report the proceedings at the Abbey Evening Services, he has proved himself entirely unequal to the task, for some weeks back it was stated in one of the leading papers that "the choir acquitted itself well, being under the superintendance of Mr. Helmore," or some words to that effect.

Mr. Helmore has nothing more to do with the superintendance of the choir than your own good self.

It is true that he has kindly permitted the Chapel Royal Boys to sing there; and we have the honour of reckoning him among our number; and it is also too true that should any particular point be taken up too soon, or any particular note held on too long, it can generally be traced to the end seat, back row, of the Dean's side.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

ON THE PROJECTED ERECTION OF HANDEL'S MONUMENT AT HALLE.

When Handel's statue, in famed Halle town,
On lofty pedestal, is placed before us,
A music-fête no doubt the day will crown,
And then they'll sing the Halle-Juiz Chorus.

EDWARD HALE.

[Two things are to be regarded in surveying the above ingenious and spirited inscription—first, that the poet's patronymic should only contain one L; next, that the poet should have neglected to dedicate his inspiration to M. Halle, who plays the music of Handel so skillfully. Only fancy—Halle (the birth-place of Handel); Halle (the performer of Handel's *Suites*); Halle-lujah—the chorus in Handel's *Messiah*); and (Edward) Halle (Handel's centenary poet). The lyrical *feu-d'esprit* would have been perfectly worthy of Mr. Haydn Wilson, and might have circulated in the "Hallees."—Ed. M. W.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Her Majesty, who takes the greatest interest in this institution, has intimated to the Earl of Westmoreland her command that a grand evening concert be given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, the 23rd of June, at which the Queen and Prince Albert will be present. A committee will be formed to issue vouchers for the centre of the hall, which will be occupied by the Royal visitors. The organization of the programme, to render it worthy of such an occasion, will be carefully attended to. Not only will the past and present students, the former comprising the most eminent professors, vocal and instrumental, assist, but the co-operation of the leading artists, native and foreign, will be called into play. Mr. Costa will be the conductor. The event cannot fail to excite universal interest in musical circles.

THE THEATRES IN ITALY.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

No. I.

I PROMISED you in my last from this place some observations on the system of management which prevails in nearly all the Italian theatres, and also on the conduct towards English artists of a certain "Signor Curtani" of Pavia. Among the many cases which are hastening the "decadence" of the lyric art in Italy, the greatest is, perhaps, the immoral and thoroughly ignorant way in which the theatres are conducted. A theatre is naturally a field for envy and jealousy, and we readily concede that some of our own may not be patterns of morality; but God forbid they should be the Augean stables which most Italian theatres represent. One of our popular modern authors has, however, observed that "the English make a noise about immorality, whilst the Italians think nothing of it, because vice is our epidemic, but their epic."⁴

It is, in the first place, necessary to state that all the engagements for the theatres in Italy are made by a set of men who swarm in the capital cities, and are called "agenti teatrali." These "theatrical agents," with few exceptions, are the "foot-pads" upon the artists' road. With regard to male singers, they sell engagements to the highest bidder in the shape of "commission," independent of fitness or ability, which keeps the poor, and perhaps more talented, singer out of the field. The female artist, it is notorious (and these gentlemen make no secret of the "mysteries" of their profession), too commonly purchases the honour of being on Mr. A. or Mr. B.'s list by sacrifices that shall be unnameable.

An Italian *impresario* is generally a jack-of-all-trades,—now an hotel-keeper, now a pastry-cook, now a bankrupt, now starting up again, and exclaiming, like Tate Wilkinson to Tony Lebrun the actor, "Cusa-a-God, Tony, I'm a manager!"[†] Sometimes he is a man with a little judgment, but no money; at others with a little more, but no judgment. In the first case, he borrows the "useful" of some friend, who is "a damn'd unconscionable dog," and charges him awful interest, keeping him completely under his thumb; in the second, he is sure to be surrounded by a set of intriguing charlatans connected with the theatre, who, under the pretence of his interests, swindle him right and left, and, when his means are exhausted, shake him off, and call him "a *asinio*!" A practice prevails in Italy when an *impresario* takes a theatre, great or small, of "going round with the hat"—the contributors to the "hat" being for the most part; a set of persons from season to season. These chiefly consist of respectable tradesmen or persons of the city or town who are fond of music, and form the only intelligent and honest part of the "direction" of the theatre; for as such their contribution entitles them to be considered. They are entitled "Socios." Thus we have Manager No. 1, Mr. *Impresario*, in his own person; Manager No. 2, the *Socios*; and Managers No. 3, the "Direction," or, as it is designated in several theatres, "the Noble Direction!" This improper power behind the throne—the more improper because irresponsible—is a fatal stumbling-block in the progress of the lyric art, and highly injurious to the interests of the honourable artists, as well as ruinous to managers. "The Noble Direction" is omnipotent. The operas to be performed, the singers to be engaged, must eventually meet with its high and mighty approval. Its members are the Solons—the Macrusses (if I feel tempted to write the *Milases*) of the theatres.

And of what materials, you will naturally ask, is this enlightened body composed? In the first place, of such of the aristocracy as hold shares or interest in the theatre; next, of some of the Government officials (the theatres in Italy being under their surveillance); and lastly, of two or three comical "dilettante." The first rarely take an active part—and are to be commended for their good sense; the second are generally passive, except on important occasions; but the last are always thrusting themselves forward, as if to prove that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The period for the exercise of this despotic power is generally reserved for the *gran prout* (last rehearsal), when.

⁴ Bulwer.

[†] See Riley's *Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor*.

according to the unwholesome regulations of Italian theatres, the direction may "protest" any of the artists; and against such decision neither manager nor artist has any appeal. Thus, if the manager has engaged a singer who does not bow down and worship Mr. Director, or has refused to engage the *prima donna* of his recommendation (and the "actives" have always some "*chère amie*" at hand)—no matter the talent of the artist—no matter however satisfied the manager and disinterested judges may be of their ability—the moment for the gratification of vanity, spite, or malevolence has arrived, and the singer is "protested;" the theatre must be closed until another singer is "up" in the part, and if the "protested" artist be a *debutante*, or even young in the profession, a serious, a fatal, an irrecoverable blow is inflicted. We well know that the ability of judging may exist separately from the power of execution. An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should always be an amateur; and it therefore behoves the *dilettanti* to exhibit some show of modesty—some evidence of education—when they take upon themselves to issue flats against professional artists, the result of which may be to deprive them of their means of support, and to blast their prospects of fame and emolument, for which they have anxiously laboured during years of laborious study.

It is of one of those mis-called "*lovers of art*"—one of these Italian *dilettanti*—a gentleman who does the *buffo* business in musical soirees, and attempts "subterraneous bass"—that I have now to speak. His conduct towards an English artist during the last Carnival season at Pavia merits severe reprehension.

A young English lady, who has been studying the Italian school of music here for upwards of four years, and possesses high qualifications, was engaged by the manager of the theatre at Pavia directly he heard her sing, to make her *debut* at his theatre. The rehearsals were progressed to the satisfaction of all; but after the *gran prova* was concluded, forth came the delegated representative of the "noble direction," who does utility business in the comedy of the *Judgment of Midas* at Pavia, and thus spoke the oracle:—"The *prima donna* is English—we must have another. But why—why I?" was anxiously demanded by the frightened manager; "she has a fine voice, sings well, with taste and feeling, and is evidently a good musician." The oracle looked rather blank; but, after ruminating for some moments, thus delivered himself:—"The *prima donna* is deficient in acting." (No wonder:—the *prima donna* was a *debutante*.) In vain the manager, director of the orchestra, and the *scenoi* all urged and pleaded, "Try her—try her!" No;—the sentence had been passed—the English girl should not sing—Signor Curtani says so—the "lover of art" protests against the *Inglese!*

Now let us pause, to ask this magnanimous connoisseur if he be aware how completely he justified himself. We leave him in possession of whatever gratification he may feel at the success of his narrow-minded prejudices against English talent, and tell him that to "protest" a lyric artist—a *debutante*, too—at a rehearsal (when we all know singers rarely or never act) was equal in point of justice to "protesting" a painter before he has touched the canvas—a sculptor before he has used the chisel—to declare a battle lost before a sword was drawn, or the enemy in sight. Was the "Daniel" of Pavia in possession of the fact, that many of the first singers that ever existed (including several of his own countrymen), after long practice, and even up to the close of their career, were *bad* actors, and that even the great Rubini, in the zenith of his fame (except in moments of apparent inspiration), was a perfect "stick" on the stage? The true artist will always bow with deference to the opinion of the public, and strive to remedy faults, but it is heartbreaking (especially for a tyro), to be debarr'd from the only legitimate tribunal by a private enemy, a bigot, or a charlatan.

I am both sorry and reluctant to state, that conduct like Signor Curtani's finds but too many imitators among his countrymen; some of whom, from their education, position in society, and knowledge of the manner in which Italian artists are received in London, ought to know better. But the enemies of English artists in Italy are engaged in a hopeless task. Where genius and talent exist, they are not to be crushed, but will eventually make way through a hundred obstacles.

When will respectable, fair-judging Italians rouse themselves, and shake off these plague-spots, these illiberal "ciques," that justly create so much prejudice against them in the minds of intelligent foreigners! Italian public! hear, that you may judge; and where there is talent, foster it, encourage it—no matter the country whence it comes. The days of monopoly are gone. Look truth boldly in the face, and acknowledge that your *prostitute* is at any rate diminished. Do this frankly, and you will then deserve and receive the respect and the sympathy of English artists, and your beautiful land still continue to be honoured as the "Mother of Art."

P.S.—I propose in my next to speak of the *professional Italian cabal* against English artists in Italy, and also of certain parties who go over to England to fulfil lucrative engagements every season, and then return to Milan to abuse the English, and join in the conspiracies against the English singers here. They will perhaps take the hint. Your correspondent has his eye upon them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 261.)

A few dozen strokes of the oars and we turned a bend in the river, and seemed to be floating in a lake of liquid lightning fringed with a forest of combs; for the stems of the mangrove bushes having been denuded of their leaves, looked more like those useful adjuncts of the nursery than anything else I can think of. By degrees, however, there came a patch of *terra firma*, then fewer mangroves, then an old banana or plantain-tree, with great rich, lazy, half-broken leaves, just trembling as that ring-tailed monkey scampers off, frightened by the sound of our oars, and bearing away the luscious fruit. "Now, Captain, how can you be so cruel!" says our good-natured domiue, as our middle-headed chiefstain takes aim at the little native, "what is the use of shooting him—is there not room enough in the world for your huge carcass." And so diverting his aim, the domiue winks at us, and then opens a bottle of claret, as Master Jaeko pops his head from behind the trunk of a mahogany tree, and grins an adieu to his would-be murderer. The banks grow still more open, and at last huge mountains are seen surrounding us on all sides, covered with the magnificent mahogany trees, and alive with the brilliant plumage of numberless paroquets.

The scenery was now positively sublime, and as we neared an Indian village named Gattin, about seven miles up the river, we determined to stop, rest our men, and have a look at the natives. And here I met with a mishap; for in stepping out of the boat upon what I supposed to be dry land, the treacherous black slime gave way with me, and I was up to my middle in a composition apparently composed of Day and Martin's blacking, soft soap, and that mysterious preparation denominated by plasterers *compo*. I did not feel at all comfortable while waiting for my comrades to pull me out, which, after laughing awhile, they did (and I came out with a pop like a ginger-beer cork); for, as this river swarms with alligators, and as these amiable Niobes have a fashion of making dirt-pies of themselves in the muddy banks, it was not improbable that they might have taken a fancy to me; in which case my only consolation would have been like Sidney Smith's to the missionary bishop, "That I should have disagreed with them."

I do not think the Indian village of Gattin likely ever to take any prominent position among the great cities of the world, as it consists entirely of huts made in the dirty bee-hive style, and the inhabitants devote themselves principally to hunting and pastoral pursuits—I mean such Arcadian delights as can be found in "The flocks shall leave the mountains" of each other's noddles. In costume they are exceedingly primitive—none but the elderly females wearing anything at all, and, as their principal diet is of a vegetable character, their figures assume very much the appearance of an orange with a couple of tobacco-pipes stuck in it. Well, after stopping long enough (for me to scrape myself, and, giving some small silver coins to the little ones who begged for "little a pistareen para Michacho, Caballeros," we again embark upon the Styx-like stream, where

our captain, who had been imprudently drinking on shore the fiery agnitude of the country, annoyed our good Charon, the padrone, by giving similar doses to the boatman; the consequence was that they became uncommonly facetious, and at last when, at nine o'clock, we arrived at a portion of the river called Dos Hermanos, where the stream begins to assume a rapid character, they positively refused to go any further without rest, so perforce we landed again; and here we saw the most enormous green turtle it is possible to imagine. It was lying on its back, and the flat yellow shell had been taken off. It was the most extraordinary waste of the raw material I ever beheld; for these poor devils, the natives, do not know how to cook it—simply heating the flesh upon the embers, and throwing the "delicious green fat" to the turkeys buzzards. I am quite sure that the late respected Mr. Birch would have gone distracted with the idea, and very probably have drowned himself in the shell, which is quite large enough. I should mention, *en passant*, that these noble reptiles are caught outside the river's mouth upon the sandy beach, about four miles below Chagres, where they are very plentiful.

The first thing done by our boatmen was deliberately to scoop holes in a bank of sand that had been exposed all day to the sun, get in, cover themselves up, and in two minutes they were sound asleep, under the arrangement that they were to start again at midnight. We then took it by turns, four or five at a time, to wander on shore, first taking the precaution of leaving a good guard over our goods and chattels, as many boats were lying here while their passengers were snoring our example. Here we got some execrable coffee and tortillas, which are very much like those cakes that all children like to pat in their hands, and bake in the fire-shovel, when pies are being manufactured at home. At last midnight came, and with it came our captain, fearfully and wonderfully tipsy—the only man in that condition I am happy to say. It would be painful to linger over the shortcomings of a great man; but I feel it my duty as a faithful chronicler to say that he was then and there ignominiously deposed and put to sleep among the boxes to awake upon the morrow "a wiser and a smaller man." Our boatmen rose instantly and cheerfully commenced their laborious ascent of the rapid river—which here does not admit of the use of the oar—by poling us up; which operation consists in starting from the bow of the boat and pushing against a pole with the chest, as the boatman strides from stem to stern. Our party now were very sleepy, and disposed themselves for a comfortable night's rest as best they could, covered with cloaks and coats to keep off the dew, which was now very heavy; but, as I feared to sleep in this heavy tropical moisture, I decided upon keeping the padrone company for the night, and I found him a very intelligent companion, possessing a great fund of exceedingly useful information; and, still better, he was a Freemason. I was induced to keep this night's watch, mainly in order that I might see the constellation of the Southern Cross, which all the poets, from Camoens downward, have raved so about, and which would be visible above the horizon about three in the morning. Well, it rose, and I saw it for the first time (oh! how many dreary nights since have I watched those four stars!), and cannot sufficiently express my disappointment. It has neither size, form, brilliancy, nor equality of magnitude. In short, although some consideration might be made, consequent upon the nervous incident to a first appearance, I must always look upon this much-belauded constellation as a humbug, a poetical myth, and unworthy the place it has taken among the poets.

Slowly and steadily the night passed away, enlivened by the light of the myriads of fire-flies and a sharp snapping of the jaws of the numerous alligators, whose constant proximity to the boat was quite a source of uneasiness to us; for my long friend from Illinois would insist upon putting those awful legs of his over the gunwale of the boat into the water; but owing to our perseverance, although I think he got several nibbles, there were no absolute bites. At about four o'clock the sun suddenly made his appearance, and (as is always the case in the tropics) we jumped from night to day without the intervening twilight. Breakfast was soon the cry, so out came the stores,

we landed, made a fire, brewed the coffee, and we had such a breakfast, enlivened by the society of some ladies, whose imprudent husbands had neglected to provide any creature comforts, trusting to the tender mercies of the natives of the isthmus, in consequence of which the poor souls were nearly starved. While our boatmen, with the dominie in command, poled round a long curve in the river, the rest of the party walked across a kind of peninsula; the ground, which had been cleared for cultivation, was now alive with the mimosa sensitiva, which grew about knee-high, bearing a little lilac-coloured blossom, and whose leaves and secondary branches shrunk as we approached, and remained apparently dead, while our footsteps appeared to have carried desolation in their track.

In about an hour's walking we arrived at the opposite side of the peninsula, where, for the first time, we entered a rancho, or farm-house of the country. Now this rancho was built of wood, and of what wood do you think, gentle piano and cabinet-makers! None other than the best Spanish mahogany, simply dressed with the broad-axe, and without the sign of a plane. I saw as a door to a dilapidated stable a piece of wood that would, in veneers, have been of great value; but here it is so common that a bit of deal or white pine would be looked upon as a curiosity. Here we got fresh-laid eggs and Allisop's pale ale, a great luxury in a warm climate.

Shortly the boat rounded the bend in the river, and the dignified and alligator-like, most dreadfully sunburnt, and cramped from sitting in the boat. He soon recovered, with the aid of the pale ale and the delicate attentions of a Spanish lady without shoes or stockings and rather scanty drapery, whose *erigence* seemed to alarm the good dominie. Indeed, he afterwards told me in confidence that he really believed she was no better than she should be, in which opinion (to his great satisfaction) I solemnly concurred.

From the time of our embarkation again until our arrival at Gorgona (where we were to rest and proceed on mule-back) nothing of importance occurred, and we got quite used to the iguanas and alligators—only shooting one or two by way of amusement, to which the dominie did not object, as he said they were *carmin*.

One curious sight I must mention. Upon a large dead mahogany tree, close to the side of the river, sat a large number of vultures (which, as most people know, are of a dingy blackish brown, with long red necks, that make them look like clean-shaven highlanders), and upon the top of the tree was a bird called by our padrones the king-vulture. He was perfectly white, and was evidently treated with great consideration by the rest of his court; now whether this bird is of a different breed, or merely a variety, or whether the vultures change his nature (as the bees do that of the queen), by stuffing him with any peculiar preparation of dead horse, I cannot say, but the padrone said that we were lucky in getting a glimpse of his majesty, as they were extremely scarce; and he told us some strange stories of the deference shown to him by the common vultures. And so beguiling the way by viewing the lovely scenery that surrounded us, ever changing, ever beautiful, we arrived at Gorgona at nine o'clock at night, our boatmen having, *sans intermission*, poled us up this rapid river without cessation for thirty-three hours, perfectly naked in a broiling sun, a species of labour that would have given the strongest European a *coup de soleil* in an hour. "We had no sooner struck the beach, than with the glee of schoolboys just let loose, they shouldered our heavy trunks, and scampered like monkeys up the steep ascent to the village, where we found them in the large bar-room, grinning with delight as we came up the steep fuming with the heat; we gave them thirteen dollars over and above our agreement, as an encouragement for their good conduct, at which—if blessings were water-spouts—they showered enough of them upon our heads to have swept us into the Pacific, and away they went to the *Monté table*, where, I have no doubt, in an hour or two they were as penniless as when we took them to Chagres; however, they could not well start for some weeks, for we left them provisions enough to set up a decent Italian warehouse or cook-shop. Our next care was then to see our luggage forwarded to Panama by pack-mules; this

done, to secure riding mules to start at daybreak, attempt to eat a supper of a kind of anatomical preparation of extremely antiquated horse (called, by courtesy, beef-steak), and turn in upon a canvass cot without any bedclothes, where we slept like tops till daybreak.

(To be continued.)

M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSICAL ART.

THE concluding article of M. Fétis on this subject has appeared. The various special directions which musical talent may take are touched upon, and the preliminary observation is made, that, with the exception of Mozart, no composer has ever been known to impress the stamp of his genius on every class of production, from a serious opera to a *contre-danse*, and to lavish treasures of beauty both in vocal and instrumental music, after his powers had acquired their full development. Such an exception only the more completely proves the rule. Talent follows a particular bent according to the physiological organisation of the individual, and his moral characteristics; sometimes, also, according to his education, to certain habits contracted in youth, to the associations amidst which he has lived, or, lastly, to fortuitous circumstances. Painters and composers are frequently blind to their own destination, and only discover it through some unforeseen accident.

Sometimes, after obtaining success in one style, they imagine themselves capable of excelling in others, make the trial, and fail. Beethoven had reached the highest rank in instrumental music when he determined to compose an oratorio, and was only mediocre. He tried his powers in opera, and introduced many things of great beauty in *Fidelio*; but these beauties are not always suited to the stage, and were achieved with the greatest labour, the composer returning to his work at repeated intervals, suppressing some pieces, rewriting others entirely or in part, but never satisfying himself or realising his intentions, because he was deficient in the essential quality demanded by this style—namely, the instinct of stage effect, which is very distinct from dramatic feeling.*

In contrast with this example is that of Méhul, whose talent for dramatic composition was of so high an order. Méhul commenced by writing sonatas for the piano, in which there was nothing to indicate the genius subsequently revealed. He composed symphonies at a time when his reputation was already spread throughout Europe, but in these coldly designed works there is not a spark of the creative fire which the public were excited at the performance of *Joseph*, *Euphrosyne*, and *Arion*.†

In France the rarest sort of talent is that for instrumental music, in speaking of which, M. Fétis passes over in contempt what he designates the "wretched things" with which the world has been inundated within the last half century, and especially in quite recent days. That there should be light and trifling things written for people of the world and young ladies who regard music as a more or less disagreeable way of passing the time—all well and good! Such toys have no need of any encouragement; the world for which they are destined sufficiently appreciates them; but do not let us forget that in instrumental music, in symphonies, quartets, quintets, and trios the highest ideal aims of the art are asserted, and that next to church music no style is less influenced by fashion. Scarcely as the French are to the beauties of this species of music, few artists have cultivated it; why it is so has been shown in previous articles. One French composer alone, the late Onslow,‡ devoted the greater part of his career to it, because, being in the enjoyment of a fortune more than sufficient

for his own wants and those of his family, he was not driven to take into consideration the question of revenue and means of livelihood from which so few artists can set themselves free. Onslow won for himself an honourable renown in this style of composition, and produced works of interest deficient only in originality. Amateurs—at the time there were any—played his music a good deal, and it is also held in much esteem in Germany. Quite recently a few young composers have tried their skill in quartets; but excepting those who, like Dancla, possess the talent of a violinist and can obtain a hearing for their works, they are obliged to keep them in their portfolios.

M. Fétis thinks there is certainly some way of remedying so unfortunate a state of affairs. He proposes that the directors of "conservatoires," and even the heads of branch schools in the provinces, should establish classes of quartets, under the guidance of good professors, invested by their talents with the required authority. These classes would be joined as a matter of obligation to those students of the violin and violoncello who had acquired a certain skill, and were good readers. "Lanrety" of the Institute, first prize-man in composition, artists already honorably distinguished; and as regards those who have not yet emerged from obscurity, those who can give a guarantee of their title by the production of a work recognised as meritorious by a competent committee, would enjoy the right to have their works executed in this class, and of explaining their intentions to the executors. Those producing the most satisfactory effect would be performed in public, and admittance to the performances might be by invitation. They would take place in summer, when the artists are not overburdened with the fatigue of concerts, soirées, rehearsals, and the labours of the winter season.

The same may be said with regard to symphonies. Several happy expedients have, it is true, been put into practice to facilitate the hearing of unpublished works, as in the *Société de St. Cécile*, and the association of young artists of the *Conservatoire*, directed by M. Padeloup; but it is impossible to overlook the fact that the object of these undertakings being the realisation of a profit, the fatal obligation is incurred of sniting the taste of the public, whose purses are aimed at. Now, it is an incontrovertible fact, that when the public pay, they will not run any risks with regard to the pleasure they are to receive. They demand security on this point, and names of celebrity are alone capable of affording it. In a given time, therefore, such enterprises must eventually diverge into the habitual errors to which all similar undertakings are subject. Performances to an invited audience can alone afford a guarantee against this necessary consequence, and an orchestra formed out of the body of a school, and subject to the regulations of a superior authority, could alone preserve its primitive character. In a conservatorium where the instrumental pupils are numerous, as in Paris and Brussels, a special orchestra might therefore be organised for the purpose of executing unpublished symphonies and overtures, and public assemblies for hearing them might take place in the summer, at intervals of a fortnight.

These, and the expedients described in former articles, M. Fétis confidently believes would infallibly furnish the means of satisfying that insidious necessity to all composers—the obtaining a hearing for their works—if they possess talent. Musicians are not so favourably situated in this respect as painters, to whom exhibition rooms frequented by hundreds of thousands are periodically open for the display of their productions, and who, if their works be of distinguished merit, are sure of realising large sums. The musician requires that his work be satisfactorily executed, and if his success be commensurate with his expectations the profit will be exactly 0. The only advantage he will have gained—an immense one no doubt—will be to have given token of the worth of his talent, and to have emerged at least from that obscurity which to an artist is the tomb.

M. Fétis then proceeds to notice another branch of his subject, and to inquire how music may be rescued from the degraded state into which he sees it has fallen. A first consideration that occurs is, the thoughtlessness with which the career is adopted without the urgent pressure of that powerful and conscious instinct which reveals genius innate. The career of a composer

* With regard to the *Mount of Olivee*, and still more emphatically with regard to *Fidelio*, we beg our readers to believe that we do not share the opinions of M. Fétis.—Ed.

† Here again we are inclined to differ from M. Fétis. We have often wished to hear Méhul's symphony in G minor at the Philharmonic Concerts.—Ed.

‡ Who was an Englishman!—Ed.

is taken up as one would take up that of a house-painter, in order to be of one trade or another. Let it be proclaimed for the benefit of those who commit this error that there is no worse profession in the world than that of music, even when nature has done her utmost. Let a man ask himself whether from earliest childhood he has felt a strange uplifting of the soul, a sense of actual beatitude at hearing certain combinations of sound, at feeling the sensation caused by certain qualities of sound? Has he passionately sought out every occasion for again feeling the same pleasure! Has he at a later period felt the impulse to procure the enjoyment himself by means of the first musical instrument he can lay hands on, without knowing how to set about it, and with inexhaustible patience feeling his way through repeated trials? Has he ever invented little melodies of some sort, which to him were fraught with charm ere he had even heard of music! Has he been able to read music, as it were, without having learned it, by rapid flashes revealing in a mysterious manner the whole mechanism of its notation! Has he had the idea of harmony without knowing the laws which govern the construction of a chord! Has he been racked with the desire to put forth ideas, to give them a shape and to score for the orchestra at an age when others have no thoughts beyond childish games! If he had felt and done all this, who can say whether he possesses genius or no! Nevertheless, such an indication of its existence permits M. Fétis to say to that man, "Work, apply yourself, by-and-by we shall see." If, on the contrary, such a revelation has not occurred, assiduity may make a more or less skilful musician, but there will be no prospect of his ever becoming a composer.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday evening in last week, attracted one of the largest audiences we remember to have seen in Exeter Hall. Our anticipations are about to be realised. *Israel in Egypt* will soon be only second to the *Messiah* in popularity. The performance last year at the Crystal Palace has in a great measure led to this result; and now that the choir is undergoing so effective a training in rehearsals for the Handel Centenary Festival next year, we may reasonably look forward to as perfect an execution of Handel's grandest choral work as of any of the better known oratorios. The performance on Friday night was not perfect, but it was by far the best we have heard at Exeter Hall. Some of the choruses were as fine specimens of choral singing as we ever heard. We may cite "He gave them hailstones," "They loathed to drink," "The horse and his rider," "He spoke the word"—which, by the way, we heard in tune for the first time—and "Thy right hand, O Lord," as among the most successful efforts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The "Hailstone" Chorus was received with such a storm of applause as to make its repetition indispensable.

The principal vocalists have little room for display in this oratorio. The popular (and very long) duet for the basses, "The Lord is a man of war," if tolerably sung, is sure to create effect. Nor did it fail on the present occasion, interpreted by such vigorous "interpreters" as Messrs. Weiss and Thomms. The "encore," nevertheless, was not by any means unanimous, and should not have been accepted. "And the enemy said," was quite another thing. This spirited air was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves in such a manner as to produce a sensation unparalleled at Exeter Hall. It was a real *furor*, in which the whole band and chorus joined, and which, by its vehemence and continuance, fairly took the singer by surprise. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang more magnificently. The air besides being extremely difficult,—one of the most difficult of Handel's *bravura* songs for tenor—requires great power of voice, combined with a ready command of florid execution, and a breadth of style that few vocalists possess. Everything was found in the great English tenor. A more unanimous "encore," or one more richly earned, was never awarded to singer.

Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Banks and Miss Dolby were the other soloists. Miss Dolby acquitted herself admirably, singing both the *contralto* airs in the true Handelian style. "Their land

brought forth frogs," was given with the requisite simplicity of expression, and "Thou shalt bring them in" was equally good. The soprano part is very important, and, if Madame Rudersdorf would attempt less with it, she would probably accomplish more.

On Wednesday next, Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be performed.

BATH.—The last of the series of the first-class entertainments of the Bath Classical Concert Society came off on Wednesday. Unfortunately, in consequence of those who arranged the programme having put down for Mr. Sims Reeves about twice as much work as he had agreed for, great dissatisfaction was expressed at his not taking the tenor in Leslie's trio, "Oh memory!" and singing other pieces to which his name was affixed. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, was entirely blameless in this affair. Many might say that Mr. Sims Reeves is paid well enough, and should not begrudge an extra song or two. But he is really pinning his market value, and nothing more; for, considering the years of hard study and continuous labour he must have gone through, to acquire his indisputably pre-eminent position as a scientific musician and highly cultivated singer, if he received double or treble the present guerdon of his services from the public whom he delights, he would not be too liberally dealt with. Again, when we take into consideration the fact that he is called upon, nearly six nights in every week, to gratify audiences hundreds of miles apart, and to sing before them *volens volens*, in or out of condition, with an ease, delicacy, and finish that imply an intolerable amount of harassing labour, we are bound to extend to him our kindest consideration, and cannot complain at his refusal to perform more than he has bargained for. He was, on this occasion, the making of Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," F. Mori's "Who shall be fairest," &c. &c. Explanations were volunteered by Mr. B. Taylor and Mr. King, and after a while the dissatisfaction of the audience seemed to subside. The first appearance of Miss Kenble before a Bath audience was a matter of great interest. This young lady having but lately made her *début* in the metropolis, has not shaken off the nervousness common to first appearances. The *contr.tenors* of the present occasion tended to increase her trepidation, and we are, therefore, unable to form a judgment as to the extent of her abilities. We hope, ere long, to have the pleasure of hearing her under more favourable conditions. Miss Helen I. Taylor sang two of her father's compositions, Benedict's "Auge Adoré," &c. Beethoven's Grand Septuor—a part at the commencement of each section of the entertainment—was effectively rendered by Messrs. Biagrove, B. Taylor, Brooke, Hutchins, Mann, Waite, and Pratten. We believe this work has not been performed in Bath since the late Mr. Loder's last benefit concert. The other classical piece was the first movement of Hummel's *Septet in D minor*, by Messrs. W. O. Gibbs, Biagrove, Rockstro, Nicholson, Mann, Waite, and Pratten—performed in excellent style. Since writing the above, we have received from Mr. B. King an explanation on behalf of the committee. It is quite enough to say that Mr. Sims Reeves is freed from all blame, and is acknowledged to have invariably fulfilled his engagements with the committee faithfully and honorably. The conductor, in his anxiety to please subscribers, had added two songs in Mr. Sims Reeves's name, without his knowledge. Mr. Reeves objected as soon as he was aware of the fact, and the committee, on hearing this, were about to reprint the programmes and books of the words; but, as they were already circulated, they could not be withdrawn.

—Bath Paper.

BYST OF LESUEUR.—The foyer of the Grand Opéra of Paris lately received an accession to its gallery of illustrious composers in the bust of Lesueur, author of the *Bardes* and *La Caverne*, and master of MM. Aubriaise Thomas, Hector Berlioz, Charles Gounod, &c. &c. Lesueur was born at Plessy, a small village near Abbeville, where his statue in bronze has for many years adorned one of the principal places of the town. The complete works of the composer have been presented by his widow to the city of Abbeville, and are deposited in the communal library.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC
HATH CLAIMED KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF
HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or THE GREAT
BUSINESS. FAUST and MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF
HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening
next, May 1, the performance will commence with the new comédietta,
A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled THE LISH TIMES
To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday
evening, May 1, the performance will commence with the popular drama of
LIKE AND UNLIKE. After which, the grand original spectacular operatic
drama, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c., called the
CALIPH OF BAGDAD. To conclude with a new and original domestic sketch,
entitled WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—CARLO ANDREOLETTI,
Physician to the Court of Turin, will have the honour of giving THREE
SOIRES OF MYSTICAL ILLUSIONS of a novel description, without the aid of
apparatus, at the above Theatre on Monday, May 3, Wednesday, May 5, and
Friday, May 7, commencing at Eight o'clock. Tickets to be had at Mr. Mitchell's
Royal Library, 23, Old Broad-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHORDDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JAMES DOUGLASS.
Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Henry Marston, and Miss Atkinson every evening
On Monday, MACBETH. On Tuesday, THE WINTER TALE. On Wednesday,
STRANGER. On Thursday, VIOLINUS. On Friday, EVADNE; OR, THE
HALL OF STATUES. On Saturday, a Play, and, for the first time, THE
DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, in which Miss Rebecca Isaacs will perform.
To conclude with OUR NELLY. Nelly, Miss Rebecca Isaacs. No advance in the
prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ALEXANDER WATT.—We cannot enter into such discussions.
Were we to make an exception, our columns would be filled with them
every week.

M. FERDINAND STRAUSS.—The communication of our cor-
respondent is an advertisement.

AN ADMIRER OF DUSSEK'S GENIUS.—Dussek died in 1812. His
last great sonata was L'Invocacion (Op. 77), printed in Paris.
Professor Bennett has performed it in public.

C. G. S. Many thanks for the polite offer of our correspondent,
which, nevertheless, we are compelled respectfully to decline.

BIRTH.

On the 25th of April, at Lavender-hill, the wife of Charles
Loevey, Esq., of a son.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1858.

The greatest curiosity was excited at the recent *soirées* of
Miss Arabella Goddard by the fact of Woelf's *Ne Plus Ultra*
and Dussek's *Plus Ultra* being both included in her pro-
gramme. Each of these sonatas possesses extraordinary
merit, and each is a genuine example of its composer's
manner. The whole soul of Dussek (an enthusiastic musi-
cian if there ever was one) is evident, as we have more than
once insisted, in the *Plus Ultra*, which is more crowded with
perfectly original ideas than perhaps any other composition
for pianoforte solus not included in the repertory of the un-
equalled Beethoven. The genius of Woelf was of a less
ardent and poetical turn. Nevertheless, he was a master,
and the *allegro* of his sonata is as symmetrically planned and
as skillfully carried out as though it had fallen from the pen
of Mozart himself. The variations on "Life let us cherish,"
so unlike in character to what precedes them, demand a word
or two of explanation.

* The pianoforte sonata in C minor alone would establish this.

In Woelf's time (which was the early time of Beethoven—the time of Dussek and Steibelt, and our unfortunate English Pintos) there was a number of composers of the Abbé Gelinek and Von Esch tribe, who wrote pianoforte works for display with as little regard for true musical beauty as certain modern *virtuosi* who need not be designated by name. They enjoyed, too, like their successors, a degree of popularity far beyond their deserts, to the detriment of more earnest labourers in the field of art. Their compositions were on every pianoforte, and their influence was highly prejudicial to the taste of amateur performers, besides offering facilities for charlatans to exhibit their flimsy talent at the expense of their betters, who would neither stoop to write, nor consent to promulgate, such empty *lours de force*. Joseph Woelf, one of the sturdiest upholders of music in its purity, was naturally among those most indignant at the progress made by players, composers, and teachers, whom he knew to be nothing better than impostors. Each fashionable professor paraded one or two airs with variations, which, having composed himself and got into his fingers, he would force on the attention of his pupils. By these means the sonatas and other works of the great masters gradually became neglected; the music of Mozart, Clementi, and Dussek—still more that of Bach and Handel—went into disuse, and Steibelt himself, one of the sterling men of his time, began to minister to the fashion of the hour, and gifted with just as much fluency as genius, rivalled the Von Eschs of the day, contrary to the real musical instincts of his nature. (At this period, Beethoven was producing his earlier compositions in rapid succession, and by the irresistible example of his pianoforte sonatas sustaining the good cause in another part of Europe.) Woelf, in vain opposing the strong tide of popular caprice, at last hit upon an expedient which he thought might somehow mend the matter, and help to bring about a better state of things. Inwardly conscious that he could write display-pieces with a great deal more facility than any of the pretenders who were fast destroying the taste for pure and healthy music, and perform them with an equal superiority, he resolved to give the fashionable world a test of his ability. His fame was European, and he enjoyed the most distinguished position as a teacher. Thus his influence was considerable, and he had only to feign adherence to the prevalent style to swamp all his competitors. The *Ne Plus Ultra* was the fruit of his new resolve. Unable, however, to yield so gracefully to the breeze as his suppler contemporary, Daniel Steibelt, our more vigorous and unbending musician began his new work with a stately *adagio*, followed by an *allegro* solidly built on those principles which are the foundation of art, and with which art itself must perish. Having thus proved that he was still Joseph Woelf, he immediately set about the rest, which was at once to propitiate the false idol of the period and arrest the triumphs of its worshippers. A short *andante*, the air "Life let us cherish," and the variations constructed upon it, constituted the rest of the sonata.

These variations alone would show Woelf to be a man of genius, since, though the offspring of a momentary caprice, they are a prophecy of Henri Herz, who formed his style upon them, and reproduced them in a hundred shapes, until he had exhausted all that could be squeezed out of them. When he abandoned the variations of Woelf, Herz was no longer Herz, but one of the thousand phantoms of Sigismond Thalberg.

Well—the publisher of Woelf's music, a bit of a dilettante himself, was terrified when he had glanced at the manuscript.

He might have exclaimed, "Awast!"—and so have foreshadowed a molecule of the *cosmos* of Dickens, as Woelfl had foreshadowed the entire *cosmos* of Herz. Not so lucky, however, as to immortalise himself by an interjection, all the publisher said was—"Why, who the deuce can play it?" "I will it blay!"—replied Woelfl, in Handelian English. "Yes—but you want buy the copies. No one but yourself, or Dusek, can play the *allegro*—and I doubt if either of you can master the variations." Woelfl sat down to the instrument (a cracked old harpichord) and convinced the worthy publisher of his error. Not only was he convinced, but enchanted. "But what shall we call it?" he inquired. "Call it *NE PLUS ULTRA*!"—said Woelfl, rubbing his hands with innate satisfaction. "Now shall we see if Herr Von Esch will more blay, or Herr Bomdembo* make de variation." And *Ne Plus Ultra* was consigned to the hands of the publisher.

The effect produced by the new sonata, and especially by the variations, which (as Woelfl had suspected) were soon separated from the *allegro*, and published alone, was extraordinary. The work was eagerly bought, and, to the confusion of several professors of high repute, whose incompetency had previously escaped detection, was placed before them by their pupils with a very urgent request to hear it played. All sorts of shifts and evasions were resorted to in order to avoid going through such an ordeal; but in vain. Woelfl performed the *Ne Plus Ultra* at a concert, and with such brilliant success, that it became the fashionable piece from that moment. Not only did he by these means obtain what he had contemplated, in the discomfiture of those shallow practitioners who had endeavoured to depreciate his worth, but what he had not contemplated—the transfer of their pupils. True to his art, however, he would never consent to give lessons on the variations until the *allegro* had been studied. "Dat is good"—he would say—"it will help to digest de variation."

The history of Dusek's *Plus Ultra*, how it came to be so entitled, and how it was dedicated to *Ne Plus Ultra*, has been told. It is certainly a work of far greater genius and for style and expression more difficult to perform effectively than its rival and predecessor. Nevertheless, both deserve the attention of connoisseurs. The musical public are much indebted to Miss Arabella Goddard for rescuing such interesting compositions from oblivion, and endowing them with new life and popularity through the medium of her very refined and artistic performances. The most hidden recesses of the classic library have not eluded the searching eye of this truly accomplished lady.

In the Homeric hymn to Hermes (which was not written by Homer,) there is a very pleasant account of the invention of the lute, by the ingenious deity to whom the poem is addressed. We will repeat this story, and when we speak in verse, our words will be those of old George Chapman, the whole of whose translations, edited by Richard Hooper, M.A., F.S.A., are published in a dainty form, by John Russell Smith, of Soho-square London.

[As many of our readers are doubtless of opinion that this is a puff, we inform them that their opinion is perfectly correct. We are highly delighted with the "Library of Old Authors," published by John Russell Smith, and we take this opportunity of giving it a lift.]

The little Hermes, being scarcely a day old, displayed his precocity by stealing the oxen of the sun, near the cave where the cattle were kept,—but let the poet sing:

"Near the eve's inmost coverture did lurk
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,
Leisurely moving."

The ugly form of the tortoise displeased the fine sense of the baby-god; but, nevertheless, he smiled, for he felt that a new opportunity for exercising his own power was presented. He knew very well that he

"Could convert
To profitable uses all desert
That nature had in any work convey'd."

And he saw in the tortoise a promising raw material. So he said:

"Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use,
Which thy ill-form shall never so seduce
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it,
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit."

[The last line, by the way, may cause a reader or two to surmise that the god's mode of expressing his views occasionally bordered on the obscure.]

The poet has not told us whether the tortoise liked to be killed; but that Hermes thought he was conferring an immense favour by putting an end to the animal's slow, tortoise-like existence, and converting it into a lute, may be gathered from this burst of gratulation addressed by him to the highly honoured victim:

"All joy to the kind
Instinct of nature in thee born to be
The spiriter of dancers, company
For feasts, and following banquets, graced and blest
For bearing light to all the interest
Clim'd in this instrument!"

Life, in the case of the tortoise, was, according to the opinion of Hermes, a decided disadvantage, for he went on thus:—

"Certainly thy virtue shall be known
'Gainst great-ill-causing incantation,
To serve us for a lance or smit.
And where in comfort of thy vital heat
Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd for song,
Espo'd by nature, after death more strong,
Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command
Song infinite sweeter."

We may infer, from this, that the tortoise did sing a little, even in the days of its dull life. It must have been, however, an ineffective sort of strain, like that of a vocalist imprisoned in the dreary recess of St. James's Hall. And here's a treat for every reader of poetical mind! A minute account of the manner in which the tortoise-carcase was fashioned into the soul-breathing lute:—

"With either hand
He took it up, and instantly took flight
Back to his cave with that his home-deight,
Where (giving to the mountain-tortoise vests
Of life and motion) with fit instruments
Forged of bright steel he straight inform'd a lute,
Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit
He made of splitted quills, in equal space
Impo'd upon the neck, and did embrace
Both back and bosom. At whose height (so gins
T' extend and ease the string) he put in pins.
Seven strings of several tunes he then applied,
Made of the entrails of a sheep well dried,
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did provide
A case for all, made of an ox's hide;
Out of his counsel to preserve as well
As to create."

[Cussess it in a whisper, gentle reader, you don't like this very much—this long bit about "splitted quills" and "gins," and "pins," and "strings," and "entrails," and you think that if Homer himself could nod a little, the Homeride is

* Bomtempo—a very popular composer of the time.

here actually snoring, and palning off his snore as delightful melody. But you are a mere blockhead if you don't admire the passage which follows, and which, omitting this bracketed comment, and gluing together the parts of the broken lines, you must fit on to the above.]

"And all this action fell
Into an instant consequence. His word
And work had individual accord,
All being as swiftness to perfection brought
As any worldly man's most ravaid'd thought,
Whose mind care cuts in an infinity
Of varied parts or passions instantly,
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye."

The important fact in this story is, that the instrument is invented by the god, not of music, but of oratory. Hence, although the lute would seem to have its proper place in some corner of the musical arsenal—as we keep arquebuses, pikes, chain-armor, and the like, in the Tower—it is quite clear that it here represents a heavy, lumpish, material turned into a thing of beauty by the power of eloquence.

The creations of the gods are durable, and our readers must not suppose that the lute of Hermes perished in the mythical days. No—the lute passed on from hand to hand—from generation to generation—frequently modified in its form, but never losing its identity. At last, fashioned into a guitar, it became the property of a little girl, named Elisa Félix, who sang about the streets of Paris. For a while this little girl fancied that the guitar was, as it appeared, a musical instrument, and that her own talent was musical; but in process of time, it was revealed to her, that she was the god Hermes, in female shape, and that the guitar was the symbol of her true vocation. A change of sex was not new to the habits of Olympus. Zeus assumed the form of Artemis to woo Calisto; Apollo, enamoured of Lencothé, put on the semblance of her mother.

About the time that her hitherto latent divinity was revealed to her, the damsel dropped the appellation of Elisa Félix, and took that of Rachel. Under this new name she performed a work of precisely the same kind that she had wrought when wandering about, a baby-god, on the heights of Cyllene. She found certain slow things, creeping lifelessly about the boards of the Théâtre Français, and feebly proclaiming, in Alexandrian verse, that they were classical tragedies. Pitying their inglorious condition, and perceiving that they could be converted to nobler uses, she breathed her own soul into them, and they charmed the civilised world. Open the *Horace* of Corneille, read the part of Camille, and you will find the very dullest fragment of tortoise-shell; look—but no, alas, that is no longer possible—remember that you have looked at the Camille of Rachel, and you will find it was one of the most sonorous and heart-stirring chords of the Hermetic lute.

Well, the God Hermes having cast aside his last earthly form, and returned to his Olympus, left the lute in the ancient city of Lutetia. Of course those whom he had honoured with his consanguinity during his sojourn on earth eagerly seized upon the relic, and treasured it up in a sacred shrine, resolved never more to part with it, till some new form of Hermes, or, at any rate, some divinely-commissioned person, should appear and claim the precious deposit as a right. No, they did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, they perpetrated a sin of omission, so deep in eye, that epithets of vituperation cannot heighten the disgust which must necessarily be felt by every right-minded person who

reads this plain record of the hideous delinquency here cited from a contemporary journal:—

"A melancholy memento of the force of family affection was brought into the market 'of ass and barker' the other day at Paris. This was an old guitar, ticketed as the very instrument with which little Rachel, when known as Elisa-Félix, had been used to go round in the days of her poverty as a street-singer. When the magnificent fortune which the gifted actress left behind her is recollected, the abandonment of such a relic as this claims only one epithet."

The family of Rachel, enriched by the genius of Rachel, allowed the guitar of Rachel to be sold. This was a crime which even the great *tragedienne* herself could not have made a source of interest. Sophocles, who took an ulcerous foot for the subject of one of his finest plays, could not have extolled this moral dirtiness. Vile fact, that no lever of idealism can lift into respectable insignificance.

No wonder that gods visit the earth but seldom, when they are treated in such scurvy fashion by their mortal kindred. We have no doubt that Minos took a horn from the carcass of the bull once inhabited by his father Zeus, and sold it to an economical inhabitant of ancient Caledonia, who wanted it for a Scotch mill. We veritably believe that a particle of the golden shower, wherein Zeus visited Danaë, was picked up by their son Perseus, and afterwards changed by that hero for current coin of the realm he happened to be in. Epaphus, too, thought himself very hardly used because his mother, Io, had been wooed by Zeus in the shape of a cloud—an utterly unmarketable commodity.

Snatch up your guitar, oh Hermes, into the heavens, place it next to "Lyra," and guard it from further profanation till you honour weak mortals with another visit, to be once more treated with base ingratitude.

ALL who recollect the manifold delights, the exquisite conceits, the side-shaking pleasantries and fair-shining glories of the "amateur pantomime" will find the brightest place in their memories occupied by the comfortable figure of Mr. Joseph Robins—psia! "Joe Robins," the Clown. That amateur pantomime was a joyous thing. It began its career, a chubby infant, at the Olympic Theatre, in the early part of 1855, and then displayed such wondrous precocity, while kicking, cuffling, and tumbling, for the benefit of a literary gentleman, now peacefully reposing from his earthly toils, that the Queen herself desired to see its gambols, and Drury Lane became the field for its more extended exertions. Great was the noise it made as *Guy Fawkes*, so great, indeed, that when the "fun" was over, it found a quiet life insupportable, so, after about a year of inglorious repose, it again rushed to Drury Lane, with the new name of *William Tell*, and there once more did it frolic amidst the plaudits of a wondering multitude, till it became surfeited with the honours bestowed on it, and resolved to retire like Charles V, in the plenitude of its power.

The pantomime, then, is defunct in its corporate capacity, but its constituents are still in existence, and some of them are about to meet again for a new and worthy object. Joe Robins, who was the central figure of the mirthful assembly, has now, in consequence of commercial misfortunes, adopted the stage as a profession, and his friends have determined to give him a London benefit. The brothers, Albert and Arthur Smith are "getting up" the affair with the zeal that ever distinguishes them, when they are engaged in a work of benevolence. Several of the amateurs, who still, in private theatrical circles, maintain the reputation they acquired in the pantomime—the polished Wray, the accomplished Holmes,

and others of the same galaxy, have determined to shine with unwaived lustre for the benefit of the facetious Joe. Miss Dolby, Brinley Richards, the "Keelays" (Mary included), have likewise responded to the call. Mr. Sorrel has written for the occasion a version of *Les Deux Aveugles*, in which, as well as in the *Spitalfields Weaver*, Joe Robins will himself appear, and the rear will be showily brought up by those most popular musicians, the "Christy Minstrels." The best of clowns, and the best of good fellows thus finds that the fable of the "Hare and many Friends" does not admit of universal application.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT LIVERPOOL.—The great "hit" of the subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday evening, was the truly wonderful playing of Miss Arabella Goddard, a young *artiste* of whom England may well be proud, and in comparison with whom the new school of unintelligible pianists are, in the language of the turf, "nowhere." Much as we expected from Miss Goddard, from the recollection of previous performances and the unanimous eulogiums of the metropolitan critics during the present season, our anticipations were more than realised, both in Hummel's concerto in A flat, and Thalberg's fantasia on airs from *Masaniello*. Each of these pieces, so different in their peculiar styles, was played to perfection from memory, the former displaying a degree of expression and chastity which was in admirable contrast to Thalberg's composition. In each the fair pianist was quite at home: the ease and self-possession with which she vanquished the difficulties with which Thalberg has studded his composition, being only equalled by Alboni's singing of "Non più mesta," both artistes being remarkable for that perfection of expression and execution and absence of effort which is so rare and so charming. We never heard a pianist create so great and so unanimous a sensation, as Miss Goddard on this occasion—a triumph the more meritorious, inasmuch as instrumental performers are generally kept in the background by vocalists at provincial concerts. We are sure we echo the unanimous wish of the whole audience in hoping that Miss Goddard will soon pay us another visit.—*Liverpool Times*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—THE ANNUAL concert, in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians, took place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the *Messiah* was performed under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The band and chorus, selected from the best sources, were complete and powerful, and numbered four hundred performers. The principal vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Benson, Thomas, Wins, and Weiss. The Hall was filled by a brilliant and aristocratic audience, and the performance went off with *éclat*. There were no encoures.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From a Correspondent).—Professor Sterndale Bennett, the Festival conductor elect, will visit Leeds on Monday next, for the purpose of arranging the oratorios to be performed, the principal singers to be engaged, &c. The British Association meetings are fixed to commence on Wednesday, Sept. 22nd; and it is confidently anticipated that the Festival will now precede the Association gatherings. This will be decided in a few days. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society gave its annual grand concert in the Music Hall on Thursday week. In addition to the full chorus of the Society, there were engaged M^{me}. Ruderadorff, Miss Newbound, Mr. Monteu Smith, and Signor Randegger. Mr. Spark, musical director of the society, conducted. Several choruses, madrigals, and part-songs were admirably given by the members, and the solos were highly successful. Hatton's *Robin Hood* was sung in the second part. Mr. Spark played a pianoforte solo with great taste. The concert gave satisfaction, but the proceeds were not sufficient to please the committee.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Carlo Andreoletti, an Italian conjurer of great reputation, is announced for three performances next week, under the auspices of Mr. Mitchell, commencing on Monday week.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

The second performance, on Wednesday evening, attracted another brilliant assembly of "fashionables" and connoisseurs to Willis's Rooms, who were treated (as Miss Goddard invariably treats her patrons) to an intellectual entertainment of the highest interest and most *recherché* character. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.
Sonsa Duo in A—pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 32) W. S. Bennett
Miss Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti.
Grand Sonata in F—"Ne plus ultra" ... Woelfl.
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.
Preludio con Fuga, in A minor—à la Tarantella (by desire) J. S. Bach.
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.
Grand Sonata in A flat, "Plus ultra" (Op. 71) Dussek.
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.
Grand Quartet, in B minor—pianoforte, violin, viola,
and violoncello ... Mendelssohn.
Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainston, Herr Goffrie, and Sig. Piatti.

Of Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* we have spoken in another column. The *Plus Ultra* of Dussek was commented on at length in a notice of one of the series of concerts held by Miss Goddard at her own residence, when she performed it with such extraordinary success that to repeat it at a future *soirée* was indispensable. To present them both on the same evening was a happy idea. The audience were enabled to compare them, and to select one or the other in preference. Both were played to perfection by Miss Goddard—with a *finesse* (to employ a French word for which no English yields no equivalent), an *esprit* (to use another, which enjoys a similar monopoly), and a *sansur* (let our lively neighbours translate that if they can), that added indefinable charm to the energy, expression, and unflinching mechanism for which her playing is so eminently distinguished. Both sonatas delighted all hearers. In the *allegro* of the *Ne Plus Ultra*, which abounds in passages of double-notes to perplex the most ready and expert executant, there was ample room for the display of that facility admitting of no obstacles, which is one of Miss Goddard's most enviable gifts. The variations were listened to with breathless attention; and as one after the other was performed with easy grace and well-sustained fluency, subdued murmurs of pleasure and surprise testified to the extreme satisfaction of the audience. But the greatest musical treat was certainly Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, which Miss Goddard played even more admirably than when she first essayed it. The passionate expression infused into the first movement, in many passages appearing like a prophecy of Weber (although the music generally is more "cunning" than that which Weber made for the piano)—the dignified and unaffected feeling with which the slow movement (pure Dussek) was delivered; the quint, and at the same time unaffected sentiment that characterised the performance of the *minuet* and *trio*, (a foreshadowing of Chopin—only healthier than Chopin ever was), and the sparkling animation characterising from end to end the execution of the *finale* (one of Dussek's most genial inspirations—and which, but that Hummel, though more learned, was rarely so spontaneous, might be regarded as another prophecy of him) were one and all beyond praise. No wonder that such lovely music, executed with such faultless accuracy, accompanied by such exquisite taste, should meet with enthusiastic appreciation. Dussek's *Plus Ultra* is truly one of Miss Goddard's most admirable performances.

Of the marvellous Prelude and Fugue of Bach, and its no less marvellous execution by our young English pianist, we have spoken frequently. This was the fourth time Miss Goddard had introduced it in public, and every time it is "interpreted" by her, its merits are rendered more apparent. As much may be suggested, in fewer words, of Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor, a work of genius anyhow, but a prodigy when it is remembered that at what an early age it was written. M. Sainston, (the prince of French violinists), Herr Goffrie (who plays tenor quite as well as he does violin), and Signor Piatti (the greatest living performer on the violoncello), aided Miss Goddard with considerable zeal and ability; and, perhaps, never did the quartet create a more profound sensation.

Professor Sterndale Bennett's very beautiful and masterly sonata, for piano and violoncello, with which the concert worthily began, was magnificently played by Miss Goddard and Signor Piatti. Every movement seemed to please, and as the work advanced, the interest of the audience evidently increased—a strong certificate of its excellence. It was the first time Miss Goddard had essayed this sonata, and its success was so great, that we are pretty well assured it will not be the last. The applause at the conclusion was a fitting tribute to the merits both of the composer and the executants.

At the third and last *soirée*, Weber's sonata in E minor will be played, for the first time in public; and in addition to this interesting novelty, Miss Goddard will perform, for the fourth time, the grand sonata of Beethoven, Op. 108. Thus the end will be worthy of the beginning.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE second concert for the present season was one of the most brilliant ever given by the Philharmonic Society, and one of the best attended. The first appearance of the admirable violinist, Herr Joseph Joachim, after an interval of six years, was an event of the highest interest, and no doubt had a beneficial influence on the sale of extra tickets. The whole performance, however, was satisfactory, and how excellent was the programme, the following will show:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in A major	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Aria—"Non mi dir"—Madame Castellan	Mozart.
Recit. and Romanza—"O lieti di"—Signor Belletti (L'Étoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, violin—Herr Joachim	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Duet—"Come fremar"—Mad. Castellan and Sig. Belletti	Bosini.
Sonata in G minor—violin, Herr Joachim—piano, Professor Bennett	Tartini.
Overture—"Der Aloyasist"—...	Spoer.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.			

The event of the evening was Herr Joseph Joachim's superlatively fine performance of the violin concerto of Beethoven, which created a degree of enthusiasm almost unparalleled. In 1844, when only thirteen years of age, Joachim made his first appearance in England, at these concerts, and astonished every one by his wonderful execution of this same concerto. The twelve years which have elapsed have ripened the genial boy into the reflecting man. Genius is as evident now as it was then in his performance; but it is genius enlightened by experience, and strengthened by an unflinching command of natural resources such as have been granted to very few. Herr Joachim has done well by his art. He has made it a serious and unremitting pursuit, a beloved and engrossing object, and has penetrated into its secrets with all the ardour of a devotee. The goal is reached, the reward obtained. Herr Joachim is now a great artist, in the fullest acceptance of the term; and as such all Europe has acknowledged him.

Herr Joachim's reading of the concerto was as classical and pure as his execution was faultless. The fiddle of the young artist was the voice of Beethoven, uttering strains of immortal song. What Beethoven wished expressed with energy was brought out in splendid relief, and what he wished subordinate became subordinate. Herr Joachim's discretion is not the least remarkable of his qualities. He possesses the art, so rare among first-class executants, of accompanying the orchestra, even in *bravura*, wherever the composer has intended it. Whenever a melody is allotted to the orchestra, Herr Joachim subdues his passages, so as to give them no more than their due prominence. *Virtuosi* do not generally like being made subservient to the general effect—thinking the display of the solo everything, and the design of the composer nothing. But Herr Joachim is not of these. True, he is a *virtuoso*, but a *virtuoso* of a very uncommon class. We have heard few things grander than his delivery of the *allegro*, more eloquent than his whole conception of the slow movement, more vigorous,

unaffected, and pointed than his execution of the rustic *finale*—so often spoiled by too great familiarity, but now made to appear as graceful as enlivening through the thoroughly pure conception and delicate colouring of this able, conscientious, and gifted artist. The "calezas" were both admirable; the first a marvel of dexterity, and thoroughly in keeping with the work in which it was introduced. Not to enter into technical descriptions, we may single out a rapid descending scale of octaves, as a mechanical feat of singular boldness, and an example of perfect double-stopping which we have never heard surpassed.

So extraordinary a performance could not fail to make an impression. Herr Joachim's triumph was complete. He had exhibited the highest artistic qualities united to a veneration for the music entrusted to his care, which never allowed him to obtrude himself at its expense. We were listening to Beethoven the whole time; and only at the conclusion of each movement did a sense of the distinguished merits of his young and ardent interpreter declare itself in rapturous cheers and plaudits from all parts of the room. It was a triumph—nothing less.

As an executive display—nitting almost every perfection of "virtuosity" from the perfect phrase to the perfect trill or shake—Tartini's sonata in G minor (with the so-called "*Trillo del Diavolo*") was quite as worthy commendation as the concerto of Beethoven. We mean, of course, as far as Herr Joachim was concerned, since there is about as long an interval between the music of Tartini and the music of Beethoven as between the beauty of Venus and that of the "pig-faced lady." Nevertheless, the theme of Tartini's sonata is expressive, and all that its expression could convey was expressed to perfection by Herr Joachim. For the rest we own, with deference, that we do not care greatly.

The two symphonies—masterpieces both—were superbly played under the direction of Professor Bennett, who is rapidly bringing back the orchestra to its ancient pre-eminence among the orchestras of England. Equally welcome was Spohr's glorious overture to *The Achenazy*, which was, however, much too good to play the audience out, and the more especially since it is so seldom heard. By the way, the subscribers have some right to complain of being deprived of one of the accustomed two overtures. Signor Tartini's dream of a devil of a shake is all very well in its way; but the overture to *Zauberföte*, *Egmont*, or the *Ides of Vinyl*, would have been far preferable.

What vocal music was given may be seen by reference to the programme. Why any vocal music at these essentially instrumental concerts, we never could well understand. It must cost the society a great deal; but we can assure the directors that their patrons care very little for hearing Italian songs and duets (especially duets with the best passages omitted—like that from *La Gasa Ladra* on Monday) after Beethoven's symphonies.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE concert of Saturday last calls for no special remarks the only novelty being the introduction of a new *prima donna*. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "Les Deux Journées"—Cherubini. Song, "The Recognition"—Proch. Concerto in G minor, pianoforte—Mendelssohn. Cavatina, "Perche non ho"—Donizetti. Violoncello solo—Serravallo. Symphony in A, No. 7—Beethoven. Ballad—John Barnett. Piano-forte solo—Kalkak. Song, "The Three Ages of Love"—Loder. Marche Marocaine—De Meyer.

Neither band nor singers were heard to advantage, the alterations in the Concert-room made for to-day's festival entirely destroying its hearing properties. The pianos in Mendelssohn's Concerto—as far as we could hear, well played by Mr. W. G. Cousins—were not audible ten seats off. The vocalists were in the same predicament; and Madame Liza Haynes—the lady who created so decided a sensation at the last Shrewsbury Philharmonic Concert—had to appear before a London audience, for the first time, under serious disadvantages. Nevertheless, Madame Haynes's talents are uncontested. She gave the cavatina, from *Lucia*, with much fluency, and sang Mr. John Barnett's expressive ballad with appropriate taste and feeling. Mr. Thomas afforded great satisfaction in his two songs, Loder's especially.

We should like to have said more of the performance of Beethoven's Symphony; but the sound from the orchestra was completely absorbed, and no effect produced.

Mr. Daubert seemed to execute the violoncello solo; but seriously, although seated within the Concert-room, we could hardly catch a note.

To-day, the season opens with a grand concert, in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Dolby, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, and Mr. Weiss, are engaged.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* introduced Madlle. Piccolomini in the part of Maria, her conception of which differs from that of all her predecessors, and as it indicates more of the camp than of the drawing-room, may be said to be more true to nature, if not so interesting. Her best vocal achievement is "Convien partir," when the *Virandiere* takes leave of her old companions, and which, for tenderness and expression, cannot be surpassed.

Signor Belart made a capital Tonio, and was encored in the song in the first act. Signor Bellett's Sergeant Sulpizio was full of bustle, if not instinct with comely.

Madlle. Pochini appeared afterwards in *Calisto*.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended the performance on Tuesday; the attraction, of course, being Madlle. Titieni in Valentine.

Madlle. Pochini again appeared in *Calisto*.

On Thursday the *Huguenots*—and Madlle. Pochini in *Calisto*. To-night Madlle. Piccolomini in *La Traviata*, and Madlle. Pochini in a new ballet, entitled *Fleur des Champs*, invented by M. Massot, and the music composed by M. Nadaud.

On Tuesday Albini makes her first appearance for the season, as Anacema, in *Il Trovatore*, and Madlle. Titieni her second essay in Leonora, a part said to be one of the most striking in her repertory. A new barytone, Signor Mattioli, makes his debut as the Count di Luna, and Signor Giuglini, of course, will sustain the part of Manrico.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE opening of the new theatre is positively announced for Saturday, the 15th, with the *Huguenots*. The utmost exertions are being made to keep faith with the public, and there is no doubt that the first performance will take place at the specified time.

MADAME SZARVADY (Wilhelmine Claus) has arrived in London.

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New was trust, pure passion,
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Long I've watch'd th' hour day perfection,
Smiling o'er that gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now.
If you love me, and will have me,
True I'll be in word and deed,
If in proud disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.
Little care the broken hearted
That their fate, by land or sea,
Phoebe, if you once are parted,
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"While he equates the Old Masters in the carriage of the voice, in the purity of writing, and progression of the parts, he has imparted a charm of melody to which their choirs and fugues never attained and has added a richness of modulation which was unknown to them. We would particularly instance an abrupt modulation, from G flat to A natural (enharmonic for double B flat), and back again to D flat. The English words also are fittingly wedded to the music."— <i>Liverpool Mail</i> .		

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VOL. 36.—No. 19.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

MISS GERARD (pupil of Sig. Garcia) will make her first appearance in public at the concert at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 12th. Mr. Land, conductor.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Stove-street, on Monday, May 24th, supported by the most eminent artists.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and **MR. CHARLES BRAHAM** (Conductor, Signor Viesetti). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Yessaua every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight-Saturday Afternoon at Three. Alms-house, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 5th; Tickets secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Chamber, Beak, and Co.'s, 291, Regent-street.

WILHELMINA CLAUSSE—WILLIS'S ROOMS.—MADAME SEAVARD (Wilhelmina Clausse) has the honour to announce that she will give her First Methodes Musicales, at the above rooms, on Monday Morning next, May 10, commencing at 10 o'clock, and concluded by Messrs. Salomon and Signor Piatel. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved, 7s.; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 21, Old Bond-street.

REUNION des ARTS, 76, Harley-street.—The members are requested that the **SOLLES MUSICALES** of the **EIGHTH SEASON** will commence on the 19th May, and will embrace some new features, viz., an orchestra and choir, comprising the best and ablest talent, &c. There are vacancies for a few (amateur) stringed and wind instruments. For further particulars, apply to Herr G. Strie, 61, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall, Con-
ductor, Mr. Coale.—On Friday next, May 14th, will be repeated Mendelssohn's "ATHALIE" and Rossini's "STABAT MATER." Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Delby, Miss Rowland, Mr. Sims Reeve, and Mr. Weiss. The illustrative verses of "Athalie" will be recited by Mr. Henry Nieldon. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER beg to announce **THREE CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC**, at Willis's Rooms, on Monday afternoons, May 17 and 21, and Monday evening, June 4. During the series they will be assisted by Messrs Sims Reeve, Stanley, Gustafson, Blagrove, Piatel, Faure, Revidet, G. Bosseli, and Cousins. Subscription to the series, one guinea; admission to a single concert, half-a-guinea. Tickets for reserved seats may be had of Messrs. Chamber and Co., 291, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 3, Hyde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Slopier, 70, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—DON GIOVANNI.—On Tuesday next, May 11, will be represented **MORO'S chef-d'œuvre, DON GIOVANNI**. Donna Anna, Madlle. Titiens; Donna Elvira, Mad. Abouli; and Zerlina, Madlle. Foccolombi. Don Giovanni, Sig. Beauvencens (his first appearance since this season); Leporello, Sig. Belletti; Masetto, Sig. Aldighieri; Il Commendatore, Sig. Violetti; and Don Ottavio, Sig. Giuglietti. To increase the effect of the majestic finale of the first act, including the chorus, "Viva la liberta," all the principal artists of the establishment have consented to lend their assistance. In addition to the music restored last year, Madlle Titiens will sing the grand aria "Crucifixi" (she no more being "liberally omitted"). On Thursday next, May 13th, an extra night, will be represented **IL TROVATORE**. Leonora, Madlle. Thiers; Anzura, Mad. Abouli; Mauro, Sig. Giuglietti. With entertainments: "The Two Maids" and "The Two Gypsies." On Friday next, May 14th, an extra night, when **DON GIOVANNI** will be repeated. Applications to be made at the Box Office at the Theatre.

ORGANIST.—The appointment of Organist to the parish church of Saint Andrew by the Wardrobe and Bait Ann, Blackfriars, is vacant. Candidates to forward testimonials as to character and ability, addressed to the Vestry Clerk, No. 1, Wardens-lodgings, Doctor's Commons, E.C., on or before the 26th day of May instant. Salary, Twenty Guinea per annum.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday evening, May 13th, his "Christmas Carol." The Reading will commence at eight exactly, and will last two hours. Seats (numbered and reserved), 5s.; arena and galleries, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Finsbury; and St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a **Musical Miscellany** at the Hassever-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24 (Vocalists)—Miss Lando (pupil of Signor Ferras, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marza. Instrumentalists:—Herr Jansa, M. Cossenti, Herr Goërie, M. Faure, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Among other pieces will be performed J. B. Bach's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Op. 10, No. 6; Unreserved, 7s.; to be had at all the principal music-sellers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The first will take place at his residence, 22, Cheam-ham, Belgrave-square on Thursday, May 13th, to commence at Three o'clock. Programme:—Part I. Sonata in D. Op. 10, No. 3. Beethoven; Fantasia chromatique and Fugue, G. Bach; Theme, with variations, in A. Mozart; Sonata in G minor, Op. 31, No. 3. Clement. Part II. Sonata in C minor, Op. 111. Beethoven; Prelude and "Dona be baci," Heller; Mazurka and Grande Valse in a flat, Chopin; Single Toccata, 10s. 6d. each; and Subscription Tickets for the Series of Three Matinees, One Guinea each, to be had at Messrs. Chamber and Co., 291, Regent-street; Mr. Oliver's, 19, Old Bond-street; and at Mr. Hall's residence.

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HERR ADOLPH SCHLOSSER has the honour to announce that his **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the **Harrogate Rooms**, on Wednesday, 13th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. **Vocalists**—Madame Clara Novillo, Mr. B. Stacey; **Pianoforte**—Herr Adolph Schlosser. The orchestra will be of the most complete scale. Conductor, Mr. Bonedini. **Numbered Reserved Stalls**, 10s. 6d.; to be had at the **Princely Music-sellers**, and of Herr Adolph Schlosser, 55, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, W.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 15th, at Half-past Eight, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's. On this occasion, Miss Goddard will have the honour of performing, among other pieces, Weber's Grand Sonata in E minor; Paganini's Handel, Schott's; J. S. Bach, and Mendelssohn; and **BETHOVEN'S GRAND SONATA IN F MAJ.** Op. 10, No. 3. **Reserved Places**, 10s. 6d.; **Unreserved**, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-publishers.

CRYSTAL PALACE—BAND OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARD—their first appearance in this country.—This Military Band, consisting of thirty performers, will visit the Palace on M-day next, the 10th instants, in full uniform, and give a performance of music on the course transept.

PROGRAMME—PART I.—1. God save the Queen; 2. English March, Corsetti; 3. M. Mars, 2; 4. V. croce, 2; 5. Parfais; 6. Concerto in G, M. Hottelinger; 7. Beethoven's 4th Grand descriptive March, "Ballet of the Ales"; introducing the little acts of the French army, "Le Revill," "Les Trinitiens," "La Battaglia," "La Victoire à nous;" trombones solo, M. Handouffiers; 8. Quadrille, "Banc de Caillie;" Ballet.

Part II.—1. French march, with variations for the "petit bugle soprano;" 2. G. de Mars, 2; 3. V. croce, 2; 4. Grand waltz, "La Reine Marie"; 5. Overture, "Mausello;" 6. Grand waltz, "La Reine Marguerite;" 7. Marie; 8. Quadrille on English, French, and Turkish airs—Marie; 9. Solo Britannia. **Conductor** of the band, M. Hottelinger. **The Palace will open at 9.** The music will take place as follows: Band of the Company at 12.30; Band of the National Guard at 2; Organ performance at 3; Band of the National Guard at 4; Band of the Company at 4.30. Admission as usual. **One Shilling.** Children under 12, half price.

(By order)

G. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The second of the series of concerts of Vocal and Instrumental Music, in the new exhibition in the Crystal Palace, will take place on Friday next, the 14th inst. **Vocalists**: Miss Louisa Fryer, their first appearance at the Crystal Palace; Miss Dolley, Mr. Sing Boreas, and Mr. Weiss. **Mr. Henry L. de la Roche**, of voice 100 voices, will sing some of their favourite Part Songs in the second part of the programme. **The Band** will be largely increased by a number of the leading instrumentalists. **Conductor**, Mr. Matus. **1000 seats at Twelve;** Concert to commence at 8. Admission by season ticket, or on payment of 5s. Children under twelve, half-price. **Reserved Stalls**, 5s. 6d. **By order**, GEO. GROVE, Sec.

THE ARION, Book I.—Just published, to be continued Monthly. A collection of Part Songs by the most celebrated Composers, translated and edited by F. Frances Bailey. Book I. contains:—Mendelssohn's Autumn Song; The Happy Wanderer; The Golden Bird (first time published in England); Beethoven's Spanish Gipsies; Image of the Rose; and Fugue for Cornet-players. Scores and Parts, 4s. 6d. or Two separate Parts, 2s. each; separate Voice Parts a half-price per page. London, G. Schenker and Co., 58, Newgate-street. The subsequent Books of the Arion will be printed by G. Schenker's New Patent Process for Music Printing.

THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM—**MR. W. E. FRANK**, Inventor of the English Harmonium (patented in London in 1841), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

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Yours very truly
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THE ORCHESTRAL UNION, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, can be engaged for morning or evening concerts throughout the season. For terms, apply to Mr. Woulger, the Valet, King's-road, Chelsea.

MR. T. G. PATEY, Basso Profondo of the Italian Theatre, begs to announce that he is in town for the season, ready to accept engagements.—Communications to be addressed to 62, Stafford-place, Piccadilly.

MR. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendance of orchestras.—Address, 15, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

MADAME PERSIANI has just arrived in London for the season.—Address for terms for private and public concerts, lessons, and provincial engagements, &c., to Madame Persiani, 5, Frickey-street, Hanover-square; or to Robert W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

MR. THORPE FEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons and engagements are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Ayton and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BAND.—Mr. John Weippert has had the unspeakable delight of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his surveillance orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederik William's marriage. Address, 31, Bognor-square.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Bate, and Co's 30, Regent-street.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new lighted with the brilliant multi-gas, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Banquets, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either day or night. For terms apply to the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, but see the hours of ten and four daily.

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M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSICAL ART.

(Continued from page 279.)

ALTHOUGH a child musically organised as above described may labour with some hope of one day being a great artist, a thoroughly satisfactory result does not invariably follow the prognostics of early youth. Some natures there are in whom hope is deceived; they seem born to invent an art after their own fancy, while they betray an incapacity for the study of the art of writing. Through some perversity of the mind, more frequent than might be supposed, individuals of this class indignantly reject the idea of submitting their inspirations to any set rules. Our age is replete with examples of these haughty but incomplete geniuses, who, scorning tradition, imagine art to have its commencement with them. They would persuade us that such art consists entirely in individual inspiration, not perceiving how they are thus begging the question by appealing to the very thing which is in dispute. Where is their imagination, where their inspiration? How shall we recognise them? Never has there been such a talk about originality and invention as now, that neither are to be found. M. Fétis affirms, on the faith of his long experience as a teacher, that the faculty of prosecuting thorough and efficient studies is one of the rarest, and more rarely still is it found in conjunction with the faculty of imagination. Sometimes, by way of compensation, it is met with accompanying a weak and feeble inspiration; from such material may be turned out a good musician, and that is all.

There is no particular age for the development of genius, and such is the diversity of human organisations that the faculty of creating may be ripe in early youth, or not reach its plenitude till mature age. Generally, however, it is safer not to be over-hasty in proclaiming any artist great till some way has been made in their career. Flashes of talent that suddenly die out, transient gleams of originality, are common, and many a composer, at the close of a laborious existence, must seek his titles to fame in his earliest productions.

There is still a deficiency of earnest study in the production of works of art. It is a truth never to be lost sight of by the artist, though slighted by the majority, that he never accomplishes all that he might, that he is ever too hurried, ever too indulgent towards himself. Many a work has M. Fétis seen exhibiting glimpses of imagination and originality, which, with more serious labour, and more searching study, might have become works of the highest value.

The venerable professor terminates the whole series of articles with the following exhortation to young artists, which, from its impressive character and the value it acquires from the long experience of M. Fétis as a teacher, and his vast knowledge of the whole history of his subject, we translate literally and at length.

Devote yourselves then to study, young artists, without stint; search into the very inmost recesses of art, fathom its resources, sift its forms and its means; you can never know too much. Beware how you atach any faith to those who will cry out to you: *Keep clear of those pedantic studies that only dry up the imagination.* Imaginations that dry up start from but a weakly spring. There is a fit time for everything. When you are composing, you are to leave study aside, and deliver yourself up to your imagination; fear not even rapture, which, though it may sometimes lead astray, will often yield happy strokes of audacity. Finish your work in this mood of the mind, but when it is done let it repose awhile; let yourself settle into a calm frame, and, if you were the man of imagination while creating your work, become the man of taste in the task of polishing and improvement. Few are sufficiently aware what a fine thought may be wrought to by successive developments and transformations.

I would also say to young composers: Read a great number of fine works of every description, in the score, that you may assimilate to yourself all styles, and avoid the example of vulgar musicians, who know only the art of their own day. There are many things in the works of the past which you may resuscitate, by transforming them through the resources of modern art.

Homer himself contracted obligations of this sort to more ancient poets, who are known under the name of the *Homerides*.

Lastly, there is a parting piece of advice which I have to give to young composers (and I do so with a perfect conviction of its value), that they may not stray into paths that have no issue. Beware, I would say to them, how you quit the province of music, and seek of it that which it cannot yield. Do not run after the imitation of things perceptible to the senses in the external world, for such is not the object of the art; in such attempts it always falls short of the reality itself. Avoid likewise with equal care, drawing the motives of your composition from the abstractions of metaphysics, or the ideas of cosmogony; not only is art impotent to pourtray such things, but it becomes unintelligible in this region, as it no longer speaks the language of sentiment which alone reaches the soul in music. Finally, do not run after new forms, nor alliances of heterogeneous means, which betray a sterile imagination. When you compose a symphony let it be purely and simply a symphony, as fine as you can make it, but not a *symphony-cantata* nor a *symphonic poem*. Do not imitate either the last compositions of Beethoven, written with the design of avoiding ancient forms to show the independence of his genius. In seeking to avoid the regular recurrence of ideas, he fell into more wandering. Examine closely the ancient forms of the sonata, the *quintor*, the symphony, and you will find in them a very complete conception of the development of a subject. If anything could clearly prove the superiority of these forms, and these settled limitations of ancient art, it would be the nothingness of all that has been attempted by way of change.

SIEGFRIED WILHELM DEHN.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

S. W. DEHN was born on the 24th February, 1800, at Altona, in Holstein, where he went to school until he was thirteen years old. He manifested a remarkable instinct for music from his very infancy; he did not cultivate the art, however, with the idea of becoming a professional musician, but obtained a place as keeper, under the auspices of M. Schenk, in the service of the Administration of Woods and Forests for the Duchy of Holstein.

We shall not follow him in the rough and often perilous existence his duties obliged him to lead, and which his naturally strong constitution assisted him in supporting. Having been wounded while hunting, he left the service, and resumed his studies. In conformity with his father's wish, he followed the law lectures at the University of Leipsic, in order to prepare himself for a diplomatic career. In 1824, he went to Berlin, and was attached to the Swedish Embassy, but unfortunate events again changed his destiny; his father died, after losing all his fortune, and young Dehn was left without resources. It was then that the musical art, which had hitherto been only an amusement, became the means of saving him. An eminent artist, Bernard Klein, whose talent is not yet sufficiently appreciated, gave him some lessons—eighteen in all; and these were sufficient to enable the ex-diplomatist to exercise with success the professor's calling.

From this moment, Dehn devoted himself entirely to teaching the theory of music, and had numerous pupils. Klein died some few years afterwards, and Dehn was, so to speak, his heir and successor in a profound knowledge of musical literature and theory. With a degree of obstinate perseverance, of which we meet but few examples, he sounded the depths of the science, and was not long in taking his rank among the musical celebrities of the day; in fact, composers and executants, of the greatest talent, studied under him. Among others, we may name the celebrated Russian composer, Glinka, who studied counterpoint with him, and always returned, even after long intervals, for fresh lessons.

From the 24th March, 1842, Dehn was Conservator of the musical division of the Royal Library at Berlin. It would be superfluous for us to enumerate the services he rendered in this situation; we shall, perhaps, never find anyone to replace him. He made several journeys to Vienna, Munich, Venice, and other parts of Italy: while on these excursions, which were of

great use to the Royal Library, he was constantly searching for rare editions, buying manuscripts, and effecting exchanges. In the years 1851, 1852, and 1854, especially, he was charged to visit Breslau and Silesia, and was successful in all his journeys. Without entering into a detailed account of his labours, we will content ourselves with saying that he pursued them to the end with indefatigable zeal, and that age had in no degree impaired his energy. The very day a fit of apoplexy tore him so suddenly from his wife and two children, he had gone to the library as usual.

Among the many persons who followed his mortal remains, were celebrities of all kinds, especially musicians, almost all of whom, after being his pupils, are now eminent masters.

Doctor Jonas pronounced the funeral oration. The members of the Domchor executed a *chorale* and a *Lied* by Mendelssohn.

REVIVAL OF SPRING BUSINESS.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

THE very delicious weather which we have been enjoying during the last ten days has had a great effect upon all branches of metropolitan business. The hotels are filling up; Broadway is crowded with delegates from all parts of the country; the traveling season has fairly commenced; and the array of spring bonnets, with the expansion of spring crinolines, give our principal promenade the appearance of an immense flower garden. The aristocratic and excited public is beginning to pass from the prayer meeting to the *bal masqué*—from the sackcloth and ashes of Lent to the gaiety of the Concerts Masqué. The prayer-meetings themselves are on the wane. They did not succeed in converting either Burton or Forrest, and were obliged to content themselves with awful Gardner. The last standpoint of these gatherings—Burton's old theatre—has been abandoned by the persons, and it will now be used as an ordinary court house. Instead of supplications there will be revues; instead of religious professions there will be only dry motions before a terrestrial judge; instead of humble confessions there will be pleas of Not guilty. Rynder reigns in place of Beecher; Blackstone replaces Watts.

In the world of amusement we find the chief topics to be the grand *fête* at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, the concerts of Musard, and the *bal masqué* under the auspices of the Grand-Opéra at Paris. Everybody is going to the Crystal Palace, everybody must hear the Concerts Musard, everybody is discussing the *bal masqué*. Still another topic agitates fashionable circles. Mr. Ullman has just concluded the longest and most successful opera season ever given in New York. He has succeeded in creating an immense sensation. No manager has been so much talked about. He has satisfied the public, but has dissatisfied everybody else. The *prime donne* have quarrelled because one got more applause than the other; the tenors have quarrelled because the public didn't like them; the orchestra and chorus have quarrelled because war is their normal state; the critics and composers have quarrelled about the originality of operas; the Italians have quarrelled with the Germans, the Germans with the Italians, and the French was both. Fry's opera, *Leonora*, made several pretty quarrels. Some people said it was an amiable plagiarism from Bellini, Donizetti, and other composers, while the friends of Fry insisted that these masters plagiarized from the author of *Leonora*. The public did not come to hear the opera, and it was a *fiasco*; so the friends of the composer are dissatisfied with the manager, who, as we said before, has disappointed all the cliques, but has made a great success with the public. More particularly has he disgusted the old clique of oyster-house critics, who have been brought out from their holes by the war between the instruments, and the partial success of the oyster cellar conspiracies against Mayor Wood, and the similar demonstrations against the administration at Washington by the disgusted democrats and black republicans, have resolved to form a grand combination to crush the little Napoleon of the Opera. He is to be smashed up without any mercy whatever. With the artists, the oyster house critics, the editors and the red republicans, against him, and only the public in his favor, his case is certainly deserving of sympathy. Let us hope he may have a safe deliverance.

Meantime, however, things go on as usual. The concerts and balls afford topics for grave discussion in society here as well as elsewhere. Before the *bal masqué* at the Academy, the wife of a California Senator gives a similar entertainment at Washington, to which all the world is invited. The question of what to wear at these balls has given far more trouble to the parties concerned than the Kansas struggle or the Central American difficulty. Of course all fashionable New York goes to Washington for Mrs. Gwin's ball, and to return the compliment everybody in society at Washington will come here for the

Musard *bal masqué* a fortnight later. By that time we may hope the contending parties of the Academy will have arrived at some settlement of the troubles. If they do not, "it isn't," as Mr. Toots would say, "of the slightest consequence."

IRISH CRITICISM.

As an example of criticism in mixed languages, seasoned with epithets of the highest flavour, we have much pleasure in offering to our readers the following notice from *Saunder's New Letter* of a concert which recently took place in Dublin:—

MISS FLYNN'S MATINEE MUSICALE.

MISS Flynn's matinee musicale, given on Saturday at her residence, 31, Harcourt-street, was, notwithstanding the dispiriting influence of the weather, so fashionably and fully attended, and so well carried out, as to thoroughly realize the fact that 'mind will still be lord of all.' It opened with a trio in C minor (Beethoven), in which the hasty and somewhat angry 'Allegro con brio'—the 'andante con Variazioni,' of deep feeling and imagination—the quaint 'Minuetto,' and the mad 'Finale prestissimo' of this wonderful composer were duly rendered by Miss Flynn and Messrs. Levey and Elsner. Mr. Gerhard Taylor then gave a *noveau de concert*, performing with vigour, fervour, and skill; there was one want, if we might suggest to so gifted a performer, namely a little *attentissement*. Nothing will evoke the soul of the harp save 'tenderness.' Mr. G. Taylor's composition on *Traviata* was brilliant and successful, the principal airs in this much-admired opera making themselves charmingly apparent amidst a whirlwind of difficulties. 'Les Bois,' by Stephen Haller. Miss Flynn played solo pianoforte. This is a charming and picturesque effusion, bringing to mind with musical light and shade, with joy and sadness, the changeable foliage of 'Les Bois' of sunny France. Herr Elsner gave an affecting air by Mozart in his usually expressive manner. The sonata in B flat (Mendelssohn) rendered by Miss Flynn and Herr Elsner, like the composer, avouring of the supernatural—German forests and elves—terminated the first part. The second part commenced with trio in E flat (Hummel), 'Allegro agitato, Andante, Finale presto.' The andante of this was excellent, and the finale spirit-stirring. Mr. Levey, so often heard and so popular, perhaps escapes at times the full measure of praise due to him; no foreign artist could excel his lively and speaking violin. The next piece was a duo violin and violoncello (Kummer). This rather singular but original composition, we must confess, seemed to suffer from want of harmony between the instruments—they were not in tune with each other. The Tena 'God save the Queen,' with wonderful variations, were in other respects executed a merveille by Messrs. Levey and Elsner. Miss Flynn delighted her audience with her thorough and masterly execution of Beethoven's sonata in E minor. With this class of music she seems altogether en genre; and in the concluding piece, by Chopin, her finished fingering and apt rendering prove her an accomplished pianiste."

ODE TO HANDEL.

AFTER HEARING HIM AT EXETER HALL.

(From *Punch*.)

O GRAND gigantic HANDEL!	And Doodledum,
As sunlight dims a candle,	And Tweedledum,
Thy mighty music quetheth	Genius of Beadledum;
All other, and excelleth!	Thou art too high for them,
So wondrous,	Therefore too dry for them.
So ponderous,	Snappy for them
And thunderous,	Frivolity.
Upsonian,	Give us thy jollity:
And glorious,	Herocal sensation
Engrossed with airs of Cupid,	Of inward jubilation,
The soft ones deem thee stupid;	And hence exhilaration,
Thou borest them,	Which somewhat near,
And florest them,	Is that interior glowing,
They sneer at thee,	From generous liquor flow,
And jeer at thee,	Particularly owing [ing,
Call thee old Foodledum,	To the best old beer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 278.)

"Bright Chanticleer proclaimed the dawn" as—after making our ablutions in the river, and getting our mules from the labyrinth of packages, trunks, fleas, and Carajoing mule-teers, who were busily employed, as it seemed to me, in the operation of tying upon the poor animals an amount of weight that it was impossible they could exist under—We daily equipped with saddle and spur, and started westward. I use the words saddle and spur literally, for as some of the travellers were sure to forget those absolute necessities (spurs), and as it would have been an impossibility to make a mule move without thumping his sides with your heels armed with a machine called a spur, about as heavy as a decent kitchen poker, they who had a pair, divided with those who had none; and you used your gentle persuader, upon either the starboard or port heel, as seemed most conducive to rapid progression. Our party having now finished the boating business, we disbanded, and the Dominie, Poor H—n, the Editor, and myself, started together. We could not imagine what made the mules' tails all appear as if they had been shaved, but they did, and looked like old man o' war's pigtails, until we found them being very often corralled (*i.e.* put into a kind of pound without food), they literally nibble each other's tails, much as some men chew tobacco in lieu of a dinner; and this accounted for our animals making a bolt at every open house where eating was going on; and nothing but our spurs could have got them out. As to whipping, you might as well have flogged a brick-wall.

Although these sketches purport to be reminiscences of California and Australia, I have not been able to resist the temptation of elaborating upon the journey thither, for such a peculiar state of things (owing to the railroad) can never occur again, and although I have read many works also purporting to be descriptions of travel, &c., &c., yet, they were mere Jeremiaads, depicting all sorts of miseries, which were nine times out of ten, caused either by the ignorance or improvidence of the voyager. To be sure, we were blessed with glorious weather, the rainy season having closed, and the drought of summer not yet oppressive; yet, with these advantages, many appeared to be perfectly miserable; the truth is, there are some men unfitted for battling with the world—they have for the most part been tied to their mothers' apron-strings, are querulous and fretful upon every little disappointment, and are quite destitute of that buoyant spirit that a true traveller should possess; and as to fun, a joke is a sealed book to them. Now, the true wanderer cares for nothing; if mishaps occur, he makes the best of them; if he meets with an accident, he grins and bears it; and if his trouble should be of that description that alone should touch the heart of a true man, he bears within his breast that firm reliance upon the goodness of his Creator, that bids him cease repining, and hope for future happiness. And who could be otherwise than happy in this lovely scene? a feeling of "awful mirth" seems to fill your heart to overflowing, as you trust to poor "Mula" to pick his way through the noble forest, the trunks of the trees wreathed with the passion-flower of every hue, the parasitic arbores and creeper growing like miniature worlds in the forked trunks, while the heavy-leaved plantain and banana lovingly droop their fan-like branches towards you, and woo you to their grateful clusters. For some hours we proceed without uttering a word; our hearts were too full of that pleasurable sensation of partial loneliness, and the beatings of the scene too bewilderingly charming, to break the spell by speaking; it was a lovely symphony of nature's composition, and you would as soon think of chattering during Beethoven's *Pastorale*, as to breathe a sound, or even indulge in a settled train of thought, as you dreamingly waded through this paradise. But, even here, the trail of the serpent was over it all! Fever, the pest of the country, decimates the inhabitants, of which we had an instance in passing a poor creature, a native who crawled forth to die in the woods. He was a perfect skeleton, and although we stopped, and poured a few drops of wine upon his black and parched tongue, his spirit fled as our good dominie knelt by his side, and prayed for his departing brother. We

sadly proceeded, and soon reached a clearing in the wood, in which resided a family, like the poor wretch, all stricken with the fiery curse; some were lying in hammocks, perfectly listless, and one poor boy, of about fifteen, was extended upon the floor, unable to move. They looked suspiciously at us at first, and did not seem to understand that a feeling of sympathy could exist towards them; but upon my offering a cigar to the eldest, and least ill of the party, he—with native grace and politeness—accepted our poor offers of service, and with many thanks accompanied us some way upon our path, and when in parting he graciously shook hands with us, as I pressed upon him a bundle of cigars (the most grateful gift you can offer), he flattered blessings upon us, and slowly turned back with tears in his eyes, so amused were these poor creatures to any expression of sympathy from the thoughtless gold-hunters.

It was near noon when we arrived at the summit of the high range of mountains that, commencing in the coast range of the extreme north, seem to serve as a strengthening bar or backbone to the narrow isthmus. We were upon the spot where Nuñez de Balboa first caught sight of the Great Pacific Ocean, after penetrating through hostile tribes of Indians by the very way we had travelled; from this place you can see both oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, and standing on this mountain height, look with delight over the awful masses of vegetation upon the great highways of the world.

The hot sun soon gave us warning to quit our exposed situation, and again we dived into the recesses of the forest, where, among the thousand novelties of bird, plant, flower, and insect, we came across a very curious proceeding, that I have never seen remarked in any work upon insects. We at first thought that very long narrow green snakes were slowly twisting across the bridge path; but, upon examination, these singular appearances were found to proceed from lines of ants, that meandered along in Indian file, each with a shield-shaped piece of green leaf pointed upon his back. These lines of insects were, in many instances, seven or eight yards in length, and there was no straggling; if we tumbled one of the little gentlemen out of his line, he picked himself up in great tribulation, sticking to his leafy shield the while, until he could shove himself into the line again. Now what they wanted with these bits of green leaf, so exactly nibbled the same shape, except they were intended for impromptu parasols, I can't imagine, but I really should like some naturalist to explain. As the afternoon came on we were favoured with a shower of rain, which lasted but for a short time; but oh! how oppressive the atmosphere became; it was a perfect vapour bath, just as if Dame Nature was having a hard day's wash; we were absolutely bathed in perspiration. Soon, however, we began to experience a gentle breeze, and after crossing a ruined causeway, formerly used as a road by the Spaniards in conveying their caravans of silver from Panama to Cruces, and thence to Chagres, we passed a gay Spanish cavalier, mounted upon the most superb mule I ever beheld, its delicate legs and open nostril denoting the Arab cross-breed; and its rider, attired in sombrero, gay crimson sash, the open trower or calzetero, presented a most picturesque appearance. He was extremely handsome; and as he gracefully galloped by, giving us the "Buenos dias, caballero," we thought him the finest fellow we had ever seen.

The gentle breeze was an evidence that we were approaching the sea, and shortly we emerged from the forest and entered a wide plain, a few houses appeared at intervals, water-carriers, with their mules laden with the precious *agua*, were making their way towards the town, and after passing a few ecclesiastical buildings, we came in sight of Panama, passed the gate where two very dirty looking blackguards of soldiers were playing at sentinel, and stopped at the Hotel de Louisiana, kept by a German Creole named Herman. This caravanserai was a long, rambling, monastery-like building, but had the advantage of a cool breeze always blowing through it; we were very much exhausted, and uncommonly tired of our uncomfortable saddles; indeed, I was so stiff, that I could not walk up-stairs without assistance. An hour's snooze however soon brought us to, and in the cool of the evening we sallied forth to see the lions and look after our baggage, about which we had our doubts, as

several times we had passed trunks and packages lying in the forest, and in one instance a mule had fallen into a ravine upside down, with his load tightly fastened to him, he kicking, and his beast of a driver thrashing him, and *carrying* to his heart's content. We were lucky, and our plunder (as they call luggage on west) had arrived in safety; but the steamer was not yet ready, and we had to await with patience a day or two. The lions of Panama at eventide are of the quietest nature, and "Roar you as gently as a sucking dove," and the day being past when we rose from our siesta, we had no opportunity of viewing its architectural beauties; so we strolled onward, and onward, through a narrow street, passing various drinking shops, which were all kept by speculative Yankees, who, I believe, would go to Tophet itself if they could turn an honest penny, and stopped to sup at a restaurant which rejoiced in the proprietorship of the veriest Cockney I ever saw. He was of the loquacious and gently-patrolling breed, and discovering I was a "Hinglishman," informed us that he came from "Hoxford Street, and then he served us with "am and begs," and called us "genta." He was undoubtedly doing a thriving business, and was one of those odd beings you meet with all over the world, who seem always (like cats) to tumble from their feet; for he had been left at Panama ill, after being wrecked during a voyage to some place or other, that of course he had no business to be going to; and while there the gold fever made its appearance and he started a cook shop, and though he does denude Her Majesty's English of a few H's, he tries to balance the account by inserting them in the wrong places upon every opportunity. We then strolled into a large drinking bar, which was appended a gambling saloon, where sundry of our shipmates were dropping small sums across a green table with red and black squares upon it; but as this useless work was "not at all in our way," we quietly strolled back, and turned into bed, preparatory to enjoying the cool morning breeze. Upon opening the large door, as the beams of daylight stole slantingly across our room, the Bay of Panama was lying before us in its calm beauty; around us were odd looking, ugly barns of houses, each with its complement of Turkey buzzards squatting on the ridge-pole of the roof, and a game cock tied by the leg to the door-post. A short time sufficed for us to don our scanty habiliments, and we were in the street; all was calm and very quiet, for carriages are unknown here, all work being done by mule or man back. We passed through the gate, and were outside the city in the market-place; here were gaily attired natives of every hue, little mining donnas, with mites of feet, cheapening the nastiest bits of meat that can be conceived, for they have a disgusting fashion in most Spanish countries of cutting a bullock (old or young it does not matter) up into long strips, which they literally sell by measurement. The vegetables and fruits looked very tempting, and the oranges, in particular, nimm-peachable.

We soon found ourselves in a beautiful winding road, or lane, leading to cocoa-nut and banana groves: names given to two establishments or hotels, which, being somewhat elevated, were considered as being more healthy than the city. Here we enjoyed a calabash bath, which, being interpreted, means a large tub of water, with a scowp, or gonad, to pour it over your head; thence back to breakfast. There was nothing to do, nothing to look at, for the architecture of the city is abominable, and they have not even had public spirit enough to fill up the holes left in the walls by the removal of the scaffold supports used in building. There is a large Plaza, with a large cathedral in it, but everything has the appearance of lassitude; the very lizards, as they crawl over the altars of the churches, look sleek and lazy, as if they were trying to assume the position of church mice. As we were soon (no doubt like the reader) perfectly enervated, and although we derived some amusement from watching the manoeuvres of an old buffier of a padre, who, in long hat, antane, and with a game-sock under his arm, was evidently giving spiritual consolation across the counter, to a merry, laughing-eyed little body, and shovelling up pounds of snuff into his enormous nose; even this exciting pastime became wearisome, and we resigned ourselves to the demon of *ennui*: in despair; and as I don't wish my readers to suffer the same in-

fiction, I will simply state that we bore four days of this life (!) with exemplary patience, and then got on board our steamer, "The Golden Gate," one of the finest and most comfortable floating hotels in the world.

It were wrong in me, did I neglect to mention the extreme kindness and urbanity of Mr. Perry, the British Consul, a gentleman whose goodness to the afflicted of all nations is proverbial, and whose great hospitality to myself I shall never forget.

One strange place, not far from the city, I must describe, as I have met with no account of it in any work of travels, and its singularity much surprised me; it was the Campo Santo, or burial ground, cemetery, or whatever else you please to call it—it looked to me like a gigantic bakehouse, with ovens enough to bake for all creation. In these ovens are deposited the bodies of the departed, the oven door is then closed and cemented closely, and, during a year, the friends and mourners deposit their little pledges of affectionate remembrance at the door, upon which is chalked, or painted, the name, &c., &c. of the deceased; but, when All Saints' day arrives, these mortal remains are exhumed, and burned to ashes in the towers that stand at the corners of the cemetery. When this was first told to me, I could scarcely believe it; but the remains of partly calcined bones, and a perfectly formed pelvis, and half-consumed skull or two (left, possibly, in consequence of the fuel running short), gave evidence of its truth. It was not a pleasant sight, and it gave you a disagreeable impression, upon reading an affectionate inscription to "Dolores de ———, aged seventeen," to think that, in a few short months, the remains of her delicate frame would be rudely burnt with dozens of others, and their hallowed remains left to a banquet for the obscene buzzard. Hurrah! a gun, the steamer has arrived, to-morrow we shall be freed from this dull place, and soon shall revel in the charms of El Dorado, and be again, like the little ones, "on Tom Tiddler's ground picking up gold and silver."

(To be continued.)

JULIEN AT WORCESTER.

(From *Berrow's Worcester Journal*.)

THE concert given by M. Julien on Friday night, notwithstanding the rain, was a bumper; there was hardly a seat vacant in the room, and the "promenade," as it was called, was a decided misnomer, the occupants of that part of the room thus designated being packed so closely together as to preclude the possibility of motion in the most limited degree. Julien, in fact, is popular wherever he goes, because he caters for the taste of the many. The concert of Friday night was one to which "Julien the Great" was wont to treat his audiences in his early career. He has provided himself with a band of musicians of undoubted talent; and when there was a piece of really good music placed before them—such as the *Leonora* overture, or the *Andante* from the *Surprise* symphony, both of which were introduced in the course of the evening, they showed that they were thorough masters, and could do justice to such classical compositions as well as they could fiddle a polka or a galop. Two violin solos were played by M. Remenyi, who, we notice, has just been described by a contemporary in a neighbouring city as a conjuror—a professor of sleight-of-hand—an acrobat, of marvellous trick and fill up the contention—an athlete of stupendous *force de force*; and for his fiddle, it was his accomplice, his confederate, his bogie, his Ariel, his yellow dwarf;—it piped, it sang, it whistled, it screamed, it laughed, it sighed and groaned, it chirped and crows, and yelped, and snarled, and howled, until the audience fairly laughed and wondered. M. Remenyi certainly did, on Friday evening, display some curious effects on his pliant instrument, and got hearty applause and an encore for his performances. Encores were, indeed, too much the order of the evening; the audience, probably, being in some degree influenced by the sound of rain heard in the intervals between the pieces, which it required resolution to face. The vocalists of the evening were Miss Louisa Vinning and a Miss Ranoe. The former is well known to the Worcester musical public, and the reputation she

met with at once showed her to be a favorite. The high opinion of her talents, which we have expressed on former occasions, was more than confirmed on Friday evening: her singing of the touching old melody of "Home, sweet home," and the arch delivery of another old acquaintance, "Comin' thro' the ry'," were in the best taste.

PARIS.—(From our Correspondent).—M. Hector Berlioz has been engaged, by M. Bouzot, to direct the grand musical fête to be given at Baden, on the 14th of next August.

Franz Liszt has just been solemnly received into the brotherhood of the Order of St. François d'Assise, at Pesth. Mass was celebrated on the occasion at twelve o'clock, in the church of the Franciscan fathers, and then Becker's vocal mass was executed by the members of a vocal association, and admirers of Liszt. At the conclusion of the mass, all present proceeded to the refectory, where, after Liszt had entered, decorated with the Portuguese Order of Christ, and taken the place of honour reserved for him, a prayer was pronounced. A priest of the order having handed Liszt the certificate of his reception, sent from the Father Provincial of Presburg, then made a Latin speech, speaking of the new member's great merits, both as an artist and as a man. After several addresses, pronounced by various dignitaries of the church, by Baron von Angus, Vice-President of the Government of Buda, &c., the ceremony was followed by a dinner.—This is all very well; but we want to know what the piano has to do with the order of the Franciscan fathers: is it the eternal story of the dog of Alcibiades over again?

M. Rubinstein has just received the diploma of honorary member of the Conservatory of Prague. He was also invited, at the same time, to be present at the *fêtes* which will take place there in June, to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the School of Music.

Sivori is engaged for the concerts of the Société des Beaux-Arts, at Liège, of the Concours Agricole, at Niort, and of the Société Philharmonique, at Nantes.

LEIPZIG.—A correspondent, writing from Leipzig, says:—"This winter we have heard successively, Mad. Goltschmidt (Jenny Lind), and Mad. Viardot Garcia, at the Gewandhaus Concerts. At present, during our celebrated annual fair, Mad. Viardot Garcia is at the Stadt Theatre, where she is singing with uniform success in *Il Barbire*, *La Prophète*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *Don Juan*. She was, at first, engaged for four nights only; but as, when she sings, the theatre is full, at double price, and nearly empty when she does not, the management eagerly offered her an engagement for four nights more. We read, however, in the columns of the *Leipziger Tageblatt*—"

"It is reported that Mad. Viardot Garcia intends quitting Leipzig. The manager, Herr Wirsing, would certainly merit the gratitude of the public, if he could secure, for a longer period, the services of this lady, who indubitably occupies at the present day the first place among all the singers we know.—*Several Friends of the Musical Art.*"

The *Leipziger Allgemeine Theater-Chronik* says:—

"Mad. Viardot Garcia, whose singing had already delighted us at the Gewandhaus Concerts, has just commenced a series of performances at the theatre with the part of Rosina, in *Il Barbire*. All that we can possibly imagine in the art of singing, united with the highest intelligence, and the most poetic sentiment, can alone produce a Rosina like that of this celebrated and everywhere popular artist. It is so heavenly and divine a creation, that we feel inclined to believe in the existence of some musical plants beside our own, which despatches now and then one of its most trusty messengers to keep us always on the alert in our aspirations towards the ideal. We cannot think of dismembering, by an analysis, so perfect and uniform a whole; it would be endeavouring to divide the light of the sun because it falls on a thousand different objects. All present had but one opinion, and incessant applause resounded through the house until the conclusion of the performance."

About Mad. Viardot's *Fides* the same journal remarks:—

"We, of course, expected that this part would occupy a brilliant place by the side of the other; but that it was possible to place on the same supreme artistic elevation two characters so opposite, was

something we could not suppose, and yet the thing has been accomplished. Just as in *Rosina*, we beheld all the grace and charm, all the vernal magnificence which eternally decks out youth; so, in *Fides*, we penetrate the recesses of an afflicted mother's heart; we hear the accents of her grief, with all the different gradations of hope and sorrow. In the first instance, we have the day radiant with sunshine; in the second, the night, dark and terrible; and both are creations of the same source of sacred art. After this, doubt is at an end: there is no longer any room for aught but astonishment and admiration."

Again, with reference to *La Sonnambula*, the *Theatre-Chronik* observes:—

"How far does the charm, or, we should rather say, the magic of our cherished guest extend? We have again seen this, by her incomparable creation of Amina. The house was crowded to overflowing, the audience testifying their delight by their looks, their silence, and their shouts. We must remark, too, this same theatre contains, during the principal week of our grand fair, an assemblage of all the nations and all the languages of the old and new world. The East and the West saluted, at the same time, the elevation of this sun of art. How much does this say, when we reflect on the poverty of the subject, drawn out into a long and meagre series of airs and duets. It is, therefore, art, ye singers of both sexes, this art which develops the tiniest germ, until it blossoms out into a marvellous flower. Inflamed by the rays from the sun of our fair guest, Herr Kron (Elvino) sang with a degree of warmth which awesomely surprised us."

Thus, it will be seen, that Leipzig is not behind Cologne in its appreciation of Mad. Malibran's sister.

WIENIAWSKI AND RUBINSTEIN.—At their second concert M. M. Wieniawski and Rubinstein produced a strong impression. Most of the leading papers, however, censure them on this occasion. "M. Wieniawski's bow," says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "does not always bite the string sufficiently, and the sound sometimes needs a little more force and roundness. In the grand sonata by Beethoven, dedicated to Kreutzer, he skipped about too much, and glanced over the surface too much, without leaning hard enough. Rubinstein is highly blameable for executing Weber's *Concertstück* with such excessive rapidity as to completely disguise the physiognomy of this classical and popular work. Moreover, we suspect him of having seized Henri Wieniawski into the same fault, by accompanying him in the famous sonata which all great pianists and violinists have selected as their battle-field this year." The *Sigale* in its turn says, "It strikes us that the sole object of the violin is not to prove that the word *impossible* should be erased from the dictionary; it ought, in the first place, to please. But, in such a multiplicity of feats of strength, sentiment disappears, and nothing is left of the artist but the skillful man. Sometimes M. Wieniawski thinks fit to renounce his feats of agility, and bring out notes pure, full, and correct. He then becomes once more a violinist of style and expression. When he indulges in his daring playing, the string whistles and groans, as if uttering cries of protestation and pain; not a ear but suffers by these brutal and reiterated attacks. His bow seems to be epileptic; the other evening, M. Wieniawski played Beethoven's grand sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, much too precipitately, for the purpose of displaying, as usual, his dexterity. At such a breakneck pace, all delicacy disappeared as if carried away by a whirlwind. We could no longer recognize the composer's thought, disguised by this railroad movement. The notes were drunk. M. Rubinstein, at the piano, strove to rival the *bénéficiaire* in speed; and, as all this hurry belonged neither to moderation or good taste, it was with difficulty we recognised the beautiful work thus treated. We have had sufficient proofs of agility; it is time for M. Wieniawski to change his tactics, in the interest of his reputation. He has qualities wherever it pleases. Let him leave off astonishing us."—*Guide Musical.*

A NECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—A few days since, Rossini heard under his window an itinerant fiddler, scraping on a miserable instrument, one of the most beautiful airs from *Guillemine Tall*. "Who is the wretch who is torturing our ears thus!" "A blind man," was the reply. "I should have thought he was deaf," said Rossini.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC
HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF
HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE, or, The Green
Business, FAUST and MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF
HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening
next, May 8, the performance will commence with the new comic opera,
A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLESH TONGUE.
To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday
evening, May 8, the performance will commence with GUY MANNERING.
To conclude with the second act of the grand oriental spectacular operatic drama
called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr JOHN DOUGLASS.

NOTICE.—Return of Mr Phelps, who has recovered from his late severe indis-
position, and will appear every evening during the week, supported by Miss
Alkison, Mrs R. Houser, Mr Robison, Mr James Johnston, Mr F. Norton,
Mr John Mordaunt, Mr Bywood, Mr H. Lewis, Miss O. Terry, and the best
company in London. On Monday, to commence with HAMLET. Hamlet,
Mr Phelps. On Tuesday and Thursday, THE MAN OF THE WORLD, Sir
Preston, Mr Phelps. On Wednesday, THE STRANGER, Stranger, Mr Phelps.
On Friday, to commence with THE WIFE. Julian St. Pierre, Mr Phelps. On
Saturday, a Play, in which Mr Phelps will perform. To conclude each evening
with a popular Burletta, introducing the Female Ethiopian Seneslers. No
advance in the prices.

TO THE CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A.—(Kingsland).—The song has been consigned to the proper
quarter, and will receive early attention.

E. S.—We never heard of the lady. Our correspondent had
better refer to the Musical Directory of Rudall and Carte.

E. H. F.—The criticism ought to be printed in capitals. We have
inserted it gratis. The writer should be furnished with a
golden beard and a box of "italics".—

BIRMINGHAM.—On Tuesday evening last the new oratorio
Judith, composed by Mr. Henry Leslie for the coming Festival,
was put in rehearsal by the Amateur Harmonic Association.
In spite of the drawback of a reading at sight, the most
prominent beauties of the music were brought out in a clear
manner by the ladies and gentlemen of the Association, and we
venture to argue for the work a reception that will induce Mr.
Leslie to go on in this, the highest branch of composition.
Judith is short, but contains examples of powerfully dramatic
and pathetic writing. In the interval an opportunity was
taken to present to the conductor, Mr. A. J. Sutton, a purse of
25 sovereigns, contributed by the members of the Association, as
a testimony of their regard, and on the occasion of his marriage.
J. O. Mason, Esq., president, made the presentation, and Mr.
Sutton expressed his obligations to the ladies and gentlemen
under his charge for their uniform courtesy towards himself.—
Birmingham Daily Press.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8TH, 1858.

The French insist that England is not a musical nation,
and ground their argument upon the fact that we have
no national opera. True, with such means as we have at
hand, our national music is unaccountably neglected. There
is, however, some reason for the neglect. The opera with
us is not of paramount consideration. The oratorios of
Handel and Mendelssohn, the symphonies of the great
masters, and other such works, hold a higher place
in our esteem. Because we prefer an epic poem
to a melodrama, or an ode to a farce, it does
not follow that we are indifferent to poetry. The reproach,
that England is not a musical nation, loses all force when
we remember that it proceeds from a people who are com-

paratively ignorant both of Handel and Mendelssohn. No
foreigner, dwelling in London for a short period, would
subscribe to it. The truth is, not that we are not a musical
nation, but that music with us has gained so powerful an
ascendancy over the other arts, as to have become the only
real amusement of the people. Music may be likened to
rain. Gentle showers are grateful and refreshing; heavy
falls promote vegetation, and bring forth good fruits; even
inundations are salutary; but a deluge destroys. The spread
of music within a few years, in London, has been astonish-
ing. In every district large saloons have been constructed,
which vie with the finest metropolitan music-rooms or pro-
vincial halls. Canterbury Hall, Weston's Hall, Winchester
Hall, Raglan Hall, &c., are a few among the many that
dazzle the eye, and provide good music for the million.
Music, however, is not restricted to such localities,
but has crept into every place of amusement. The
Polytechnic, that temple of indoctrination, in which
learning and science for so long a time found their home,
and scowled at the softer amenities of social recrea-
tion, has been forced to summon music to its assistance, and
concerts and lectures on music are now among its staple
attractions. The Colosseum, too, has been compelled to
resort to the aid of music and musical readings. The
Panopticon, after modulating through nearly all the keys of
entertainment (that of preaching not excepted), at one time
settled into a concert-room, and, though now for a while the
arena for horses and tumblers, will, in all probability, resume
its musical performances. The Crystal Palace is little more
than a huge music hall, the statues, pictures, flowers, foun-
tains, and the various departments of arts and sciences,
being only collateral shows. There is scarcely an entertainment
in London where music is not a chief element of
attraction. Mr. Albert Smith and Professor Wijilba Frikell
would find their jokes and tricks hang fire, were they not
enlivened and helped out by a cornet or a piano. Nay,
we have heard it whispered that Dr. Kahn and Dr. W. B.
Marston—having at length discovered that skeletons and
desiccated human monsters were not such very enticing
objects—have come to the determination of providing one
or two fiddlers to lighten the gravity of their lectures; and
by-and-by we may reckon upon hearing discourses on
anatomy and pathology accompanied by airs from *La
Traviata* or *The Bohemian Girl*.

England not a musical nation! Why music is the atmo-
sphere of the country. It is a fifth element, as indispensable
as the rest. It takes part in every business and relation of
life. Her Majesty cannot dispense with her band at dinner.
The civic dignitaries swallow their turtle and champagne to
the "mellifluous breathings" of instruments and voices.
Grace is pronounced and toasts are drunk to appropriate
strains. A band of minstrels in every steam-boat waits on
the passengers who journey to Gravesend or Richmond,
Margate or Ramsgate. We cannot walk the streets with-
out having our ears assailed by selections from the last
new opera. Organ boys, German musicians, perambulating
flautists, itinerant performers on the hurdy-gurdy, eleemo-
sinary sirens, and long-winded whistlers, meet us at every
turn, and by the success of their vocations incontestably
prove the universal influence of sweet sounds. Whoever
sups without music has only himself to blame. Let him
repair to Paddy Green's, and be regaled simultaneously with
a chop and a madrigal. If he prefers a pipe with music,
let him go to Canterbury Hall, or Weston's, or the Raglan,
where he may have his senses ravished, and his appetite

stimulated, by extracts from real *bond fide* Italian operas. In fact, where can we go to avoid music?

Music, in short, is the chief amusement of the people. It is closely intertwined with our way of life. We come into the world with a "Hallelujah" chorus, and are laid in our graves with a "Requiem." Laughing and crying are the alpha and omega of our existence; and what is laughter but the music of our joy, and weeping but the music of our sorrow!

WHEN one wishes to stigmatize an enemy, or perchance a friend, as a soulless wretch who has no feeling for the arts, one likens him to Lucius Mummius, surname Achaicus, who, somewhat about the year B.C. 146, took and destroyed Corinth. That illustrious connoisseur having possessed himself of the treasures of art, in which the city of the isthmus abounded, sold the choicest specimens to the refined King of Pergamus, and as for the rest, which he took with him to Italy, he exacted securities from the masters of the vessels to whom they were intrusted, that in case any picture or statue was lost or injured in the passage, it should be replaced by an equivalent. One image was just as good as another in the eyes of honest Mummius, and if he had let all the Elgin marbles slip through his fingers, he would have thought himself amply compensated by the presentation of one of those fine collections of sculpture, that adorn so many front yards in the New Road.

And yet this same Mummius, whose name is irrevocably bound up with the reminiscences of old Roman barbarism, was not devoid of the organ of veneration. If he was no judge of the intrinsic value of statues, he abstained from all those that had been consecrated to religious uses. Contrary to the practice common among the other generals of the Republic, he honoured the creed of the Greeks, and even dedicated a brazen statue of Jupiter at Olympia, surrounding the shrine with gilded bucklers of brass. The fact is, although Lucius Mummius was a remarkably ignorant person, he meant well; and moreover, he was good-natured even to a fault. Associated with Cornelius Scipio in the censorship, he proved so exceedingly easy in the discharge of his duties, that Scipio, on laying down office, declared that he should have performed his functions well had he been paired with a different colleague, or with none at all.

Now, if through some sort of palingenesis, this stupid, easy, good-natured Mummius had been strolling through Paris the other day, he would possibly have seen a sale that would have reminded him of his freaks at Corinth. A choice collection of linen, gloves, head-dresses, theatrical costumes, articles of vertu, would have been displayed before his dull eyes, and if he had not understood the real nature of the proceedings he would have thought the purchasers at high prices as great fools as his old customer the King of Pergamus.

But if he had been informed that the several articles had belonged to a divine being called Rachel, and that many of them were votive offerings presented to her by illustrious devotees, what, in that case, would Lucius Mummius have done? How would he have acted if he had been acquainted with the wretched facts thus recorded by a contemporary.

"RELICS OF RACHEL.—At the sale of the effects of the late Mdlle. Rachel, which fetched very low prices, almost all the linen, handkerchiefs, gloves, head-dresses, &c. of the great tragedian were purchased by dealers in second-hand articles. Among the precious, a breakfast cup and saucer, which had belonged to Mdlle. Clairon, were sold for 150*fr.*; a malachite box of good size fetched 2,500*fr.*; a watch in metal, curiously chased, made in 1673, and which belonged to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, was purchased by a member of the Russian Lega-

tion for 505*fr.*; two silver cups presented to the deceased by the young ladies of Moscow sold for 1,500*fr.*; a workbox presented to Mdlle. Rachel while at Moscow by Prince Gortchakoff, whose sale she had accepted as a temporary residence, sold for 2,775*fr.* Some of the articles of jewellery were purchased by Baron de Rothschild, Baron Selliers, Lord Herford, the Princess Potocka, &c. An American bought for about 20,000*fr.* A ring in emerald and brilliants, presented to Mdlle. Rachel by the Emperor Nicholas, was sold for 1,620*fr.*; a bracelet, with the portrait of Mdlle. Mars, by Mme. de Mirbel, fetched 800*fr.*; a bracelet given by the Queen of England, 7,800*fr.*; two brooches given by the Emperor Nicholas, 6,100*fr.* and 3,770*fr.*; two diamond brooches, 43,700*fr.*; a diamond necklace, 21,800*fr.*; and a brooch given by the Emperor Napoleon III., 2,370*fr.* The theatrical costumes fetched prices varying from 50*fr.* to 400*fr.* each."

How would he have acted! Why he would have felt it his bounden duty to come forward, and put a stop to the filthy secularisation of holy things. He would at once have bought up the entire stock, and at his own proper cost he would have erected a statue to the divine Rachel, and have hung about the shrine the rescued articles, after making them undergo sundry ablutions to purify them from the taint they had received from unworthy hands. For Lucius Mummius, bad judge of art as he was, could distinguish the divine from the simply human.

And having achieved this pious work, he would have added to his name a new cognomen, and would have called himself Lucius Mummius Felix, having a better claim to that high appellation than sundry individuals who own it by right of birth.

It is rumoured that the proprietors of St. James's Hall are at last contemplating such change in the new building as may meet the deficiencies of which all the world has been complaining. We sincerely hope this may be true, both for the sake of music and that of the Company. At present St. James's Hall is anything but a music-room, which, since it was intended for nothing else, is somewhat of an anomaly.

MADAME SEARVADY, better known to our readers as Wilhelmina Claava, will give her first *Matinée Musicale* at Willis's Rooms, on Monday morning next.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉE.—At the last of Miss Arabella Goddard's concerts for chamber music, which excite so general an interest, the following classical works were performed:—1. Sonata in E, for pianoforte and violin, by Mozart (with Saindon); 2. Sonata in D major, by Hummel, for the pianoforte alone; 3. *Prélude e fuga*, by J. S. Bach, for pianoforte alone; 4. Sonata in A major, by Beethoven, for pianoforte alone; 5. Quartet in F minor, for pianoforte, with stringed instruments, by Mendelssohn (Saindon, Goffrie, Piatti). In truth, a magnificent selection, such as has always been the case at these interesting concerts! We might take them as models! When do we ever hear anything similar in Vienna! The only concerts for chamber music are those given by Hellmesberger. Of these, the last two series included eleven evenings, with thirty-nine different pieces. There was only one by Mozart among them!—*New Wiener Musik-Zeitung.*

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN repeated his concert lecture on "Beethoven and his Compositions," on Tuesday evening last, at his residence in Baker-street, Portman-square. It was listened to, with evident satisfaction, by a numerous and select audience of musical connoisseurs. Mr. Salaman was assisted in his illustrations by Messrs. Deichmann and Lidell (violin and violoncello), and by Miss Eliza Hughes, vocalist, pupil of Sir George Smart. At the termination of the lecture, Mr. Salaman performed Beethoven's trio for the pianoforte, violin and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 97, supported by Messrs. Deichmann and Lidell. Mr. Salaman has announced his intention of repeating his new concert lecture on "Carl Maria Von Weber and his Works," at an early date.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *La Traviata* was given for the first time this season, and with the usual success. Mdlle. Piccolomini found her admirers as numerous as ever, though hardly so enthusiastic as during the "extra season"—or seasons. Signor Giuglini sang very finely, and was encoered in the romanza, "Di miel bollente spiriti." Signor Aldighieri was no improvement on Signor Benevanto in the elder Germont, although perhaps freer from exaggeration.

After the opera a new ballet, or, more properly, *ballet-diversifement* was produced, under the title of *Fleur-des-Champs*, for Mdlle. Pocchini. A Grand Ballet is now a myth, so we must be content with its substitute. *Fleur-des-Champs* is the title of a village belle, who loves and is beloved, but who indulges in coquetry until she drives her lover to the brink of despair, and is reformed by a vision. The story is not very clear, but the changes are effective. The dancing of Mdlle. Pocchini was consummate. Some of the steps she introduced were as original as they were extraordinary, and one or two equalled the most surprising we remember. Mdlle. Pocchini achieved a far greater success than the *ballet* itself—which must be reckoned among the *epiphenomena*.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Titiens as Leonora—her second impersonation in London—Alboni as Azucena—her first appearance this year—Signor Giuglini as Manrico, attracted the most crowded audience of the season. Her Majesty and a large party occupied the royal box. Mdlle. Titiens achieved an immense success, acting the part with unsurpassable energy and feeling, and singing with astonishing brilliancy. Her employment of the high notes—C, E flat and D flat—however, was occasionally "de trop;" nor was her execution, notwithstanding her superb voice, at all times marked by that fluency which we are accustomed to look for in the Italian school of vocalisation. Mdlle. Titiens, however, is German—not Italian; and those who accept her for what she is will not have to complain of their bargain.

Signor Giuglini sang better than ever. His voice has gained power since last year; and certainly the "Ah, she is morte" was given with greater force than on any former occasion. He was encoered in the romanza "Ah! si ben mio," one of his most finished and admirable efforts.

Alboni was welcomed with enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the house, which she received with a beam on her face, dispelling the gloom of the terrible gipsy mother's aspect, as the sun the night. Verdi's music is hardly congenial to Alboni; she sings it exquisitely, nevertheless, and endows it with a beauty it does not virtually possess. She acts, too, with intense and natural earnestness.

A new barytone, Signor Mattioli, was announced for the Count di Luna, but could not appear in consequence of a "hoarseness," and Signor Aldighieri undertook the part. Although encoered in the popular "Il Balen," this gentleman's singing does not call for high praise. Signor Violetti was Ferrando.

The new ballet followed.

On Thursday, the *Trovatore* and *Fleur-des-Champs*. The success of Mdlle. Titiens was even greater than on the first night. This evening, the *Huguenots*, "by desire"—does Her Majesty prefer Valentine to Leonora—with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*, with the following cast: Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens; Zerlina, Mdlle. Piccolomini; Elvira, Mdlle. Ortolani; Ottavio, Signor Giuglini; Mascio, Signor Aldighieri; Commendatore, Signor Violetti; Leporello, Signor Bellotti; and Don Giovanni, Signor Benevanto.

LONDON INSTITUTION.—On Thursday evening Professor Bennett gave the last of a series of four highly instructive and entertaining lectures at this institution. The lectures were devoted to the following subjects:—No. 1. "On the State of Music in English Private Society." No. 2. "On the Visits of Illustrious Foreign Musicians to England." No. 3. "The Vocal Music of England." No. 4. "On the Future Prospects of England as a Musical Nation." On each occasion nearly 1,000 persons attended.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall. The programme was a good one, and not the less interesting from the fact of the first part being entirely devoted to Mozart, after the example set by M. Juillié.

PART I.

Overture—"Zauberflöte"	Mozart.
Aria—"Farto mio ben"—Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Concerto, in D major (No. 20)—pianoforte, Signor Andreoli	Mozart.
Aria—"Vedrai carino"—Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Symphony in E flat	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture—"Coriolanus"	Beethoven.
Air, with variations—"Sul margine d'un rio"—Madame Lemmas Sherrington	Mozart.
Solo, pianoforte—Signor Andreoli.	Mozart.
Scene—"Prendi per me"—Mad. Lemmas Sherrington De Beriot.	
Overture—"Ruler of the Spirits"	Weber.
Conductor—Dr. Wyld.	

The overture and the symphony were both played with great spirit and precision. Dr. Wyld took the times with classical correctness, neither too quick nor too slow, thus avoiding both rocks on which conductors' batons so often split. It was a good idea to make the Mozart selection begin and end in the same key. Everyone knows that the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* is in E flat; nor is it necessary to remind anybody that the E flat symphony, is equally in E flat.

The concerto of Mozart is not suited to Signor Andreoli's style of playing, which is as frigid and monotonous as it is neat. Such music should never be attempted by any performer whose heart is not with it. The slow movement was delivered, from beginning to end, without one atom of expression. Nevertheless, the audience were pleased, and the pianist was applauded. The concerto in D, though not one of Mozart's finest, is still so fine, that Signor Andreoli must be thanked for introducing it to the public. We can but regret that he did not present his *protégé* with greater enthusiasm.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang both her songs with the highest artistic finish; and in "Farto" enjoyed the advantage of the admirable clarinet-playing of Mr. Lazarus. We wish, however, that our accomplished English singer would have set a better example, by declining to accept the very partial encore bestowed upon "Vedrai carino."

In the second part, the overture to *Coriolanus* was first played. It is, assuredly, Beethoven's greatest. The clever manner in which Madame Lemmas Sherrington executed some variations on "Sul margine d'un rio," would have been entitled to still greater praise, had she not dignified them with the name of "Mozart." That Mozart could have had no hand in such a concoction, Dr. Wyld must have known very well. We can therefore only conclude, that he had not seen the programme in manuscript.

Signor Andreoli's second performance was the *Dances des Sylphes*, by the late Signor Fumagalli, a piece of unmitigated nonsense. How Dr. Wyld was persuaded to sanction such a display, is rather difficult to explain. Perhaps he wished, like Satan, to tempt his audience. If so, he succeeded better than the arch-fiend—for his audience applauded and recalled Signor Andreoli so heartily, that we could scarcely believe our ears. Surely—wo thought—this is not the "New Philharmonic!" One or two more such exhibitions, and the concerts of Dr. Wyld—so far as the "classics" are concerned—will be condemned to the *Index Expurgatorius*.

SIGNOR BONETTI.—The talented *chef-d'orchestre* of Her Majesty's Theatre has arrived in London, and will preside for the first time this season, on Tuesday next, at the performance of *Don Giovanni*.

M. HAMMER is not coming.

HERR JEAN JOSEPH BOTT, the favourite pupil of Spohr, has arrived in London for the season. He will perform at the third Philharmonic concert, on Monday evening, one of the violin concertos of his illustrious master.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The sixth concert took place on Monday evening, and judging from the crowded and fashionable assembly, the amateurs may be supposed to be in flourishing circumstances. The selection, though excellent, was much too long, and consequently more than half the audience left the room before the commencement of Auber's overture. This was injudicious. It is far better to send people away wishing for more, than to tire them with superfluous abundance. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony, No. 2, in D—Mozart; Aria, "Dalla suapea," Mr. Tennant—Mozart; Overture (Semiramide)—Rossini; Cavatina, "Nobil donna," Miss Correll Gibb—Meyerbeer; Septet—pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, oboe, and horn—Mr. S. W. Waley, Mr. D'Egville, Mr. Davis Cooper, Mr. Dobree, Rev. Dr. Rowden, Mr. Pape, and Mr. Mann—Fees.

PART II.—Movements from "Sleeper Awakened"—G. A. Macfarren; Irish ballad, "Norah, darling," Mr. Tennant—Balfe; Jacobite song, "He's coming again,"—Miss Correll Gibb; Overture (Mansueto)—Auber. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony went capitally, and more than usual attention was given to the *pianos* and *fortes*. We must congratulate the band upon this performance, which showed decided improvement. Indeed, all the pieces played on Monday were unusually successful.

The septet of Fesca, a dreary specimen of chamber-music, though occasionally relieved by scraps of genuine melody, was a creditable performance, and excited considerable interest. For some unexplained reason, Mr. Pollock was absent from his post, and Mr. Pape (clarinet) supplied his place.

The vocal music was good. Mr. Tennant honorably distinguished himself in Mozart's aria. Miss Correll Gibb might do better, with so fine a voice.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The third concert was given on Friday evening, last week. On this occasion Mr. Benedict dispensed with an orchestra, but commenced, nevertheless, with Mendelssohn's *Otello*, very finely executed by eight accomplished players, with Mr. H. Blagrove leading, but not heard as distinctly as might have been desired by the admirers of Mendelssohn. The choir was assisted by the Vocal Union, and sang several glees and part-songs, among which the most favorably received was Mr. Benedict's *Breath*, a most graceful and effective composition. Madame Castellani, Mdlle. Finoli, Miss Messent, and Mr. Tennant were the vocalists.

The novelty of the evening was the violin performance of Mdlle. Gabrielle Wendheim, a young lady, who, whatever may be her capabilities, is ill-advised to exhibit them in public at present, since, in the mechanical part of her art, she has almost everything to learn.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S SOIREE'S.

The first of these took place on Wednesday night, at the Hanover-square Rooms, before a numerous and intelligent audience. Herr Pauer is an admirable pianist, and his taste lies exclusively in the domain of classical art. The first piece in his programme was Beethoven's violin sonata in C minor, which was very finely executed by himself and Herr Joseph Joachim, the exotic "lion" of the season. After a very clever song by M. Gounod (*castrato*), very cleverly sung by Mr. Santley, the audience were treated to a quasi-novelty—Haydn's charming trio in G. This was capitally performed by Herr Pauer, Herr Joachim, and Sig. Piatti, and the audience were so much delighted that they encored the last movement—a rondo formed on a subject in the Hungarian style of melody. One of Bach's pedal-fugues, and solos by Liszt and himself, were also contributed by Herr Pauer, who also took part with Herr Joachim and Sig. Piatti in Schumann's D minor trio, a work more dry and laborious than musically beautiful. Herr Joachim played Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* with wonderful taste and dexterity, and was unanimously recalled. Among the vocal pieces were two songs by Schubert, and a "Miserere" by Martini, all of which were sung with artistic expression by Mad. Pauer, wife of the concert-

giver. There was also a duet from *Semiramide*, which was hardly suited to the occasion, and in which Mad. Pauer and Mr. Santley were less at home than in the other pieces. The concert was first-rate of its class.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in conjunction, attracted one of the largest audiences we have seen at Exeter Hall. These two works together, so different in style and yet both so masterly, now constitute one of the most attractive entertainments of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance of *Athalie* on Wednesday evening was not perfect, though occasionally very grand—the overture and march of the Levites, for instance, being magnificently played. The solo singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss F. Rowland, and Miss Dolby. In the *Stabat Mater* the principal singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Reeves, in obedience to the vociferous demand of the audience, was compelled to repeat the air, "Cujus Animam," which he sang superbly. Generally speaking, the execution of Rossini's work left as much to be desired as that of Mendelssohn's. As, however, both works are to be repeated next Friday, we shall consider the first performance as a "full rehearsal," and postpone further remarks until the next.

MR. ARTHUR O'LEARY'S CONCERT.—A very interesting performance of classical pianoforte music was given at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Thursday morning, the 29th ult., by Mr. Arthur O'Leary, the pianist. This young virtuoso was a student in the Royal Academy, under Professor Bennett for the pianoforte, and Mr. Cipriani Potter for composition. He reflects credit on his masters, exhibiting decided talent both in composition and in playing. The programme included a variety of classical *sonatas*, which it is not necessary to specify in detail. Beethoven's *sonata* in F, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin, in which Mr. O'Leary enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of Herr Molique, pleased universally. Professor Bennett's exquisite *Rondo à la Polonoise*, the first time it was performed in public, was exceedingly well played, and much applauded. Mr. O'Leary also took part in Hummel's trio in E flat, with Herr Molique and Mr. Aylward, besides performing some selections from Schumann, with Mr. Cipriani Potter, an *Andante con moto* (Op. 2) of his own, and Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. Herr Molique executed two of his own "melodies" (pianoforte accompaniment,) with admirable effect. Miss White sang the air, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*, accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Aylward, and the Irish song, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," and was encored in the last. The concert was under distinguished patronage.

MR. ALFRED CARDER'S CONCERT took place on Monday evening, at the Beadmont Institution. The vocalists were Madame Sherrington Lemmens, Miss Banks, Mr. Thomas, and Herr Reichardt; the instrumentalists, Mr. W. Pettit (violoncello), and Mr. Carder (pianoforte). The London Polyhymnian Choir also assisted, and sang several part-songs exceedingly well, including a clever six-part song, by Mr. Carder, entitled "Woman's eyes." Mr. Carder, among other pieces, played an *andante*, with variations, for piano and violoncello, with Mr. Pettit, in a musicianly manner, and was deservedly applauded. Madame Lemmens sang the aria from the *Marmion*, "Rejoice greatly," and with Herr Reichardt, "Hannah, why weepest," from Mr. Costa's *Éli*. Miss Banks was encored in Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and Mr. Thomas, in "The exile's farewell," a composition of Mr. Carder's. Herr Reichardt, who was received with great favour, sang "If with all your hearts," (*Étich*), and, in German, a *lied* of his own composition, "Thou art so near, and yet so far" (*Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern*), in which he was enthusiastically encored, when he repeated it with equal effect in English. Mr. Alfred Carder (the *benefic*) was the conductor, and acquitted himself most satisfactorily. The room was well filled.

M. CHARLES HALLÉ.—This great artist is to play Beethoven's concerto in E flat, at the next Philharmonic concert.

A THIRD ITALIAN OPERA.—Drury Lane Theatre opens on Monday evening, with the first of a series of Italian operas, at play-house prices. The opera is to be *Il Trovatore*. The following is the list of the company:—Mescalda Salvini, Donatelli, Fungalli, Belloni, Bernardi, Ruderstorf; Signora Badiali, De Giorgi, and Kinnl; and Messrs. Perren and Charles Brabant.

MR. H. J. TRUST'S MATINEES.—The second of Mr. Trust's harp performances, took place at his private residence. The rooms were full, and the company select. The instrumental pieces were—Overture for piano, violin, horn, and harp, by Nademann, played by Miss Marie Salzmann, Messrs. Day, Mann, and Trust; Grand Trio, "L'Alliance," for pianoforte, fute, and harp, by Boehm—executants, Miss Marie Salzmann, Messrs. Sidney Pratten and Trust; Oberthur's Trio, for two horns and harp, by Messrs. H. and F. Jarrett and Trust; Grand Duo, for two harps, by the same composer, performed by himself and Mr. Trust; Duo for fute and harp, *L'Alceste's Airs*, by Talon and Boehm, admirably played by Messrs. Pratten and Trust, and loudly applauded, besides solos by Miss Marie Salzmann and Mr. Trust. All these performances gave the utmost satisfaction, and Miss Marie Salzmann, niece and pupil of Mr. Trust, exhibited decided talent for the pianoforte, and was much applauded, especially in Mendelssohn's Fantasia. Mr. Trust's performance of Parish Alvars' "Barcarole," was greatly admired. The vocalists were, Miss Marian Prescott and Mr. Lyall. These *matinees* are first-rate of their kind.

BARNSBURY.—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lawler, sung in a vocal performance of Handel's *Messiah*, on Monday evening last, at Barnsbury Hall, Islington. Mr. J. F. Cooper was the conductor, and accompanied the voices in a clever manner. An efficient chorus, about fifty in number, did themselves and their conductor much credit by their energetic and careful performance. The principal singers fully sustained their high reputation.

LEEDS.—(From our Correspondent).—On Monday last, Mr. Burton gave a concert in the Music Hall, when Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Beethoven's *Movnt of Oives* were performed. The band and chorus numbered about eighty; and the principal singers were Miss Whitham, Miss Freeman, Mr. Westmoreland, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Considering the shortcomings naturally expected from the local soloists who undertook such difficult music, both works were performed in a very creditable manner. The attendance was thin.—The Brousil Family have given several concerts during the week, in the Music Hall.—On dit, that the Festival will take place on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th September, a fortnight before the meetings of the British Association. The morning performances will, in all probability, consist of *The Messiah*, *Movnt of Oives*, *Elijah*, and *Haydn's Seasons*. The guarantee fund now amounts to about £2,500.

BELLS AND SINGERS.—Four o'clock in the morning. The deep bass voice of Paul's, the Staudig of bells, has growlingly proclaimed the fact. Bow Church confirms the information in a respectable baritone. St. Clement's Danes has sung forth acquaintance with the well-known chest-note of his tenor voice. St. Margaret's, Westminster, murmurs a confession of the soft impachment in a contralto rich as Albion's in "Stride la vampa;" and all around and about the pert bells of the new churches, from evangelical Hackney to Puseyite Picnic, echo the announcement in their shrill treble and soprano.—*Wife come Gnest.*

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Charles Dickens read his Christmas story, "The Chimes," on Thursday evening, to an audience that filled every part of St. Martin's Hall. So great was the crowd, indeed, that scores were turned away from the unreserved seats and the galleries. In several instances, Mr. Dickens could not proceed for the applause, and his greatest effects were certainly created in the serious parts of his story. In order to bring the "reading" within the compass of two hours a good deal of the text has to be omitted, but nothing materially to affect the story. On Thursday next Mr. Dickens will read his "Christmas Carol."

THE AMBROSIAN CHANT.

The Ambrosian chant derives its name from its having been employed in the service of the church by Ambrose, chosen Bishop of Milan in 374, and canonised after his death. This prelate appears, however, neither to have originated the form of chanting, nor even to have first appropriated it to ecclesiastical purposes.

Some writers suppose that an antiphonal form of chanting prevailed among the Jews from the earliest times; this being inferred from the description of Miriam and her maidens answering Moses and the children of Israel in the song of thanksgiving after the passage of the Red Sea, from the construction of several of the Psalms of David, and from the description of the reciting or chanting (very possibly of some other of these, most likely of the 136th) at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Temple of Solomon, and again at the performance of the same ceremony for the second Temple; and they argue that such a manner of rehearsing the Psalms before its use among the Jews, it was continued, and the melodies they chanted were preserved by the early Christians. Others suppose that the music in use among the Greeks was at once adopted in the church service by the first pagan converts to Christianity, and they speculate that the narrative of the divine passion, being of a tragic character and of most deeply tragic interest, may, at its habitual public recital, have been intoned or chanted, or sung, after the same manner and in the same melodic cadences as the tragedies of the Greek theatre. Others, again, pretend that the musical system was invented, if not by Ambrose himself, certainly by and for the express use of the members of the Christian church; and they advance in support of this view of the subject, that Ambrose distinguished the four modes which only he employed, simply by the numerical appellations of first, second, third, and fourth, and was followed in this practice by the Eastern Church, who extended the system, so as to the four modes he added those of Ambrose, whereas the Greek titles were first applied in the ecclesiastical modes by Glycerius, who, so late as the sixteenth century, further extended their number to twelve, and thus, so it is pretended, gave rise to the confused idea of their origin that now prevails. One fact and one conjecture will, however, I think, entirely refute this pretension: namely, the four modes of Ambrose are identical with those of Dorion, the Thyrigian, and the Greek, and the four modes of the Greek system are the added four of Gregory with those that are now known by the same names; and, since the succession of intervals that constitute these modes are all of them arbitrary, artificial arrangements, wholly unfounded upon any harmonic, any natural system, it is not for a moment to be believed that they could have been for a second time invented, especially at a period when they remained still in use for the purpose of reciting Greek poetry, for which they were originally designed. Such is the fact; and my conjecture is, that Ambrose dropped the Greek names, and preferred his numerical distinctions (and Gregory followed his example), if not merely for the sake of greater facility of reference, perhaps in order to disassociate them, so far as might be, from all ideas of heathenism; whereas, in the time of Glycerius, the idea of the heathenism of the Greeks having in some sort given place to that of their classicity, this last-named reformer of church music chose to restore their original names to such metres, the ecclesiastical modes, and, we may naturally believe, thought he would give them dignity and respectability thereby. In further justification of this consideration of the origin of the ecclesiastical modes may well be urged, that the Latin hymns of Prudentius, written for the catholic church, are in Greek metres, the Alcaic, the Alcaic, the Sapphic, &c., and are thus shown to have been produced with the intention that they should be sung in the Greek manner appropriate to such metres.

Whatever the origin of this system of music, Ambrose appears to have made himself master of it during his residence at Antioch, where, under the administration of Flavian, the bishop of that Greek city, it had been long in use in the church, and was in great esteem. Before Ambrose made use of it in Milan, Basil had transplanted it to his see of Caesarea, and Chrysostom to his of Constantinople, in which latter place it was employed as a counter-attraction of the orthodox church to the hymns of the Arians, which these heretics habitually obtained as they passed in procession through the public streets. Very shortly after, if not coincidentally with the introduction of this system of chanting by Ambrose at Milan, it was also introduced by Pope Damasus at Rome, so that it is almost questionable whether Ambrose entirely deserves the credit of transplanting it from the eastern to the western church.

The object of Ambrose for instituting at Milan the musical system that bears his name, was the same as that of Chrysostom at Constantinople, to counteract the seductive influence of Arianism. It is stated by some writers, that when his orthodox flock took refuge in the churches against the persecution of Justinian, the empress-mother, their

biabop taught them to intone the psalms antiphonically to certain melodic cadences (melodies, in our modern acceptance of the word, they can scarcely be called) constructed upon these modes. Others only state, but, I believe, all agree, that this system of responsive chanting to these special notes for so long shrouded in mystery, was established, it had the great effect which is the aim of all music in divine service, nay, of every accessory to the act of devotion—even of the form of language employed in prayer—the effect of elevating the feelings of the supplicants, and kindling in their hearts such glowing emotions as we, in the present day, experience when we hear and, still more, when we participate in the competent performance of the masterpieces of the lyric art. They who should prove the casting power of music, will instantly recognize the full extent of my meaning; they who have not, could never understand, from second-hand description, the more than human influence it possesses to bind a multitude together in one common emotion by one all-uniting chain of sympathy. Augustinus Aurelius, who had been converted to Christianity by the preaching of Ambrose, thus, in his Confessions, addresses his master as to the effect of this music upon him.

"How many tears I have shed during the performance of thy hymns and chants, keenly affected by the notes of thy melodious church! My ears drank up those sounds, and they distilled into my heart a sacred truth, and overflowed them in pious emotion, and gushed forth into tears, and I was happy in them."

The same pious writer proves that it was especially the musical character of the performance which produced this powerful impression on his heart, by a comparison of the recitation of the same hymns by Ambrose at Milan, and the monotonous recitation practised under the administration of Athanasius:—

"Sometimes, from over jealousy, I would entirely part from me and from the church the melodies of the sweet chants which we use in the psalter, lest our ears seduce us; and the way of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, seems the safer; who, as I have often heard, made the reader chant with so slight a change of voice, that there was more in the speaking than in singing. And yet, when I call to mind the tears I have shed when I heard the chants of thy church in the infancy of my recovered faith, and reflect that at this time I am affected, not by the mere music, but by the subject brought out as it is, by clear voices and appropriate tunes, then, in turn, I confess how useful is the practice."

Exciting thus the participants in the performance, it may well be believed that this system of music, then known, was the utmost perfection of execution then possible, resulting from the simplicity of the melodies, and the multitude and the genuine enthusiasm of the singers, had also a powerful effect upon the indifferent passers-by, and even the heretics, who casually heard it: an effect so powerful as to attract them to its daily repetition, and thus to induce them to listen to the sacred teaching, while itself prepared their minds and hearts for the reception of the lessons then promulgated.

We must now consider the music of the Ambrosian chant consisted. The diatonic genus, the simplest of the three comprised in the ancient Greek system, was the only one employed; and the reason of this is obvious in organising a system of music for the performance, not of a studied fad, as in the Greek theatre, and in the solemnities of the pagan priesthood, but of the entire people. To define this in modern terminology, it must be said to have consisted of the natural notes belonging to the scale of C, wholly without inflection by sharps or flats, save that, under certain circumstances, B flat was used instead of B natural (but never chronologically, that is, next before or after it), according to the greater perfect system of the Greeks, instead of according to their lesser perfect system. The modes of the Greeks were distinguished from each other by their various dominant and final notes, the former of which was, not as in present acceptance, the fifth of the key, but the prime; and throughout the melody; and the latter being, of course, that upon which the melody closed. As any note in the octachord might be employed as a final, or, as we should now call it, tonic or key-note, it will be seen that the scale of each mode had a different distribution from the others, of the tones and semitones. These are the four modes chosen by Ambrose, which were identical with the first four of the Greeks:—

The *Dorian* of the Greeks (which was the protos or first of Ambrose) commenced upon our D, and so had its semitones between E and F, and between B and C.

The *Phrygian* of the Greeks (the deuterus or second of Ambrose), commencing upon our E, had its semitones still between E and F, and between B and C.

The *Lydian* of the Greeks (the tritos or third of Ambrose), commencing upon our F, had its semitones between B and C, and between E and F.

And the *Mixolydian* of the Greeks (the tetartos or fourth of Ambrose), commencing upon our G, and having its semitones between B and C, and between E and F.*

Writers differ as to the names of the Phrygian and the Lydian modes, some reverting to names of those which are here given, others calling the third the Eolian instead of the Lydian, but those here stated are, according to the majority of authorities, classical and ecclesiastical. Another uncertainty prevails as to the term mode, some writers using that of *tone* to signify the same thing, while others employ this latter word rather in our acceptance of *tune*—a melody, namely, written in either one of the modes. The description here given applies rather to the notation, and to the relative distance of one tone another, than to the positive pitch of the notes, for there is every reason to believe that the tones or chants constructed upon either one of the four modes might be, and continually was, sung higher or lower, according to the compass of the voices that intoned them at one time or another; or, in modern terminology, were transposed into higher or lower keys.

* Under what circumstances the B flat of the greater perfect system was employed, I can trace no rule to define; but the fact that this note, and not B natural, is the original note of the German scale, and that of the almost universal prevalence of our keys of F and D minor in the first compositions that departed from the rigid severity of the ecclesiastical canon, considered with reference to the greater perfect system of the Greeks, which consisted of two octaves, commencing upon our A in the first space of the bass clef, and had B flat for its second and ninth notes, suggests that there may be some inaccuracy in this generally accepted description of the scales which I have given, and that B flat was the received note, and thus B natural, if used at all, was entirely exceptional in its employment. If this conjecture be true, the situation of the semitones in all the modes will differ accordingly.

(To be continued.)

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 Ne'er was truer, purer passion,
 Than within this heart doth dwell.

Long I've watch'd each rare perfection,
 Stealing o'er that gentle brow,
 Till respect became affection,
 Such as that I offer now,
 If you love me, and will have me,
 True I'll be in weal and woe;
 If in proud disdain you leave me,
 For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken hearted
 What their fate, by land or sea,
 Phoebe, if we once are parted,
 Once for ever it will be.
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VOL. 36.—No. 21.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will give a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC on the afternoon of Saturday, June 26, in Willis's Rooms. To commence at three o'clock. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

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SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Wednesday morning next, May 29. Vocalists Mr. Doby, Madame Ferrari, Miss Lallo, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Ferrari. Instrumentalists—Madame Ferrari (Violoncello), Miss Lallo (Flute), Mr. Wray and Signor Giulio Bagnoli. Accompanists—Signor Billeci and Herr Handl Thomas.

WILHELMINA CLAUS (Madame Szwadsky) will have the honour of giving a SECOND MATINEE, on Monday, May 24, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, assisted by Herr Holique, violin; Mr. Henry Blignow, viola; and Signor Piatti, violoncello. To commence at 11 o'clock precisely.—Reservations numbered at the rate of 1s. 6d. in advance, seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

MR. HENRY C. BANISTER has the honour to announce that his Concert of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Friday Evening, May 29, commencing at 8 o'clock precisely. Vocalists, Miss Doby; Clarinet, Mr. Lanoux; Violin, Mr. J. Banister; Violoncello, Mr. Arfner; Flute, Mr. Wray; and Macfarren and Mr. Henry C. Banister. Single Tickets, Five Shillings; Triple Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Henry C. Banister, 2, Gothic Cottages, Park Village East, N.W.; of Messrs. Leslie and Cook, 41, New Bond-street; and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 29th, at 8 o'clock, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." On Thursday evening, May 27th, at 8 o'clock, his "CHIMNEY." Each Reading will last two hours. Seals (numbered and reserved), 5s.; area and gallery, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 95, Fleet-street; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Strand-street and Piccadilly. For this season only, Thursday morning next, May 27. By order of the proprietors, the following grand and magnificent GRAND-MORNING PERFORMANCE at the above magnificent Hall, on Tuesday, May 26, to commence at three o'clock precisely. Programme and full particulars may be had on application at the office of the proprietors, 2, Gothic Cottages, Park Village East, N.W.; of Messrs. Leslie and Cook, 41, New Bond-street; of Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the St. James's Hall.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLE has the honour to announce that his GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 28th, at 8 o'clock, supported by the following eminent artists—Miss Louisa Visning (her first appearance since her provincial tour), Lucielle, Patti, Lizzy Stuart, Julia Blandini, McAlpine, C. Moore, and Worsley. Messrs. Geo. Purcell, Montagu Smith, Wilby Cooper, Thomas, Franz Bodda, Viotti Collins, J. Chesbire, Wilhelm Ganz, F. Brains, Avant, and Geo. Case.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Strand-street, on Monday, May 29th, supported by the following eminent artists—Miss Louisa Visning (her first appearance since her provincial tour), Lucielle, Patti, Lizzy Stuart, Julia Blandini, McAlpine, C. Moore, and Worsley. Messrs. Geo. Purcell, Montagu Smith, Wilby Cooper, Thomas, Franz Bodda, Viotti Collins, J. Chesbire, Wilhelm Ganz, F. Brains, Avant, and Geo. Case.

MEMOIRS OF MADLE RACHEL, in two volumes, with a portrait. This work will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hurs and Blackett, and those who desire early copies are requested to give their orders immediately to their booksellers.

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WHITSUNTIDE.—New Chorus for Sunday Scholars, "Let Praise to the Holy and Beautiful Lord."

NOTICE.—A copy of this new chorus, words and music harmonized, will be presented to every scholar in Manchester and within a circuit of seven miles upon application, or repeated letter addressed to Mr. B. Andrews, Sacred Music and Partials, and London Pianoforte School, 24, Oxford-street, Manchester.—Orders sent, post free, for 15 shillings. Words and music edited, 2d. each, may be had of Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row, London.

CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—Five per cent. interest per annum is paid half-yearly on all investments of £2 and upwards; but with the consent of the members, a lower rate, not less than 5 per cent. on their subscriptions, and in one year will be 7 per cent. The privilege of withdrawing at a day's notice, and the non-liability of the Conservative Land Society, are the most liberal laws on the Society's estates being quite optional, are advantages which have rendered this Society one of the best modes of investing capital, and saving. Prospectuses sent free to any part of the world.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace have great pleasure in announcing that they have completed an arrangement with Mr. Gye, of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent-garden, to give SIX GRAND CONCERTS at the Crystal Palace during the present season.

The Concerts will be supported by the following unrivalled artists—Madame Grisi, Mlle. Marié, Madlle. Parepa, Madame Tagliani, Madame Boni, Signor Mario, Signor Rossi, Signor Bondi, Signor 13 Bernaldi, Signor Gardani, and Signor Tamberli. Signor Rosconi, Mendace Rigler, Signor 2 Tagliani, Signor Fagnoli, and Signor Grandini.

These Concerts will take place on FRIDAYS, May 28th, June 11th, 25th, July 9th, 23rd, and August 6th; once a fortnight through the season.

The admission to the Crystal Palace on the day of these Concerts will be 7s. 6d. each person. Reserved Seats may be had 5s. 6d. each. Seats of State for the Six Concerts will have priority of choice. Tickets are now on sale.

In order, however, to give the widest of that large class of nobility and gentry who so cordially honour the Opera Concerts with their patronage during the last two seasons, the Directors have determined to issue a One Guinea Ticket, which will admit to the whole of the Six Concerts. This ticket is of course not transferable.

Tickets may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at the Central Ticket Office, No. 2, Fetter-Lane; or at the Box office of the Royal Italian Opera.

N.B. The six days above enumerated are those named as excepted days in the Directors prospectus of the present season, but season ticket-holders will observe on referring to an abstract of criticisms published in the present prospectus, the most advantageous arrangement for them with regard to the above Concerts.

By order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO SEASON TICKET-HOLDERS.—The Directors, in their arrangements with Mr. Gye for a series of Six Opera Concerts, on the six days cited in the Season Tickets, have the pleasure to have the privilege of taking a NON-TRANSFERABLE SUBSCRIPTION TICKET for the series.

This Subscription Ticket can be obtained only at the Crystal Palace, or at No. 2, Fetter Lane, and the original Book of the Series, which the party applying for the ticket may obtain the two tickets at either of these places, on payment of one guinea and a-half. Crystal Palace, May 19, 1858.

By order, GEO GROVE, Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The second performance of *Don Giovanni* confirmed all that had been previously said in favour of Madlle. Titiens' Donna Anna. *Il Trovatore* was repeated on Saturday, and the *Huguenots* on Tuesday; Madlle. Pochini appearing as usual in the new ballet, *Fleur des Champs*.

The first performance of *Il Barbiere*, with Alboni as Rosina, took place on Wednesday, the Derby Day, and in consequence the house was by no means full. Nevertheless, those who did attend were repaid by some of the most exquisite singing ever heard. How Alboni executed Rossini's music we need not insist. Enough that she enchanted her hearers from the first note of her performance to the last. "Una voce" and "Dunque io son" were both faultless, and Rode's air, introduced in the lesson scene, created the same sensation as of old, and the last variation was tumultuously encored.

If only good singing were required, Signor Belletti would be one of the very best of Figaros; and as much may be said of Signor Belart in Count Almaviva. Both have wonderful fluency. We never heard the duet "All'idea di quel metallo" more perfectly delivered. Equally good was the trio, "Ah! quel colpo," by Alboni, Signors Belart and Belletti, the last movement of which—"Zitti, Zitti!"—was followed by the loudest applause.

We cannot praise the Dr. Bartolo of Signor Rossi, although he sang the reproach to Rosina well; nor the Basilio of Signor Vialletti, whose voice is antipathetic to Rossini's music. Mad. Ghioni deserves a word of commendation for her reading of the quaint air, "Cerca Moglie," which, nevertheless, she spoiled by an ill-judged cadence at the end.

The *Barbiers* will, no doubt, be repeated. Notwithstanding the many deficiencies in the performance, the delight it afforded to the lovers of good music and good singing was unqualified. Nothing in the way of vocal achievement can surpass, or has ever surpassed, Alboni's execution of the music of Rosina.

The second act of *La Figlia* followed, with Madlle. Piccolomini, Signor Belart and Signor Vialletti; and the entertainments concluded with the divertissement, *Calisto*.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was given for the third time, with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

Last evening *Il Trovatore* with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the new theatre opened its doors to the public, notwithstanding the many prognostications to the contrary. Thousands and thousands of pounds sterling are said to have changed hands on this event, which interested a certain class of betting-men just as much as the Derby or the Leger. Be that as it may, Mr. Gye redeemed his pledge.

The daily papers have described the new theatre so minutely, and at such great length, that we must refer our readers to their columns for an account of its architectural design and merits. All we have to do is with its acoustic properties, and the lyrical performances that take place within its walls. Nor shall we devote a whole page to a record of the excitement that prefaced and accompanied the inauguration. This bare allusion must suffice. One thing tended to neutralise in some degree the hilarious enthusiasm of the Covent-Gardenites—viz, the absence of Mr. Gye on an occasion to which he had contributed so much by his zealous perseverance. The public had been informed by a paragraph in *The Times* that Mr. Gye was ill, and would be able to witness the first results of his indomitable energy. His great nerve and spirits had supported him up to within a few days of the crowning incident; but on the eleventh hour his nerve abandoned him. Over-labour and continued anxiety had done their work; nature could no more; and the immeasurably active manager (as Herr Wagner might call him) succumbed. Mr. Gye, however, would hear of his success, and that, no doubt, would help to quicken his convalescence far more efficiently than the prescriptions of Dr. Billing, unless that worthy gentleman, more skilled than the physicians who tended Lady Macbeth, could "minister to the mind diseased."

The doors opened precisely at the hour indicated. The crowd soon thronged to the pit and galleries; but the holders of

stalls and boxes, more aristocratic and more cautious, were in less hurry to occupy their places—no doubt resolved that if the building tumbled down, the *ossuoli* and not themselves should be the victims. This recalls a line of Horace, which we have not space to quote—owing, as the morning papers say, when filled with parliamentary orations that nobody reads, "to the crowded state of our columns." The first view of the amphitheatre was disappointing; but the fact is, so very much was anticipated, that disappointment was sure to be the first feeling. As the eye became accustomed to the interior, however, a sense of its magnificence was awakened, and the noble simplicity of its design, no less than the vastness of its proportions, was gradually acknowledged. Through the imposing proscenium, the chaste and appropriate dressings of Mr. Telbin, and the enormous width of the stage, were severally inspected and admired. Not, however, to be prolix about details which one by one will so often henceforth come under our notice, we may add that there was ample time allowed before Mr. Costa made his appearance in the orchestra, to examine every object worth inspecting, and to regulate its claims to approval. When that glad event arrived, the house broke out in loud and long-continued cheering. Shortly after the band struck up the orchestral prelude to the *Huguenots*; and that its supremacy was undisturbed, was at once the unanimous conviction. We saw the same well-known faces, and recognised the power of that unrivalled point is still undecided; and we must await further experience to judge whether the new Covent Garden is as favourable to sound as the theatre which, after the orgies of a demoralising *bal masqué*, was reduced to ashes.

Of the performance it is unnecessary to say very much. Enough that from end to end the greatest excitement prevailed. Each favourite artist was hailed with acclamation, the highest honours being of course reserved for Grisi and Mario. The Valentine and Raoul of the evening were absolutely overwhelmed by the enthusiastic reception they encountered; and this only made them the more anxious to do well. Never was Mario greater, never was Grisi more entirely absorbed by her part. The septet in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* was one of the culminating points of the performance; and in this Mario exerted himself as of old, bringing down a storm of applause in the last movement of the piece (which he sang in the right key), and an encore, with which Mr. Costa very judiciously declined to comply. In the duet with Marcel, Grisi obtained her triumph; and the two together in the splendid climax to the third (fourth) act surpassing all their former efforts, raised the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely created. The "ovation" after the curtain had descended was indescribable.

Madlle. Marai was the Queen, Madlle. Nantier Didié's the Page, Sig. Tagliafico Nevvers, Sig. Polonini St. Bris. The last three did their best, but Marai was uncommonly nervous. M. Zelger, in consequence of the protracted absence of Herr Fornes, undertook the character of Marcel, which he was the first to play in England, in 1846—when the company from Brussels gave performances at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Mr. Delafield, to whom the English public are indebted for the *Huguenots* both in French and Italian. Mad. Tagliafico, Sig. Pierini, Sig. Rossi, and Sig. Soldi were the subordinates. It is not our intention to criticise, or we might point to several deficiencies, and especially dwell upon the unsatisfactory manner in which the quarrel between the Huguenots and Catholics, the "Bataillon" (spoken by Sig. Soldi), and the "Benediction of the Poignards" were performed. But of this more hereafter. One thing we must say, however. Never on any previous occasion have we heard the Chief of the Night Watch deliver the melody of the "Coverfens" so horribly out of tune. The band was splendid throughout, and set an example which it is to be hoped the chorus will endeavour to emulate on a future occasion.

Messrs. Beverley, Green, and Telbin are, we believe, the principal scenic artists; but by whom the separate tableaux were painted we are unable to say. The scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* is worthy of Mr. Stanfield. The final tableau, which was omitted on the first night, for reasons to be stated, is one of the

most real and interesting pictures that has ever been seen on the stage. A *carrefour*, or meeting of streets, is represented, the antique houses of old Paris with their quaint gables being reared in actual solid architectural masses. In front of the scene an elegant and admirably executed railing, with elaborately wrought gate, runs across the stage in a slanting direction, giving perspective space. This marks off the cemetery, in which Marcel, Raoul, and Valentina take refuge as a sanctuary during the massacre. The intense reality of the whole cannot be imagined till it has been seen. The execution of the trio was faultless, and the catastrophe which leads to the murder of the three Huguenots was admirably managed, the action and grouping of the principal characters, while the stage is filled up in the rear with a motley and animated crowd, bristling with arms and glaring with torches, producing a stirring impression.

Mr. A. Harris has shown his accustomed skill in the management of the general stage business. The end of the scene in which Nevers takes away his bride amidst the accompanying festivities, was as vivid and imposing as any of the variegated pictures of busy animated life to which the Royal Italian Opera has accustomed the public. Some more ballet, too, has been squeezed into the opera, and with it some more of Meyerbeer's ballet music, which is always welcome. But of these and other matters we cannot stop to speak just now. Suffice it, on Saturday night, the opera finished with the third (fourth) act in the midst of a discredit riot. It was half an hour after midnight before the curtain fell on this act, of which Mr. Harris, coming forward, reminded the audience, suggesting that in consequence of the encroachment upon the Sabbath, the National Anthem should at once be proceeded with. The "Ayes" and "Noes" were equally boisterous; but as most probably the last scene was not even set, after another speech from Mr. Harris, which met with similar opposition, the curtain was lifted, and the Anthem sung—solos by Griesl. Regardless of the fact that the anniversary of the Queen's birth had been celebrated that day, the unloyal malcontents accompanied the performances by yells and hisses. And thus terminated the first performance at the new theatre, which, we agree with a contemporary, was, under the circumstances, one of the most extraordinary feats ever accomplished.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, a marked improvement in all respects being noted, and the praises of Mario echoed from mouth to mouth. Never did this incomparable singer and admirable actor exhibit his great powers to more advantage. The same opera will be given to-night; and on Tuesday Mad. Bosio is to make her *rentrée* in the *Traviata*.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

La Traviata, produced on Monday, exhibited Madame Donatelli in Violetta, the part expressly written for her by Verdi. She sings the music with great brilliancy, and, no doubt, as the composer intended. Her idea of the character of the heroine, however, is too literal, and her Violetta would be the last person in the world to make a devoted lover of Alfredo. Such fluent and admirable vocalisation, nevertheless, would atone for much greater histrionic deficiency, and Madame Donatelli's success was triumphant. Signor Badiali, with the remains of a fine voice, and very considerable talent as an actor, made a capital Germont—in many respects, in fact, the best we have seen. Mr. Charles Brahm sang the music of Alfredo with great feeling, and displays a very marked improvement in his acting. He rightly shares the "encores" and "recalls" with his clever Italian associates. The part of Flora is very nicely sustained by Mdlle. Bellonio. Signor Vianesi is a good conductor; but his band is not a very good band. *Rigolotto* is in rehearsal, and will be produced in the course of next week.

TRINITY CHURCH.—In a paragraph recording that a collection was made in aid of the funds of this church last week, it was stated that "A Psalm, composed by Mr. Edmond Chipp, organist of Trinity Church, was performed." We should have said, was to be performed on Trinity Sunday. Mendelssohn's Anthem, "Hear my prayer," was given on the occasion alluded to.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The programme at the third concert, which took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall, was as follows:—

PART I.			
Overture, (Fingal's Cave)	Mendelssohn.		
Aria, "Infelice"	Mendelssohn.		
Concerto in G minor	Mendelssohn.		
Duet, "My song shall slay me"	Mendelssohn.		
Air, "If with all your heart"	Mendelssohn.		
Symphony in A	Mendelssohn.		

PART II.			
Overture (King Stephen)	Beethoven.		
Air, with variations	Rode.		
Solo, Pianoforte	Dozietti.		
Recit. and Romanza (Don Sebastian)	Dozietti.		
Overture (Preciosa)	Weber.		

Conductor—Dr. Wyld.

We certainly looked for something newer than the first part of this selection, devoted to Mendelssohn. The piano-forte concerto and the symphony have been too much heard of late—*musci* too much. Dr. Wyld should have induced Mdlle. Claus to play the concerto in D minor, and have given his subscribers the C minor symphony for a change. Then again the air from *Eljaf*, however well sung by Herr Reichardt, could not be found otherwise than out of place. In the oratorio this air is quite as edifying as it is beautiful; but it cannot with impunity be separated from the context. The same objection applies with equal force to the duet from the *Lothgraven*, which was entrusted to Madame Castellan and Herr Reichardt.

Nevertheless the fine execution of the symphony—every movement of which was taken in a tempo that Mendelssohn himself would have sanctioned—made the audience forget what a stock piece it had been for the last five or six years. Equally good was the magnificent *Fingal's Cave*, which, although perhaps the finest of Mendelssohn's concert-overtures, is less frequently brought forward than any of them. The grand scena, "Infelice," is not congenial to Madame Castellan, nor indeed to the Italian style of singing.

Madame Wilhelmina Szarvady Claus played the concerto from memory, as she did at Exeter Hall in 1852 (when she first appeared at the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society); and was recalled by the audience at the conclusion of her performance, just as she was on the occasion alluded to.

The second part of the concert was interesting on account of the two overtures. *King Stephen*,* though one of Beethoven's latest works, is also one of his least ambitious. It is fresh, vigorous and brilliant, without any evidence of the Beethovenian depth. Every one knows the quaint and charming *Preciosa*, one of the prettiest wild flowers that ever sprang from the fertile soil of Weber's genius. This was as welcome as the overture of Beethoven, and both were capitally rendered. The "solo" of Madame Wilhelmina Szarvady Claus consisted of two pieces by Chopin, quite as well known as the first concerto of Mendelssohn. She played them charmingly, and was again recalled by her admirers.

Mad. Castellan was far better suited in Rode's familiar air than in Mendelssohn's less familiar scena; and Herr Reichardt obtained well-deserved applause for the chaste expression with which he gave the romance from *Don Sebastian*—a work which the Royal Italian Opera managers have so often announced, and never produced.

At the end of some comments on the overture to *King Stephen*, Dr. Wyld inserts the following note:—

"We wrote these remarks last season, on the occasion of the performance of this overture; we now reprint them, since they explain our views and sentiments on the various styles of music. The introduction of a piece entitled 'Danse des Sylphes,' in the programme of the last concert, has exposed us to an attack from the leading journal of the day. 'Shades of the great masters rise and defend us!' Here we not introduced to the public the Requiem and Masses of Cherubini?"

* The orchestral prelude to Kotzebue's Prologus, *King Stephen of Hungary*, first produced at the opening of the Opera House at Pesth.

The *Litany* and *Symphony Concertante* of Mozart; besides making familiar the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn? Ought not these things to be remembered, and a 'Danse des Sylphes' forgiven?"

Assuredly not. The "shades of the great men," were they to rise, would not rise to forgive, but to protest against their music being contaminated by association with such rubbish.

At the next concert we are promised Mozart's *ottet* (in C minor) for wind instruments; a new dramatic *cantata*, entitled *Gonodis* (subject from Ossian), by Mr. Howard Glover; Miss Louisa Pym, and Herr Rubinstein.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S MATINEES.

WILLIS'S ROOMS were crowded by a brilliant and fashionable company on Monday afternoon, the attraction being the first of a series of concerts given by Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Mr. Lindsay Sloper displayed more than usual ambition in selecting, among other things, the grand sonata of Beethoven, in A flat, op. 110; but his performance showed that he had by no means over-estimated his powers. He is one of our most finished and admirable players, and what he undertakes he is sure to accomplish well. That the sonata, therefore, was skilfully and effectually interpreted, may be taken for granted. In Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, op. 66, for piano, violin, and violoncello, Mr. Lindsay Sloper was aided by M. Sainston and Signor Piatti. This performance was a treat of the highest order. Two "Characteristic Pieces" by Moscheles, and two compositions of his own—entitled "Sur les Flûtes," a *barcarolle*, and "Jours Heureux," a *serenade de salon*—were also introduced by Mr. Sloper, and played to perfection.

The vocal music was confined to Miss Dolby and Mr. Santley. The lady essayed two new compositions—a setting of Tennyson's "Oriana," by M. Duggan, and a song entitled "Broken Vows," by Herr Francesco Berger. She sang both admirably. Nevertheless, the first was somewhat lengthy. A poem of fifty lines set to music, must possess rare merit to prevent its becoming tedious. Best of all was the air by Mozart, "Dolce corde amante," which Miss Dolby gave with true and unaffected sentiment. A Christmas song "Nanette," the composition of Gonod, was exceedingly well sung by Mr. Santley. In addition to the above, Signor Piatti played a *Thème Varié* of his own, and delighted the audience with the elegance and brilliancy of his execution.

REUNION DES ARTS.

THE first *soirée musicale* of the eighth season took place on Wednesday evening, George W. K. Potter, Esq., President. The proceedings were under the direction of Herr Goffrie, who directed a small band of some twenty performers, in the overtures to *Don Juan* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, and in the *Jupiter* symphony. The singers were Madame Haydn, Mr. Seymour, and Herr Richard Deck, who, in songs by Donizetti, Mozart, and Boieldieu, varied the attractions of the evening. Herr Nahich threatened to blow the walls down with a trombone solo, by F. Stern; and the gentler clarinet of Herr Pape (from the Crystal Palace land), in a *fantasia* by Kallwoda, was quite soothing, after such a tremendous display. Miss Arabella (Goddard), "the bright particular star" of the evening, played (with Herr Goffrie), Mendelssohn's only sonata (at least the only one published), for piano and violin, in the most finished manner, and with the greatest applause. The concert ended (and everybody remained until the end) with "Home, sweet Home" (V. Wallace's) performed in such a manner, by the same accomplished lady, as to thoroughly enchant the audience. Herr Goffrie deserves credit for providing such a musical treat for the *Réunion*; but we cannot help thinking that his band is *de trop*.

Herrn Joseph Joachim and Rubinstein are announced to appear in the course of the season.

TAMBERLICK has signed an engagement with the Grand-Opéra in Paris for three months, to commence in March or April next year. He is at present at Brussels, and will shortly leave for Padua.

MR. BLAGROVES QUARTET CONCERT.

THE novelty at the third concert, which took place on Tuesday evening, was the quartet of Ferdinand David, in A minor, Op. 32, heard for the first time in this country. It was finely executed by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, K. Blagrove, and Aylward, and its merits displayed in the fairest light. The other quartet was Mendelssohn's in E flat, No. 6, op. 44, a work of a far higher order, which did not require the attraction of novelty to recommend it. Thalberg and De Beriot's Duo Concertante, pianoforte and violin, was performed by Miss Cecilia Summerhayes and Mr. Blagrove; and Mr. Blagrove played a selection from studies of his own composition. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Lancelles and Mr. Santley.

HERR PAUER'S SOIRÉES.

THE programme of the second of these entertainments, which attracted a numerous and fashionable audience to the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday night, contained some features of very great interest. Herr Joseph Joachim was the prominent attraction; and this great master, associated with Herr Ries, Herr Pollitzer, and the accomplished Sig. Piatti, afforded us an unusual treat by his magnificent performance of Beethoven's 11th violin quartet (in F minor)—that gorgeous ambassador of the "Posthumous," so called, although they were published in the lifetime of the composer. Herr Joachim astonished the audience by his superb execution of one of the caprices of Paganini (variations), at the end of which he was recalled with enthusiasm. He also joined Herr Pauer and Signor Piatti in Schubert's pianoforte trio, Op. 99 (in B flat), and played the violin *obligato* in the *contralto* air, "Erbarme Dich," from Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, which Mad. Pauer sang with artistic feeling. Besides all this, the sonata of Beethoven, Op. 5 (in F) for piano and violoncello, was admirably executed by Herr Pauer and Sig. Piatti; Her Pauer performed a *suite de pieces* of his own composition, for piano *seul* (consisting of *prélude*, *arabesque*, *allémande*, *courante*, *menuetto* and *gigue*), which had the form (if not the spirit) of Handel and Bach; while other vocal solos and duets (from Handel, Mendelssohn, and Herr Pauer) were contributed by Miss Kemble and Madame Pauer. The concert was to end with Liszt's *Carnaval de Pâques*, to be performed by Herr Pauer; but for this, after so much good music, we did not feel inclined to remain. Herr Pauer and Mr. Harold Thomas were the accompanists.

JULLIEN IN EDINBURGH.

(From the *Caledonian Mercury*, May 15.)

THE far-famed Jullien gave his concert last night in the Music Hall, which was crowded in every part, as it could hardly fail to be, considering that the programme was one of the most attractive description for a popular concert. The orchestra consisted of upwards of thirty executants. The solo performers were great as ever; and the concert was a very delightful one, embracing a mixture of classical and popular compositions, rarely if ever combined, except by Jullien. The classical portion of the concert consisted of—first, the overture to *Leonora*, by Beethoven, the third of four written by that great composer for his opera of *Fidelio*—the best of the set, and his own favourite. Who can wonder! It is a composition which no musician can fail to appreciate and admire, and as performed last night was most effective. Second, the Andante from Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* in A—as fine a slow movement as is to be found in the works of any composer, and worthy to rank with the most celebrated of Beethoven. Third, the Andante from Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*, forming a good contrast with Mendelssohn's slow movement already noticed. The vocal performers were Miss Louisa Vinning and Miss Ranoe. It would be hardly fair to pass any opinion upon the latter, who perceptibly, and as M. Jullien announced, was suffering from a very severe cold. This, however, did not prevent her singing (with Miss Vinning) Mendelssohn's "I would that my love" a most lovely and melodious duet. Miss Louisa Vinning, once

known as the Infant Sappho, is one of the few prodigies who have come "to something." She has a "winning (Vining!) manner, and a beautiful voice. She sang "Tacea la notte," from Verdi's *Traviata*, exquisitely; and being encored, gave "Here the bee sucks." At a later part of the evening, with "Home, sweet home," she entirely captivated the audience; and in obedience to a rapturous encore, sang "Comin' through the rye," with no less spirit and sweetness. Again called forward, she gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and retired amidst uproarious applause. This young lady is one of the most charming singers we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. Her voice is clear and powerful, and her smile enchanting. We hope soon to have again the pleasure of hearing her. M. Remenyi's violin solos displayed effects which we had never heard before. It is quite impossible to describe them. The flute solo of Herr Reichert was the performance of a real artist; and as regards the quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, we need hardly say they were excellent—since they were Jullien's own.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

THERE is in expectation at the Grand-Opéra a ballet—a scintillation from the concutient brains of Théophile Gautier and Emile Royer—but at what precise date and hour it is to peer above the horizon of the Rue Lepelletier, theatrical magi are unable to discern. Meanwhile, what is certain—that is as certain as history can be, compared with prophecy—is the engagement of Tauberlik, which is to date from the 1st of April, 1859, and to run to the expiration of three months from that day—with us sacred to fools, with our neighbours to fishes. The terms are a trifle—£1,000—to which the day should be sacred to fools or fishes—ninies or finnies—verily it would seem to either, or more properly to both. Friday last the Dutch Queen visited the Opéra, and in her honour the *Corcair* was revived: if we can see the *d'propas* we are Dutchmen, for the *Corcair* was none, though he may have sailed in company with the flying one, unknown to his noble biographer.

Madame Ristori, to whom the grim one hath accorded brevet rank, as the first *tragicomédienne* of Europe, ventures—the same friend having made all things smooth—well rolled the turf over also, how mournful a grave! adventures in—hush! is she quite dead?—quitte—alsu! in *Phédre*. The ambitious Italian had not even, like Prince Hal, tried this, the crown, to feel its weight, ere it rightfully layed to her. Will it not crush her? Apparently not. The forgetful Parisians have made it light for her. Could poor Rachel's sublime effects in this part and others have been sold with her other and worldly effects, how would Madame Ristori have run up the bidding, and what a supplement of wealth would have flowed therefrom to kindle the greedy eyes of the grovelling tribe to whom nature in mockery gave such a sister. What matters. Paris thought *Pédra* very fine, and overwhelmed the Italian favourite with bouquets, crowns, and "La reine est morte. Vive la reine!"

It is promised that Meyerbeer's new opera will be put into rehearsal ere very long.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent).—A general festival committee meeting was held last Monday, when it was decided that the festival shall take place on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of September, the first day being on a Tuesday. The works to be performed on the mornings of these days are—Tuesday, *Elijah*; Wednesday, *Haydn's Seasons*; Thursday, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and selections from Bach's *Passions Mass*; Friday, *Messiah*. I am informed on good authority that amongst the secular novelties for the evening concerts will be Professor Bennett's new Cantata, *The May Queen*, the composition of which, as you are aware, was commenced prior to the announcement of Mr. Macfarren's Cantata on the same subject, entitled *May-day*. Her Majesty has allowed her name to head the list of patronesses to the festival, and this has caused many of the nobility also to send in theirs. The guarantee fund already amounts to the respectable sum of £3,500.

MOZART'S FIGARO IN PARIS.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

THE names of the authors were not announced after the first performance. That of the composer was, doubtless, very well known, and, also, that of the poet, if it was Beaumarchais. But the latter had various collaborators. First, there was the Abbé Casti, the author of the *libretto*. He was a very skilful versifier, and an elegant, clever, and smart poet. He did not possess, however, the spirit, the fire, and the fineness of touch which distinguishes his original. He has paraphrased admirably certain passages of the French piece, such, for instance, as the passage in which Cherubino relates the new sensations beginning to spring up in his soul; and that again in which Figaro recapitulates to the page, when he has been appointed an officer, the advantages and disadvantages of the military profession. I could mention several others. The air, "Vol ch' sapete," belongs entirely to the Italian poet, and is, even leaving the music out of consideration, a little masterpiece. After the works of Metastasio, the *Nozze di Figaro* is certainly the most elegantly written *libretto* we have had, and contains the most good lines. It strikes me, however, that the comic portion of the French piece is less comic in the Italian one, and that the peculiar *vis comica*, which is one of the most striking features of Beaumarchais's literary physiognomy is considerably deadened.

It was necessary that this translation should be re-translated from Italian into French, in order that the patrons of the Théâtre-Lyrique might be enabled to enjoy Mozart's music. This was a task attended with quite a new kind of difficulty. Our poetry is far from possessing the conciseness, rapidity, or freedom, distinguishing that of our southern neighbours. To change Italian into French verses, especially operatic verses, is like dancing with gyves upon one's wrists, and leaden soles to one's shoes. We must not, therefore, be too hard upon our lyrical translators. If they render the meaning, and respect the musical text, we ought to declare ourselves satisfied. I shall, therefore, not think of addressing any reproaches to the author, whoever he may be, of the new translation of *Les Nozze di Figaro*, and there are many things for which I might praise him. As the recitatives have been suppressed, regret, in common with many others, that Beaumarchais's dialogue has not been substituted, purely and simply, in all those portions of the piece which were not sung, as was formerly done in *Le Barbier de Séville*, and, quite recently, in *Le Médecin malgré Lui*. But this was precisely the cause of all the evil. Those worthy individuals, *les comédiens ordinaires* of his Majesty, the Emperor, complained, it is said, bitterly, of the incursions made into their territory by the Théâtre-Lyrique, and cried out that they were being robbed. The dispute was settled by an ingenious compromise: let Beaumarchais's prose be translated into verse, and the Théâtre-Français will not recognise it.

It appears to me that the Théâtre-Français was afraid of an imaginary danger. It is Mozart's music that people go to hear at the other establishment. As for the comedy—lively, sparkling, delicate, bold, and dashing play—everyone knows that it is to be found only in the Rue Richelieu. After all, these mutual jealousies of various theatres, jealousies founded on old customs and old prejudices, are now-a-days nothing more than anachronisms. We should remember that the railroads bring, every day, to Paris, eight or ten thousand travellers, who, when their business is transacted, have no other means of employing their evenings than by going to the theatre. It is to these persons that we owe the prodigious augmentation in theatrical receipts, regularly announced in the papers at the end of every month. They fill all our places of amusement, from which they sometimes drive the Parisians themselves. There are now spectators enough for all our theatres, and if we had fifty instead of twenty-five, the fifty would do a good business.

Les Nozze di Figaro had not been performed in Paris for some twenty years. In 1838, the management of the Italian Opera, then banished to the Odéon by the burning of the Salle Favart, put this charming opera on the stage in the most brilliant manner. The part of Almaviva was played by Tamburini, and that of Figaro by Lablache. Mad. Persiani sang the part of Rosina

and Giulia Grisi that of Susanne. I do not know who was the Cherubino, but I may safely say, without fear of compromising myself, that he was not equal to the present representative of the part. Mad. Carvalho sing the air of the first act, and that of the second, long known as "Mon cœur soupire," with a delicacy and charming grace that no one could surpass, only she ends the first with a B flat, which we do not find in the score, and which, introduced as it is, and not supported by the orchestra, appears somewhat harsh. Perhaps, too, she executes "Mon cœur soupire" too precipitately. I can, at least, assert that all the artists who sang this air in Paris before her, if we go back as far as Mad. Mainvielle, and even Mad. Barilli, gave it more slowly.

The duet commonly entitled "the duet of the letter" was not in her part, but in that of Susanne. Mad. Carvalho considered it lawful spoil, and allotted it as her own share, just as the lion claims the best part of the deer.

"Eile doit être à moi, dit-il, et la raison,
C'est qu'il m'appelle lion.
À cela l'ou n'a rien à dire."

To effect this transfer from one part to the other, it was necessary to change the character of the *morceaux*, and make of a piece of banter, full of grace and lightness, a plaintive elegy. I do not venture to assert that Mozart has gained by this, but Mad. Carvalho has not lost; clapping of hands, stamping of feet, shouts—nothing was wanting to her triumph, immediately corroborated and confirmed by a cry of "Encore" unanimously echoed by a thousand voices. As I am bound to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, I lose no time in adding that Mad. Van-den-Heuvel, who sang the part of the Countess, has a right to claim a share of this success, for there is no duet which may more legitimately be entitled, "duet for two equal voices." Mad. Van-den-Heuvel executes the admirable *larghetto* in E flat, which serves as introduction to the second act, and the grand air of the third, with that irrefragable correctness, that elegance and nobleness of style, so well known to us. Mad. Ugalde infuses into the part of Susanne her usual spirit, boldness, and brilliancy. Though the "duet of the letter" has been taken from her, that of the "rendezvous," at least, has been left her, and she produces in it the most pungent effect. It is impossible to display more delicacy in the alternation of the "Yes," and "No," or to make more of this delicious caprice of the composer. She is no less charming in all the points of the first act, and in the little duet with Marceline in the first.

The union of these three artists, *di primo cartello*, as they say in Italy, will, no doubt, prove an irresistible attraction for the public, and double that which the great name of Mozart, and the incontestable merit of his work cannot fail to exercise. M. Meillet plays the part of Figaro with great talent. He exhibits dash and brilliancy in the air which terminates the first act—that model *rondo* that every one knows by heart. The preceding air in F, in three-time, used to be sung much more quickly, and produced a far greater effect.

The voice of M. Balanqued was dull in the part of Almaviva, which he played rather coldly. He will acquire himself better, probably, as he becomes better acquainted with it. I may, also, be allowed to hope that the orchestra will acquire more accent, colour, brilliancy, and energy, when its conductor, to whose intelligence I have often done justice, is better acquainted with Mozart's intentions. Is it not to be regretted that no one was to be found in the theatre to give the real *tempo* of so many *morceaux*, the effect of which is sometimes lessened by being taken too slowly, but often by a too petulant vivacity?

Despite these trifling errors, the opportunity thus afforded them of studying one of the masterpieces of musical art is a piece of good fortune for real amateurs. Mozart entitled his work *Dramma Giocoso*; it was not, therefore, an *opéra buffo* he wished to produce, and he was right, for it would seem that Heaven has reserved for the Italians alone the privilege of that species of music. The *Noces* is a comic opera, as temperate in its style as many French comic operas. It even contains pieces of a very serious kind, especially in the second and third acts. It may be accused of a certain too uniform and rather monotonous tinge. But how are these trifling defects compensated by

qualities of the first order! What an inexhaustible abundance of motives! what a wealth of ideas! what cleverness, delicacy, grace! what perfect taste! what moderation in everything! what profound science! what admirability in the construction of the various pieces, in the management of the details, and in the proportions of the whole! What magnificence in the development of the finale to the second act, which is one of the masterpieces of its kind! Perhaps, others have since been composed, which are grander in their effect, but, to appreciate justly the genius of an artist, we must compare him with what has preceded and not with what has followed him. If we look at the matter from this point of view, we shall hardly ever find any model for Mozart's important works, and we are terrified at the power of that genius which created simultaneously the idea, the style, the form of the various pieces, the harmonic arrangement, and the instrumental combinations, always introducing innovations, and never making a mistake. "He possessed," said Rossini, when contemplating the manuscript of *Don Juan*, "as much genius as science, and as much science as genius. His was the most complete musical organisation that ever existed." After such praise from such a mouth, there is nothing more to be said.
LEON DUBOCHER.

NE PLUS ULTRA AND PLUS ULTRA.

(From the *Illustrated Times*.)

At the second of Miss Goddard's concerts, that admirable pianist, who is at once the youngest and the most accomplished performer of the present day, played the *Ne Plus Ultra* of Woelfl in the first part, and the *Plus Ultra* of Dussek in the second. There is a story connected with these sonatas which may be new to some of our readers. Woelfl's composition was, when it appeared, the most difficult piece that had ever been written for the pianoforte. In his time (the early time of Beethoven), as is ours, there were numbers of composers who wrote pianoforte music solely with a view to display. Woelfl was a genuine musician; but indignant at the success achieved by ignorant composers of "airs with variations," he determined, once for all, to write a piece which the charlatan professors of the day should not only be unable to rival, but which they should positively be incapable of executing. Considering that in this *morceau* he had attained the limit which separates the difficult from the impossible, Woelfl entitled it *Ne Plus Ultra*; and as he had foreseen, numerous professors of high repute, when requested by their pupils to play it, were obliged to excuse themselves on their own ground, but, true to his instincts, he had taken care to preface the variations with an *adagio* and *allegro* worthy of himself and of the musical art. But soon came Dussek with his admirable sonata, called the "Retour à Paris," which the London publisher, conceiving to be fuller of difficulties even than the celebrated composition of Woelfl, christened "*Plus Ultra*." We are unable to judge which of the two presents the greater mechanical difficulties, but the prize of beauty must certainly be awarded to Dussek's piece. It has been heard at concerts before now, but never to such advantage as on Wednesday last, when executed by Miss Arabella Goddard. All the emotion which this charming pianist does not exhibit in her countenance and gestures, appears to be reserved for her playing, that which nothing more tender and more impassioned can be heard. The contrast is as complete as between the outward frenzy and the inward coldness of some of our continental friends—players who would have us believe that they are sniting the action to the sound, and who, imitating in their own way their heroic prototypes in Hamlet, do their best to "tear a piano to tatters." This calmness of manner, which is so remarkable in Miss Goddard, is in fact one of the last results of art. It is seen in Goethe, as its total absence may be observed in the poets of the French romantic school, ostentatiously passionate themselves, but for the most part unable to move the passions of their readers.

VIVIER, at the invitation of the King of Portugal, has left Paris for Lisbon, to be present at the fêtes in honour of the Royal Marriage.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Bushes, FAUST and MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. AND MRS.

CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY, JUNE 12th, upon which occasion Shakespeare's *Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE* will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals at this Theatre. In consequence of this arrangement KING LEAR will be repeated ELEVEN NIGHTS, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening

next, MAY 22, the performance will commence with the new comedy, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday

evening, May 22, the performance will commence with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID. To be followed by THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE; OR, MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION. To conclude with YOUR LIVES IN DANGER.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DODDLE.

Production of a Grand Dramatic Play, with new scenery, dresses, &c., and a new version of THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS, at the Theatre de la Reine, and Mr. G. K. Dickenson every evening. On WEDNESDAY, and during the week, to commence with POMPEII; OR, THE DOOMED CITY. Supported by Mr. G. K. Dickenson, Mr. James Johnston, Mr. Frederick Morton, Mr. G. B. Bigwood, Mrs. R. Hosmer, Miss Stewart, and Miss Downer. And to conclude with a new version of THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER. Supported by Miss R. Innes and the whole strength of the company. No advance in price.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22nd, 1858.

The English are not open to the charge of being slow in recognising the merits of foreigners, and of foreign artists especially. On the contrary, we rather overdo the thing, and are now and then laughed at for our want of judgment. In most circles, the mere fact of not being native-born entitles musical professors to a consideration wholly apart from their intrinsic deserts. This has been so for a century past. No doubt our partiality for foreigners was engendered at a period when their superiority was manifest. But times have greatly changed, and musicians with them. We are profited by the example of our continental visitors, who, in return for the fortunes they have earned in this country, have initiated the aborigines in the art of turning a penny for themselves.

It is now no longer indispensable to learn any branch of music from a foreign master. We have professors of harmony and composition, professors of the violin, pianoforte, organ, and every other instrument, professors of singing, and professors of harmony, counterpoint and the art of composition—not "shams," as, with few exceptions, was formerly the case, but just as well-instructed and just as competent as the majority of those "illustrious strangers" who honour our foggy atmosphere by inhaling it.

How then are we to understand the predilection for *Signori*, *Messieurs*, and *Herren* that still prevails to so alarming an extent with the nobility and wealth of this country? How explain the fact that Signors Plotti and Rummi, who know nothing about singing, Herren Bauer and Bragger who know less of the piano, should be courted and patronised at the expense of their betters?—unless by the existence of a strong anti-national feeling among the upper classes, which

might suggest a new chapter for the next edition of Mr. Thackeray's transcendent *Book of Snobs*. This hankering after bearded and mustachioed foreigners is, in short, mobbish to the last degree. It has also a bad tendency, inasmuch as it helps in a great measure to prevent those who should be the real patrons of art from acquiring a healthy taste for it. All the good that may be effected by quartets and sonatas, at the

—1—n, is neutralised by the Italian professor of roulades, the French dealer in mock-sentiment, and the German clavier-splitter. The "English Mee" (as M. de Florac calls her, in *The Yvecosmes*) having just heard one of Beethoven's grandest works at St. James's Hall, which the "analytical synopsis" insinuates she is able to comprehend and enjoy, returns home to "sol fa" with Sig. Plotti, who has a sovereign contempt for the "*Musica tedesca senza melodia*," and to "thrum" with Herr Block, who tells his "schulerin" that they don't know how to play German music in England. What follows? Beethoven is forgotten—for "Ernani involami," and the *Onizime Aulade* of Herr Block.

This brings us to another phase in the relations between exotic professors and their pupils. Generous, lavish—stupidly lavish—as we have been and are still in their praise, the foreigners by no means return our benevolence in grain. We have reason to know that, in the majority of instances, the meritorious English artist, who devotes himself nobly to the pursuit of art for art's sake, and is satisfied with the approbation of the public and the press, as a reward for all the toil, the wear and tear of physical and mental faculties, inseparable from an earnest desire to attain the highest excellence, has no more busy enemies. Of course there are many admirable exceptions; but these are our Benedicts, our Garcias, Moliques, Costas, &c., whom we regard more as compatriots than as strangers—or such distinguished occasional visitors as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Ernst, Joachim and the like. Examples to the contrary—were we disposed to personality (which may happen some fine Saturday)—could be signalled by the dozen. At present we refrain from mentioning names. The system, adopted by the designing intriguers to whom we allude, is generally to damn by faint praise, wherever they cannot outrage public opinion by wholesale condemnation.

As for example:—

SCENE.—The Drawing-rooms at the *Duchess of Fitzbatleax's*.

THE DUCHESS OF FITZBATLEAX (who speaks French, Italian, German, Spanish—anything but English).—"Bon jour, Mons. Durillon d'Engelure. Je me suis bien amusée, hier, au concert de Mlle. Doby. J'ai entendu M. Lindsay Sloper. Il a joué la sonate en la *bémol* de Beethoven—Ouvrte 110—avec une finesse—un toucher—enfin une netteté, qui m'ont plu, infiniment. N'est ce pas qu'il joue bien?"

MONS. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.—"Oui, Madame la Duchesse, il a du mérite, sans doute; mais, d'un autre côté, il est d'une froideur glaciale."

THE DUKE OF FITZBATLEAX (an old soldier, who hates foreigners, and especially Frenchmen).—"Ah, Mons. d'Engelure vous êtes sévère. Que dites vous alors de notre grand pianiste, Sternelde Bennett? Son talent doit plaire mieux aux Français, dont l'éducation est vraiment provocante."

M. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.—"Milor, —la gamme—même la gamme pericé, velon —tée—croyez le bien, Milord—n'est pas tout. Je recherche le style, voyez vous le style. C'est le style, ainsi dit, qui lui manque. C'est par là qu'il pêche. Du reste, Milord, l'Anglais n'est pas né musicien. Il apprend, c'est vrai, mais il rebrousse-poil. Le John Bull par sang aime plutôt jager—que dirai-je?—payer les artistes. En choses s'arrangent bien comme cela. Milord, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Mlle. Marie et le jeune Arthur Napoléon Fitzbatleax m'attendent. J'entends déjà l'andante de mes *Marmaraz*, dont Mlle. Marie surtout raffole." (Exit M. Durillon d'Engelure.)

DUKE (to Duchess).—"That fellow's a donkey."

DUCHESS (to Duke).—"Fi donc! Milord ———."

DUKE (to Duchess).—"Do, for heaven's sake, speak English. I detest that d—d French jargon."

Enter Sig. TESO CIPOLLANI.

DUCHESS.—"Bon jour, Monsieur. Dites donc—M. Durillon d'Engelure n'aime pas trop le jeu de notre pianiste Stérande Bennett. Mon mari trouve M. d'Engelure sévère—"

DUKE (for once bursting out into a French monosyllable).—"Bête."
Sig. TESO CIPOLLANI.—(Aside) "Bravissimo, il Duce!" (Aloud.) "Zero Madam—e la Duchessa—il y a souer et souer—sapele oti. Le mecessim—e et indispensable. Qu'il en posséd—e, je ne le nie pas. Anche et il un asses lot tonser. Ma (Per Bacco T) s'ero Madam—e, so demando surtout le sentiment—l'Am—e—sans quoi se rest—e freddo. Quelque fois—e musica. Enfin—la musica s'et fâm—e'et, eice versé, l'Am—e s'et la musica."

DUCHESS.—"Monsieur, je vous sais grand connaisseur, et vous devez savoir. Après tout, le jeu de M. Bennett manque de distinction. Aussi est-il quelque fois plat et tout soit peu?"

Sig. TESO (interrupting her with enthusiasm).—"Agghiacchiato?"

DUCHESS.—"Vous avez trouvé le mot. Vous êtes bien spirituel—bien fin,—Sig. Cipollani—"

Sig. TESO.—"Cipollani, s'il vons plat, Madam—e la Duchessa."

Enter HERR BLOCK.

DUCHESS (forgetting herself).—"Ah, here's Herr Block. (Revolving herself) Bon jour, Monsieur. Nous jasons pianiste. Monsieur ne vent pas qu'il non en ayons. Vous devez avoir mieux que lui, puisque vous enseignez le piano; et vous êtes grand artiste par dessus le marché. Vous avez entendu avant-hier—au moins d'après ce que l'on me dit—vous avez entendu jouer la petite Goddard—Arabella—n'est ce pas vrai?"

HERR BLOCK.—"Oui, Madame, je l'ai entendue."

DUCHESS.—"Qu'en pensez-vous, Herr Block?"

HERR BLOCK.—"Block, Madame, s'il fous blait. Je vous en prie, Madame, je fais fou rebliquier. (After some reflection, and with a look of great profundity) Airement, Madame, cede bodile vuie, elle sait vaire ses kamme—si l'art de jier sir le biano se porne a vaire tes kamme. Aber, bir vaire en crant arside il vaud de brovondes connaissances englobétiques—et de ebénie—stret de le ebénie. Aber, cede bodile temoiselle se drombe en brenant la kamme bir le ebénie. (Duke of Fitzbottle rakes out. What else passes between the Duchess and Herr Block must be left to the imagination of the reader.)

Whatever some of our readers may think, there is very little exaggeration in the above. We know several persons to whom foreign music-masters have spoken of English artists like Mr. Sloper, Professor Bennett, and Miss Arabella Goddard, in terms quite as disparaging as any of those employed by M. Durillon d'Engelure, Sig. Cipollani, and Herr Block; and how this metropolis is infested with Engelures, Cipollanis and Blocks, it is hardly necessary to insist. Nevertheless, we may warn these gentlemen, in the language of Policeman X, that "there is a *hi* upon 'em," a bull's-eye—viz., John Bull's.

Foreign musicians have little to complain of here; and "Live and let live" should be their maxim no less than our own.

In the preface to his admirable work on "Shakspeare"—which, by the way, ought to be translated into English—Professor Gervinus remarks that in the history of European civilisation two men make their appearance with the special mission of preserving the old family link that exists between the great nations of the Teutonic race—that is to say, the English and the Germans. These two men are Shakspeare and Handel, and the union consists in each branch of the family acknowledging as a sort of compatriot the genius who, by birth, belongs to the other. The Germans look up to Shakspeare as the patriarch of their national poets; Handel is worshipped by English lovers of music as the national composer.

We sincerely hope that the very correct views of Professor Gervinus may not be disturbed by the perusal of a

mournful document, that we are about to lay before our readers. That Professor Gervinus studies the *Musical World* every week we have not the slightest doubt, and therefore we accompany the document with certain remarks that will serve as a preventive to the baneful effects it might otherwise occasion. The document is not fit to be sent abroad, like a protestant bible, without note or comment. Unexplained, it will brand the whole nation with infamy; explained, it will show that the sins of certain societies, not of the people in general, have caused a state of things so discreditably to the British character.

Here is the document, and attention is particularly invited to the paragraph which we have printed in italics:—

"TO THE MEMBERS AND SUPPORTERS OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES, AND PROFESSORS AND AMATEURS OF MUSIC GENERALLY.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I beg permission to address you in reference to the project for the erection of a Bronze Statue of Handel at Halle, his birth-place. Considerable progress has been made in the work, which it is intended shall be completed in the coming year, 1859—that being the centenary of Handel's death.

"His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William, and other members of the Royal House of Prussia, with many royal and distinguished personages throughout Germany, have volunteered their patronage and support to the undertaking; and liberal subscriptions have already been raised.

"Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to subscribe £50, and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort £25, to the fund raising in London; and I am happy in being able to state that the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, at their Annual Meeting on the 9th instant, voted £50 towards the same object. The Committee of the Society have likewise forwarded to Berlin, for the use of the sculptor commissioned to execute the work, a cast from the face of the statue of Handel by Rodin, now in the Society's Office at Kettering. (Notwithstanding, however, the important assistance afforded by the subscriptions alluded to, the entire contributions from England do not much exceed £200, received from less than one hundred subscribers.

"Believing the object to be one which must commend itself to the feelings of many thousands in this country who have received delight from the performance of Handel's works, and being satisfied that the small amount of interest hitherto taken in the project is attributable mainly to its not being sufficiently known, I am induced to attempt to give additional publicity to it, and to press the subject upon the attention of some of those who, there can be no doubt, would desire to cooperate in such an undertaking.

"Subscriptions of 1*z.*, or larger sums, in accordance with this Circular, may be remitted to Mr. J. F. Puttick, 191, Piccadilly, London, W., who will forward a receipt to each contributor.

"The object more especially in view being to elicit an expression of feeling from such a vast number of persons as would bear some fair proportion to the estimation in which Handel's genius is regarded in England, it will afford the Committee much pleasure (whilst not absolutely limiting the amount of subscription from societies or individuals) to receive from you and your friends the small subscription of ONE SHILLING EACH, in aid of the project for erecting, in Handel's birth-place, some enduring record of his genius.

"Although the sums raised in England are not to be forwarded until the statue is in course of erection at Halle, it is most important that the amount available should be at once ascertained. I have therefore to acquaint you that this office will be open daily, from twelve until five o'clock; and on Friday evenings, from eight until ten o'clock, for a limited period, for the personal payment of subscriptions, which may also be forwarded by post-office order, payable to Mr. Puttick, the treasurer, and Mr. Klingemann, the honorary secretary of that committee. Having also taken an active part in the Great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, last year, and anticipating, concurrently with the erection of the Halle statue, the opportunity of aiding in a far grander display of Handel's genius at the Great Commemoration of 1859,

"I should not have presumed, in my individual capacity as a member of the English Committee, thus to address you in reference to this project, had I not previously received full authority for so doing from Sir George Smart, the president; Mr. Henry F. Broadwood, the treasurer; and Mr. Klingemann, the honorary secretary of that committee. Having also taken an active part in the Great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, last year, and anticipating, concurrently with the erection of the Halle statue, the opportunity of aiding in a far grander display of Handel's genius at the Great Commemoration of 1859,

I trust that I may be permitted to appeal to you in all earnestness for your prompt and united assistance—subscribing myself,

"Ladies and Gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

"ROBERT BOWLEY,

"Treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

"Halls Handel Statue Office,

"No. 2, Exeter Hall, London, W.C., 17th March, 1858."

This is the worship of Handel, is it? Deduct from the sum of £200 the subscription of the Queen and the Prince Consort, amounting together to £75, and £125 remains as the noble exponent of British enthusiasm on the subject of Handel. No doubt of the sincerity of the worship; but the directors have resolved, it would appear, that the cost of income shall not be ruinous. We once heard an enthusiastic Scot glorify John Knox because he had founded a cheap church; but he who founded Handel worship in England has beaten John Knox hollow. The centenary of Handel's death is to be celebrated by the erection of a statue in the place of Handel's birth, and to assist in the pious work, John Bull, the most enthusiastic of all his admirers, rushes forward with the sum of £125 jingling in his breeches-pocket. Has the aforesaid John been studying the parable of the Widow's Mite, and deduced from it a wrong moral? The Widow's mite was acceptable, John, because the Widow was poor; had she been rich like you, John, her mite would have been deemed insulting.

These images rise before the mind on the perusal of Mr. Bowley's address, without note or comment. But they are images that by no means represent the truth. John Bull has not been so backward with his money, but in the hurry occasioned by his zeal, he has dropped it into the wrong box.

The fact is, the Crystal Palace and Sacred Harmonic Companies, taking advantage of the excitement caused by the project of the statue at Halls, got up a scheme for a Handel celebration of their own. One grand festival took place, under their joint auspices last year; another is to come in 1859, and the profits arising from the solemnities have been, and are to be, devoted to the especial benefit of the two companies. Thus the very noble scheme of the statue is thrown completely into the shade, and deluded John Bull, forgetting all about Halls, fancies he is paying the highest possible honour to Handel by paying for a few concerts that will be forgotten in two years, instead of inscribing his generosity on good solid bronze. The sum cleared by the festival amounted to £10,000, and the Sacred Harmonic Society having made therefrom [the princely donation of £50, now draws up a begging letter, and laments the parsimony of the English public. We are reminded of an incident in the vulgar old play, called *Tom and Jerry*. When Bob Logic is arrested in the midst of a splendid party that he is giving at his own house, Jemmy Green, who is among the guests, takes occasion to read him a lecture on his extravagance, having his mouth crammed all the time with the dainties which poor Bob's excessive generosity has provided. Much in the same fashion the Sacred Harmonic Society gets up a concert that diverts the funds of the Handel worshippers from the only fitting channel, and, while enjoying the proceeds, sings a Jeremiaid on the stinginess of Britons in the matter of the statue.

A French moral philosopher was of opinion that if men lived in houses made of glass, their actions would be uniformly virtuous. Had he foreseen the doings that can take place in Crystal Palaces, he would have kept his theory to himself.

THE co-existence at the present time of no less than three Italian Operatic Companies appealing to the patronage of the London public is surely not a fact to pass unnoticed. The occurrence is unparalleled in the history of the stage in this or any other country. What does it portend? In one shape or another consequences must ensue in some degree proportionate to the magnitude of the fact. Let the reader measure what is implied in the statement that three entire Italian *troupes* are at this instant within the bills of mortality; let him imagine the entire host required for the due performance of the ordinary *répertoire* of a first-class operatic theatre. Multiply this formidable array by three, and conceive all these human pipes, at "some time of the night," quavering, thrilling, roaring, and screaming forth the contents of three Italian *libretti* in the ear of a complacent British public, and to Verdi's music. Trombones and ophicleides!—could Pandemonium equal the din! The wear and tear to the tympanum alone is something to reckon, but how will the sensorium fare! What impression is likely to be left on the minds and tastes of those who have taught themselves to endure this form of amusement, and to consider its encouragement as the mark of a rather distinguished tone? After submitting their ears to the most bewildering conglomeration of sounds more or less musical, uttered by a promiscuous herd of every degree of capacity, from the highest to one requiring a negative exponent—after habituating their intellects to the confused impressions produced by foreign words and foreign gestures, conveying, when by a rare chance understood, foreign ideas and foreign feelings pitched to foreign apprehensions and foreign sympathies—will English audiences be in the most acceptable position to be addressed by a true artist, whether foreign or English?

Art is of all nations, it will be replied, and the narrow field of patriotism will not contain that which aims at an ideal in which humanity at large is reflected. Admitted; but it is one thing to open our hearts and minds to what greatness and excellence foreign countries have to show us, which will scarcely be much more abundant than, in proportion to the population, superiority is found to be here, and to invite indiscriminately to our shores the mob of questionable pretenders who scramble round the standard of art wherever it is set up, and in the eyes of the majority of whom the said standard is only a *midt de Coccagne*, with a leg of mutton at the top for some, and a gold snuff-box for others. A due liberality in the appreciation of foreign artists, who have earned a high position in their own country, is both wise and commendable, and indeed necessary to stimulate the home growth of art, and guard against one-sided tendencies. But there is a point at which this should stop. Free-trade principles are very well in the sphere of commodities and necessities; our wants and our means will keep the balance in rigorous equipoise. But in the world of art unfortunately, there is no such inexorable logic of facts. Fashion and *engagement* are two evil geni constantly on the watch to disturb the serene and dispassionate judgment of the public, and to deliver them bound hand and foot into the hands of the stranger.

It is not against Italian opera, therefore, that we protest, but against three Italian operas neither of which is what it might and ought to be from the materials which the state of art in Italy affords. It is not that the public have no business with foreign artists—though it is a question whether it should not begin by concerning itself with its own—but that it has too many Italian irons in the fire. Two we thought

one too many, but three urges the desperate conclusion that they are too many by three. Should the palled public in the frenzy of nausea rise against the triumvirate of Italian *impressarios*, and by an explosive revulsion of taste morally sweep them and their olive-faced retinue into the abyss—a friend suggested blowing them from the mouth of a canon of Bach—we shall ever revere the mystic "three," and cherish the superstition that there is luck in odd numbers.

A MASS BY ROSSINI.

(From *Le Guide Musical*.)

ABOUT three years ago, Castil-Blaze was present at a rehearsal of the *Donna del Lago* at the Italian Opera, Paris. On hearing the first few bars of the quartet in A flat, "*Crudele sospetto*" (C, A, E) he perceived that the melody was perfectly adapted to the "*Qui tollis peccata mundi*" of the "*Gloria*;" this discovery, which was the effect of chance, caused him to reflect, and, the next day, he set about the task of producing, with various pieces from the operas of the same composer, an entire mass, subsequently called *Rossini's Mass*.

A few months afterwards the score was completed, and, one fine spring day in the year 1856, a man remarkable for his corpulency, and advanced in age, suddenly accosted Castil-Blaze, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:—

"Hallo! old boy, you are pelting along at a fine rate, upon my word!"

"Ah! is it you, *Signor maestro illustrissimo*? Excuse me, I am half blind."

"Give me your arm and let us air our hundred and forty springs in the midst of these speculators of the *Opéra*; but, that we may be unobserved, and not taken for two professional stock-brokers, let us walk *adagio*, and talk *sotto voce*. Well, tell me—you are always doing something or other—what are you doing now?"

"What am I doing!—Oh! you want to flatter me, *maestro*! I am doing nothing, but I am doing something better, perhaps; for I am doing quite the contrary; I am undoing, transfiguring, transplanting, transferring, trans—"

He was about to continue, when the crowd of stockbrokers became so compact as to drive them from the Boulevard du Gard to the Rue Lepelletier.

From the beginning of this conversation you have, no doubt, divined, gentle reader, that the interlocutor of Castil-Blaze was no other than the illustrious author of *Guillaume Tell*.

"You want to know what I am doing?" resumed the great musical arranger.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, I am writing, or, rather, I have just written—"

"Go on—what?"

"A mass by Rossini."

"Always caustic and facetious! Will you never change?"

"Do not fancy, *maestro*, that my task was an easy one! Try it yourself. It is rather difficult even to parody an air, although it is allowable to twist and turn a *pièce* the new words you are arranging to any given music. But to adapt the immutable words of the mass to melodies which have to be preserved in all their purity; to maintain a perfect accordance of feeling, colouring and expression between the sacred materials you collect, and to maintain this accordance to such an extent as to make people believe these transplanted compositions were written for the words to which they are wedded, *hic opus hic labor est*. It was thus that Gluck arranged his French operas. But no matter. I have surmounted this difficulty, and my—your mass is terminated."

"Upon my honour, my dear fellow, you are an extraordinary man!"

There they were, the one (Rossini) addressing his questions in Latin, and the other (Castil-Blaze) replying in Italian.

"Let us hear," said the first. "By what did you manage to represent the '*Credo*'—'*Credo in unum Deum, etc.*'?"

"*Ecco ridendo in cielo*."

"You have treated it, at any rate, as a chorus."

"Of course, was not that its original form in *Aureliano in Palmira*?"

"Bravo! excellent! I never fancied I had composed so majestic and well accented a '*Credo*.' And the '*Kyrie*!'"

"*Santo imen*, the religious chorus from *Uello*."

"*Christe eleison*!"

"The canon quietest from *Mosè*."

"The '*Incarnatus*!'"

"*Ninetta's prayer*."

"The '*Crucifixus*!'"

"The '*Chœur des Ténébres*' from *Mosè*."

"Let us go to the solemn and sad to the gay. How have you managed with the '*Cum sancto spiritu, et vitam venturi seculi*!' It is there that composers introduce their fignues, full of vivacity and sometimes of brilliant folly."

"I availed myself of the animated *stretti* of the quartets from *La Cenerentola* and the finale of *Semiramide*."

"Well done."

"Allow me to submit to you the manuscript of your mass."

"No, I will see it when it is engraved. It is really an astonishing feat successfully accomplished. I will answer for its success; perhaps you still wanted this triumph."

The conversation had become so animated that Castil-Blaze, without observing it, had passed from the *sotto voce* to the *mezzo forte*, from the *mezzo forte* to the *forte piano*, and from the *forte piano* to the *fortissimo*, so that all the *famelière*, all the "*lions*" and the loungers on the Boulevard du Gard had gathered round them, and were saying to each other, "What is the matter!"

"They are two fellows who have been due for on the Bourse, and are singing their *De Profundis*!" replied one.

"They are two shareholders of M. Mirès," replied a second.

"The one is a thief and the other a madman," replied a third, "who have just been seized under the peristyle of the *Opéra*, and are about to be conveyed to Charenton and the Conciergerie respectively."

"They are—they are—they are—etc."

In fact, it did not know what might not have been asserted, had not one of the two pedestrians—the one who fears public meetings and railroads—haranged the crowd, which kept increasing.

"*Signori Francesi*," he said, "do not put a wrong interpretation on our conduct. The State is not in danger; make yourselves easy on that score. As for me, I am that stupid musician who cannot do anything more. I am no longer any one. But this venerable patriarch is Castil-Blaze; respect him! He is my second father; it is he who translated me into French, into Provençal, into Latin, and inducted me into the possession of a new empire. This is not all! The villain now wants to take me to Paradise. I am not much frightened at this, for I presume he is in no great hurry to set out himself! Make way, therefore, and let him pass, and if, in return for your kindness, you get nothing from me, you will, perhaps, deign to accept from him a *Mass by Rossini*!"

Since this meeting, and in spite of all the obstacles raised against it, Rossini's *Mass* has been brilliantly successful among musicians. The score has everywhere had a large sale, and some chorical societies have executed it. I am well aware that have blamed the author for having dared to undertake and carry out such a piece of eccentricity, or rather such a wonderful feat. But are they gratified in so doing! For my own part, I think they are not.

* Castil-Blaze died at Paris, December 11th, 1857.

MADAME VIARDOT and Madame Bosio have arrived in London for the season.

CHARLES ECKERT, lately appointed director of the Imperial *Opéra* at Vienna, is now in Paris.

DR. MARK and his YOUNG PUPILS have been performing with great success at Oxford, Basingstoke, Peterborough, and Boston. Next week they will stop at Hull, and give their entertainments nightly.

ALBERT SMITH'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has made up his mind to bid farewell to Mont Blanc, notwithstanding the continued success of his hoar-headed friend. Why he has done so will be gleaned from the following address, which is distributed among the visitors to the Egyptian Hall:—

—"TO MY AUDIENCE.

"After nearly seven years, and two thousand representations of my entertainment—connected with the most pleasant associations and acquaintances, and the most interesting memories of my life—it can be conceived that it is not without some rustling of mixed feelings I announce the present as the last season and the last representations of 'Mont Blanc.' Not that the popularity of the subject has decreased, or that its interest appears to be worn out with my old and firm friends, the public. But since the 15th of March, 1852, on which evening it was first presented to them, I have scarcely had what can be called a holiday—the spasmodic scamper of six weeks which I have annually made about the Continent, at the end of the season, having been so much occupied in collecting and arranging materials for the new *route* as in recovering from the fatigue of constantly—day after day, week after week, month after month—illustrating the old one. I have therefore come to the determination of applying to myself for a much longer leave of absence than has been hitherto allowed me. And at the same time, not wishing by any means to break my pleasant relations with my public friends, but still to be meditating something fresh for their—I hope—future amusement, and with the interesting points of the whole world before me for selection, I have settled, after much deliberation, upon making

"CHINA

"the subject of my next season's entertainment. I purpose to start, as soon as my audience will permit me, *ad* the Mediterranean, Egypt, Ceylon, and Singapore, for Canton, and wherever else chance may take me. I believe the country eminently calculated to afford matter for an entertainment after my own fashion. It is, at present, a point of concentrated interest with us all. It has the quiet advantage of remaining now, at this present time, just what it was thousands of years ago. Its popular productions have a wide hold on us, from the 'Wonderful Lamp' of childhood, and the Diner-gong and Dessert-service of the prime of life, to the 'Strong Family Congon' of our declining years; to say nothing about that celebrated blue landscape in enamel so very faithful in its attendance on us throughout our entire lives. And as far as we are yet informed, everything about China seems to be quaint and strange, and madly comical. I hope that no foreign wars nor home occurrences will interfere with my present intentions; and that I may be enabled in a short time to say "Good-bye"—I trust only for a while—to all my friends, full of bright hope and expectancy.

"ALBERT SMITH."

To the above we have nothing to add, but to wish a prosperous voyage and a safe return to the prince of entertainment.

CRACOVIE.—Leopold de Meyer has played several times at the theatre. His concerts have constantly attracted numerous and brilliant audiences. The celebrated pianist is at this moment at St. Petersburg.

EXETER HALL.—The seventh grand rehearsal by the Metropolitan Contingent of the Handel Festival Choir took place last evening under Mr. Costa's direction. The combined force numbered about 1400 voices. The programme consisted of "Salve fac regem," Loewe; "Christe eleison," Durante; "Cry aloud and shout," Dr. Croft; "Ave verum," Mozart; "Sing, O ye Heavens," Handel; "Flora gave the fairest flowers," Wilbye; selection from *King Arthur*, Purcell; and "Farewell to the forest," Mendelssohn.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. and Mrs. Keely, after a long absence, have returned to the Adelphi, and appeared on Monday night, in *Janet Pride*. The play, this evening, is a new, broad, eccentric drama, called *Our French Lady's Maid*, written by Mr. J. M. Morton.—Mr. Robson has announced his benefit at the Olympic, for Saturday, June 5th, when will be performed a new and original comedy, by Mr. Tom Taylor.—Miss Reynolds has come back to the Haymarket, and has been playing *Lady Teazle* in the *School for Scandal*. Mrs. Wilkins' Mrs. Candour is excellent. Mrs. Charles Young appears to-night in the *Hunchback*, in the part of Julia. Miss Amy Sedgwick continues indisposed.—The Adelphi Theatre is announced to be built by tender.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 294.)

ONCE more upon old Ocean's heaving bosom, away from dirt, and stench, and fever, with the city of Panama lying before us, picturesque commanded by the mountain from which Bolivar sent delicate attentions in the shape of cannon balls among the hundred monasteries, making holes through the walls which the lazy Granadinos have never mended; and out seaward, the Pearl Islands, not a mere name, gentle or simple reader as you may happen to be, but *bona fide* Pearl Islands, where men die with stones round their necks, and grub for casters, and battle with sharks, and do a great many more uncomfortable things, which could be effected a great deal better by the diving-bell without risk or trouble; nevertheless a great many very fine pearls are yearly found upon the shoals around the islands, and yield a considerable revenue to the divers. A very beautiful island named Taloga is much frequented by the better class of Panamanians during the sickly seasons; it is the rendezvous of the steamers, and a great safeguard to the health of the *employes* of the Company.

The last gun fires, up comes the anchor, and off we go, twelve hundred souls in all, floating in a palace, with a captain for a king; and a right regal and kind monarch was Captain Patterson, a thorough master of his noble profession, stern and cool as ice when danger threatened, but gentle as a woman when comforting the sick and dispirited.

All voyages are much alike, except that in this particular trip you have land in sight on your right hand nearly the whole time; why, bless me, I am losing all my nautical lingo, I should have said, "land off the starboard quarter." I believe the same feeling actuates everybody who has been upon a long voyage; you lose all idea of your destination; you seem to belong to the ship; it is your little world; you take intense interest in the most trivial occurrences; you count the hours between meals; dinner is an era; you exhaust all subjects of conversation; a pipe card will all the guests seem to be winking at you; some respectable old body gets a ducking with the spray, and some scream with delight; you walk backward and forward upon the deck like a wolf in a cage; you eat and drink from morning till night, until, as the voyage lengthens, you get savagely ill-tempered, your clothes get too small for you, and like Jeshurun, "you wax fat, and kick."

And this was our life (varied by three deaths among the passengers), until we stopped at our last coaling station, Acapulco, upon the Mexican coast; and right glad I was to get there, for to my horror I had put on my last clean shirt the very day we arrived. And now let me give a word of advice to all good folks "who go down into the sea in ships:" take with you lots of linen, particularly if you pass through the tropics; you can't have too much, for your friends are sure to borrow of you, and you must be a mean humbug to deny them, or yourself the pleasure of receiving and granting so essentially grateful a favour; you certainly do pick up some good and kind friends on board ship, for it is the place to lay bare a man's (or woman's) character, and I have formed friendships upon the ocean that I am sure will prove sources of the greatest happiness to me through life.

Acapulco is the capital of the province of Guerrero, and is the most extreme western port of the Republic (†) of Mexico; it is a beautiful little harbour, has a fort, and a governor, and some soldiers, who never know from one week to another who they are to fight for; sometimes Santa Anna, sometimes Iturbide, sometimes Comonfort, in short, they are generally for somebody that they ought not to be; however, this does not seem to trouble the general inhabitants, for like old Pan in Midas, the descendant of the Aztecs

"How his pate troubles little

—The world's wags,

So he gets drink and stifle."

They have a cathedral there, (which has since been woefully shattered by an earthquake), and some years ago they tried to get up a sea breeze from the north-west, by cutting a gap through a large sheltering mountain, but the exertion was too

much for them, and they did not finish it, and so they keep on broiling as their fathers did before them, and their descendants will continue to do, until some fine morning Brother Jonathan will put an execution into the house, and not only seize the goods and chattels as he did before, but annex house and land, and all for the good of the world in general, and Uncle Sam in particular. We had a few hours to spare, so ashore we went. The houses are all one story high, and very lightly built, many being mere bamboo huts; the cathedral is, or rather was, a very decent building before the earthquake, and as mass was being said we entered; and I cannot describe the abominably ludicrous effect of the music; the orchestra, chorists and all, were centred in an old barrel organ,—one of those horrible old things they used to grind about London thirty years ago, and I am sure that I shall rarely be believed when I state that during the most solemn portion of the Mass—"The Sanctus," this beastly instrument of torture shrieked out "God save the King" with half the pipes broken, and a gruppito upon every second note; with great difficulty we preserved our countenances, out of respect to the worshippers, who seemed to think it all right and were evidently sincere in their devotions, but as soon as decency permitted we decamped, and sought for a bath house to remove the odour of sanctity we had experienced in the church. This we soon discovered, and were received by the blackest old ogress of a nigger woman ever did see; she was attended by two sable damazels grinning from ear to ear,—who walked off with the Dominie and H—n, and I was left to the tender mercies of the ogress, who was without exception the fattest old lady I had ever beheld. Well, she waddled off, I following, and we went into a kind of bamboo outhouse, covered with canvass. There was a large tub in the centre, but no sign of water. Presently Mrs. Fee-to-fum began fetching in buckets of the precious *acqua* from a well, and emptying them in the tub. Pending this operation, I had commenced disrobing, having taken off my coat and shoes and stockings, for it was fearfully hot, thinking that my sable gaze would take the hint and leave me. Not a bit of it, madam; she stood there grinning, with her great black paddings of arms crossed, examining my Anglo-Saxon cuticle with great satisfaction. I pointed to the door as a hint for her to be gone, and she shut and bolted it. I began to be alarmed; she grinned, and, by signs, made me understand that I was to strip: I felt how hopeless was my situation, in a far foreign land and shut up at the mercy of this fiend; what could I do, fair reader? I own it with shame—I did as she commanded, and she seized me by the nape of the neck, lifted me up like a kitten, plunged me in the tub, and then and there gave me the most awful scrubbing that I have had since I was a baby, and poor dear Aunt Ann used to say me alive every Saturday night. Upon leaving the place, I found it was "the custom of the country," for my friends had been served in the same manner by their damsels. I asked the Dominie how he liked it, upon which he blushed, and said it was very patriarchal and primitive. We got an excellent dinner at a Chinese restaurant, and then strolled to the fort, and while resting under the shade of a large tree, we saw a vision of beauty that I shall never forget. I must premise that the actual natives of this part of Mexico are nearly pure descendants of the Aztec race, and bear in their features a very strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians; but their forms are *Kullish*, and every movement (they being scarcely *subhuman* at all with dress) is graceful and easy. And now for my vision! A young girl of about fifteen years of age, at which time the women here have arrived at maturity, came towards us, bearing a large red Egyptian-looking amphora, with a band of painted black figures round it, which she balanced upon her hand; the arm being held vertically, the weight of her burthen caused one shoulder to be raised, while from the other drooped across her plump and dusky bosom a gaily fringed chemise, her only garment—this reached just below the knee; she advanced with perfect ease and modesty, and offered us the contents of her jar, which contained delicious lemonade; there was not a smile upon her face, but she looked at us with a glance almost of contempt at our ungraceful costume, and went her way "in maiden meditation, fancy free." Nothing could be more delicate and exquisite

than this young Hebe's form as she slowly disappeared among the trees, and left us wondering.

After looking at the fort (then used as a prison) we returned to the town, passing one gentleman who was amusing himself by walking on his knees as a penance, and howling out *Miserere*, in which the passing inhabitants joined him, and devoutly crossed themselves. But the most interesting specimen of humanity was a stalwart individual of about forty-five, mounted on a fine horse, with two or three coloured handkerchiefs bound round his head, and a tall steeple-crowned glazed hat above all; and this youth's occupation was that of *begging*—a veritable beggar on horseback, and I have no doubt that in the course of time he will reach the destination so prophetically announced in the old adage. As we were to leave the next morning, we thought it best to make our purchases at once, and entered a *tienda* or store kept by an American gentleman named Foster, now the respected Consul at Manzanilla, (a free port discovered and opened through his sole exertions,) where we obtained the under-clothing we stood so much in need of, and cracked a couple of bottles of champagne with the hospitable storekeeper, who, in his pleasure at meeting his compatriots, spent three or four times the amount we had paid him for our necessaries: but it was truly characteristic of his countrymen, they will drive a hard bargain with you in an absolute matter of business, and afterwards spend double the amount at issue in their hospitable attentions towards you. Next morning we left the pretty little harbour, and after passing a double-cratered volcano at night, (its name I forget,) we soon came out of sight of land in crossing the Gulf of California, supplied an unfortunate brig full of passengers (fifty-seven days from Panama to San Francisco) with provisions, saw the lofty Island of Guadalupe at eighty-seven miles distance with great ease, so clear is the atmosphere in this latitude, and on Saturday, the 29th of February, 1852, entered the Golden Gate or rocky entrance to the Bay of San Francisco.

(To be continued.)

BERLIN.—At the Theatre Royal (Cherubini's) Opera of *Lodoick* is in rehearsal. Tichatscheck will give some performances during the present month. At the instigation of Madlle. Hulsen, intendant at the Theatre Royal, a series of lithographic portraits of all the actors who, since 1784, had appeared at the Theatre Royal, will shortly be published.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Beethoven's Choral Symphony was repeated on Wednesday evening under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, the chorus consisting as before of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School. The symphony on this occasion was preceded by Mozart's *Requiem*. The principal singers in both works were Misses Banks and Palmer, Messrs. Montem Smith and Santley. A grander programme could not have been offered, and Mr. Hullah is entitled to unqualified praise for the continued determination he displays, in presenting to his subscribers and the public such first-class music.

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.—The two hundred and fourth anniversary was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, with a full choral service, in which the choir of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, took part. The service was intoned by the Rev. J. H. Coward; the Rev. W. Hall read the lessons; and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Garnier, M.A., rector of Trinity Church, Marylebone, the text being taken from the seventh chapter of St. Luke, 12th and 13th verses. The music consisted of the *Suffrages of Tallis*; after the first lesson, Atwood's "Magnificat in C;" after the second lesson, Atwood's "Nunc Dimittis in C;" after the third collect, Mendelssohn's chorus, "He that shall endure to the end" (*Ziyya*); before the sermon, Goss's anthem, "Praise the Lord" (written for the bicentenary festival, 1854) and, after the sermon, Sebastian Bach's anthem, "Blessing, glory, wisdom, and thanks." Dr. Elvey conducted. Mr. Goss (assisted by Mr. George Cooper) presided at the organ with his accustomed ability.

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VOL. 36.—No. 22.

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will give a performance of **CLASSICAL PIANO-FORTE MUSIC** on the afternoon of Saturday, June 30, in Willis's Rooms. To commence at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

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MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read his "CHILMES" on Tuesday evening, June 29th, at 8 o'clock; and his "CHRISTMAS CAROL" on Wednesday afternoon, June 30th, at 3 o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall. Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (umbered and reserved), 6s.; seats and galleries, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Fleet-street; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL—Joachim and Rubinstein, Lazarus (clarinet), Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Aberrington Lemmon, Miss Dolby, and Miss Novello will appear at the Fifth Concert of THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION of 200 Voices on Wednesday evening, June 29th, when several of their most popular madrigals and part songs will be performed. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each; Gallery Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; to be had of all the principal music-sellers.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, will take place at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday, June 21st, on the same grand scale of former years. Particulars and tickets may be had at Mr. Bennett's residence, 1, Manchester-square, and at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses.

MISS DOLBY and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SECOND CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday afternoon, May 31, at 8 o'clock, when they will be assisted by Mr. Blagrove, Signor Pistilli, and Mr. George Russell. Tickets (for reserved seats), half-a-crown each, may be had of Messrs. Cranmer and Co., 201, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hyde-park-gate, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Soper, 70, Colindale-street, Hyde-park.

ST. JAMES'S HALL—MISS LEFFLER, daughter of the late Mr. Adam Letter, begs to announce that her first Grand Evening Concert will take place at the above Hall, Regent-street, on Monday, June 7, to commence at Eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Mr. Stos Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Other distinguished artists are likewise engaged. Tickets to be had at the Hall, principal music-sellers, and of Miss Leffler, 17, Oxford-street.

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BARBARA—Union Bank of London.
MANAGER—J. H. Mapleson, Esq., 7, Gloucester-street, Regent-park.

OFFICE HOURS FROM ELEVEN TO FOUR.

MISS LAURA BAXTER will have the honour to give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Thursday, 17th June, 1858, to commence at Eight o'clock. Under the immediate patronage of His Most Honourable the Earl of Mount Edgumbe and the Countess of Mount Edgumbe: Artists—Madame Perin, Madame Weiss, Miss Halliday (of the Royal Academy of Music, her first appearance), and Miss Laura Baxter; Mr. Stos Reeves, Signor Pistilli, Mr. George Russell, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Richardson. The Vocal Association, conducted by M. Bonodet. On this occasion, Miss Laura Baxter will sing: "Aria, 'Voi che sapete,' (Le Nozze di Figaro) Mozart; Aria, "Nobil Signor, (Les Huguenots) Meyerbeer; Grand Duo, "Furore atro, (Il Trovatore) Verdi; Madrigal, "Madame Perin;" and Sir Henry Blomfield's celebrated "Boat-ho!" "Home, sweet home," Bishop, Conductors, Mr. Bonodet, Mr. George Loder, and Mr. George Lake. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown each; Unreserved Seats, Seven Shillings each; or Four for One Guinea, to be had of Mr's Laura Baxter, 74, Milton-street, Dorset-square, or of the principal music publishers and libraries.

V. UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, H. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

DR. MARK begs most respectfully to announce that he is open to engagements with his highly approved, interesting, pleasing, and instructive

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All letters addressed, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 31 and June 1, at Liverpool.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 2, at Derby.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 2, at Nottingham.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 4, 5, and 6, at Birmingham.



PICCO.—For engagements, 42, Church-road, Kingsland.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (Orchestral and solo) from the Conservatories of Metz and Quershausen Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Loto-ak-squere.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA has arrived in town for the season. All communications to be addressed to her at her residence, 5, Conduit-street, Bond-street, W.

MADLE JENNY BAUR will arrive in town for the season on the 31st of May. All letters to be addressed to 20, Bloomsbury-road, St. John's-wood.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—There is a vacancy in the above Choir for a TENOR VOICE. Candidates are requested to forward their applications and testimonials to Elias Seal, Esq., Chapter Clerk, Carlisle. Salary, £50 a year.

DOUBLE BASS AND CASE.—To be sold, a first-rate Double Bass and case, made by Dodd, London. Price £15.—Apply to Wood and Co., music-sellers, Edinburgh.

MR. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 15, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

MR. THORPE PEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.—Mr. John Weipert had the memorable duty of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his unrivalled orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederick William's marriage. Address, 21, Brompton-square.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts, and engagements in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 291, Regent-street.

LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boony and Son, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant gas-light, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

MADAME DOTTI, the celebrated Prima Donna of the Scala and Paris Italian Opera, formerly situated under Rossini and Donizetti, will sing at her Matinee, June 11, at Hanover-square Rooms, the as yet unheard LAMENT COMPOSITION OF DONIZETTI, written by the great master a few hours before his death; and expressing in the most touching manner the feelings which haunted it. "I have Donizetti!" exclaims Rossini, when he saw it, "it cost him his, his own terrible." Full particulars shortly.

THE MISSES McALPIN'S ANNUAL CONCERT (under the immediate patronage of Her Grace Margaret Duchess of Somerset, The Most Hon. the Marquessess of Athol, the Right Hon. the Countess of Harrowby, His Grace Henry the Turkish Ambassador, His Excellency Feriac Kitchin, Ambassador of Persia, The Lord Penmore, K. T. O. C. B., &c., The Bishop of Newark (for James' speech), General Sir Penwick Williams of Barns, Baronet, General Sir Henry Storks, K. C. B., &c., and John Lee, Esq., LL. D., F.R.S., &c., of Hartwell-park) will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening, June 14th, to commence at half-past eight o'clock. Tickets, 5s. 6d. and 7s. each, to be had of the Misses McAlpine, 26, Abchurch-lane, Queen's-head, Baywater, and at the principal Music Warehouses.

HARP MATINEE.—MR. TRUST begs to announce that his last Harp Concert will take place next Wednesday, at 11 o'clock, No. 13, Port-down-road, Maid-vale, adjacent at Three o'clock, when he will perform Airs & Concerts, with accompaniment, and in a Trio the Violin, Violoncello, and Harp; also the Duos for Clarinet and Harp, Harp and Harp, and Piano and Harp. Vocalists: Miss Marian Pre-ott, an Emily Greenwood, and Mr. Mouton Smith. Instrumentalists: Miss Marie Salvo-an, &c. Messrs. Wily, Newson, Webb, Walker, Fitts, Severn, Nicholson, Lassar, and Herr Behring. Tickets to be had of Mr. Trust.

MADLE CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that she will give a **MATINEE MUSICALE** at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday, June 10th, to commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—M. de Villars, M. Jules Lefort, and Herr Beck. Instrumentalists:—Violin:—Herr Jans; Violoncello:—M. Pague; Harp: Herr Oberthur; Piano: Madlle Valentin. Conductors:—Herr Wilhelm Gans and Herr Theodor Strauss. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 15s. To be had of Madlle Valentin, 4, Duke-street, Hanover-square, and of Messrs' Willis and Co., 13, Hanover-square.

MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, Friday evening, June 4, Hanover-square Rooms. Madame Wladislaw Gwara and Miss MesSENT; Mr. Clara Severn, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Searley; Pianoforte:—Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Brinley Richards; Violin:—Herr Detschman; Violoncello:—M. Pague. The Vocal Association (200 voices) directed by Mr. Benedict. Miss MesSENT will sing a new song, composed for her by Mr. Hilliard. Mr. Brinley Richards will perform Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 28, and three of Mendelssohn's "Lieder." F sharp minor, Book 1; F major, Book II; and one in G major. Miss Arabella Goddard will play Mendelssohn's Duet, Op. 29, with Mr. Brinley Richards. Conductors:—Messrs. Cusack, Frank Holt, and Berger. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; single tickets, 7s. 6d. The concert will commence precisely at eight o'clock.

MADLE SPEYER begs to announce that she will give a **PIANOFORTE RECITAL** on Saturday next, June 5, at Willis's Rooms, on a special occasion she will have the honour of performing selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, & Chopin. To commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Miss Keable, Herr Richard Leck. Pianist Accompanist:—Mr. Harold Thomas. Reserved numbered seats, 10s. 6d. and 7s. each. Tickets to be obtained at Oliver's, 12, Old Bond-street; at the principal music warehouses; and at Madlle Speyer, 3, Upper Hanover-street, Eaton-square.

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SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE and SINGING is now published, price 8s., and may be had at the residence, 15, New Lane Lodge, Portland-street, Portland-square, and at all the principal music-sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most accurate, concise, and useful."—Daily News. "There is scarcely seen in this work that we find in none out of ten publications of a similar kind."—Athenaeum. Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises.—Critic. "Here is a really useful work."—Musical World.

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THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—By Mr. W. E. EVANS, Inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subsequent testimonial from Mr. Alfred Meiba is one of the many to be had recited from eminent professors:—

THE VALK, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, March 19th, 1858.

Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I ever heard.

Yours very truly,
ALFRED MELLOR.

To Mr. W. E. Evans.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors of the **MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**, together with the **CASH ACCOUNT and BALANCE SHEET** for the year 1857, showing the state of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 17th of February, 1858, also Prospectus, Forms of Policies, and a list of the Bonuses paid on the Claims of the past year, will be delivered on a special and general application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES,
29, King Street, Cheapside, London, E. C.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary,

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The last concert but one of the present season took place on the 17th inst. at the Hanover-square Rooms, and the performance reflected great credit on the Society. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in G, "The Surprise"—Haydn. Scene "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Oberon), Miss Ransford—Weber. Solo for the Violin (Verdi's "I Lombardi"), Mr. Irving Rougemont—Vieuxtemps. Duetto "O is bella immantolato" (Bois), Mr. Santley and Mr. Coleridge—Donizetti. Concert Overture (MS.)—St. Vincent Jervis.

PART II.—Selection (William Tell)—Rossini. Song "Come live with me," Miss Hausford—Barber. Overture (Norma)—Bellini. Song, "Fair Nell of Berris Brae," Mr. Santley—Henry Leslie. March (Robert Bruce)—Rossini.

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony was played remarkably well, especially the *andante*, in which the band accomplished a real *piano* more than once. Mr. Jervis's overture is evidently the work of a musician, but somewhat deficient in melody. Mr. Rougemont honourably distinguished himself in the solo of Vieuxtemps, and deserved the loud applause with which he was greeted. Miss Ransford sang Weber's difficult scene with energy and dramatic feeling, but she might have been better accompanied. The bassoon, to the great dismay of Mr. Leslie, suddenly becoming audible where Weber had evidently intended them to be silent. Miss Hausford also pleased very much in the ballad "Come live with me." Mr. Santley sang Mr. Leslie's "Fair Nell" with the utmost taste and expression.

The last concert of the season will be given on Monday next, when "Angelina" is to be the star of the evening. Hummel's Concerto in B minor has been selected for performance by the accomplished pianist.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert, on Monday evening, was one of the most magnificent entertainments ever given in the Hanover-square Rooms, by the Philharmonic or by any other Society. The name of Herr Joseph Joachim once more exercised a powerful attraction, and there was again a crowded audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G minor	Mozart.
Aria, "Vedrai, carino,"	Miss Louisa Pyne	...	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Jesonda"	Spyrk.

PART II.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8	Beethoven.
Air, "Il soave e bel contento,"	Miss L. Pyne	...	Pacini.
Sonata, Violin, Herr Joachim	Bach.
Overture "Faniaka"	Cherubini.

Conductor—Professor Sternale Bennet.

Both symphonies were very finely played, and the well-known *allegretto* in that of Beethoven was encored. About the compositions themselves there is not one word to say. They can never, to use the French idiom, "*passer en relieves*," since they are stamped with eternal youth and a beauty that is imperishable.

Equally well chosen and almost equally well executed were the overtures. The qualification, however, only applies to *Faniaka*, which was taken too quick, whereby the grace of the first theme of the *allegro* and the quaint character of the second were in some measure lost. Why Spohr's overture was substituted for Mr. Macfarren's *Hansel*, which had been announced, no one seems to be aware. The programme contained no allusion to the subject; which we cannot help thinking was a slight both to the subscribers and to Mr. Macfarren. If, however, as we heard it reported, the overture is to be performed at the next concert, there will be no further cause for dissatisfaction.

We need scarcely remind our readers that Herr Joseph Joachim's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto is

renowned all over Europe. The last time it gifted composer ever attended a concert was when Joachim (then a mere boy) played this concerto at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. This was a very short time before he died. In 1862, Joachim performed it at the sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society, and created a sensation not easy to forget. Five years had wonderfully developed those qualities which in his boyhood had caused him to be regarded as a phenomenon. Of phenomena generally we have been taught to stand in fear; but the precocity of Joachim (like that of his friend and best counsellor, Mendelssohn) was destined to ripen into matured excellence—not to disappoint by a settled mediocrity, as is so often the case. Six years more have passed away, and only brought him nearer and nearer to the goal which no genuine artist ever considers he has quite attained. "Excelsior" is his motto, and so he goes on perfecting himself year by year, with an ultimate view to what ideal himself alone can know. His performance of Mendelssohn's romantic and beautiful work on Monday evening was splendid from first to last, and the enthusiasm it excited was unbounded. Being a brilliant was the reception awarded to Herr Joachim's execution of Bach's wonderful solo sonata, the second movement of which is the well-known fugue in G minor, a prodigy of learning and invention.

We cannot imagine either mechanical skill or masterly expression carried further than in this performance. The audience were enchanted beyond measure, and, as at the end of the concert, Herr Joachim was cheered and recalled with acclamations.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang "Vedrai Carino" charmingly, and Pacini's hacknied cavatina with the utmost brilliancy.

At every succeeding concert, Professor Bennett experiences a warmer welcome. The subscribers are thoroughly conscious of the great benefits he is conferring on the Society. It was a treat to listen to the accompaniments in Mendelssohn's concerto, as played under his direction. He has now the orchestra entirely under control, and his popularity with the members increases with the confidence they repose in him.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS MUSIC HALL.

A CONCERT was given at the new Hall on Wednesday evening (in aid of the poor of Bethnal Green), which, notwithstanding a powerful array of talent, did not draw so large an assembly as might have been calculated on. The area was crowded, but the galleries and reserved seats were all but empty. The bill of fare was not very inviting; still, more than ordinary attraction might be supposed to attach to the names of Herr Joachim, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Plole, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Sidney Pratten, Mr. H. F. Trust, &c. The comparatively thin attendance was attributed to want of sufficient advertising. Charities, however, rarely "pay," and most people would rather go to any other concert, than to one devoted to a benevolent object.

Herr Joachim was, of course, the "lion" of the evening. He played the first movement of Lipinski's *Military Concerto*, a piece bristling with difficulties, though containing one beautiful *cantabile* phrase, and a *Caprice* by Paganini. Both created an immense sensation, and both were encored; but Herr Joachim only returned to the platform and bowed—thus setting an example which it would have been better had the other artists engaged in the performance imitated.

Miss Louisa Pyne introduced "Tacea la notte," from the *Trovatore*, and Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark!" Mr. Sidney Pratten playing the flute *obligato*. She also joined Mr. Harrison in a duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, besides taking part in some concerted pieces. The slow movement in Verdi's aria was given with Miss Louisa Pyne's peculiar charm of voice and manner; the *allegro* was less admirable. A general encore ensued, and Miss Pyne repeated the "cabaletta." The accomplished singer was also encored in "Lo! hear the gentle lark!," which she sang with great brilliancy and taste.

Mr. Harrison sang two solos, "The Muleteer," and a ballad of his own composition—"I will not weep at losing thee." In both he was rapturously encored.

Not the least pleasing singing of the evening was that of Miss

E. Graham—a lady whose name is not familiar to us—in the lively song from *Der Freischütz*, "Und ob die Wolken," (in German). To a pure soprano voice, this lady adds extreme delicacy of expression. Miss Graham is a pupil of Mr. Benedict.

The other performances call for no remark.

Notwithstanding that the orchestra was empty, there being neither band nor chorus, the effect of the music was excellent, a result attributable to the admirable acoustic properties of the building, which, it is only fair to remind our readers, was due to the sagacity and experience of M. Julien.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE fourth concert took place on Friday the 21st. Herr Joachim was engaged, and Herr Pischek made his first appearance in London for two years. These constituted the principal attractions of the programme.

Herr Joachim performed Bach's *Chaconne*, with Mendelssohn's accompaniment for the pianoforte (admirably played by Mr. Benedict), and created a *furor*. He would not, however, accede to the demand for a repetition, but merely came forward and bowed.

Herr Pischek sang the air from Mozart's *Seraglio*, "Wer ein Liebchen," a German ballad by Schumann "Die hiesigen Grenadiere," and the "Standard-Bearer." He was loudly applauded in all these. Madame Liza Haynes, in the romance and prayer from *Otello*, "Assisa a pie d'un salice," despite of a cold, and a timidity natural in a first appearance before a London public, displayed a charming quality of voice and genuine expression.

Miss Susan Goddard, pupil of Mr. Benedict, played with Mr. Horatio Chipp, Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violoncello, and achieved a decided success. The young lady is a pianist of talent and promise. Mr. H. Chipp is rapidly rising in the estimation of the public, and may be looked forward to as the legitimate successor of Mr. Lucas.

The Vocal Association, assisted by the Orphans Glee Union, sang several part-songs, a motet by Hauptmann, and Marchino's madrigal "Fair May Queen." The association is decidedly progressing under Mr. Benedict's able superintendence.

The other artists were—Madame Amadi, Madame Borchardt, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Herr Deck, vocalists; and Mr. Paque, violoncello, and Mr. W. T. Best, organist, instrumentalists. Mr. Best played on the great organ Bach's *Prelude and Grand Fugue*, in G major magnificently.

The fifth concert is announced for June 9th.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE second grand concert took place on Friday, the 14th inst. The following programme was given:—

PART I.—Overture (Leonora)—Beethoven. Air "Quando Miro" Miss Dolby—Mozart. Song "Mad Tom," Mr. Weiss—Purcell. Solo for Flute, Mr. Brenden—Beethoven. Air "Casta Diva," Miss Louisa Pyne—Bellini. Air "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Sims Reeves—Mozart. March Hongroise—Berlioz.

PART II.—Overture (Der Freyschütz)—Weber. Part Song "Ave Maria"—H. Smart. Duet "Serbani ognor" Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Dolby—Rossini. Song for four voices "To May Morning"—H. Leslie. Air "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," Mr. Sims Reeves—Weber. Glee "The Cloud-capt Towers"—Stevens. "Rule Britannia," Mr. Leslie's Choir—Arne. Ballad "The Tribute of a Tear," Mr. Weiss—Loder. Bacchanalian Chorus from "Immanuel"—H. Leslie.

Conductor—Mr. A. Mans.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir carried off the honours of the day, the audience—a rare thing at these concerts—being excited to real enthusiasm by Henry Smart's Part-Song, "Ave Maria," a result not to be wondered at, considering the beauty of the composition and the perfection of the singing. It was encored and repeated. In the solo vocal pieces Mr. Sims Reeves's song from *Don Giovanni* was by far the finest performance of the concert. Miss Dolby's "Quando Miro" was also capital, as was Miss Louisa Pyne's "Casta Diva," especially the *allegro*.

The third concert is announced to take place on Saturday next.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINÉE.

A VERY excellent programme was presented by Mr. Aguilar on Monday morning to his friends and the public, who filled the Hanover-square Rooms in every part. The only fault in the selection was that it did not contain a single composition from his own pen, which, from one so industriously practising, occasioned both surprise and disappointment. The capital pieces were Mozart's trio in E, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Beethoven's sonata in E flat, op. 29, No. 3; Bach's concerto in D minor, for pianoforte, with accompaniments of two violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso; and Mendelssohn's *Caprice in E*, op. 33, No. 2. Mr. Aguilar was assisted by Messrs. Janna, Clementi, Goffria, Paque, and Howell, respectively at the violins (the first two), tenor, violoncello, and contrabasso. Every *morceau*, more especially Mozart's trio, appeared to please unanimously. To the sonata of Beethoven and the *caprice* of Mendelssohn, Mr. Aguilar added as a solo performance, Chopin's *polonaise* in A flat, op. 53, with which the concert was brought to a termination. In all these varied performances he displayed that talent and intemperance to which he is indebted for his reputation as a pianist in every school, while preferring the only true one.

The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Lindo, pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance, and Signor Marras. The lady possesses a soprano voice sweet if not powerful, and well cultivated. She gave the air from *Figaro*, "Deh vieni," in a most pleasing unaffected manner, and was loudly applauded. Her second song, Beethoven's "Herz, mein herz," indicated acquaintance with the vocal art in its dramatic no less than its expressive form. Miss Lindo also joined Signor Marras in Rossini's duet, "Mira la bianca." The success of the *débütants* was decided, although somewhat endangered by a timidity very excusable and natural under the circumstances.

HERR MOLIQUE'S CONCERT.

THIS classical entertainment took place on Wednesday evening in the Hanover-square Rooms, before an audience, among whom were observed an unusual number of connoisseurs. The programme was one of very great interest as may be seen by the following:—

PART I.—Overture (La Clemenza di Tito)—Mozart. Recitative and Air (Crociato in Egitto), Miss Lascelles—Meyerbeer. Violin Concerto, Op. 38, Herr Molique—Spohr. Recitative and Air, "O voi dell' Erebo," Mr. Santley—Handel. Recitative and Air (Faust), Madams Ruderdorff—Spohr. Pianoforte Concerto (MS, first time of performance), Mdlle. Anna Molique—Mozart.

PART II.—Concert Overture, (MS, first time of performance)—Molique. Recitative and Air (Idomeneo), Miss Kemble—Mozart. Concerto for the Concertina, Sig. Regondi—Molique. Bolero, Madame Ruderdorff—Randezger. Duet (Torquato Tasso), Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley—Donizetti. *Fandango* for the Violin, Herr Molique—Molique. Overture (Prometheus), Beethoven. Conductors of the Orchestra—Herr Molique and Herr Mans.

Herr Molique has a plea for inviting his friends and the public to an annual concert, since he never receives them empty-handed. On the present occasion, besides his very masterly performance of Spohr's concerto,* and his own quaint and ingenious *Fandango*, he brought forward two new and important compositions—a pianoforte concerto and an overture, both by the way, in F minor. The pianoforte concerto was composed expressly by Herr Molique for his daughter, Mdlle. Anna Molique, who made so successful a *début* last season, in a trio from the same pen. It is full of interest, and, as might have been expected, masterly. The first movement is of a somewhat gloomy character, elaborately instrumented, and extremely difficult for the solo player. The slow movement (in D flat) is melodious and expressive, while the *finale*, a sparkling rondo, contrasts admirably with the two preceding movements, and brings the concerto to an animated and brilliant climax. Mdlle. Anna Molique's execution was remarkably energetic, and distinguished

* Which M. Sainton played with such brilliant success at the Philharmonic.

throughout by a mechanism to which the epithet of unerring may be justly applied. It must have demanded no ordinary amount of labour, as it required no ordinary talent and facility, to master a work of such difficulty in so complete a manner; and Miss Anna Molique richly merited the unanimous applause and recall which followed her performance.

The concert-overture is, we are inclined to think, even a more highly finished work than the concerto. The orchestra is Herr Molique's natural element, and he breathes in it freely and at ease. With the pianoforte, not being a pianist, he is naturally less at home, and some passages in his concerto would be perplexing even to the most expert performer. But all the compositions for orchestra is written with equal fluency and grace. Herr Molique's instrumentation is in the admirable school of Spohr, stamped with certain peculiarities of his own that every connoisseur may recognise. The design of his overture is classical and pure, the great masters, whose works he has studied deeply and lovingly, being his models. Thus we have a composition in which symmetrical form and consistent development are everywhere apparent—the production, in short, of a learned and uncompromising musician. Herr Molique directed the performance himself, whereby nothing was lost, but, on the contrary, much gained. The overture was received with the warmest applause, and cannot fail to enhance the high reputation of its composer. We hope to hear of it some fine day at the Philharmonic.

One of the most extraordinary performances of the evening was that of the concerto for the concertina, one of Herr Molique's most ingenious and beautiful compositions, to the merits of which we bore testimony when it was first publicly performed by Signor Regondi, for whom it was expressly written. To make such an instrument as the concertina at all effective in a large room demands no common talent; but Signor Regondi does not merely accomplish this—he makes the concertina sing as though it were a human voice, and his taste and sentiment in the melody of the slow movement are quite as much entitled to our admiration as his unprecedented manipulation in the bravura passages of the *allegro* and *finale*. To be brief in the hands of this gentleman the concertina is no longer a concertina, but loses its insignificance, and becomes one of the most expressive of instruments. Such a display of consummate talent could not fail to be appreciated, and Signor Regondi retired amidst loud and universal plaudits.

Miss Laelles sang Mercandante's air carefully and well; Madame Rudersdorff exhibited great fire and animation in the splendid *scena* from *Faust*; Mr. Santley gave the fine song of Handel with admirable vigour; and Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley, in conjunction, did every justice to the duet from *Torquato Tasso*. Herr Randerger's *bolero* was made a little too much of by Madame Rudersdorff, which was a pity, since it is a genial, well-written, and pleasing composition.

The band was that of the Crystal Palace, with the very important addition of Mr. Henry Blagrove as *chef-d'attaque*. The concert afforded unequalled satisfaction.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD'S CONCERT.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD, a young pianist, pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett, gave a concert of classical pianoforte music, on Friday evening, last week, at the Beethoven Rooms. It was her first appearance in public, and the rooms were crowded with amateurs of the piano, anxious to hear the favourite pupil of so renowned a master. Miss Corfield selected as her initiative essay Mozart's Sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin, in which she was assisted by the popular and accomplished M. Sainton. The young performer exhibited brilliancy of execution, pure tone, and a command of *tempo*, rarely to be found in inexperienced players. Thus her first ordeal was passed triumphantly. In Mendelssohn's duet for pianoforte, "Andante con Variazioni," Op. 83, (originally composed for one performer, but subsequently arranged for two, and performed by the author and Professor Bennett, at the concert of the latter, in 1844), Miss Corfield enjoyed the powerful co-operation of her master, and the execution was irreproachable throughout. Professor Bennett's trio, in A, Op. 26, and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, Op. 49, both for piano-

forte, violin, and violoncello, in which the pianist was joined by M. Sainton and M. Paque, were also given. In the former Miss Corfield displayed great neatness and dexterity united to a thorough appreciation of the character of the music. The solo introduced by Miss Corfield—Beethoven's Grand Sonata, in A, Op. 101—was hardly so well suited to her present means. Such a work demands great execution, ability, and entire self-possession. It would have been better for the young pianist to have chosen one of the earlier sonatas of the same composer. Miss Corfield showed ambition, nevertheless, in essaying so difficult a work. Taking into account that she had never before appeared in public, Miss Fanny Corfield's first concert may be regarded as holding out high promise for the future.

The vocal music was entrusted to Mrs. Bertha Street and Mrs. Lennard Lewis, with whose efforts the audience were evidently gratified.

MAD. SZARVADY'S MATINEES.

At her second *matinée*, on Monday (Willis's Rooms) Madame Szarvady was assisted by Herr Molique and Sig. Piatti. The full concerted pieces were Beethoven's trio in E flat (op. 70), and Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor (op. 3). The grand solo sonata was Beethoven's in A flat (op. 110). The short pieces were the variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel); the sonata in A, of Scarlatti; Chopin's *Nocturne* (op. 55); and the "Chasse" of M. Stephen Heller. In all these the musical public had an opportunity of judging Mad. Szarvady, when as Mdle. Wilhelmine Claus, she first played them in London. On the present occasion she was most applauded in the compositions of Chopin and Heller, which she plays in a manner peculiarly her own. Herr Molique and Sig. Piatti were her co-operators in the trio and quartet, Mr. Henry Blagrove taking the viola in the last. The rooms were very fashionably attended; but we remarked that Beethoven's wonderful sonata was quite beyond the comprehension of Mr. Mitchell's patrons, to whom the inspirations of MM. Goriz and Bénaf Favager are probably more congenial than those of the mighty tone-pot. Mad. Szarvady, however, shows true artistic faith in refraining from entertaining them with their ordinary intellectual food.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI'S CONCERT.

THE annual *matinée* of those talented professors, Signor and Mad. Ferrari, took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, and attracted a very numerous audience. The programme was entirely without pretensions, the pieces, with one or two exceptions, being exclusively of a popular character, but well selected with regard to the abilities of the executants. To the concert-givers were added, in the vocal department, Miss Lindo, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Tennant. Miss Lindo is the young lady, pupil of Signor Ferrari, who made her *débüt* and was so favourably received at Mr. Agulla's Concert last Monday. On the present occasion, she sang Mendelssohn's, "Zuleika," and joined Signor Ferrari in the duet from *Torquato Tasso* "Cofrei Sofronia." Signor Ferrari introduced Dessauer's song, "How amid the leafy blossoms," besides taking part in Rossini's duet, "La Pesca" with Madame Ferrari; in a duet, by Grudier, "El vestito azul," with Miss Dolby; in Costa's Quartet "Ecco qual fiero istante," with Madame Ferrari, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Tennant; in Billesta's quartet, "I poveretti;" and in Henry Smart's trio, "The Carnival," with Mad. Ferrari and Miss Dolby. These were all sung in that artistic style to which Sig. Ferrari has accustomed his patrons. Madame Ferrari gave the fine air from *Masaniello*, "Splendor della grandezza," with equal brilliancy and taste; and Miss Dolby sang the recitative and air, "Parmi les fleurs," from the *Lugneses*—which, by the way, Grisi and Madlle. Titens both omit—and the ballad, "Those dear old times." Miss Dolby's execution of the former was so admirable as to make us regret its omission at the Opera.

The instrumental performances included two solos by Mad. Szarvady—a *Nocturne* and *Impromptu*, both by Chopin, and both charmingly played; a solo on the concertina, marvellously executed by Signor Regondi; a solo on the horn by Signor Cavalli; and a solo on the violoncello by Herr Lidel.

The accompanists were Signor Billesta and Mr. H. Thomas.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

GERMANY has ceased to retain M. Roger, the celebrated tenor, who returned to the native fields of his artistic triumph last week, and re-appeared on Wednesday at the Grand-Opéra in his original part of John of Leyden. The reception of this favourite artist after his successes in classic Germany was warmed by the two-fold motives of congratulation and welcome. Madlle. Artot, (pupil of Mass. Viardot,) the new representative of Fides, produced a very satisfactory impression.

The Théâtre-Français will shortly close, the building in which that establishment abides may be restored. The *troupe* will, say the papers—*greys* the *Ménéceur*—traumigrate to the Salle Ventadour in the interval. It was rumoured that the entire company—the flower of legitimate dramatic art in France, nurtured under the bell-glass of State protection—would be transplanted to London for the period of their exclusion from the Rue Richelieu. If the experiment was projected with the hope of gain, it has been wisely dropped.

A new opera, it is said, by M. Linnander, will be produced at the Opéra-Comique on the 1st of August, and the new tenor M. Montaubry, is to make his *début* therein.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique there has been a revival of *Gustibela*, an opera by M. Aimé Maillart, originally produced ten years ago, for the opening of the National Opera, under the management of Adolphe Adam and M. Mirocour. The principal parts were sung by Madlle. Borgheze and M. Michot. Sabina, the heroine, was originally cast to Madlle. Clérie Courant, now Madame Adolphe Adam. The *Noce de Figaro* will continue its alternate nights with *Gustibela*; and so great has been its success, that the director, M. Carvalho, has decided to prolong the season a month.

A new comedy has been successfully produced at the Gymnase, due to the joint authorship of M. M. Barrière and Capendu. The dialogue is very spirited, and a number of various characters are effectively depicted, which are intrusted to Geoffroy, Dupuis, Lemoine, and Landrou. Emile Augier, in association with Edouard Fournier, has a new comedy at the Vaudeville, which is entitled *Les Lianes Panaris*. At the Porte St-Martin, the revival of the *Bakémiers de Paris* (clothed in English by Mr. Boncissent, for the Adelphi, some years since) helps M. Cogniard to fill his coffers.

THE THEATRES IN ITALY.

No. II.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

HAVING described the "managing powers" of the Italian theatres, and the difficulties they present against any successful speculation on the part of the *impresario*, it becomes necessary to allude to a class of persons who, in conjunction with the *agente teatrale*, are highly prejudicial to the prospects and interests of those artists who refuse to become their creatures or dependants. The system of "buying and selling musical artists" is an old trade in Italy, but it never was carried on to such an extent as at the present period. A number of great speculators are in the field, among whom may be mentioned the brothers Marzi (the present proprietors of the Scala, and several other theatres); the Merellis, father and son; Doctor Lampugnani, who is Mr. Lumley's Italian agent; and Borracci, of the firm of Borracci and Verger, of Paris. These gentlemen have, each of them, a legion of artists upon their lists, who have articulated themselves for periods of from two to five years, at very moderate salaries, and whom they are anxious to "let out" for a short or long date, expecting, like the greedy usurer, an interest of at least "shent per shent."

The fact is, that with the exception of the "stars," who can command engagements, even Italian artists themselves soon get disgusted with the difficulties and obstacles they have to encounter in this country in endeavouring to procure engagements, and are willing to article themselves to these "speculators." In order to be relieved from such annoyance, for a much smaller stipend than they would otherwise realize, in the first place, because it is sure; and, secondly, because it leaves them more free to pursue their studies. But all is not gold that glitters, for if the

singer be successful a ready purchaser is continually found by the "speculator," and the singer is constantly hurried about from place to place with scarcely any breathing time, it may be also continually shouting Verdi, until at the expiration of their term they have answered the purpose of the "trader," but find themselves quite used up, and with but little voice left to pursue their career on their own account, while, if the singer be not uniformly successful, the "speculator" quickly finds some quibble or other upon which to found a breach of contract, and speedily dismisses the unfortunate victim to seek redress at the tender mercies of the tribunal. Here, then, is the secret of a monopoly in favour of those on the "speculators' list, and acting materially against such as keep themselves unfettered; and as the proprietorship of a journal, or an intimate connection with one, forms a main feature of the stock in trade of dealers in artists, it amounts to this—sell yourself to me and I will write you up, attempt to manage your own affairs and I will run you down.

It may not be generally known to your readers that the mode of paying the salaries of artists in Italy is different from that in England. Instead of paying every week, or every month, the amount of the engagement (generally a stated sum for the season) is divided into four equal portions, called "quartale." Of these the first is usually paid before the first night of performance—the second when one-third of the season is past—the third after the middle of the season—and the last at or previous to its termination. But such is the unsatisfactory state of most of the Italian theatres, that they are fortunate indeed who obtain their fourth "quartale." As an example, I copy from the *Gazzetta dei Teatri* of this day, as follows:—

"At Venice, Signor Roggia has paid only one 'quartale' to his company, and after eight performances has closed the theatre."

"At Fiume, the Honourable Signor Dello-Vedova has not paid the last 'quartale.'"

"At Trieste, the same Honourable Signor, bade adieu to the company soon after their arrival."

"At Alessandria (Piedmont), Signor Mascalcini imitated Signor Dello-Vedova's example."

"At Milan, Signor Bursanello followed the example of Signor Roggia, and closed the theatre after four or five evenings."

"At Lucca, the *impresario*, Carlini, suspended payment after a few performances."

"At Ferrara, *idem, idem*."

"At Palermo, at the Theatre Santa Cecilia, the manager stopped payment after the first night's performance."

But these questionable proceedings will continue until a wholesome reform takes place. The public require good singers—good orchestras—good scenery, decorations, &c., &c., and the present prices will not admit of them. One shilling to the pit and boxes of a second-class theatre, and at most two shillings to such theatres as La Scala and San Carlos, with large salaries to the leading "stars," must end in a loss to the manager, especially when it is considered that in every theatre of any note all the boxes are the property of residents, not to speak of incumbrances which surround the lyric art in Italy.

CHERRY HALL, BISHOPSGATE STREET.—*(From a City Correspondent.)*—Miss Clara Mackenzie, student of the Royal Academy of Music, gave a concert in the above hall, on Wednesday evening. The pieces were multitudinous and the artists various. The audience was somewhat sparing in their enthusiasm, and only insisted on one encore in the course of the performance, viz, Mr. Redfern in the air "La Donna è mobile," from *Rigoletto*. Miss Clara Mackenzie has a tolerable contralto voice, and her best effort was in the *Brindisi* from *Lucerna Borgia*. Miss Emily Spiller of the Royal Academy of Music, played a solo on the pianoforte, and Mr. Isaac of the Royal Academy of Music played a solo on the violin.

DURHAM.—*(From a Correspondent.)*—A large Concert Hall and Corn Exchange was opened to the public by a grand concert. The performers were M. Jullien's orchestra, M. Remenyi, Miss Louisa Vinning, and Miss Rauce. M. Jullien complimented the architect on the acoustical properties of the room, which he states to be all but perfect. The building is 130 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 42 feet high, and contains from 2,500 to 3,000 people.

A MODEL CONCERT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

Given by the Editor of "LA PRESSE DE LONDRES,"

For the purpose of establishing a Club for Artists,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 26, 1858,

Under the superintendence of H. ST. LEGER, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

1st PART.

Overture—The Crusaders	Benedict.
Air—The Star of Life	Donizetti.
Duet—Within a Mile o' Elinboro' town	Scottish Melody.
The Muses McAlpine.		
Song—Come into the garden Maud	Balfé.
Solo Trombone, Fantaisie sur " Lucia di Lammermoor," finale original by Sig. Chianopo	Chianopo.
Solo, Piano	Stapelfeldt.
Fantaisie Nocturne et Etude Triomphale in octaves, On one of Hopkinson's grand patent pianofortes.		
Herr Stapelfeldt.		
Air—Robert toi que j'aime	Meyerbeer.
Madame Raderdorff.		
Harp accompaniment, Mr. Trust.		
Song—There is love. Accomp. by the composer	E. Stevenson.
Beware	Benjamin.
Solo, Harp	Louis Engel.
Air	Signor Marras.
Duet—Sul Aria	Mozart.
Miss Eyles and Madame Weiss.		
Air—David devant Saül	Bordese.
Mr. Jules Lefort.		
Song	Miss Rothschild.
Air—The celebrated Waltz	Venzano.
Madame Gassier.		
Fantaisie Orgue Harmonium. Don Pasquale	Donizetti.
Madlle. Nancy.		
Ballad—The angel mother	Mr. and Mrs. H. St. Leger.
Miss Eyles.		
Air etee Variations	Madame Bieler.
Solo, Violin—La Clochette	Pagnini.
M. Viotti-Collina.		
Grand Scene—Softly sighs	Madame Weiss.
Solo—Zitter	Madlo Mundi.
Solo, Horn—Sur un motif de Lucia, &c.	Cavalli.
Signor Cavalli.		
Ballad—The rose of morn	Mori.
Mr. Thorpe Feed.		
Song—My barque is bounding near	Balfé.
Mr. Winn.		
Ballad—Herr Pischek	Schubert.

2nd PART.

Overture—Le Puits d'Amour	M. W. Balfé.
Song—The Heroes of the Banks	Balfé.
Mr. Thorpe Feed.		

Solo—Piano, with orchestral accompaniments	Mendelssohn.
Mlle. D'Herbil.		
Ballad—The Tear	Mr. F. Glover.
Air—Il Baccio	Signor Lorenzo.
Ballad—Crossing the Moor	Weiss.
Madame Weiss.		
Solo, ophicleide—Souvenir de Naples	Colosanti.
Signor V. Colosanti.		
Romance—The Lover's Walk, Miss Mason	Mr. & Mrs. St. Leger.
Rondo—Mio. Finoli	Rosani.
Irish Melody—Oh! bay of Dublin	Lady Dufferin.
Miss Kyle.		
Solo Violoncello	Servais.
(Signor Giovanni di Dio.		
Ballad—The Strain I heard	Howard Glover.
Miss Theresa Jefferys.		
Romance—Tu m'ami ah! si ben mio	Balfé.
Signor Lucchesi.		
Chanson—Good Night Beloved	Balfé.
Herr Reichardt.		
Ballad—Katey's Letter	Lady Dufferin.
Miss F. Huddart.		
Duet—Mira la bianca luna	Rossini.
Madame Gassier et Sig. Dragone.		
Quatuor Concertant (8 hands on two of Erard's grand patent pianofortes)	Aeclier.
Mlle. D'Herbil, Miss Binfield Williams, Miss J. Lindsay, and Miss Freeth.		
Ballad—Norah	Balfé.
Mr. Tannant.		
Air—Anna Bolena	Mad. Lozano.
and Bolero Espagnol.		

3rd PART.

Irish Melody—The Minstrel Boy—Miss Stabbach.	Weber.
Aria	Miss Paulina Cahlan.
Trio—Vorei parlar	Balfé.
Miss F. Rowland, Madame Weiss, and Miss F. Huddart.		
Solo—Emmelynka	Zirom.
Herr Zirom.		
Solo—Piano	Arnold.
Song—Der Wanderer	Schubert.
Mr. J. Alfeldt.		
Air—Ah! fors'è lui	Verdi.
Miss Emily Spiller.		
Song	Herr Pischek.
Final	Mr. Winn.
Bellini.		
Finale—Vadasi via di gas.		

Conductors and Accompanists: Messrs. Balfé, Benedict, Berger, Randegger and Goldberg.

To Commence at Eight o'Clock Precisely.

Prices: Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Upper Balcony, 2s. 6d.

Tickets to be had at the Office of La Presse de Londres, 94, Warwick Street, Regent Street, and at the principal Music-sellers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Ortolani, and Piccolomini: Giugliani, Belari, Besservetana, Adlighter, Cowell, Vignati, and Bellotti.
 Tuesday, June 1, LES HUGUENOTS, and the Ballet with Mollie Tagliani.
 Thursday, June 3, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, and Ballet with Madlle. Pochini.
 Saturday, June 5, IL TROVATORE, and Ballet. Applications to be made at the Box-office.
 Monday, June 7, GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE. DON GIOVANNI and other entertainments. The Ballet will include Madlle. Pochini and Marie Tagliani. Morning dress only is necessary. To commence at half-past One. Prices of admission: Boxes, from 41 11s. 6d. to 43 5s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; Pit and Gallery Stalls, 8s.; Gallery, 3s. 6d., to be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.
 Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY, JUNE 15th, upon which occasion Shakespeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals of this drama. In consequence of this arrangement KING LEAR will be repeated SEVEN NIGHTS more, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, May 29, the performance will commence with the new comedy, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY After which DADDY HARDACRE. To conclude with a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 29, the performance will commence with THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. To conclude with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSDITCH—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.
 Immense success of the Holiday Entertainment. The dramatic spectacle of POMPEII, and the new version of THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT has proved most successful. Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. G. K. Dickenson every evening. The act at tragetian Mr. Phelps will re-appear on Saturday next. On Monday and during the week (Saturday excepted) the performance will commence with the grand dramatic spectacle of POMPEII; OR, THE DOOMED CITY. Supported by Mr. G. K. Dickenson, Mr. James Johnston, Mr. F. Morton, Mr. G. B. Bywood, Mr. G. Cook, Mrs. R. Hunter, &c. To conclude with the new version of THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, written for Miss Rebecca Isaacs. Music, with songs and accompaniment on the new military regulation drum. Miss Rebecca Isaacs. No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. STUBBS will be kind enough to inform us when the concert took place of which he sends us a notice extracted from the Daily Post, of Friday, May 14.
 Several concerts which took place during the past week are unavoidably postponed until our next number.

BIRTH.

On the 24th instant, at her residence, 133, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, the lady of Sims Hever, Esq., of a daughter.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29th, 1858.

In another page will be found the programme of a concert which was given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. To this curious document, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers. Nothing so monstrous, nothing so humiliating, has been circulated in this metropolis within our remembrance. A concert of 54 pieces, vocal and instrumental, and out of these scarcely half a dozen worth hearing under any circumstances! The entertainment—a questionable term for such an unquestionable infidiction—was professedly "given by the editor of *La Presse de Londres*, under the superintendence of H. St. Leger, Esq., for the purpose of

establishing a club of artistes." Never having heard either of the aforesaid editor, or of "H. St. Leger, Esq.," we do not presume to ask under what plea those gentlemen were justified in soliciting public support for any such object; but we have a right, in behalf of all who regard the art of music from a serious point of view, to protest against their proceedings. The whole performance was an imposition—nothing better. How indeed could it have been otherwise!

The crowd that flocked to St. James's Hall on the occasion may or may not have been a *bond fide* assembly. With that we have nothing whatever to do. If it was really a paying audience, so much the worse. In that case, whoever gave half-a-guinea for a stall, or even half-a-crown for a seat in the upper balcony, was simply a blockhead. Had he seen the programme in advance, and reasoned with himself for one instant, what could he have expected! Supposing that every piece advertised was performed, he would necessarily be afflicted with a surfeit; supposing the contrary, he would then be virtually "done" out of his money. In either case a victim—in neither would he be entitled to the smallest degree of sympathy.

The prevalence of "monster-concerts" is growing into an intolerable nuisance. Their results are debasing alike to art and to artists, besides exercising a poricious influence on the public taste. Every one who cares for music should act his fee against them. They metamorphose what should be a genuine and delightful amusement into an absolute bore. They corrupt and degrade, instead of refining and elevating the mind; pall on the sense, instead of stimulating it to healthy enjoyment. Examine and sift them how we may, not an argument can be adduced to palliate their glaring inconsistency, not the shadow of a defence be instituted in their behalf.

Such an example of the species "monster-concert," however, as that of Wednesday evening, is without precedent. We say it advisedly—music was never before so shamefully dragged through the mire. If any intelligent gentlemen whose avocations do not ordinarily bring them into contact with musicians happened to be present, their experience of this "entertainment" must have inspired them with a very contemptible idea of the profession. No wonder foreigners laugh at us, and refuse to believe that we have any true love for the arts, when they find such stupid perpetrations not simply endured, but encouraged.

But another point remains to be discussed. Out of the singers and players—between forty and fifty in number—who took part in the concert "given by the Editor of the *Presse de Londres*, and under the superintendence of H. St. Leger, Esq.," we should be glad to know how many were remunerated for their services. Some half-dozen were probably never heard of until their names appeared in the programme drawn up with such abundant vigour by "H. St. Leger, Esq." Granted, nevertheless, that Signor Giovanni di Dio (*per Bacco!*), Herr Stoppelfeldt, Madlle. Nancey, Madlle. Mundi, Miss Paulina Caban, Herr Zirani, Herr A. Arnold, Mr. J. Allfeldt, and others with whom fame cannot boast a very intimate acquaintance, were ready to jump at any chance of earning a little distinction, the same inducement could not be held out to Mad. Gassier, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Herr Reichardt, Messrs. Balfé and Benedict, Herr Pischke, who was ingeniously announced to sing the 52nd piece, and Mr. Winn, who was put down for the 53rd. Messrs. Benedict and Balfé (we address ourselves to the highest authorities) will perhaps be polite enough to inform us what the concert really signified, and

what persuaded them to lend their services. The explanation at the head of Mr. H. St. Leger's programme is more plausible than convincing. The notion of "establishing a club for artists" out of the proceeds of such a trumpety performance could hardly, we think, be entertained by any one in his right senses. And yet, if the statement was a candid one, and not, as might reasonably be imagined, a plesantry, on what grounds do the projectors found their right to institute anything of the sort? What are they to art, and what is art to them?

If, however, there be any intention of setting on foot in this country the system that prevails in a great measure throughout the Continent, lowering the relationship between artists and the press, we shall consider it our duty to speak in plainer terms.

WHAT'S that you say in your bills, Mr. F. T. Smith! A million of Italian operas! Heavens, what an infliction! No, no—beg pardon. We had not our glasses on; but we can see clearly now. "Italian Opera for the million." All right! We beg pardon once more, and in the name of the million, thank you into the bargain.

So we have three Italian Operas all going on at once! All (granted a sling) within a stone's throw of each other. A happy coincidence may enable the lover of variety to see and hear three "Traviatas" in one evening. He may behold Mad. Donatelli rejoicing in champagne and gay society; he may witness the distress of Madlle. Bosio, when Alfredo is torn from her arms; and without incurring the expense of cab-hire, he may be in at the death of Madlle. Piccolomini. On another happy occasion Madlle. Bosio shall drink, Madlle. Piccolomini shall break her heart, and Mad. Donatelli shall lose the last particle of her lungs for his enjoyment. But the cup of sweets is not yet drained to the bottom. A third good throw of fortune's dice—such a *trix* it as rejoiced the heart of Agamemnon's watchman, and lo! our enthusiast shall see Madlle. Piccolomini wag her head merrily over her bumper, his heart shall thrill with sympathy for Mad. Donatelli's crosses in love, and he shall sit at the death-bed of Madlle. Bosio. By all the muses and graces, a most poetical permutation!

This multiplicity of Italian operas is a luxury in the strictest sense of the word. It does not answer a single useful purpose. It cannot be explained by the disciples of Bacon or the disciples of Plato, inasmuch as it is equally without *causa efficiens* and *causa finalis*. There is nothing like it in any habited part of the globe. [Once, we understand, it did exist in some uninhabited part of the globe, and became such a nuisance, that all the inhabitants fled *en masse*.] Perhaps we may regard it as a fungous production of the London soil, and recommend that a paper be read on it in the Museum of Practical Geology. There was originally a *causa efficiens* for the growth of opera in Cis-alpine countries, and that was to be sought in the fact, that Italy was the land, *par excellence*, for operatic composition and vocal training. When artists all come from one place, it is but natural that their language should accompany their art. But that cause has ceased, and, nevertheless, Italian operas increase and multiply as though the mandate recorded in Genesis had been uttered, not to the human race, but to them. When Italian music was at its zenith, we had only one Italian opera-house, and quite enough too. Now Italian music is at its nadir—now the entire peninsula has nothing to show for itself in the way of composition, save

the rapidly composed works of Verdi; now vocalists come indifferently from all parts of Europe, but in the face of these facts we have three houses in which nothing but the tongue of the sweet South is to be heard.

"But then the Italian language is so beautiful." Now, ye masses,—and pretty large masses you must be, if you can fill three theatres—don't be affected. We are perfectly aware that the preponderance of vowels in an Italian word renders it remarkably smooth and sonorous to the ear. But that the medium of pleasure thus produced is at all equal to that of listening to the words of one's mother tongue, we do not for a moment admit. Without insisting on any unreasonable John Bullism, we assert that Italian is just the language that a general public of the present day is not bound to understand. French is accepted as the universal medium of communication among the fashionably educated of every country; German literature is among the most important phenomena of modern intellectual life; but Italian is simply studied for the sake of the old poets, who maintain in our libraries a position analogous to that of the Greek and Roman classics. To the literary student, who devotes himself to researches connected with the revival of learning and the dawn of poetry in Western Europe, a knowledge of the tongue of Dante and Petrarca is of course, indispensable, but persons of this class if they were all assembled together on one spot would scarcely fill a moderately-sized partry, much less would they contribute in any sensible degree towards the repletion of three big theatres.

If we cannot find a *causa efficiens* for the monoglot state of the lyrical drama in London, we are just as unsuccessful if we look out for a *causa finalis*. What good end can be answered by a multiplicity of Italian operas? None at all, but, on the contrary, it can only lead to positive evil. "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," is a good old antithetical proverb; *Ars parva, theatra multa*, though it does not look so neat, is nearly as sound. Artistic perfection is not a product of Manchester manufacture that can be multiplied in sufficient quantities to meet every increase in demand, but it is confined to a chosen few, and by the multiplication of establishments devoted to any single branch, we merely make a little go a great way, forming a number of weak companies instead of one of proper strength. On the other hand, artistic vanity is a plant of most luxuriant growth, and is quite ready to stock the stages of fifty operas in one parish, if there are blockheads enough to build them. Here, indeed, is an additional element militating against the formation of an effective troop. What aspiring lady will quietly play Adalgisa under a steady-going manager, when a daring speculator pants to secure her services in Norma! Where can be the limit to capacity, when rival managers bid against each other; and every artist, when he strikes a bargain, has a right to conclude that if he had waited a little longer, he might have had still better terms?

No wonder that the Belgravians fret and fume about the Italian organ boys. For upwards of twenty years have these boys played, and nobody ever found fault with them. But now that Italian operas are grinding away almost every night in every part of London, an Italian organ grinding every day becomes absolutely intolerable.

M. JULIEN has returned to London after one of the most brilliant and successful tours he has ever undertaken.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.—On Sunday next the "People's Subscription Band" will inaugurate their season by a performance in the Regent's Park, which will take place from four to six o'clock.

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF ROSSINI.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

It has, at the present day, become the custom not to wait till celebrated men have ceased to exist in order to write their biography. There would be but little objectionable in such a course, if books of this kind contained merely what was suitable and becoming, and if the writers were always truthful and well informed.

Truthful biographies are not, however, now-a-days the most numerous, but, instead of them, the *biographies-rodame* ("the puff biographical") and the *biographie-pamphlet* ("the biography pamphlet") flourish. Men of real merit do not need to have recourse to the former; unfortunately, it often happens that they cannot escape the latter; and the greater the celebrity a man possesses, the more is he exposed to see his acts and words travestied.

Rossini had no need of the puff-biographical; his praises were written by all who, throughout the world and for nearly half a century, have never ceased applauding so many delicious masterpieces of his. As for the biography-pamphlet, he has had to undergo it on more than one occasion, and only a short time since one was printed, in which sentiments and even acts of the most revolting coarseness were attributed to the most polite and well-bred of men—one who possesses in the highest degree the sense of propriety. Such kinds of productions may be allowed to pass unnoticed; they never enjoyed a very extensive influence, the pamphleteers not reflecting that, by endeavouring to run down men of recognised merit, they would only bring themselves into disrepute, supposing they had not long done so already.

The book of which I am about to speak is, without being precisely a pamphlet, more audaciously conceived than all the pamphlets in the world, and I do not think it possible to adduce an example of another such publication, not exactly for what it contains, as on account of the manner in which its contents are presented to the public.

In the first place, we must inform our readers that the first edition of the work, written in German, and, up to the present time, utterly unknown in France, dates from fourteen years back. It has just been translated into French, with the address of Brussels and Leipzig, under the following title: "E. M. ETTINGER. *Rossini: L'homme et l'artiste. Traduit de l'allemand, avec l'autorisation de l'auteur, par P. Royer*." It forms three small volumes in 18mo., and opens with an introductory letter, beginning as follows, to Gioacchino Rossini:—

"Do you remember, glorious maestro, a young German, who in the month of April, 1830, was presented to you in Paris by M. Castil-Blaze, and who brought you—*illustrissimo Dio della musica*—a whole heap of affectionate remembrances, a little green velvet cap, and a letter of recommendation, on rose-coloured paper, from the Signora L. M. . . . i, of Munich. Do you remember this young man, who soon inspired you with such a feeling of friendship that you gave him a room in your house, a place in your box, and something of which he was much more proud, namely, a little corner in your heart! At that time, he who writes these lines had the honour of sitting every day by your side, before the crackling fire on your hearth," &c.

M. Ettinger continues by informing Rossini that he can only gain by being exhibited as he really is, without rouge and without veil.

After such a declaration, addressed to the very person of whom the author is about to speak, who would not feel inclined to accept for gospel all that is asserted in the work! Unfortunately, there is a little obstacle to this. To M. Ettinger's interrogation, Rossini will not reply in the words of the epigram—

"Ma foi, s'il m'en souvient, il ne m'en souvient guère."

For the excellent reason that he recollects nothing at all about the whole matter. He never received the introductory letter, the German work, nor the French translation of it. He only heard of all these a few days since; before that period he knew nothing of M. Ettinger.

Will it be said that this is a piece of forgetfulness on the part of Rossini, and that, having known so many people, in different

countries, he has forgotten the author of the letter and the work! In the first place, we must bear in mind that Rossini possesses a memory that astonishes all those who come in contact with him; he recollects persons he has not seen for thirty years, and remembers the times and circumstances of his meeting them. But, even supposing he did not possess this precious gift, what man, in the full enjoyment of his faculties, would ever entirely and absolutely forget a person who had lived on terms of intimacy with him, who had lodged in his house, and who had brought him a letter and a green velvet cap from a lady, forgotten like everything else connected with the matter! No one, assuredly, will be able to believe such a thing.

The whole story is simply a plan employed by M. Ettinger to sell his book, though I consider a man must be very daring to adopt such a course, at the risk of being almost inevitably convicted of being an impostor.

And now, what is the value of the book itself? Most certainly it is nothing immense; it is a production in which, as M. Ettinger confesses elsewhere, he mixed up fiction with fact, by inventing certain adventures of the most ordinary description, with which he connects Rossini's sojourn in Naples, and in which he makes him figure. M. Ettinger depicts in them the manners and customs of the Neapolitans after a fashion that proves he has not the slightest acquaintance with them.

This circumstance is of no importance as far as our subject is concerned, but what is of great importance is that, in facts purely historical, or, at least, given us as such, M. Ettinger is no better informed. Nor is this all. He expresses himself with regard to Rossini's first wife (Isabelle Colbrand) in a manner the most offensive and unbecoming to the composer to whom he dared to write his introductory letter. Nor does he treat the second any better, a lady whose kindness, amiability, talent, and, above all, devotion to her husband, are known to us all.

As for Rossini himself, he is made to write letters and express opinions, which certainly never entered his head, and I would have the reader mark that I am not now speaking of the romantic portion of the book, but of that which is given us as historical. M. Ettinger, while pretending to exhibit Rossini to us without a veil, muffles the composer in a sort of ignoble costume, which, as I can guarantee, does not fit him in the least, and which M. Ettinger might well keep for himself. But do we find any new information, or any example of interesting appreciation! Not the slightest. Everything under this head is borrowed from Carpani, or Bayle (Stendhal), another impostor, who gave himself out as a friend of the maestro, and pretended he had lent him a coat.*

All that relates to the general history of music is no better treated. I will not abuse the reader's patience, but will content myself with one specimen. M. Ettinger introduces on the stage Guinault talking to Rameau, to whom he has brought a part of the *Gazette de Hollande* for him to set to music; now Rameau was five years old when Guinault died. Moreover, the names of the composers mentioned, and tolerably well known, are given inaccurately, &c.

Well, this book has remained utterly unknown in France since the first edition, published fourteen years ago. It then went through two other editions, without the composer who was the subject of it being informed of its existence, and without any one crying out against it. At present, M. Royer, deceived like every one else, has translated it, and will, no doubt, find a great many readers.

Rossini always cared very little for what was said about him,

* Rossini happening to be taking a walk in London one day with Mad. Pasta's husband, an individual bows and turns towards them. Rossini does not move, thinking the salutation is addressed to his friend. The latter, who really knew the person, returned his politeness, and then observes to Rossini: "How is it, maestro, you say nothing to your friend, who, when in Italy, lent you a coat for some ceremony or other?" "My friend—in Italy—lent me a coat! Why, I never knew him or even saw him, in all my born days!" Bayle recited the fact in the *Journal de Rossini*. Bayle, we know, who was afterwards an author of some talent, commenced his career by giving himself out as the author of the *Lettres sur Haydn*, a translation of the *Haydnées* of Giuseppe Carpani.

and, in a certain sense, he was very rich. In the present case, however, it appeared necessary that one who did not bring him *green velvet caps, or letters from ladies in Munich, on rose-coloured paper*, but whom he is kind enough to honour with his friendship, should protest for him, and not allow matters to go further.

Otherwise, what would be the result? In thirty or forty years' time, M. Göttinger's book would be everywhere quoted as an authentic and irrefutable testimony; it would be said to emanate directly from Rossini, whom the author knew intimately, and, consequently, to present the public with the most exact portrait ever traced of the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. The lines the reader has just perused will, I hope, be a sufficient protestation, and not be without their effect. ADRIEN DE LA FAGE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Traviata* was given, together with the *divertissement, Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*, with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Thursday, *Il Trovatore*, with *Calisto*.

To-night the *Nozze di Figaro* will be produced, with Madlle. Titiens as the Countess; Madlle. Piccolomini, Susanna; Madlle. Ortolani, Cherubino; Signor Bencivento, Count Almaviva; Signor Belletti, Figaro; Signor Belart, Basilio; Signor Castelli, Antonio; and Signor Icona, Bartolo. Madlle. Marie Taglioni makes her first appearance this season in a new ballet, entitled *La Reine des Songes*: so that the performances will be more than usually attractive.

Verdi's Opera, *Luisa Miller*, is in active preparation for Madlle. Piccolomini, and will be produced on Tuesday, June 8th.

A morning performance takes place on Monday, when *Don Giovanni* will be given, with a ballet, in which Madlle. Pochini and Marie Taglioni will appear.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE first appearance of that universal favourite, Mad. Boito, took place on Saturday night. The opera was *La Traviata*; Mad. Boito was of course Violetta; Signor Gardoni filled the part of Mario in Alfredo, and Sig. Graziani made his first appearance this season as the elder Germont. The cast was in other respects strengthened by allotting the subordinate parts of Daphnol, D'Obigny, and Doctor Grenville, to Sigs. Polonini and Tagliafco, and M. Zeller, each of whom was perfect in his way.

Madame Boito was received with loud and continuous cheers. She was in splendid voice, and sang with all her accustomed brilliancy. As a specimen of *bravura* execution, nothing could surpass "Ah! fors è lui," one of the rare opportunities for genuine vocal display presented in the *Traviata*. Historically, Madame Boito has made a great advance, and many points in her acting were touching and pathetic to a degree. She was recalled at the end of each act with enthusiasm.

Sig. Gardoni sings the music of Alfredo charmingly, acts the part with considerable spirit, and looks the lover to the life. The scene in which Alfredo repudiates Violetta, displayed a greater amount of dramatic energy than we have ever remarked in him previously.

Sig. Graziani obtained the only encore of the evening in the air, "Di Provenza ti narro, il suol." The music of Germont, like that of most barytone parts composed by Verdi, is well suited to the peculiar means of this artist. Signor Graziani is by no means an earnest or impassioned actor, but the beautiful quality of his voice would atone for a multitude of deficiencies, many more indeed than can be laid to Signor Graziani's charge.

The scenery was superb, and the costumes were rich and appropriate. The desire to achieve something particularly striking, however, has led to excess in the saloon at Flora's house, where the ball takes place, which, in place of representing a modern drawing-room, or suite of drawing-rooms, exhibits the sumptuous interior of a palace (most probably copied from Versailles or the Tuileries). The scene was gorgeous and magnificent enough for the ball in *Don Giovanni*.

The introduction of the ballet in the ball scene is very happy,

especially done as it is at the Royal Italian Opera; it materially enhances the effect of the choruses of gipsies and matadors.

On the whole the *Traviata* in its new attire was eminently successful. The same opera was repeated on Thursday. To-night the *Huguenots*, for the fifth time.

Sig. Ronconi and Herr Formes are expected in a few days.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 339.)

FOR the whole day previously to our entrance of the harbour we were in sight of the coast, range of mountains, which were covered with the bright green of the wild oat, which grows here in profusion after the rainy season (the winter of California) had closed; beyond this range could now and then be seen the lofty crests of mountains, the continuation of the great Sierra Nevada (Snowy Mountain) chain; these eminences were crowned with magnificent trees, which, to our distant vision appeared to be lofty pines; but were in truth the distinctive growth of these latitudes, the red wood, a distinct species of arbor vitæ, of which a magnificent specimen (the Washingtonia Gigantea) can be seen in the Crystal Palace. The northern side of the entrance to the harbour has a short reef called Punto de Diabolo, and with this exception it is one of the safest ports in the world, being completely land-locked; and if due attention is paid to the tide-rips, as they are called, no danger need be apprehended if the weather is clear, and as the fog that sometimes infest this particular degree of latitude occur only in the heat of summer, when the warm sun melts the cold currents of melted snow that arise in the lofty sierras, the morning was most clear and beautiful as we entered the Golden Ports.

I do not think that the most philosophically-minded man living could resist an intense feeling of curiosity mingled with delight as he sailed majestically through this wonderful outlet, formed ages ago by Nature's hand to permit the pent-up waters of the interior which formerly (as she shows by her own rocky pages) covered large portions of the land, and then bursting through in wild convulsion forced this only outlet into the great Pacific, and left the beds of her lakes huge alluvial valleys, richer by far in wealth of soil and waving of golden corn, than the rude ravines of the mountains, pregnant with the ore that makes wise men of fools, and kings of slaves.

What then were our feelings? A band of adventurers, leaving home and happiness to struggle (perhaps fail) in a strange land, thousands of miles from civilisation, now entering their goal—that earnest band how many have succeeded? how many have buried their fairest hopes within this cemetery of broken affections? how many have but landed on the soil to seek an unknown grave? dying of actual starvation, in a land of marvellous fertility, and in possession of hoards of the fatal metal that in other climes could have bought them every luxury but happiness. No sad thoughts like these crossed our minds, but all was eagerness and wild excitement. As we sailed up the bay, a little fort was passed on our right it was formerly the old Presidio.

"Hurrah, boys! there's the old flag; three cheers for Uncle Sam! and see, look, look, there is San Francisco!" What! those straggling tents, scattered upon the side of a hill? "How our faces lengthened.—" Was this the magic city we had dreamed of? "Had we travelled so far, and suffered so much, to reach this miserable encampment!" "And where are the countless vessels of all lands which we were told were rotting in the harbour for want of crews!" we see but one little schooner far away sailing to the north, and even she is lost, an island hides her from our view, disappointment lowers in every face. But still our noble craft goes onward, onward, and we do not stop at this wretched encampment, and we near a point that at first was not perceptible from the opposite shore, and now, good steersman, hard-a-starboard, round she goes, and the great inner bay bursts upon our eyes, teeming with vessels of every size and nation; to the right in a large curve, lies the noble city, huge wharves, rapidly built at fabulous charges, are stretching into the bay, lined with thousands of spectators with throbbing hearts and waving hats, as they recognize upon the deck some

"old familiar face," or the still dearer partner of his life's chances come to share the luxury his willing hands have wrought for her.

The noble steamer slowly rounded to the wharf, but we were too impatient to wait, so seizing a small valise each we shinned down the ship's side into a boat, a regular New York Whitehall wherry with a real New York Whitehall *sherryman*. The Dominie's kind face was beaming with benevolence. He—n tried to appear as if he didn't care a fig, but it was a most transparent attempt at deception, and as for myself I felt all over in that peculiar nervous manner that is so characteristically described, as "sitting upon pins and needles." We were soon landed at the end of the wharf, paid the modest sum asked for about five hundred yards rowing, which was five dollars, and in a few minutes were in the midst of dozens of old friends, where hearty greetings quite bewildered us, and it was odd to hear the various exclamations: "What, Tom, is that you, why how long have you been here?" "Oh, about two years." "Well, I thought I hadn't seen you for a week or two." "And how are the old folks?" "Oh, well and hearty; father begins to break a little, and mother feels the witches more with her *rheumatiz*." "Why, my boy, you must fetch 'em out here; this is the climate to rejuvenate them; people can't die here if they want to, they have to go elsewhere—they only dry up here and get a little stiff in the joints."—"Why, there's Dick Jones, he looks queer!" "Yes, he's had a touch of Chagres fever, and I fear is rather hard up." "Hard up, and in old Frisco that shan't be long. Dick, my boy, how are you? here old chap, put that in your pocket to keep the devil out (giving him a fifty dollar gold piece) and now come up to my shanty, you shan't move till you are well, and Doctor Gray will soon put you on your pins again." And with a warm shake of the hand he leads off his sick friend—and if poor Dick Jones's eyes do fill with tears, don't blame him poor fellow, for Dick is very ill, and Dick is thinking of his wife and little girl at home, and what would become of them if he was to die; and Dick was *always* a soft-hearted *cus*, and Dick can't help feeling a little womanish in his weak state; and oh! Tom, Tom, if you are sometimes a bit of a rowdy, and a little too fond of a free fight, you are a good warm-hearted fellow, Tom, and that was not the worst thing you did in your life when you saved the poor woman's little baby in the great fire, and burned off all your whiskers which Mary Jane was so proud of.

We soon found quarters in a very fine hotel. "The Oriental," and then, as evening stole upon the city, and the light of the setting sun tipped the oat-clad hills with a brighter emerald lustre, and brought out in bold relief upon a sky already studded with stars, the stern outline of Monte Diavolo, which rises like Vesuvius from a plain; we went forth to join in this evening carnival of nations.

Although in 1848 there were only three adobe houses here, which were used as stores for hides and residences for the agents of the Russian company and other traders, by this time (the spring of 1852) the city was assuming a splendid appearance, spite of the devastating effect of fires which five times had laid the youthful metropolis in ruins. Noble stores were in course of erection in all quarters, the curve of the bay was laid under contribution, piles were driven into the shallow shores, large buildings erected upon them, the sand from the adjacent hills was removed to fill up the foundations, large ships were gradually being built over and surrounded by earth, and at the present time (1858) hundreds of noble streets of granite, brick, and stone cover the spots where noble vessels rode at anchor.

The appearance of the city at night was very singular; large shops filled with every luxury of dress and jewellery met your view on either hand, superb mirrors and gaudily coloured French pictures graced (or disgraced) the walls, while Wilton and Brussels carpets covered the floors of the enormous bar-rooms and gambling houses, on every block of buildings these hells reared their heads, not concealed, but open to the streets, while at the tables, groaning with their golden stores sat quiet, saturnine-looking individuals, quietly dealing monte, faro, rouge-et-noir, or the noisier Roulette; here, at a round circular table, would be seen a woman, once, perhaps, pure and beautiful, but now her still fine

features distorted with the lust of gain, and her fiend-like heart shining through her serpent's eyes: she is dealing vingt-et-un, or throwing hugo dice through a tin box; on every hand is heard the same monotonous cry, "Faites votres jeux, Messieurs," "Le jeu est pris," "Pangle down, pangle down, all down, no more," "Bank wius," "Double the red," "Black wius," "Gentlemen, make your game," "Faites votres jeux," "Cigars, waiter," "Gentlemen, what will you take?" "Bang! bang!—a general rush—"What is that?" "Oh, nothing, only a little difficulty at the farthest table; Jem so-and-so shot Bill so-and-so." "Anybody hurt?" "No, no one on consequence, only a Greaser," (a greaser means a Mexican), "go on with the game, Faites votres jeux Messieurs."

A nice life this for a quiet country curate, or a young lady-like gentleman with weak nerves.

Our Good Dominie hid up his hands with unaffected horror as we emerged from one of these dens of vice, and walked to a quarter of the city called Little Paris, almost exclusively inhabited by our mercurial neighbours (as *Punch* mildly and medically terms them), here we found charming *cafés* with their accompanying bands of excellent musicians, and exceedingly good singers, male and female; and after hearing some well-played and sung selections from operas, we supped, and retired somewhat bewildered to bed, to rise next morning upon the Sabbath; and so ended our first day in San Francisco.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN was a little above middle height, and slightly inclined to corpulency. In his healthful days there was in his bearing something elevated, noble, full of dignity and calmness; his gait, on the contrary, was usually slow, cautious, and a little indolent and shuffling. Accordingly his eye was mostly sunk, half closed, and only lighted up in conversation with near friends, but then in the most agreeable and kindly manner. His countenance made a pleasant and good-hearted impression, without justifying the epithet of the beautiful—indeed one could scarcely speak of an intellectual physiognomy; the fine-cut mouth, commonly protruded a little and puckered up as if to whistle, was, next to the eye, the most attractive feature of his full, round, rather fresh-coloured countenance. Over his short nose rose a high, freely-springing, arched brow, remarkably expanded in breadth about the temples. Above all, his head, covered with dark brown, full and rather long hair, had something downright, altogether strong, and one might say four-cornered about it.

His physiognomy had, with a certain shut-up cast of features, for the most part a uniformly mild, benevolent expression. The rich soul's life did not mirror itself there so vividly, as in sanguine natures. When Schumann wore the friendly mien, which was not, to be sure, too often, he could exert a fascinating influence on those about him.

While standing—long standing easily fatigued him—he held either both hands behind his back, or at any rate, one hand, while with the other he musingly brushed his hair one side, or stroked his mouth or chin. If he sat or lay unoccupied, he often let the upraised fingers of both hands play with one another.

The manner of his intercourse with others was very simple. He spoke but little or not at all, even when questions were asked him, or at least only in broken utterances, which constantly betrayed his activity of thought when any subject interested him. There was nothing conscious or affected in this. His manner of speaking seemed very much like "talking to himself;" the more so, since he used his organ only feebly and without much tone. About the ordinary, every-day affairs and phenomena of life, he never cared to talk at all; and about weighty subjects, such as deeply interested him, he only ex-

* Translated from Wasielewsky's *Biography*, for *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.

† In the house, where Schumann for the most part wore felt shoes, he sometimes walked on tip-toe, without any outward occasion. I can speak, of course, only of the last years of his life, during which I knew him intimately.

pressed himself reluctantly and rarely. One had to wait the favourable moment with him, and then again one might stay hours with him, without really getting into conversation. But from his silence, to any person, one could not infer any antipathy or sympathy on his part. It was simply a characteristic trait with him, one that developed itself quite early.* Yet he often, by his persistent silence, offended persons who did not know him intimately, or who thought they knew him too well to need to notice this peculiarity.

In meetings strange and ungenial persons, Schumann's social forms may frequently have been somewhat repulsive. Especially was he very easily offended by a certain uncalled for "confidential cordiality" and forwardness. He certainly cannot be entirely acquitted of humours and a certain peevishness, especially during the last years of his life, which were eluded by continual inward sufferings. But the kernel of his nature always was so excellent and noble, that the impeccable sides of his personality were scarcely to be taken into the account. He felt and showed himself in the best humour in the more private friendly circle, with a cigar and a good glass of beer or wine, of which latter he preferred Champagne, being in the habit of remarking: "This strikes sparks out of the soul!"

In the family circle Schumann was seldom accessible; but if one enjoyed this preference he felt the most beneficent impression. He loved his children not less than his wife, although he possessed not the gift of occupying himself deeply and for hours together with them.

The outward life, which Schumann led during his last years, was very uniform and extremely regular. In the forenoon, until about 12 o'clock, he worked. Then he usually took a walk, accompanied by his wife and some near acquaintance. At 1 o'clock he dined, and then, after a short recreation, worked till 5 or 6. After that, he visited, commonly, some public places, or a private club, of which he was a member, to read the newspapers and drink a glass of beer or wine. At 8 o'clock he commonly went home to supper.

Tea parties, so called, and evening parties Schumann visited but seldom and exceptionally. On the other hand, he occasionally received a certain circle of acquaintances and friends of Art in his house. At such times, when he found himself in a good mood, he could be a very agreeable host; indeed there were single instances during his Düsseldorf life, when he showed himself incomparably cheerful and good-humoured. Once, in fact, after they had had music and supper, he proposed a general dance, in which, to the joyful surprise of all present, he took a lively part himself.

In professional affairs Schumann was severe and conscientious, although he almost never gave way to expressions of violence or passion, and if he did, he soon spoke again in a conciliatory and conciliated tone. This happened, when he had once been peevish towards one he esteemed, which he immediately felt and tried to make all right again. When there was difference of opinion, he commonly kept silent; but this was always a sure sign of his unproclaimed opposition, on the ground of which he simply acted as he thought right. To all malignity and coarseness of feeling he was inexorably stern, and where it had once manifested itself to him, he was evermore irreconcilable.

Of Schumann's way of meeting his companions in Art (mu-

* Kapellmeister Dorn communicates the following experience:—"When I saw Schumann again for the first time after a long absence in the year 1843, there was music at his house (on his wife's birthday). Among those present was Mendelssohn. We had scarcely time to exchange two words, for new parties kept offering congratulations. As I took leave, Schumann said to me in a mournful tone, 'Ah, we have not been able to have any conversation.' I consoled both him and me by alluding to the next meeting, and said, smiling, 'Then we will have a good spell of silence!' 'Oh,' replied he, blushing, and in a low tone, 'then you have not forgotten me?'"

† Schumann smoked very fine and strong cigars, which he playfully called little devils."

‡ If, on the way, he met his children, he would stop awhile, pull out his cigarette and look at them a moment, saying in a friendly tone, "Now, you little devils!" then he would resume his former mien, and proceed upon his way as if nothing had occurred.

sicians and critics especially) I have already spoken in the course of this work. In this respect he was a model. There was no trace of jealousy or envy in him. He joyfully and warmly recognised what was great, significant, and talented, particularly when he felt himself addressed by kindred elements. In the latter case he showed too,—what must strike one in his thoroughly German tendency and way of thinking—an enthusiastic sympathy for foreign art, although he was completely on his guard against the more recent dramatic music of France and Italy, and with regard to the latter never attained to a correct appreciation, based upon objective intuition. During his last years he sometimes expressed less interest for some great masters of the past, particularly for the art of Haydn and Mozart. Indeed he indulged occasionally in disparaging words about certain works of these composers, in which he naturally was misunderstood by most; for the principal, immediate cause of such expressions was his sickness, although it is not to be doubted that, with advancing years, his habit of spinning in his own ideal world, gaining more and more the upper hand in him, had a certain share in it.

In the departed, the Art-world of our time has lost one of its most highly and richly-endowed creative minds,—one of its most consecrated priests. His life is alike valuable and instructive for the history of Art. Valuable through its restless striving for the highest, for the noblest, and the results which he attained,—instructive through the errors with which he, too, as more or less every earth-born being, had to pay his tribute to the Finite. But blessed is the man who has so striven and so erred, as he has done!

EDMUNDS.—On Saturday week Mr. Thorne Harris gave the first of his recitals in Mr. Wood's new saloon, George-street, which was filled to overflowing. The selection was judicious, and the performance uniformly excellent. The more prominent features of the programme were Beethoven's Sonata in G, three of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and his duo Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello. Beethoven's Sonata was rendered in a style which showed how carefully Mr. Harris had studied the work. Every movement was given with appropriate expression. Not less successful was his rendering of the *Lieder*, the second of which was admirably played, and produced a marked impression on the audience. In Mendelssohn's fine duo Sonata, Mr. Harris was ably supported by Mr. Tardif, both artists appearing to be thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of the music they were engaged in interpreting. The profound attention with which the admirable composition was listened to showed that when high class music is adequately performed it cannot fail to be appreciated. Were the public afforded more frequent opportunities of hearing the pianoforte compositions of the great masters of the art, they would soon be taught to prefer them to the flimsy and ephemeral productions of the more modern schools. A piece by Rubinstein, entitled *Kamennoi Ostrov*, was also highly effective. The second "recital" was given on Saturday. The programme comprised many exquisite *mozartens*, in which the abilities of Mr. Harris as an accomplished pianist were conspicuously displayed. In Beethoven's "Duo" in C minor, for violin and pianoforte, Mr. W. Howard gave his assistance, showing, in his execution of the "adagio" and "scherzo," the taste of a true artist. The "recital" was again attended by a highly fashionable and crowded audience.

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MR. CHAS. DICKENS will read his "CHRISTMAS CAROL" on Wednesday Afternoon, June 9, at 3 o'clock; and the Story of "LITTLE DORRITO," on Thursday Evening, June 10th, at 8 o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall. Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (unreserved and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MR. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL has the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place on Monday next, June 7, to commence at 3 o'clock, by kind permission of the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Downshire, at 24, Belgrave-square. The programme and tickets are now ready, and may be had at Crumer's, Mitchell's, Chappell's, and Glover's, and of Mr. Bismuthal, 4, Vinington-square, Brompton, S.W.

MADAME DOTTI, the celebrated Prima Donna of the Scala and Pale Italian Opera, formerly student under Rossini and Donizetti, will sing at her Matinée, June 11, to commence at 8 o'clock, on Monday evening, at the most famous LITTLE COMPOSITION OF DONIZETTI, written by the great maestro a few hours before his madness declared itself, and expressing in them so touching manner the feelings which induced it. "Evviva Donizetti!" exclaims Donizetti, when he saw it, "c'est bien lui, mais c'est terrible." Full particulars shortly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—**MISS LEFFLER**, daughter of the late Mr. Adams Leffer, begs to announce that her first Grand Evening Concert will take place at the above Hall, Regent-street, on Monday evening next, June 7, to commence at Eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Mr. Sims Rogers, Mr. Weim, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goethe, who will be accompanied by several distinguished Artists, to be had at the Hall, principal music-sellers, and of Miss Leffer, 71, Oxford-street.

LEFEBUR WELV'S OFFERTOIRES FOR THE ORGAN.—Wessel and Co. beg to announce that they have published a selection of 212 of these celebrated Works, edited by William Hen. Price from 3s. to 5s. each. 18, Hanover-square.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a performance of **CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, June 25, to commence at Three o'clock. Miss Goddard will be assisted by Herr Josef J. Joachim and Signor Pavesi. Among other pieces, the programme will include: Dussek's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat; Schubert's Sonata (pianoforte) in A minor; Joachim's "Thema Varié," for pianoforte and Violin; J. S. Bach's Partita, con Fuga in C minor; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim.

*. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

MANCHESTER CONCERTS.—The Directors of the Manchester Monday Evening Concerts are prepared to arrange for the forthcoming season, commencing in September next, with individual artists, or parties forming for provincial tours. Terms and data may be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Bryce, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS, Established 1839, for the relief of its distressed Members. Patroness, HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—On Friday evening, June 11, at the Hanover-square Rooms, will be performed, for the benefit of this institution, a Miscellaneous Concert of vocal and instrumental music. Vocal Performers—Miss Anna Pearce, Madame Baister, and Madame Clara Novello; Miss Louisa Fryce, Miss Susan Fryce, Miss Mesent, Miss Kemble, Miss Eliza Hughes, and Miss Dobby; Herr F. Frank, M. Jahn Lafort, Mr. Smith, Mr. W. Harrison, and the Gentlemen of the Orchestra (see Catalogue); Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr Joachim, Paganini Orsini, Herr Kugel, and Herr Paganini, Herr Bismuthal. The orchestra will be numerous and complete; Leader, Mr. Henry Bagrow, Conductor, Professor Stronatalo Bennett, Mus. Doc. The Concert will commence at eight precisely. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, Reserved Seats, one guinea each.

J. W. HOLLAND, Secretary, 12, Macaulay-street, Soho.

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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 5 and 7, at Shrewbury, staying there Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 8, at the Public Buildings, Exeter.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 9, at the Corn Exchange Hall, Tewbury, under the patronage of the Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ogden, Bart., N.A., Dec. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 10, at the University of Oxford.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 10, at the Free Hall, Liverpool.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 11 and 12, at the Liberty Hall, Hereford; staying there Saturday and Sunday.



PICCO.—For engagements, 43, Church-road, Kingsland.

MADLLE JENNY BAUR has arrived in town for the season. All letters to be addressed to 20, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood.

L AUREN'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Bossey and Sons, 24, Hollow-street, where full particulars may be had.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

MR. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 18, North-street, Westminster Abbey, E.W.

WANTED a situation as first or second violin or viola, in a London Orchestra. The advertiser is also a good accompanist on the piano-forte, and will accept a permanent situation on moderate terms.—Address, S. O. P. Musical World Office.

HERR EMIL BEHM, pupil of Drouet, begs to inform his friends and the public that he is open for public and private concerts; also for flute and accompanying lessons. 84, Denbigh-street, Finsbury, S.W.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 21st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

TO PIANOFORTE MAKERS AND DEALERS.—A TUNER who can finish, regulate, and repair, ditto with the harmonium, has had 20 years experience, best of years abroad, speaks French fluently, together with being a thorough musician, and can play the piano from music at first sight. Recommendations are first class.—Address, B. Holloway, 14, Little Windmill-street, Holborn.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION. —Conductor, M. Benedetto. —Soprano and Rubinstein on Wednesday evening, June 9th.—Joachim, Rubinstein, Melrose Rudersdorf, Melrose Scherzinger, Lemstra, Miss Dolly, and Miss Melrose; Clarinet, Mr. H. Lazarus. THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION of the Metropolitan Society of the principal part-songs and madrigals. Tickets, 3s. 6d. and 5s. each; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; 3rd Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had of all the principal music-sellers.

TO LET. Exhibition Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East. To let, early in October, after the close of the Society's Exhibition, until the end of February next, the extensive galleries in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, comprising five rooms, and council room, &c. The principal room is 60 feet, by 40 feet, and about 20 feet high, and is considered the best lighted room in London, either by day or night, for exhibitions of art, lectures, or the services of literary, scientific, or musical societies. The extent of the gallery is 120 feet, 40 feet. For particulars, apply by letter to Mr. Chilcote, Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Miss Macrone has the honour to announce that her Soiree Musicale will take place, Saturday, June 10th, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolly, Herr Fiesch, Miss Marian Moss, Mr. Foster, Mr. Montagu Smith, and Mr. W. Ross, of the Vocal Union; Instrumentalists: M. F. Robinson, &c. The members of the Vocal Union will perform part-songs, and Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolly, and Herr Fiesch, other new compositions by Miss Macrone, Conductor, Mr. George Lee. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown; Single Tickets, Seven Shillings; Family Tickets, to admit four, 41s. As may be had of the principal music-sellers; and of Miss Macrone, 5, Park Village West, Regent's-park.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S THIRD AND LAST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the Hauser's Opera House, on WEDNESDAY next, June 9, to commence at half-past 8 o'clock, when he will perform (with Barrett, Papst, Steglich, and Hauser) Beethoven's Quintet for piano, cello, clarinet, and bassoon; with Miss Hecker's part of Mendelssohn's (Aurora in B flat); with Salomon, Joachim, and Pagan, Schumann's Quartet, Op. 47, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; with Santini, Spohr's Piece de Salon for piano and violin; and Tarentella, Pauer—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s. 6d. may be had of the principal music-sellers; R. W. Oliver, 19, Old Bond-street; and Herr Pauer, 3, Cranley-place, Old-square, Brompton.

MADLLE SPEYER begs to announce that she will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL this morning, Saturday, June 5th, at Willis's Rooms, to commence at three o'clock, on which occasion she will have the honour of performing Beethoven's Sonata in C major, Op. 17, and Concerto, Op. 24; Bach's Great Fugue and Pique for the Organ in A minor; Mendelssohn's Prelude in F minor, Op. 28, and Improvisation in A flat. To commence at three o'clock. Vocalists: Miss Kemble, Herr Beck, Accompanist, Mr. Harold Thomas, and numerous instrumentalists. Tickets, 7s., to be obtained at R. W. Oliver's, 19, Old Bond-street; the principal music warehouses; and of Madlle. Speyer, 5, Upper Ranelagh-street, Eaton-square.

Just published, in 2 vols., with fine Portrait, 21s.
MEMOIRS OF RACHEL.—Hurst and Blackett, 18, Great Marlborough-street. To be had of all booksellers.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

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* * BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

REVIEWS.

"SILVER SPRAY;" "MABEL," Mazurkas; "MOONBEAM," Romance; and "GRAND MARCH MILITAIRE," for the pianoforte, by Charles McKorkell.

The "Marche Militaire," which has the peculiarity of beginning on the 6-8, is a short and effective *morceau*, with a rhythm so strongly marked, and a melody so military in its character, as entirely to bear out its title. Though short, it is by no means trifling, and, while carefully written, requires, in an equal measure, care on the part of the executant, who otherwise is likely to "come to grief," especially in the octave passages, which demand a supple wrist and vigorous attack. The episode, or second subject, in F (the "Marche" is in C) is extremely effective, and contrasts well with the principal. The pedal point on the tonic, which follows the passages of triplets at the end of the first theme, is striking; and the whole is brought to a conclusion by a brilliant *coda*.

"Silver Spray" is much easier, and will probably find a greater number of players, although the first part in dotted notes—*tempo vivace*—exacts both neatness and agility of finger. The episode, in the subdominant of the original key, is both intrinsically graceful and a happy relief to what precedes and follows it.

The "Moonbeam," in D, 6-8 measure, is perhaps the most elegant of the four pieces. Here and there occurs a point both of melody and harmony which shows that Mr. McKorkell, without being a plagiarist, is at least an admirer of the pianoforte music of Carl Maria von Weber, for which the lovers of real art will by no means be likely to owe him a grudge. The episode in B major, beginning at the foot of page 4, is both melodious and well harmonised.

"Mabel" is a sprightly mazurka, which, with less pretensions than any of its companion pieces, is quite as successful in attaining the point at which it aims.

"THREE LIEDER OHNE WORTE," for the pianoforte, by Charles Hargitt.

Mr. Hargitt is evidently clever, evidently an enthusiast, evidently a worshipper of Mendelssohn, and evidently an admirer of Sterndale Bennett. We want no further proof of the above than the three little sketches before us, which bear the strong and indelible imprint of having proceeded from an ardent and inexperienced disciple, if not from an aspiring *schulerin*, of one or both those eminent masters. Of the qualities enumerated in the former of the above paragraphs, the first (cleverness) is desirable and not dangerous; the second (enthusiasm) desirable, but dangerous; the third and fourth natural, and even to one possessed of the first and second, almost inevitable in the present time, but very dangerous. Mr. Hargitt should for a period shut up his book of Mendelssohn, lock up his volume of Bennett, and study with great assiduity Bach and Handel, Mozart and Clementi, Hummel and the art of composition. A year and a day thus devoted—like the interval of restraint from bearing arms, imposed upon the vanquished knight-errant, in the days of chivalry—would leave Mr. Hargitt a more vigorous and self-supporting man, and the next three sketches he sent us for review would, if not more interesting, be at least more his own, and bear some other title than "Lieder ohne Worte," which, by the middle of the year, 1859, will have become a little worn.

"TO-MORROW." Words by R. Scott Gowenlock. Music by Charles J. Hargitt.

Mutatis mutandis—the composer of "To-morrow" may read with some advantage the advice given in a preceding notice to the composer of "Three Lieder ohne Worte" for the pianoforte—which latter, by-the-way, instead of being dedicated to "his master," Charles Hallé, should have been dedicated to "his model," Sterndale Bennett.

"TWENTY INTERLUDES," for the Organ or Seraphine.—"TWELVE SONATINAS," for the Pianoforte, with an accompaniment for the Flute or Violin.—"SIX HYMN TUNES, TWO CHANTS, and a DOXOLOGY," for Four Voices.

The first series of pieces consists, as the title-page veraciously records, of "Twenty Interludes," which we have no doubt would suit the organ and seraphine equally well. The next series is described, with less exactitude, as "Twelve Sonatinas." We say with less exactitude, since we have always been led to understand that the word *sonatina* signifies a diminutive sonata; but as these sonatinas by no means bear the same relation in form and development to sonatas proper that even a Lilliputian may be supposed to bear to a Brobdingnag, we cannot help thinking that the name "sonatina" is usurped. Nevertheless, in revenge, "Sonatina" No. 7 is in the key of six sharps major; while "Sonatina" No. 8 is not only in the key of seven sharps major, but contains a canon on the nether octave, which is pursued with great determination for four bars, and then abandoned with equal firmness. As an extension to the eager contrapuntist, we are ready to admit that, supposing a canon is intended *ad perpetuum*, the further you get on "with it" the more difficult it becomes.

The six hymn tunes, two chants, and doxology for four voices, with an accompaniment for organ or pianoforte, consist of six hymn tunes, two chants and doxology for four voices, with an accompaniment for organ or pianoforte.

"THE RED KING'S STONE." Written by Mrs. Richard Valentine. Music by Charles McKorkell.

The words of this song are apparently founded on a legend, or if not, they embody a very vigorous imitation of those early English metrical ballads which have legends for their themes. The "Red King's Stone" is a memento of the death of an irreligious warrior king, who despising the church bell and the monk's warning, will hunt the red deer on a Sunday. The Red King is led by the hunt, and a stone lies in the forest to commemorate it. This little story is embodied by Mrs. Valentine in forcible and strongly rhythmical metre, and has been set to music in a kindred spirit, by Mr. McKorkell, whose bold and well-harmonised melody is equally suited to a bass or contralto voice.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert, and last but one, was less like a Philharmonic concert, old or new, than any of its predecessors. Instead of one symphony we had none. In revenge, however, there was the *ottet* for wind instruments, capably performed by Messrs. Barret and Crozier (oboes), Lazarus and Maycock (clarionets), Hauser and Anderson (bassoons), C. Harper and Standen (horns)—one of Mozart's least elaborate but most genuine compositions. The programme informs us of a well-known fact, namely, that the *ottet* was afterwards arranged as a quintet for strings. It also reveals a fact, by no means so well known, and the authenticity of which we are even disposed to doubt—viz, that in its original form it has been rarely heard in England. We believe, on the contrary, that few of Mozart's instrumental works are better known in this country than the *ottet* in question, whether in its first shape, or in that of a stringed quintet, or in that of the pianoforte duet. The programme further tells us that "The *finale* called an *allegro* might more properly be named an air with variations." That it is an air with variations there can be no doubt, but why an air with variations should not be marked *allegro* we leave it to the editor of the New Philharmonic programmes to decide.

The first part of the concert was wholly engrossed by Mozart; and a nobler specimen of his dramatic orchestral preludes could hardly have been presented than the overture to *Idomeneo*, which was executed by the band (diminished by some 30) and Dr. Wyldie, with point and vigour. The first part terminated as strangely as it began auspiciously. The finest of all Mozart's pianoforte concertos, and one of the finest ever composed, was allotted to Herr Rubenstein, who executed the solo part in such a manner as to surprise the initiated and to bewilder the laity. Herr Rubenstein attacked the concerto much in the same manner, "*mutatis mutandis*," as the furious Pélissier, in the Crimean war, may have rushed with his hosts upon that devoted Malakoff of which he is now the titular Duke. The Concerto of Mozart was the Malakoff of Marshal Ru-

binstein, and his furious hosts were his ten fingers—ten "divisions" as irresistible in their strength as in their impetuosity. Herr Rubinstein rushed at the concerto, and "took" it even quicker than the French general took the Muscovite stronghold. Possibly Herr Rubinstein, being Russian born, and considering the task he had in hand was that of overwhelming a foe, rather than of caressing a friend, was determined to profit by the example of the Crimean campaign. Comparing the very opposite results that ensued from the stealthy approach, the deliberate groping, of his compatriots, up the sides of Inkerman Hill, with the fierce charge of the Gallie "Coq" at the Malakoff tower, he perhaps determined to adopt the tactics of his country's enemies instead of those of her gallant defenders. Thus he besieged and "carried" Mozart's concerto in D minor, to the evident amazement of Field Marshal Wylde and Brigadier-General Willy, who were about manœuvring, with military regularity, but at a snail's pace, the orchestral army which, "à leur insu," Herr Rubinstein led to the assault. In the course of capturing the concerto, moreover, Herr Rubinstein, doubtless to perplex and deceive the enemy, let off a series of fierce canzonas in the form of "cadenzas," which were wholly irrelevant, both to the concerto and the capture thereof. Had Mozart been alive to hear these "cadenzas" he would have—"simporte." At the end of the concerto, thus bombarded and sacked, the conqueror, flushed with victory and intoxicated with the success of his arms, was born in triumph on the shoulders of Dr. Wylde's very (us) classical patrons (already stimulated by the inebriating strains of the *Danse des Sylphes*), and hailed "Duke"—not of Malakoff, but of "Thunder."

The rest of the first part consisted of vocal music, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Messent, and Herr Pischek, of which we have not breath enough left to speak.

In the second part there were some more vocal pieces, by the first and last named singers, among which may be mentioned especially a melodious and expressive air, "For spirits when they please," from Dr. Wylde's *Paradise Lost*, given with the utmost feeling and correctness by Miss Louisa Pyne. There was also a very long and very dreary violoncello *concertino* by Kummer, the prolixity of which even the admirable execution, fine quality of tone, and thoroughly legitimate style, of Mr. Horatio Chipp could not conceal. Moreover, Herr Rubinstein appeared a second time, and performed a prelude and fugue of his own composition, the chief object of which appeared to us to prove that John Sebastian Bach's idea of *fugue* was much more *severe* (and much more musical) than that of Herr Rubinstein.

This decidedly original, but scarcely more than semi-interesting, concert terminated with Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*, to listen to which, after the prelude and fugue just mentioned, was like issuing forth into the open air and beholding the sun in the heavens after a week's detention in the black hole of Calcutta.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

CONTRARY to general expectation, another series of vocal and instrumental concerts by the company of the Royal Italian Opera was announced to take place in the Crystal Palace, and to the great satisfaction of a vast number of persons the first was actually given on Friday, the 28th ult. There was not so great a crowd as might have been expected; and this we attribute to the arrangements for the performances being much less favourably adapted to the effect of music than were those of Mr. Gye last year, and still more remarkably the year previous.

The concert began with the overture to *Fidello* (in E), admirably played by the band. Then the mellow barytone of Sig. Graziani was heard in "Bella siccome," from *Don Pasquale*. To Sig. Graziani succeeded Mdlle. Marai and Mad. Nasser Didick, with the duet, "Quia est homo," the weakest number in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The trio "Ti parli l'amore," for Rodrigo, Elmiro, and Desdemona, from the same master's *Otello* was afterwards sung by Mad. Grisi, M. Tagniatto and Sig. Mario; but even these practised artists were unable to make it effective in such a place as the "central transept." Pearsall's madrigal, "Who

shall win my lady fair!" which ensued, is not one of his best. But who could put good music to such silly words!

"Who shall win my lady fair,
When the leaves are green?
Who but I should win my lady fair,
When the leaves are green?
Say who? Not you. Why so? No, no,
The bravest man, that best love can,
Shall win my lady fair.
Dandily, dandily, dandily, Dan,
He shall marry her, he's the man,
He shall marry my lady fair,
When the leaves are green."

The old English lyric poetry offers but few instances of such feeble trash as this. "Dandily Dan," by the way, was somewhat "gingerly" sung by the chorus. Of "Bella adorata," from Mercadante's much-neglected *Giuramento*, the eternal "Tacea in sotto," from *Il Trovatore* (by Mad. Grisi), and the oft-repeated "Blazing of the Swords" from the *Huguenots* (solas by Signora Rossi, Pierini, Smythson, Soldi, and Polonini) we have not a word to say that would not be denounced as flat, stale, and unprofitable. By the way, Sig. Soldi's voice, in the last named concerted *morceau*, pierced from one end of the transept to the other, and could be heard distinctly (like Clara Novello's B flat), by all but deaf persons, at the further extremity of the gardens, close to the mammoth and *paolyderman*.

The second part opened chivalrously with Weber's overture to *Oberon*, famously played by the band. Then came the fascinating Mario, with his favorite "Angiol d'amore," which, sung to the highest degree of perfection, carried all before it, and was repeated at the urgent and unanimous desire of the audience. Madame Didick, with her favorite "Nobil Signor" (which she sings so often that, "à maintes reprises," we feel inclined to ejaculate "No—no no no no—no"—which is simply the name of the other song of Urbano in the *Huguenots*), was received with infinite favour, and had the singer felt inclined the audience would have been nothing loth to hear it again. The "trio of masks" from *Don Giovanni* (Madame Grisi, Mdlle. Marai, and Signor Mario); "Ernani involami"—another "eternal" (bore), sung with remarkable spirit by Mdlle. Parepa; the duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, "Venti scudi" (by Signora Neri-Barakji and Graziani); and the *preghiera* (one more "eternal") from *Mosè in Egitto*, in which all the "principals" were supposed to take part, concluded this first concert, which cannot be greatly lauded for the *novelties* contained in the programme, whatever its other claims to consideration.

Unqualified praise must be awarded to M. Saintron for the great ability with which he undertook the place of Mr. Costa, as conductor of the orchestra.

Yesterday afternoon there was a grand concert, in which Mad. Viardot Garcia, Herr Pischek, Madame Sherrington, Herr Reichardt, and the Vocal Association took part. A full account will be given in our next.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE last concert of the season was given on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, to a very large and fashionable audience. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony, No. 11—Haydn. Song, "Adelaide," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather—Beethoven. Selection (*Les Huguenots*), solos for oboe and cor Anglais—M. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham.—Meyerbeer. Lied, "Grüner Frühling Keiserin," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather—H. Esser.

PART II.—Concerto, in G. minor, pianoforte, Angelini—Mendelssohn. Recit. "Fier Teatro di Morie," aria, "Ritorno alle ritorte" Miss Palmer—Handel. Overture (*Don Giovanni*)—Mozart. Song, "The Three Fishers," Miss Palmer—Hullah. Overture (*Der Freischütz*)—Weber.

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony was excellently played, clearly showing that the music of Haydn is that which is best suited to the amateur orchestra. The selection was remarkable for the taste displayed by Mr. Graham Brown, Mr. Alfred Pollock, and Mr. H. E. Tatham in their execution of the several solos allotted to their

respective instruments. Mr. Pollock, in particular, merits more than ordinary notice for the great feeling and expression with which he played.

The vocalists were Miss Palmer, and Mr. Gordon Cleather. The lady sang Handel's song very finely, and was warmly applauded. She also gave Mr. Hullah's "Three Fishers" with much feeling. Mr. Cleather possesses a fine natural tenor voice, which appears to us to have received rather rough treatment from its possessor. With a little care, very much might be made of it, more especially as, in the singing of "Adelaide" and the *fiat* of Esau, he displayed musicianship such as many professional gentlemen we could name would be glad to have.

The star of the evening was the far-famed pianist, Angelina, who, in her performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, proved her right to be styled something more than "Queen of Amateurs." It was, indeed, a very fine reading of the work, showing that mind as well as fingers had been employed in its study. Moreover, she was admirably accompanied by the band, who certainly, by their exceedingly great care and attention, added very much to the interest of the performance, and paid to the young lady the greatest compliment that lay in their power.

The overtures went well, though in *Der Freischütz* the violoncelli deserved a rebuke.

This ended the twelfth season of the Amateur Musical Society. Let us now express our earnest hope, in offering our sincere congratulations, that every endeavour will be made by a Society possessing so much social influence, to improve its performance. "Advancement" must be the watchword for the coming season. That can only be achieved by great care and constant attendance at rehearsals.

The annual general meeting of the Society will be held at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, July 5th, at five o'clock, at which members are requested to attend.

CONCERT OF MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.—The second performance took place on Monday afternoon in Willis's Rooms. The first piece in the programme was Haydn's trio in G, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (recently revived by Herr Fauer), performed in very effective style by Mr. Sloper, Mr. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti. Purcell's "Mad Bess" came next, and was well declaimed by Miss Dolby. This *concerto* has the merit of being quite as long and quite as dull as "Mad Tom," its companion. The prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn in E minor, Op. 35, for piano alone, and a *presto* from the same composer's *Seven Characteristic Pieces*, followed. The first, though wonderfully clever, is not one of Mendelssohn's most spontaneous productions; the second is just as much more genial as it is less elaborate. Both were perfectly executed by Mr. Sloper. A manuscript song for contralto, with violoncello *obbligato*, composed by Sig. Piatti, who accompanied Miss Dolby, and the *Deuxième Morceau de Salon* of M. Vieuxtemps, for violin, admirably given by Mr. Blagrove, ended the first part of the concert. The second part began with one of Beethoven's sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello—No. 1, Op. 102—which, performed with irreproachable excellence by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Signor Piatti, was the greatest musical treat of the morning. These violoncello sonatas—we allude to Op. 102, Op. 5 being much more familiar—are too rarely brought forward in public. There was not much applause at the conclusion, but the unequalled satisfaction of the few connoisseurs present must have been a sufficient reward to the two performers. If not, they are at liberty to add the entire approval of the *Musical World*. Mendelssohn's *Frühlingssiedel*, though MS. in "Miss Dolby's album," has long been included in the number of his printed songs. It was sung with Miss Dolby's accustomed taste. The pianoforte solos of Mr. Sloper—a *notturno* and an *allegro scherzando* entitled "Ariel"—are extremely pretty, and written with a degree of finish only attainable by thorough musicianship. They were of course well played by the composer. A new but not very striking ballad, sung by Miss Dolby, and a violoncello solo—*Taranella*—composed and performed by Signor Piatti, brought the concert to a termination. The accompanist at the pianoforte was Mr. George Russell.

MR. H. BLAGROVE'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The fourth and last of these excellent performances took place on Tuesday evening. The concert began with a quartet in C minor of Mr. J. J. Ellerton (Op. 124), a work of very considerable merit. It was admirably executed by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, R. Blagrove and Aylward. The other quartet was the magnificent one in E minor of Beethoven, from the "Raumowsky" set, the performance of which was such as to confer the very highest distinction upon Mr. Blagrove and his colleagues. Two movements from a *concertante* duet by Rolla, for violin and viola, though very inferior to similar compositions of Spohr, were played in so finished a manner by Mr. Isaac (Mr. Blagrove's favourite pupil) and Mr. R. Blagrove, as to afford unanimous satisfaction. The music of Bach is now becoming indispensable at every classical concert; and few of his works better deserve reviving than his sonatas for pianoforte and violin. One of these (in A—No. 2 of book 10) was introduced on the present occasion and played to such perfection, by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Blagrove, that we would willingly have listened to it again, from one end to the other. It was warmly appreciated by the audience. Miss Goddard also gave Mr. Thalberg's *Mazurka* with unsurpassed taste and brilliancy, but prudently declined to comply with the demand for its repetition. Some well-selected vocal pieces—as well sung, too, as selected—were contributed by Miss Measant and Mr. Wilby Cooper (accompanied by Mr. J. F. Goodban); and the concert terminated effectively with an *Introduction and Rondo* for the violin, composed and performed by Mr. Blagrove himself.

MR. AND MRS. T. G. REED.

The new act which Mr. Edmund Yates has contributed to the "Popular Illustrations" of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed upholds in its high position one of the most elegant "entertainments" offered to the patronage of the public. Few "entertainers" bring with them such a perfect combination of the qualities requisite for the practice of their art as the lady whom the world will always continue to call Miss P. Horton. Versatility in her case does not imply a mere mechanical dexterity in passing from one character to another, but a penetration into various idiosyncrasies, and an ability to reproduce them, that can belong alone to an histrionic artist of the greatest refinement. Her vocal talent is not confined to the mere facility in the execution of a popular song, in which the words are more important than the music, but the choicest *marcenas* from the Italian repertory are introduced as embellishments, and the gems are not the less choice, because they are enmeshed in a comic frame-work. Where people simply expected to laugh, they sincerely admired. A third justification is a familiarity with the usages of the best society. Mrs. T. G. Reed floats gracefully through a "Drawing-room Entertainment" like one who is accustomed to inhale the atmosphere of real drawing-rooms, when the imitation has ceased. Elegance is the very purpose of the "Gallery of Illustration," and this purpose has been well consulted by Mr. Edward Yates. His scene of action is the saloon devoted to a fashionable ball, and the personages depicted, much as they vary from each other, are all in the best taste and best costume.

M. CHAMBER-HALLÉ'S RECITALS.—The second took place on Wednesday afternoon (the 27th ult.) at M. Hallé's residence, and the rooms were just as inconveniently crowded as at the first. The programme was again one of the highest interest, commencing, as before, with an early sonata of Beethoven—the second Op. 2, dedicated to Haydn at a time when the young and vigorous giant was already resting under the prim conservatism of his master, the greatest of musical titles. This sonata (in A major) is much too seldom heard. All the movements were finely executed by M. Hallé—the *scherzo*, especially, being one of the neatest and most sparkling performances we can call to mind. Not less eminently successful was Bach's very interesting *Partita* in G, which followed. M. Hallé has studied the works of this great master profoundly, and always in correct him in the right spirit. Haydn's delicious little sonata in E minor

was a rare treat, and the more welcome since it has never before been publicly given in our time. The great and poetical Op. 109 of Beethoven cannot be played too often. New beauties reveal themselves at each new hearing. We entirely coincide with M. Hallé's conception of the *adagio*; but we cannot help thinking that the variations of the *andante* should be taken a little faster. This, of course, is deferentially suggested, M. Hallé being doubtless able to defend his reading on classical grounds. Nos. 11, 14, and 18 from M. Stephen Heller's *Nuits Blanches*, the second of Mendelssohn's caprices Op. 33 (dedicated to M. Klingemann), the nocturne in F minor, and the *Berceuse*, of Chopin, were the last things in the programme. Mendelssohn's *Caprice*, a graceful and exquisite composition, we prefer a little slower. The pieces of Heller and Chopin were rendered to perfection. The amateurs of classical pianoforte music (and classical pianoforte playing) will be pleased to know that M. Hallé has announced a series of chamber-concerts in Willis's Rooms, assisted by Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti.

THE NIEDERRHEINISCHES MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT COLOGNE.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

THE 36th Niederrheinisches Musical Festival was celebrated with great splendour in Whitsun week, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th May, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The various works were more impressively and admirably successful on account of the number and excellence of the members of the choruses and orchestra (amounting to 682 persons) than they had ever been on any previous occasion, a result in a great measure attributable to the place in which the Festival was held, and which affords a depth and breadth for the arrangement of the artists, such as is to be met with nowhere else, besides leaving nothing to be desired in an essential point of view. All present were, moreover, unanimous in the opinion that it would be impossible to find such a chorus anywhere else; in fact, it worked so steadily and with such magnificent power in Hiller's *Saal*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, and, more especially, in the "Credo" from J. S. Bach's *High Mass* in B minor, that the entire audience was seized with a feeling of delight and astonishment, particularly when the sopranos took up the theme and soared into the regions of the two-lined *f* sharp, *g*, and *a*. The choruses, therefore, obtained the loudest and most protracted applause. The next place is due to the orchestra, for its magnificent performance of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*, every member of which was rewarded with tumultuous applause; nay, persons were not wanting who declared that the execution of the symphony was the most perfect musical treat of all the three evenings.

The solo singers, Fräulein Krall (soprano), from Dresden; Fräulein Jenny Meyer (mezzo-soprano), from Berlin; Herr Schneider (tenor), from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine; Herr Stephan (bass), from Mannheim; and Herr Abiger (bass), from the Stadttheater, Cologne, were, on the whole, satisfactory, and, in certain points, very deserving of applause, but in no wise distinguished for virtuosity or European celebrity. Nay, it is not to be denied, that we possess in our immediate neighbourhood artists, who, for instance, would, in Hiller's *Saal*, have sung the principal parts of *Saal* and Michael not only quite as well, but incomparably better, as they did in the month of December last year.

Thus this Festival, at which no prominent and great vocal artist, such as Jenny Lind, Jenny Ney, Roger, Forbes, &c., shone, proved—by the enthusiasm of the public, which went on increasing every evening, and, indeed, each succeeding day, from the commencement to the end of the entertainment, and the unanimous opinion of the musicians and directors present, concerning the excellence of the execution—that the artistic performance of the masses is the principal thing at a musical festival, and not the great names of the solo singers, for the results do not always correspond to these names, especially in oratorios. It is to be hoped that the success of this festival will open the eyes of the committees of the Rhenish towns as to the advisability of hunting after celebrities.

MR. TRUST'S HARP MATINÉES.

THE last performance of the series took place on Wednesday, as before, at Mr. Trust's private residence. The company was numerous and fashionable. The first piece in the programme was Kalkbrenner's duo for pianoforte and harp, with accompaniment for flute, violin, and violoncello. The players were Miss L. Viola Trust, Mr. Trust, Herr Schmidt, Mr. Webb, and Master H. T. Trust. The young *pianiste*, Miss L. Viola Trust, gave indications of a refined talent, not only in her performance in Kalkbrenner's duo, but in a duet for two harps she subsequently performed with her father. We would Miss Viola Trust, however, to make a selection between the two instruments, and lay aside the other altogether. There is an old saying, "Between two stools," &c., and no one yet, save extraordinarily endowed, ever achieved renown following two distinct paths. The part of the pianist is not that of the harpist.

Parish Alvars' Grand Concerto (dedicated to Molière), for harp, two violins, tenor, violoncello, double bass, flute, and oboe, was finely executed by Messrs. Trust, Zernbal, Webb, jun., Pettit, Severn, Schmidt, and Nicholson. Among other noticeable points in the performance we may mention Boehm's Nocturne for oboe and harp, by Messrs. Nicholson and Trust, and Oberthür's Duo for pianoforte and harp, by Miss Marie Salzmann, and Mr. Trust. A solo on the violoncello, by Signor Piatti, as may be imagined, was one of the features of the concert.

The vocal music was not in excess. Mr. Montem Smith sang Meyerbeer's "Near to thee," with violoncello *obbligato* by Mr. Walter Pettit; Miss Marian Prescott gave Wallace's "Scenes that are brightest;" Miss Emily Gresham introduced the romanza, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*, Mr. Pettit again playing and admirably, the violoncello *obbligato*. The beautiful song from Weber's opera was charmingly sung, and produced even a greater effect than when sung by the same lady recently at the Surrey Music Hall. The romanza is well suited to Miss Gresham's clear high voice and very expressive style.

HERFORD.—A glance at the outline of an incomplete programme has put us in possession of some of the leading arrangements for the sacred musical performances at our Cathedral in August next. For the opening performance, on Tuesday morning, the scale of prices of admission has been graduated to so low a point as one shilling for the aisles, and half-a-crown for the western gallery, to afford a "popular" opportunity of hearing classical sacred music performed with all the powerful adjuncts of the special occasion. The service will include the overture to Spohr's *Last Judgment*; the *Dettingen Te Deum* (Handel); Festival "Jubilate" (Townshend Smith); the 42nd Psalm (Mendelssohn); and an Anthem by Sir A. G. Osseley.—For Wednesday morning the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn is selected; and for Thursday, the work less known, of the same composer, called *Athalia*, will be drawn upon, in conjunction with an English version of Rossini's *Subat Mater*, and parts one and two of Haydn's *Creation*.—Friday morning's performance will be devoted to the *Messiah*.—The arrangements of the evening concerts must depend upon the engagements—not yet, we believe, quite completed—with the vocalists who will have to take part in them. We have been shown a list of the names of twenty-five gentlemen, of position and influence in this and the neighbouring county of Salop, who have accepted the office of stewards, for what may now be definitely announced as the forthcoming Musical Festival. The names are as follow:—The Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis-Bart, M.P., the Hon. and Rev. G. Herbert, the Hon. and Rev. A. Hanbury, Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart., George Clive, Esq., M.P., the Venerable Archdeacon Waring, Rev. John Hopton, John Hungerford Arkwright, Esq., Wm. Herrick, Esq., A. R. Knight, Esq., Rev. T. King, Rev. B. Stanhope, Richard Barton, Esq., Rev. T. Powell, Rev. H. Blissett, Rev. O. Ormerod, Rev. Jas. Bullock, the Mayor of Hereford, Thomas Dunne, Esq., Edward Griffiths, Esq., Stephen Allaway, Esq., Rev. Dr. Sier, Reynolds Peyton, Esq., J. M. Herbert, Esq.—*Hereford Journal*.

MUSIC AT MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MILAN, 29th May, 1858.—Pending the resumption of my observations upon the theatres of Italy, I send you a few lines on present and past events.

I have first to notice the great success of the tenor, Mongini, in *La Sonnambula*, during the short season of the Cannobbiana. When he sang at the Scala for a few nights, at the end of the Carnival season, his voice had evidently suffered through his hasty journey from St. Petersburg during such an inclement period as the last severe winter. He had also to contend with the friends of the rival tenor, Negrini. Italians are not only jealous of foreigners, but of each other.

"These fleas have other fleas that bite them."

But Mongini has recovered from his temporary illness, and his Elvino was enthusiastically applauded from beginning to end; his voice and style, it is said, recalling Rubini in his best days.

The English artists here are also obtaining "ovations," and they owe it jointly, to their talent and indomitable perseverance. The Italians would crush them if they could. The English tenor, Swift, is rapidly establishing a high Italian fame. After creating a *furor* in *Poissito* at Turin, he has been equally successful at Rovereto, where, on the occasion of a visit from the Archduke Ludovic, the theatre was opened with a *certif*. first-class company. I hear that Swift is engaged by the *impresario* Merelli, to sing leading tenor parts at a series of first-class theatres during the next six months. Albert Lawrence, an English baritone, had courageously resolved to face a Milanese audience, and was announced for the part of Filippo in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, at the Radegonda Theatre. As he was known to possess a magnificent voice, to be a zealous student of the Italian school, and quite an enthusiast, his appearance excited much curiosity. As a matter of course the "clique" mustered in great force against him, on the first night occupying nearly the whole theatre. The greater the talent he displayed, the more they seemed determined to run him down; and so it continued for several evenings, while the unjudicial few perceived in him all the elements to qualify as one of the finest baritone singers of the day. In fine—Lawrence has gained the victory. The fair-judging part of the public took up his cause, and he has only to "work" at other Italian theatres as Swift has done, and a like favourable result must follow.

"Before I conclude, I must not fail to pay homage to the "liberals" of the Italian press, whose talent is at all times the especial object of my admiration. Thank you, gentlemen, for your useful hints, no doubt meant in the greatest kindness to English artists. Thank you for your kind information, that Albertini, the English artist, does not sing "Italian"—she sings "Chinese"—and that Lawrence, the new (and I venture to add, successful) English baritone sings "Turkish." How witty! Doctor! doctor! Doctor Lamagnani! you will be the death of us! Oh this "lingua"—this "bella-lingua"—(and beautiful it undoubtedly is) what a pity, while it seems imperatively a part and parcel of the art of singing, in the opinion of Italians, it should be so inadequate to teach Italian artists and Italian critics the difference between fair play and injustice!

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*(From a Correspondent.)*—A performance took place at the above establishment on Monday evening, the 31st ult., when the opera, *Guy Mannering*, and the farce of *Our Clerks* were performed by a company of gentlemen principally composed of the employees of the Bank of England, to a crowded and highly fashionable audience. The music was efficiently performed; and we cannot pass over the artistic manner in which Miss Lawson rendered some of the well-known airs of the opera. *Our Clerks* was undoubtedly the feature of the evening, and the reception accorded to the talented and well-known amateur, Mr. Charles Wilkinson, was of the most cordial description, while his acting, and that of Miss Ida Wilton throughout, created shouts of laughter.

MISS PAULINA CAHAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Having seen my daughter's name in the programme of a concert given at the St. James's Hall, on May 26th, and entitled in your pages "A Mod. Concert," I beg you will in common justice insert these lines, distinctly disclaiming all connection with the affair. Neither myself or daughter had any knowledge of the fact until reading your *just "Leader"* on the subject. Before concluding, I must strongly protest against such proceedings (and I have no doubt you will agree with me) that it is not only an insult and annoyance to a young lady to have her name brought before the public without any consent being given, but a decided imposition on the public, who are very tenacious as to what they consider their rights.

I remain, your obedient servant,
Alhambra House, 24, Leicester-square. E. CAHAN.

LA PRESSE DE LONDRES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

9A, Warwick-street, Regent-street, London, June 3, 1858.
THE Editor of *La Presse De Londres* presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Musical World*, and begs leave to communicate the particulars about the Artistic Club he is going to establish, to the readers of the *Musical World*. At the same time, he begs to decline the responsibility for the programme of the concert given on the 26th of May last, and the management of which he entirely entrusted to Mr. St. Leger.

[About the "Artistic Club" we shall have something to say next week.—Ed. *M.W.*]

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—*(From our Correspondent.)*—The arrangements for this great musical event are fast approaching completion, and the committee are working most harmoniously and assiduously for the accomplishment of one end and aim—that of securing a Musical Festival surpassing, if possible, everything that has taken place hitherto in the West Riding. In Professor Sterndale Bennett as conductor, Leeds has secured an accomplished English musician—one whose life and soul will be freely devoted to the cause he has undertaken; and whose gentlemanly deportment, combined with rigid principles, renders him a welcome master wherever he goes. The list of patrons to the Festival is full of the nobility, and as a proof of the sanguine feeling existing as to the success of the Festival, I may state that the guarantee fund already amounts to near £5,000. You will be aware, ere this, that Her Majesty has graciously consented to honour Leeds with a visit at the end of August. Many persons are of opinion that the stirring event will detract from the *prestige* of the Festival which commences on the 7th Sept., but the committee are of a different opinion. They intend, I am given to understand, that the inauguration of the Town Hall by the Queen shall form part and parcel of the Festival. This is an excellent scheme, and likely to prove successful. A stranger entering Leeds at the present time cannot but see that preparations are making for some grand occurrence. Tradesmen are painting and decorating their shops—housekeepers are refurbishing and cleaning their residences—numerous streets are in process of being flagged and paved—public buildings are being "touched up," and the names of streets are now made plain. Excitement has commenced, and until the Festival is over, it will gradually increase. At a general committee-meeting held on Wednesday last, Mr. Fred. Spark, of Leeds, was appointed secretary.

Mr. R. S. BURTON gave his fifth and last Choral and Orchestral concert on Monday. Amongst the pieces performed were Beethoven's symphony in C minor (No. 5), overtures to *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Guilherme Tell*, finale to *Fidelio*, &c. The performance, in many instances, was excellent. At the close of the concert about fifty members of the orchestra adjourned to the Griffin Hotel, where they presented Mr. Burton with a handsome time-piece, as a mark of esteem. Mr. G. Alderson Smith, amateur bass at the parish church, occupied the chair, and in appropriate terms, on behalf of the subscribers, presented the testimonial.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Ortolani, Piccolomini; Giuglini, Benevanto, Violetti, A'diglieri, and Bellotti.

To-morrow, Monday, June 7, GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE. DON GIOVANNI; and LA BEINE DES SONGES, with Madlle. Marie Taglioni. The *diver* opera at One, and the Opera commences at half-past One's o'clock. Boxes, from 41 1/2 6s. to 2s. 6s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; Pit and Gallery Stalls, 6s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Morning draws only is necessary.

Tuesday, June 8, will be produced, for the first time, Verdi's Opera LUISA MILLER, by Madlle. Piccolomini and Madame Alboni; Sigior Giuglini, Violetti, Castelli, and Benevanto.

Thursday, June 10, will be repeated LUISA MILLER, for the BENEFIT of MADLLE. PICCOLOMINI. Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, MUSIC HATH CHAIRS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

Tuesday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, and (last time) FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

Friday the theatre will be closed, in consequence of a night rehearsal of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Saturday (for the BENEFIT of MR. and MRS. CHARLES KEAN) Shakespeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced, preceded by SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. AND MRS.

CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY next, JUNE 12th, upon which occasion Shakespeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals of this theatre. In consequence of this arrangement KING LEAR will be repeated THREE NIGHTS more, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Tuesday next (last time), FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening

next, June 6, the performance will commence with the new comœdia, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which DADDY HARDGATE. To conclude with a new farce, entitled TICKLES TIMES. Commence at half-past 7.

GRREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHORFDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DORGLAIV.

Returns of Mr. Phelps for SEVEN NIGHTS, with Mr. Henry Marton and Miss Atkinson. On Monday, MACBETH, Macbeth, Mr. Phelps; Lady Macbeth, Miss Atkinson. On Tuesday, THE MAN OF THE WORLD, Mr. Phelps; Mr. Phelps, Wednesday and Thursday, KING LEAR, Mr. Phelps; Mr. Phelps; Mr. Henry Marton. On Thursday, THE STRANGER, The Stranger, Mr. Phelps. On Friday, OTHELLO, Othello, Mr. Phelps; Iago, Mr. Henry Marton; Desdemona, Mrs. R. Homer; Amalia, Miss Atkinson. Concluding every evening with THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BIRTHAL GREEN. No admittance in the prices.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5TH, 1858.

THERE is an evident and we believe insuperable antagonism between the modern style of pianoforte-playing, inculcated by the so-called "virtuosi" (who might be more appropriately denominated "viziisti"), and that which still enjoys the very modest title of "legitimate." The difference between the two is so marked that no one can possibly overlook it. It is the difference between the Ambigu-Comique and the Théâtre-Français, the *Troisvires* and *Don Giovanni*, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Macready. It is the difference between tragedy and melodrama, common sense and bombast, poetry and rhodomontade. The question, however, is, can the two be reconciled? Can the professor of the one style either stoop or raise himself to the level of the other? In one respect we think not. We are quite sure that Mr. Disraeli is utterly incapable of writing a book like *The Newcomes*, and that Mr. Hicks could never have made even a tolerable Hamlet; but we are almost as certain that Mr. Macready, if inclined to amuse himself that way, could out-Hicks Hicks; while that Mr. Thackeray, when in the vein, can beat Mr. Disraeli on his own ground, is triumphantly shown in his *Col-*

lingsby, which we have always regarded as the literary masterpiece of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The same argument applies to the opposite schools of pianoforte-playing. The works of the fantasist-mongers are by no means impracticable to the fingers (the mind having nothing to say in the matter) of a pianist well "up" in the compositions of the classical masters. But *vice versa* does not follow, as a matter of course. There have been numberless proofs to the contrary.

"Cette musique naïve"—exclaimed M. ———, fumbling over a prelude of Mendelssohn's—"cette musique naïve, après tout, n'est pas trop facile. Fichtre! M. ——— spoke from his heart, and very soon suiting the action to the word, abandoned the prelude, together with his intention of astonishing the English public after the special manner of "virtuosi" generally. He returned to his fantasias, and commended "cette musique naïve" to the prince of darkness. M. ——— d de ———, a very fire-eater among "virtuosi," being invited to a musical party at the house of a distinguished amateur, since deceased, was assigned, for his share in the programme, one of the sonatas of Dussek.* Nevertheless, having laboured hard for more than a week, he gave it up in despair. "This is not pianoforte music" ("Celle-ci n'est pas écrite pour le piano") he insisted; and slutting up the book, was speedily lost in arpeggios, chromatic scales ascending and descending, showers of octaves, and crossings of hands, thumping the while some unhappy opera-tune, which had to make itself heard amidst all this smothering, smashing, and belabouring.† "Voilà un morceau véritablement écrit pour piano!"—said the virtuoso, after a last sweep from one extremity of the key-board to the other, with both hands in contrary directions. The "distinguished amateur," however, was of a different opinion. He resided in Queen's-square, and preferred Bach's *perruque* to M. List's *chevelure*;—the head-dress of modern virtuosity, the first duty of which is to ape the highly gifted man from the least healthy part of whose idiosyncrasy it sprang. The "distinguished" amateur would not hear of anything being substituted for Dussek's sonata; and Sterndale Bennett, or some other *non-virtuoso*, played it at night.

There are those, however, among the "virtuosi" who are more capable, if not more willing to play legitimate music as it should be played. Somebody asked Herr Castle—a devoted worshipper of Staudigl the singer—whether Staudigl could speak Italian. "I don't know, exactly"—replied Herr Castle—"but he could if he would." So the "virtuosi," to whom we are now alluding, "could" if they "would." But, alas! they won't. When they come across real music they are puzzled how to handle it. To bestow any amount of study upon it would be to step from a pedestal of their own imagining down to the standing point of their (presumed) inferiors. At first, it appears so easy, that they feel inclined to spread out the close harmonies into vaporous arpeggios, to double the passages in the bass, and to introduce subjects of their own—one for each thumb—with an eye (or rather a thumb) to richness and variety. A genuine "virtuoso" (a "lion" proper) cannot (or will

* Op. 61. *The Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand.*

† The drawing-room window was open. Mr. Thackeray was most likely passing near the house. At any rate, not long after, we read the famous description of "Such a getting upstairs," with variations.

‡ Let it not be supposed that we include Franz List among the "virtuosi" proper. Heaven forbid we should hold him in such light esteem.

not) understand twenty-four bars of pianoforte music in which the entire key-board has not been once or twice galloped over. The "*jeu serré*"—where all the fingers are constantly employed (as in the fugues of Bach)—is as unwelcome to them as "*terre à terre*" dancing to the choreograph whose vocation is to cut capers half-way between floor and ceiling. They cannot (or will not) keep their fingers quiet. To "virtuosi" repose is nauseous—unless it be the repose indispensable to a winded acrobat. Thus they do injustice to their own executive powers and to the music set before them—by obtruding the former and caricaturing the latter.

A remarkable instance in illustration of the point in hand occurred the other night, when a "*virtuoso*" of the first water had to do with a concerto of Mozart. We do not mean Sig. Andrelli, but a "*virtuoso*" of such water that it is unnecessary to designate him by name. A "lion" in the most leonine sense of the term, he treated the concerto of Mozart just as the monarch of the forest, hungry and truculent, is in the habit of treating the unlucky beast that falls to his prey. He seized it, shook it, worried it, tore it in pieces, and then devoured it, limb by limb. Long intervals of roaring diversified his repast. These roarings were "*cadenzas*." After having swallowed as much of the concerto as extended to the *point d'orgue* of the first movement, his appetite being in some measure assuaged, the lion roared vociferously, and so long, that many adverse to Mr. Owen Jones's idea of acoustics, admitted that, at all events, a "lion" could be heard from the "rooses" in St. James's Hall. Having thus roared, our "lion's" appetite revived, and he ate up the slow movement as if it had been the wing of a partridge. (Never did slow movement so suddenly vanish.) Still ravenous, however, he pounced upon the finale—which having stripped to the *quese* ("*coda*"), he re-roared, as before. The *quese* was then disposed of, and nothing left of the concerto.

We remember, many years past, we used to go to Exeter Change, to see the lions fed, watching the movements of those noble and voracious quadrupeds, and listening to their roar with rapt attention. All our early impressions were revived on the present occasion; and we made a solemn vow to attend whenever and wherever the same "lion" should be advertised to devour another concerto. (He—the same "lion"—is to feed upon Weber's *Concertstück* on Monday, in the Hanover-square Rooms.—*Printer's Devil*.)

On the other hand this "lion," like Staudigl the singer, "could" speak Italian "if he would"—in other words, "roar you like any sucking-dove." But it goes against the grain with him; and we are sorry for it, since he is no ordinary "lion."

As a general rule, it may safely be asserted that French poetry is separated from all the descendants of the Teutonic stock, whether Germans or English, by a broad moat, which is not only impassable, but is moreover so repelling in its aspect, that the Teutons never so much as think of crossing it. When a land is of such a nature that nobody ever wants to invade it, the perfection of safety is attained, and in a position of comfort analogous to this is—with one exception—every volume of French poetry, the contents of which are not to be comprised under the head "*Chanson*." Proficiency in the French language, or even an enthusiastic love for French novels, no more implies a knowledge of French poetry, or a desire to acquire such knowledge, than the mere fact of uttering a line of English implies a wish to study the *Saturday Review*. At any

party he pleases, any Teuton may lawfully out his hatred of French poetry, and no one will reproach him for his want of taste. He may, if he likes, add the confession that he never read two verses of French poetry in his life. No one will venture to tell him that his assertions are inconsistent with each other, and that he is unreasonable in hating what he knows nothing about. The bird that flies away from the first cat it has ever seen in its life, is not accused of absurd prejudice, because it does not wait for the experience of a scratch, but is supposed to obey the dictates of a natural instinct; and, in like manner, the Teuton is allowed to stop his ears at the first twang of the Gallic lyre. When a literary Englishman learns German, it is chiefly for the sake of reading the poets; the fame of the poets lures us to the study of Italian grammar; if we penetrate into the mysteries of Gladwin's "*Persian Moonshine*" it is because we have heard of Hafiz. But so is it not with the French tongue, which everybody learns or hopes to learn, from every possible motive, save one. One thinks French is very useful for travelling; another adores Balzac and Georges Sand; a third smirks at the name of Paul de Kock; a fourth essays to make money by converting French vaudevilles into English farces; a fifth looks forward to some future re-opening of the St. James's Theatre by Mr. Mitchell, and hopes to have a stall; but as for French poetry, we should as soon think of French almshouses.

Sensitive as a Yankee in most respects, the Gaul is perfectly callous with regard to the non-appreciation of his poetry. He knows that it won't be liked on the other side of the Channel or the frontier;—that it is the very reverse of Port wine, having been composed without thought of a foreign market. He has even made a merit of his unpoetical character. "*La France*," says Michelet, "*est le pays de la prose*," and then he shows us how far superior is prose to poetry. "*La prose est la dernière forme de la pensée, ce qu'il y a de plus éloigné de la vague et inactive rêverie, ce qu'il y a plus près de l'action. Le passage du symbolisme muet à la poésie, de la poésie à la prose, est un progrès vers l'égalité des lumières.*" And so on, and so on.—M. Michelet infinitely delighting himself throughout the course of his observations.

But, nevertheless, apart from the vast multitude of the unread versifiers of France stands one man who can boast of British readers. We don't mean Béranger, whom everybody learns by heart; and we don't mean Pierre Dupont, to whom everybody ought to pay a similar compliment; because we have already made a general exception in the case of "*chansons*." But we mean Alfonso de Lamartine, whose *Méditations Poétiques*, published early in the present century, were read in every country, and translated into every language. Here was a sort of poetry with which even a Briton could sympathise, and when German critics write about him, they say that in spirit he is more a Briton than a Frenchman.

Now at this present moment Alfonso de Lamartine is in distress, and persons of the highest distinction are organising a subscription for him in this country. Our political contemporaries point to his deeds amid the storms of 1848, and the fascinations of his *Histoire de Girondins*, which, petrel-like, immediately preceded the tempest, must still be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. But there are other French politicians—there are other French historians—with whom Englishmen may sympathise—whereas there is only one French poet. Fellow-countrymen, don't look with cold indifference on the only French poet you ever read, or ever will.

"PERFUNCTORY."

"MADAME GRISI acquitted herself with consummate skill in a part in which she must have gained a thousand triumphs. Every artistic pose was perfect, every minute undulation of her still marvellous execution struck the tympanum of every ear in the house. In the 'Com' à bello,' in the first act, in the 'qui si ti sfuggi un moto,' in the finale she was the 'Dira,' the great and incomparable Giulietta Grisi; but we feel compelled to adhere to the opinion we advisedly expressed on the occasion of the opening night of Covent Garden Theatre. The voice of this whilom great artiste is not what it was. There are notes in it yet beautiful. Madame Grisi's sostenuto is yet unparalleled; but the register of the voice is marred: one can no longer run over the keys of that astonishing gamut, and there is as much cant as cruelty in maintaining that this once deserving lady is qualified to form part of a troupe for whom excellence is loudly asserted."

[The above, from the *Daily Telegraph's* notice of *Lucreria Borgia*, presents a curious example of what is conventionally termed "sub-editing." It is reported, we know not with what truth, that the editor of *Household Words* used to make alterations in the articles of Mr. G—S—, in order to accommodate them to the general tone of the periodical. Compare the sentences in the above which are printed in roman type with those we have ourselves italicized, and something "perfunctory" will be detected. The two halves of the paragraph flatly contradict each other. One of them at least should be perfricated. —Ed. M. W.]

PERFUNCTORY.

"The music of the part was sung by Madame Bosio, with unimpeachable grace of expression, and with a brilliancy and finish pecuniary her own. Some of her cadenzas were examples of bold vocalization, but an increasing tendency in her voice to tremulousness in the upper notes mars the effect of all those passages requiring steadiness of intonation."

[Then, we presume, there are passages that do not require "steadiness of intonation." What sort of passages, friend *Observer*? —Ed. M. W.]

PERFUNCTORY.

"The remark respecting the tremolo in Madame Bosio's voice applies with yet more force to Sig. Gardoni's. It is in his a radical defect, and proceeds, as indeed it does in every case, from overtaxing the vocal organ, which, under this severe pressure, is made to vibrate excessively. The effect is most unpleasant."

[As there is not a "tremolo" on any note in the whole range of Sig. Gardoni's voice, we must consider the above—also from the *Observer*—as coming under the head "perfunctory." We "thank thee, Jew, for touching us that word." —Ed. M. W.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MOZART'S delightful *Nozze di Figaro* was produced on Saturday, and although the execution was very unequal, many parts deserved high praise. Our contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser* even goes so far as to declare that "in the whole performance there was nothing perfunctory."

The cast, except that neither Madama Alboni nor Signor Giuglini was included in it, was as strong as the resources of the establishment would allow. It might certainly have been made more powerful; but with the policy of the management we have nothing to do. To begin with the ladies, and first with the least of them (not least in talent but superfluous)—Madlle. Piccolomini. Many things in her *Susanna*, in a histrionic sense, pleased us greatly—although we agree with the *Daily News* that "she is not the *Susanna* of Beaumarchais."

* Piccolomini, on the other hand, is not the *Susanna* of Beaumarchais. The "camariste" of the Countess is not an ordinary soubrette. Spirituelle, adroite, et rieuse, as the dramatist describes her, she is the Countess's friend and confidante. Spiritually and laughter-loving as she is, she has elegant manners, and dignity of character; and her noble attachment to her mistress makes her, too, an object of serious interest. She belongs to the *hauts comédies*; and in the days when *Figaro* did its part in hastening the fall of the Bourbons, the character of *Susanna* was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mademoiselle Contat, the most accomplished actress of the age. But though the little *prima donna* of

On the other hand, some things, in a musical sense, pleased us almost in an equal degree—although we do not agree with the *Daily News* that "in this opera Madlle. Piccolomini appears to great advantage as a singer."†

To sum up—with a little more refinement, Madlle. Piccolomini, brief as she is, might fully realise the ideal of the French *comédienne*; and with a great deal more study, if she could never, owing to certain defects in her physical means, approach the ideal of Mozart, she might, at least, materially improve on her present performance. For instance, she might render "Venite inghinocchiatevi" (which a contemporary prints "nigri nocchiatevi") nearly perfect, if she would try to get the notes completely in her head, since her acting of the situation is charming. Equally might she improve "Deh vieni non tardar," if she would refrain from transposing a certain passage an octave higher, and omit sundry changes further on which, although "ricreate," are not ornamental. Also, Madlle. Piccolomini should make herself more familiar with the concerted music, and finally endeavour to sing "Sull' aria" in the right time, taking the high B flat with less hesitation. There is so much else of reality and so really intelligent in her *Susanna*, that it is worth while labouring to attain the rest. Madlle. Ortolani is a nice-looking page (that is if the audience may be allowed to suppose the page to be of the female gender), and displays a certain amount of *scène* which might be made more of. But she must not sing the two airs of Cherubino ("Voi che sapete" especially—we doubt if she can give them in the right tempo) so slowly.

Madlle. Titieni, as the Countess Almaviva, was not very far off perfection, and has it in her power to reach that goal. Her "Forgi amor," though a little too slow, was exquisite; while her "I love some," though a great deal too slow, was full of beauties of a high order. When she is engaged again, however, in the last—which she doubtless will be on every repetition of the opera—she must either womanfully decline the honour, or manfully repeat the whole—at least of the second movement. *Proh pudor!*—a German artist, and treat Mozart with so little ceremony! We cannot abide "Sull' aria" in the time of an *adagio*; and here again is a point for the consideration of Madlle. Titieni.

Signor Belletti's *Figaro* is much better than his *Figaro*. In other words, the *Figaro* of Mozart is more suited to him than the *Figaro* of Rossini. His execution of the music is masterly—"Non piu andrai," the other two airs, concerted music and all. He has not less than in the *Barbieri*; and, as he is little of an actor, the less he acts the better. We were more than satisfied with his entire performance. Signor Belati sings Basilio's air admirably; and the subordinate parts of Marcelina, Barbarina, Don Cerzio, Antonio, and Bartolo, are all carefully done by their respective representatives, Milles Ghioni and Sondina, Signora Mercuriali, Castelli, and Rossi. Signor Rossi, it is true, is beneath "La vendetta," but he does his best to get up to it. Some of the concerted music went well—some indifferently—some ill. The first finale (the finale of finales) went best of all—which, since it is the most difficult, shows that still more might be done with the resources at hand than is always effected at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sig. Arliti conducted—a fact giving additional significance to the following panegyric, which appeared (somewhat perfunctorily) in the *Morning Advertiser*:

"A word of passing compliment to Signor Monetti, the conductor, may be allowed; his great gravity not degenerating into dullness, his unobtrusive vigilance, his control, and the obedience which instantly follows the movement of his baton, were obvious on Saturday night."

After the opera, Madlle. Marie Taglioni made her first appearance in a *ballet divertissement*, contrived by M. Masot, and set to music by M. Nudaud. The title of this *pièce d'occasion* is *La Reine des Songes*; and Madlle. Taglioni is the Reine des Songes. The following account of the plot is recorded by one contemporary:—

the Haymarket is not the *Susanna* of the play (her being little of itself in some degree a qualification), yet she makes the part, in her own way, exceedingly pleasant, looking very pretty, and acting with vivacity and archness.—*Daily News*, May 31.

† She has evidently studied the music of *Susanna*, as well as that of Zerlina, with great care, and sings it with purity and chasteness which Mozart himself would have desired.—*Ibid.*

"The Queen of Dreams] has haunted an unhappy knight, named Fernand, and inspired him with an ideal passion which he is never destined to gratify. Being a coquette, her shadowy majesty causes Fernand to be conveyed to the realm she inhabits, and after a series of temptations, just as he imagines himself about to enter on possession, twists him with his mortality, and insinuates that the perfection he seeks is not to be found on earth but in the skies!"

and the following by another:—

"*La Reine des Songes*—such is its title!—has the advantage of telling its story with a degree of clearness not very common with entertainments of the same class. The scene on which the curtain rises is the realm of dreams, and the Queen who sways the visions of sleeping mortals is discovered with her attendant spirits, the chief of whom are Fortune, Pleasure, and Les Amours. To these imaginative regions, under the influence of the Queen of Dreams, a number of mortals are introduced, and each is gratified with the special object of his desires. The miser has his coffers filled with the fascinating metal, the peasant girl is made happy in the assurance of her lover's fidelity, &c. Finally a young nobleman, of aspiring imagination and sensitive temperament, is ushered into the same region of hope and fancy. He is possessed with a passion for some vague ideal being, and after running the gauntlet through the various beauties who present themselves to his gaze, finds his "mistress and his fancy's queen" in the Reine des Songes herself."

The reader must reconcile the two. Meanwhile, Madlle. Tagliioni was received with great warmth, and danced and mimed her very best. We have lost the talent (if we ever had it) of describing the manifestations of the terpsichorean art, and are therefore tempted to quote the words of a fourth contemporary paragraph: "there is nothing perfunctory"—nothing that stands in need of perfracting:—

"Madlle. Tagliioni's appearance on the stage was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause. From the youthful creature, whose charm was almost all due to the unadorned freshness and *aisiété* of girlhood, she has grown into the graceful and fully-developed woman and the accomplished mistress of her art. To an extraordinary degree of agility, which gives her an easy mastery over the most arduous feats of mere strength and dexterity, she unites an amount of graceful *adance* which calls to mind her renowned relative, and a peculiar finish and neatness of execution never deserting her for an instant, and which is peculiarly her own. Through all the phases of her elaborate evolutions in her various *pas*, whether alone or accompanied by M. Durand, never for an instant did her limbs assume an attitude otherwise than graceful. Foisted in the arms of her lover, or bounding through the air to alight on the extremest point of her feet, a photographic instrument might have seized her image at any moment, and a thoroughly graceful figure perfectly and artistically balanced would have been the result."

Prof.—Madlle. Tagliioni is as clever as engaging, and as great a favourite with the audience as ever—and this, notwithstanding "property"-wreaths and bouquets from the pigeon-holes.

On Tuesday the *Huguenots* was given with the *Reine des Songes*, for Madlle. Marie Tagliioni's second appearance; and on Thursday, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with *Calisto*, for Madlle. Pochini. The second performance of Mozart's opera would have been a decided improvement on the first, but that Sig. Beneventano was labouring under the effects of a cold, and some of the music had to be omitted. Encores were awarded to Madlle. Ortolani in "Non so più cosa;" to Sig. Bellelli in "Non più andrai;" and to Madlle. Tiziani and Piccolomini in "Sull'aria," which was taken faster than on the first night, but still too slow. In the ballet, Madlle. Pochini created the most enthusiastic sensation she has yet done, in one of her *pas*. The most tumultuous applauses assailed her from all parts of the theatre, and a repetition of the dance was inevitable. The second performance was received with even more vociferous cheers than the first, and the absence of all floral presentations incontestably proved the legitimacy of Madlle. Pochini's success.

On Tuesday Verdi's *Luisa Miller* will be presented for the first time in this country, with the following cast:—Luisa—Madlle. Piccolomini; the Duchess—Mad. Albani; Count de Walter—Sig. Beneventano; Rodolpho—Sig. Giugini; and Miller—Sig. Violetti.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first night of *Lucrezia Borgia* is always an event at the Royal Italian Opera. The appearance of Grisi and Mario, as Duke and Gennaro, with Tamburini or Ronconi as Duke, was alone enough to excite public interest. On Thursday, however, the opera was given without Mario, the part of Gennaro being assigned to Sig. Neri-Baraldi. If anything could reconcile us to the loss of Mario in this instance, it would be the fact that he is to resume the part of Conte Almaviva in the *Barbieri* on Saturday, his performance of which is one of the most consummate ever witnessed. Grisi, as usual, feeling she had to do double duty, sang and acted with a significance worthy her best days. In *Lucrezia*, indeed, we see little difference between the Grisi of 1848 and the Grisi of 1858. The actress is still in the zenith of her powers, while of the singer—all the force and much of the beauty of the voice being preserved—more than sufficient remains to render full justice to Donizetti's music. Of an impersonation so well known little need be said. It is grand in every sense of the word.

The Gennaro of the evening would have found greater favour, but for unavoidable reminiscences. Signor Neri-Baraldi has a very capable voice, sings like an artist, and acts with intelligence. The part of Gennaro, however, is too exacting for his means, whether vocal or histrionic.

Ronconi made his first appearance this season in Don Alfonso, and was welcomed with loud and long-continued applause. Alluding to the character of the Duke of Ferrara, the *Daily News* and *Daily Telegraph* have fallen into an error in stating that Lablache was the original representative of the part at Her Majesty's Theatre. Tamburini sustained the character from the first night of the production of *Lucrezia Borgia* until his secession, when Lablache assumed it. The performance of Tamburini was in every respect far superior to that of Lablache, who was by no means the "matchless tragedian" that one of our contemporaries proclaims him. Ronconi was not in good voice on Thursday night, while his tendency to sing out of tune at the commencement of the evening was more apparent than ever. His mastery acting in the scene in the duet passage, however, was quite enough to disarm criticism. As a portrayal of concentrated passion and cool malignity, this could not probably be surpassed. Mad. Nanter Didié is admirable as Maffeo Orsini, the only objection we can make applying to the overstrained manner in which she terminates the *brindisi*. All else is excellent. Good looks, good singing, and good acting make up a most agreeable sum total. The *brindisi*, notwithstanding the little defect we have noted, obtained the only encore of the evening.

The minor characters—Gubetta, Astolfo, Rastighello, and Gazella—were carefully sustained by Signors Tagliioni, Soldi, and Polonini, and M. Zelger. The scenery, painted by Messrs. Grieco and Telbin (not Mr. Beverley) was beautiful, and the dresses rich and appropriate.

After the opera, the ballet *divertissement*, *La Brésillienne*, originally produced at the Lyceum Theatre a season ago, introduced Madlle. Zina—more properly, Zina Richard—to the London public. This lady achieved her first great success last autumn at the Grand-Opéra of Paris, in Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, when she supplied the place of Mad. Amalia Ferraris, and was at once admitted by the distinguished connoisseurs of the Académie Impériale into the first rank of chorographic artists. Madlle. Zina is no unworthy successor to Madlle. Cerito, whom, nevertheless, we are just as sorry to lose. There was also another new dancer, Madlle. Zilia Michelet (also from the Grand-Opéra), of whom we shall have something to say next week.

The initiatory *pas* of Madlle. Zina passed off without a hand. In the second scene, however, the novelty of her steps and the beauty of her *poses* created a decided impression, and woke up the "Lords of the Creation" from their apathy. The *divertissement*, *La Brésillienne* is hardly important enough for a dancer of high pretensions. We are satisfied, nevertheless, that Madlle. Zina is no unworthy successor to Madlle. Cerito, whom, nevertheless, we are just as sorry to lose. There was also another new dancer, Madlle. Zilia Michelet (also from the Grand-Opéra), of whom we shall have something to say next week.

To-night the *Barbieri* will be given, with Mad. Bosio, Signors Mario, Ronconi and Tagliafico, and M. Zelger.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

MR. E. T. SMITH is alive to the necessity of procuring novelty for his patrons. Not satisfied with his two first tenors, Messrs. Charles Braham and G. Perren, who did him good service in the *Traviata* and *La Sonnambula*, he has engaged a real Italian theatre *robusto*—to use his own words, "from all the principal theatres of Italy"—who made his first appearance on Wednesday as the Duke in *Rigoletto*. We, who are accustomed to draw our notions of the character from Mario's performance, may labour under some hallucination as to how the part should be acted and sung. Certainly a new light is thrown on the performance by Sig. Naudin, who takes quite a different view of the music and the acting, and displays undeniable originality in his conception of both. We prefer advising our readers to go and hear Mr. E. T. Smith's new robust tenor, than endeavor to fulfil the task of portraying his peculiar eccentricities. Signor Naudin, in his Duke in *Rigoletto*, added the performance of *Edgardo in Lucia* last night. He was tumultuously received by the audience.

MR. BALFE'S BENEFIT.—A real English audience filled Drury-lane Theatre on Friday evening, the 28th inst., on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. Balfe. The performance consisted of *The Rose of Castille*, and the farce of *A Pair of Pigeons*. The opera was represented with the original cast, and Mr. Balfe conducted. The entertainment was greatly relished, by the audience.

THE LAST YEARS OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(From the *Biography of Wazielewsky*.)

The symptoms of disease which had shown themselves already in the year 1852, were augmented by additional ones in 1853. Especially was it the so-called moving of the tables which put Schumann in real ecstasies, and in the full sense of the word moved his senses.* He wrote about it to Ferdinand Hiller, April 29th, 1853—

"Yesterday, for the first time, we have been moving tables. A strange power I imagine; I asked him, how the rhythm was of the two first measures of the Symphony in C minor (Beethoven's). He hesitated with the answer longer than usual; but at last he began:



but first a little slowly. But when I told him that the tempo was quicker, he hastened to beat the right time. I also asked him whether he could tell me the number of which I thought I. He said, quite right, 'Three I'. All of us were filled with astonishment." And also, under April 29th: "We have repeated our experiments; nothing but wonders!"

At this time he suffered also occasionally from delusions of hearing, by saying that he heard a certain tone, which in reality nobody but he could hear. One of his acquaintances meeting him in a public place one night, at Dusseldorf, saw him putting down the newspaper, exclaiming—"I cannot read any longer; I hear continually, A." However, as these symptoms went off again, no particular notice was taken of them.

That Schumann suffered constantly may be seen from a letter he wrote in July, 1853, in which he said; "I have not got back my full strength, and have to avoid all greater works of a fatiguing character." It was for this reason that he could only partly share the conducting the musical festival at Dusseldorf, 1853, by leading only the first concert (in which he had once more a decided triumph with his Symphony in D minor) and two numbers on the third day.

The end of the year 1853 brought for Schumann two events

* When I visited him in May, 1853, I found him lying on the sofa reading a book. Asking him what it was, he answered with emphasis: "Don't you know about the spiritual manifestations?" "Well, well," I said, smilingly. But then his eyes, usually half closed, became large and glistened, and with a mysterious expression, he almost whispered, in a slow manner: "The tables know everything." When I saw this fearful seriousness, I acquiesced in his strange opinion. Then he called in his second daughter, and commenced to experiment with her, upon a small table. The whole scene frightened me very much.—*Author of the Biography.*

of joy, the last he had in his life. The first refers to his acquaintance with Johannes Brahms, whom he introduced in the columns of his former newspaper, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, as the musical Messiah of the coming age; and the second was his journey with his wife through Holland, which according to all the statements in the papers, as well as of eye-witnesses, was like a "triumphal procession."

At the end of December, Schumann returned from this journey to Dusseldorf, 1853, where that fearful event soon happened which took him for ever away from the world and from art. With the exception of a short excursion to Hanover, Schumann lived very retired in the months of January and February, 1854, the last time which he spent with his family. Besides the editing of the *Gesammelte Schriften*, which he prepared for publication, he occupied himself with a literary work, which he called "Garden of Poets." The leading idea was to collect everything which had been said by the principal poets of all ages about music. He had contemplated this work in former years, and for this purpose also collected the sayings of Jean Paul and Shakspere. He was about to continue the work with regard to the Bible and the Greek and Latin classics, when the old symptoms of his disease appeared with renewed vehemence, and rose to such a height as to darken his intellect for ever.

First the old delusions of hearing came back. Schumann thought a tone was pursuing him constantly, and which developed itself by and by into harmonies and entire compositions. At last he heard also voices of spirits, which spoke to him sometimes mildly, occasionally in a tone of reproach, and which, during the last fortnight of his stay at Dusseldorf, took every night's rest from him. One night he suddenly left his bed, and asked for a light, saying that Schubert and Mendelssohn had sent him a theme, which he had to write down immediately; which he did, in spite of all the remonstrances of his wife. Upon this theme he even composed five variations for piano-forte, during his last sickness. Then suddenly he wanted to go to a medical asylum, to be entirely with a doctor; for "I cannot get cured at home," he said, with full conviction. In such a moment he ordered a carriage, arranged his papers, his compositions, and made himself ready to leave. He saw quite clearly what was the matter with him; and especially when he felt approaching scenes of excitement, he begged to stay away from them.

His wife tried constantly to draw away his mind from the phantoms of his imagination; but as soon as she succeeded to do so with one, another made its appearance. He also repeatedly exclaimed that he was a sinner, and did not deserve the love of the people. And so it went on until at last the anguish of his soul drove him to despair.

It was February 27th, 1854, when about noon Schumann received the visit of his doctor, Mr. Hasenclever, and his brother artist Albert Dietrich. They sat down together. During the conversation Schumann left the room without saying a word. They thought he would return; but when a long time had elapsed, his wife went to look for him. He could not be found in the house. The friends hurried into the street to find him—in vain. He had quietly, without his hat, gone to the bridge of the Rhine, and tried, through a plunge into the river, to free himself from his life of torment. Some boatmen passed rowed after him, and took him out of the water. They said afterwards, that Schumann begged them earnestly to let him die, and that he made a second trial to plunge into the water. His life was saved, but what a life! Passers-by recognised the master, and took care of his removal to his home. His wife, herself greatly suffering, was fortunately prevented from seeing him. A second medical attendant was called, for his case became so dangerous that he had to be constantly watched.

Then at last he was removed near Bonn, to the care of Dr. Richarz at Enderick. Here he stayed until the latter part of July, 1856. During this time he received, with the consent of his doctor, the visits of Bettine, Arnim, Joachim, and Bachna, which, however, had to be avoided at last, because they were always followed by a state of great excitement. With his wife he was for some time in correspondence; she did not see him except just before his death, which was about four o'clock in the afternoon of July 29th, 1856.—*New York Musical Review.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 348.)

AFTER a month's heaving and tossing in a hot and greasy steamer, it quite gave me a feeling of home to wake calmly in the early morning, without having been tumbled out of your berth, and to find yourself in a comfortable bed with nice clean sheets, your window comfortably entertained, and with lots of water and clean towels. I did miss my baby's morning kiss, and the thousand and one little proofs of affection that should so endear one to home, but still the change was grateful, and I felt comparatively happy. And so this was California, this quiet well-ordered hotel, with its civil waiters, and gentlemanlike host, its nice breakfast-table, with happy-looking wives and husbands around, its delicious eggs and toast, and tea and coffee, I could scarcely believe that the scenes of the previous night could have existed in the same hemisphere with this abode of calm content; and the appearance of the streets as we walked to church after breakfast, gave us ample evidence that the beneficent presence of woman was exerting its humanising influence, for they were filled with well-dressed families all wending heavenward. The gambling had ceased, and in place of obscene oaths and drunken laughter was heard the toll of the church bells, while the streets quiet was remarkable, all the streets being paved (to use an Hibernianism) with wood. We went to the Presbyterian church in Stockton-street, an unpretending building of wood, where H— and I left our good Dominie (his being of that persuasion), and we proceeded farther to Grace Church, the Episcopal establishment then under the charge of Doctor Yer Mehr and his amiable wife (and be assured that a clever, active, clergyman's wife is of no small importance in a young community like this), where we assisted at our glorious old service. The choir was excellent, and the preacher unpretending and sensible, while the church (although built of wood) was extremely beautiful, the beams of the roof being left uncarpeted and varnished, and the pews well cushioned and carpeted. Leaving church to rejoin the Dominie, we heard the sound of a drum and bugle, and presently came across a cavalcade, headed by a Spanish clown who made idiotic grimaces, and imagined himself uncommonly funny. This was an invitation to a bull and bear fight (no allusion to stockbroking) at the Mission Dolores to which we went with a friend, being anxious to see all that was to be seen. The road to the Mission was planked, and well filled with carriages and their gaily dressed occupants, and the distance being but about four miles, and the road abounding in villas and cottages, our transit seemed rapid, while the effect of the old Mission snugly sheltered from the sea breeze by a fine mountain, was very beautiful. A few minutes brought us in front of the ecclesiastical buildings, and having an hour to spare we inspected the old church, which with a few dark rooms for the residence of the clergyman, a dilapidated court-yard, and the cemetery, are all that are left to this most deserving and self-sacrificing body of men, owing to the rapacity of the Mexican Government, and the no less criminal neglect of their present rulers. I speak with sincere feeling, and with perfect truth, when I declare that the world owes a deep debt of gratitude to those bold men whose "high empire" was peacefully, and at their personal risk, to carry the humanising influence of the gospel among the wild tribes of this unknown coast, and while labouring for their spiritual welfare, to teach them the arts of civilisation, and from mere earth-grubbers, feeders upon acorns and grasshoppers, metamorphose them into practical farmers and decent citizens. All this good work is over, the poor natives are gradually disappearing before the white man's path, and nothing is left but the picturesque old church to tell of the labours of those good men who went forth without staff or scrip to do their master's bidding. All the buildings were of adobe or sun-dried bricks formed of the soil, well mixed, and laid and cemented by the same material. The walls consequently have to be very thick and the roofs to project considerably, in order to keep the material quite dry, or otherwise it would soon all dissolve like a lump of sugar. These roofs being formed of the crooked red tiles, and the beams being

thet together with strips of hide (to prevent the destroying effect of earthquakes) give a strange and primitive appearance to the whole. All the other buildings have been appropriated as drinking shops (one was kept by an English prize-fighter, named Bill Carpenter) and dirty little Spanish *fandangas* and *panderias*, while the front of the church proper is ornamented with clumsy mud pillars, with two bellfries, in which hung the blessed bells that years gone by had greeted the ears of the muleteers in the far off Calabrian mountains. We entered the church, and were at once struck with the wonderfully artistic beauty that these poor earnest creatures had produced. The whole church was simply a parallelogram of about two hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth, and the walls hung with pictures of saints and odd votive offerings of the worshippers; but the roof was exquisite, and Mr. Ruskin's heart would have leaped with delight to see it. And what made it beautiful! The evidences of truthfulness, and a feeling of certainty that the workmen had expended every power of decoration that their limited means permitted; for the beams of wood were dressed simply by the hatchet, the joints were made of bands of hide, and the whole was covered with pigments made of the different coloured earths at their command, in a kind of Saracenic ornament of zigzag and geometrical figures. But then there was the great length compared with the breadth, and the gradual diminishing of the figures, and cunningling of the colors as they approached the grand altar at the end, which with its mass of saintly figures, both full statues and *alto relievo*, and its profusion of gilding upon coloured marble, made a general effect that was most beautiful, and far in advance of the apparent poverty of the materials, and want of scientific knowledge of the rules of art of the builders. *Mais pourquoi a nos moutons—* no not our muttons, our bees, or rather our bulls.

That gentleman who has been honestly earning his five dollars, in an attempt to break in the head of a drum, is becoming more and more frantic as the time for the *Gran Funcion* approaches; and we reverently leave the quiet church, and press through the crowd of blackguards, male and female, to a seat in the amphitheatre, or bull-ring.

This edifice was composed of three tiers of seats, and capable of accommodating about three thousand people; but I was happy to observe that, although formerly this *Funcion de Toros* was the great attraction of the week, it had so fallen into general disgrace that the place was not a quarter full, and of the spectators the majority were "Greasers" (*Asiaticos, Mexicanos*). The women were all gaily dressed in flounced muslin dresses, and their heads were enveloped in a dingy, dark, grayish scarf, called a "Reboso;" which said scarf, although not so delicate as the coquetical lace mantilla, is used by the *femininos* with great grace and archness. They were all smoking cigarettes, and, *squatted on their hunkies* (as the regular Yankees call the position), they waited with exemplary patience the entrance of the light comedian Señor Toro, whose bellow from his pen hard by could ever and anon be heard as he was poked up by enthusiastic amateurs. The gentleman who did the "heavy business" was already (in theatrical parlance) discovered chiefly by the leg in the centre of the arena. It was the first time I had ever seen the real monarch of the Rocky Mountains—the grizzly bear; and a most formidable beast he was, his weight being over eight hundred pounds. The colour of his skin was well denominated grizzly, being very thick of fur, and as he swayed his huge carcass to and fro, he looked with the most malignant expression upon the surrounding people, and when treated now and then with a gentle froreasher in the shape of a bucket of water, resented the proffered kindness in the most ungrateful manner. He had already killed three fine bulls who had been opposed to his prowess, and was evidently waiting with impatience an opportunity for a fresh meal of beefsteak, which opportunity was soon accorded him. A side of the circle was left, and the bear was led into the arena a magnificent bull, his horns enormously long, and his curly hair between them hanging in ringlets over his large wicked eyes. Shouts of "Bravo, Toro!" greeted his entrance, at which he snorted, bellowed, and began a series of salutory exercises around the ring; but approaching nearer to Mr. G. Bear, who growled a sound that was anything but a wel-

come, he tossed his head once in the air, and with the speed of lightning darted at his adversary, and buried his horn in his breast. Poor Bruin was not quick enough for his agile foe, and it was pitiable to see the wounded wretch take up pawfuls of the wet earth, and try to staunch the blood which streamed in torrents from him. The bull again essayed another charge, not having received a scratch; but as he rushed upon the bear, poor Grizzly, with his enormous strength, broke his chain, and in an instant all was confusion; the women shrieked; the men ran away like monkeys; revolvers were pulled out; while Toro was dancing about the ring, and digging up the earth with his horns, in a seeming ecstasy of frantic delight. Poor Bruin had escaped to his den mortally wounded, and Mr. Toro was at last secured and wound up like a ball, by the employment of several lassos; and this was really an interesting sight, as the unerring certainty with which he was caught over the horns, by the legs, and gradually enveloped in a network of twisted or plaited hide, was really pleasant to witness, after the brutal exhibition of a few minutes previous. I am happy to say that this was the last of the bull and bear fights. Public opinion, that omnipotent personage, had set himself against them, and they died a natural death; and this is only one among the many instances I shall take occasion to notice in the course of these sketches of the adaptability of the people for self government. Thrown together, natives of all climes, all men of energy, and full of hope, what wonder that boy-like, released from the school trammels of the elder world, they for awhile revelled in a liberty that too often degenerated into license? Still it was but for a while, for soon the sober second thought, aided by the arrival of wives and families, metamorphosed this horde of unruly *gamins* into steady citizens; and even in the wildest times, if subscriptions were wanted for the erection of schools, hospitals, or churches, the projectors could always depend upon the most liberal gratuitous from the professional gamblers. Those half demoniac donkeys who in 1849 danced a frantic round in honour of an old bonnet, and who put up a lady's shoe to auction, and gave the proceeds (about four hundred dollars) to a hospital, are now to be seen, either at their place of business, or with their families, as demure as any old buffer who goes out to his villa at Brixton or some such metropolitan paradise, to enjoy himself among tins and rannunculus. Pardon this digression, I will try not to offend again. "I am not often thus jocosé," and will endeavour for the future to emulate Dan in the comedy of *John Bull*, who, when Perceigne asks him "if he never deviates," replies, "No, but I sometimes whistles." So—Ph-e-w—here we are back into the city again. It is evening, the church services are closed, and the theatres are open; there is never gambling on the Sabbath, and as a godly number of the inhabitants patronise the drama, this night is always quiet and orderly, thanks to the players. Don't be shocked, my friend, in the sacerdotal garotte; it's a fact, and facts are stubborn things.

(To be continued.)

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—(Communicated).—Herr Rubinstein and Herr Joachim will appear at the performance of the Vocal Association, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening next, June 9. The Vocal Association, of 300 voices, will also perform some part-songs, for the first time, composed expressly for the Society.

TECKLING THE BRITISH JACKASS'S EARS.—(From Punch).—At the St. James's Hall, last week, was given a concert, a portion of which was a song, of nigger character, and the following was its burden:—"Flip up in de scidimadinek, jube up in de jabin jube." It was rapturously applauded. We only regret our inability to add that this was not one of the performances humnely got up to please the unfortunate patients of lunatic asylums, and in which concertists artists are also lunatics.

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inhabitants, and their readiness at all times to promote and help forward any
effort which may tend to improve the moral and social condition of its industrious
citizens. He has also a lively remembrance of, and deep sense of gratitude for,
the great encouragement and generous feeling evinced, both towards himself and
his "Little Men," on his several visits to Manchester; and his fervent desire is,
by instituting his projects in that city, to make himself useful to its large and
important community.

For the purpose of carrying out the objects contemplated in the above announce-
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And that he intends opening the Institution in October next.
Further particulars will be duly published; if, however, in the meantime, any
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VOL. 36.—No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

LAUREN'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New
L. Oates, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 21st of August, and the 1st, 7th, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 5. Places can be secured at this Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. REED (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 5s.; Stalls secure, without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 11, Regent-street, and at Crumer, Beale, and Co.'s, 28, Regent-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, June 23rd, at Three o'clock, the Story of "LITTLE BOBBY," and on Thursday Evening, June 24th, at Eight o'clock, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." Seals (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 5s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Fleet-street; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-arc.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFOURTE MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, June 25, to commence at Three o'clock. Miss Goddard will be assisted by Herr Joseph Joachim and Signor Fanti. Among other pieces, the programme will include: Dussek's Piano-forte Quartet in E flat; Schubert's Sonata (piano-forte solo) in A minor, Joachim's "Thames Yard," for piano-forte and viola; J. S. Bach's Fantasia on Fuga in C minor; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim.

*. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

MADAME SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clausa) will have the honour of giving her THIRDS and LAST MATINEE MUSICAL, on Friday, June 25, at the Hanover-square Rooms, assisted by Herr Molique, violin; and Signor Fanti, violoncello. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. Reserved and numbered seats, 1s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street; and the principal libraries and music-sellers.

MASTER C. A. DREW DEAN, aged Ten years, who has had the honour of performing a Solo on the Patent Diatonic Flute, by Nicotina, at Buckingham Palace before Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Court circle, with great success. Her Majesty's Court expressly their special approval, is open to receive engagements at private or public concerts. Address, 15, Compton-street, Brunswick-square, London.

MISS KEMBLE has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Right Hon. the Countess of Elinore, her MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Gallery of Bridgewater House on Wednesday, June 26, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Ristori, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Rutland, the Marchioness of Donair, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Fife, the Baroness of Roslin, and the Grand Duchess of Weimar (but only appearance at any concert this season). Mr. Chas. Hallé, and Herr Joachim. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street.

HERR REICHHARDT begs respectfully to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICAL, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, the Countess Agnes, Countess of Bunsen, &c. His Excellency Baron Bunsen, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Rutland, the Marchioness of Donair, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Fife, the Baroness of Roslin, and the Grand Duchess of Weimar (but only appearance at any concert this season). Mr. Chas. Hallé, and Herr Joachim. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street, or at the residence of Herr Reichardt, 23, Alfred-place West, Brunswick.

25

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall.—Monday next, June 21, Second Morning Concert. In consequence of the great success which attended their first performance at this new and magnificent building, Doors open at Half-past Two. On which occasion the children of the Licensed Victuallers' School will be present. Tickets, programmes, and particulars at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street, and at the Hall daily, from 11 till 4. Stalls and Balcony, 5s.; Area, 2s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; and Galleries, One Shilling.

TITIENS, PICCOLOMINI, AND ALBONI; Louise Pyre, Octavia, Henrietta Lemarre, and Viardot Garcia; Giulini, and Belart, Benvenuto and Ross, Violetti, Adighieri, and Bellotti; Herr Fischer, Rubens, Molique, Maurer, Heilmann, Blagrove, V. Collins, and Joachim will all appear at Mr. Benedict's Annual Grand Concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday morning, June 21. The full Programme is now ready. Early application for the few remaining Boxes and Stalls is respectfully solicited, at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre; and at Mr. Benedict's Residence, 2, Manchester-square.

MADAME BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUBE, have the honour to announce that their GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday, June 24th, 1858, to commence at Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Viardot, Madame Lemmle-Burrington, Madame Bassano; Herr Fischer, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Charles Chaple, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Violin, M. Salazar; Violoncello, Signor Fanti; Horns, Herr Engel; Piano-forte, Herr Kube. Conductors, M. Benedict and F. Berger. Numbered Stalls, 15s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, 104, Queen-street, Portico-square, W.; of Herr Kube, 12, Bunsick-street, Manchester-square, W.; and of all the principal music-sellers.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—DR. HEYDEN, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, is desirous of replacing a few English Pupils as boarders at his own table. Sound education and liberal instruction. English divine service, loud references from parents. Terms moderate. Further particulars may be had by applying to G. Row, No. 114, Cambridge-street, Warwick-square, who has two sons in the establishment.

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Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Monday, June 21, at Grosvenor.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Tu-Wed, June 22, at Alcester.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Wednesday, June 23, at Chesham.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Thursday, June 24, at Crews.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 26, to Manchester, and perform to Dr. Mark's Grand Jubilee, Monday, June 28, Tuesday, June 29, and Wednesday, June 30th.

THE NOVELTIES. Exhibition Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Buff-street, Pall-mall East. To let, early in October, after the close of the Society's Exhibition, until the end of February next, the extensive galleries in Buff-street, Pall-mall East, comprising five rooms, and central room, &c. The principal room is 66 feet, by 40 feet, and about 30 feet high, and is considered the best lighted room in London, either by day or night, for exhibitions of art, lectures, or the reading of literary, scientific, or musical works. The extent of the gallery is 135 feet, by 40 feet. For particulars, apply by letter to Mr. Chilton, Secretary of British Artists, Buff-street, Pall-mall East.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—The Third Concert of the series will take place on Friday next, June 25th, in commencing at Three o'clock. These Concerts are supported by the following unrivalled artists:

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| Melanie GRISI, | Melanie TAGLIAPICO, | Melanie BORGIO, |
| Madame PARFA, | Madame DIDIEE, | Madame TAMBERLIK, |
| Signor NERI-BARALDA, | Signor GARIBONI, | Signor ZELIGER, |
| Signor BONCONI, | Signor ZELIGER, | Signor TAGLIAPICO, |
| Signor FOLONINI, | Signor GARIBONI, | Signor GHAZIANI. |

Also the entire celebrated Band and Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera Company. Doors open at One o'clock. Admission, 7s. 6d.; Children under twelve, 3s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra. Tickets for the series (not transferable), One Guinea; or Season Ticket-holders, Half-a-Guinea, may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter-hall; or at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Opera. Season Tickets may now be had, available till the 29th April, 1858. One Guinea; Children under twelve, Half-a-Guinea.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TONIC SOL-F-A ASSOCIATION.—A performance of Vocal Music, Sacred and Secular, by 500 children and 300 adults, instructed in the Tonic Sol-F-A method, will be given in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, the 2nd of June. The Concert of this Association last year attracted 58,000 persons.

PROGRAMME.—'O Saviour, give justice me' (Chorus); Bach's Harmonies; 'Ode England' (Air, 'British Grenadier'), English Song; 'Holla ringer' (Air, 'Gilder Herrich'); Scotch Song; 'How beautiful is yon the mountain' R. A. Smith; 'Way leads and the flowers,' Newfoundland; 'Hail! All hail! We'll'; 'God by thousand' (Morning Hymn); German; 'Our native land' ('Glorious Apple'); 'Maggie'; 'Mark the merry elves,' Calliope; 'Quail call' (German); 'The echo,' Hest.; 'Hill, smiling meadow'; German; 'Auld lang syne'; 'Scotch Song'; 'The Christian child,' Broadway; 'The May day,' German; 'The sailor'; 'Howe who has a Scotch song'; 'Hill-Jolly, happy land'; Handel; 'Up, and away'; German; 'Will you remember me'; 'The sailor'; 'Fleeting girl'; 'Ode'; 'Address to Prince of Wales'; Welsh March; 'National Anthem.' The doors will open at Ten, and the performance commences at Two. Miss Elizabeth Harting will perform in the grand organ. The wind band of the company will play as usual till dark. Admission, One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence; Reserved Seats, if a few extra, which may be secured on and after Monday, 7th June, at the Crystal Palace, or at 2, Exeter-hall.

By order,
GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

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THE PEOPLE IN CHURCH: their rights and duties in connection with the Poetry and Music of the Book of Common Prayer; by JOSHUA FITZMAURICE, F.R.S.E., Chaplain-extraordinary to the Hon. Sec. of Lincoln's Inn.—London: Bell and Dalry, 168, Fleet-street.

ROBIN ADAIR, by W. Vincent Wallace. Impromptu Op. 60, composed for, dedicated to, and performed with enthusiastic applause by Miss Arabella Goddard, 1c.
"Miss Arabella Goddard enchanted the audience by her brilliant, tasteful, and finished execution of Mr. Vincent Wallace's pianotele fantasia on Robin Adair, which, in her hands, seems likely to become quite as popular as the same composer's 'How sweet home'."—*Musician* Review, June 12.

London: Robert Cook & Co., New Burlington-street, W.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANS COMPENSATING PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 23, Bobo-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is that the full power is gained by the addition of a single instrument. In the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung stand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For various and reasonable tones, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E. EVANS, Inventing of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The following testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—
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Yours very truly,
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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifth and last concert for the season, on Monday night, in St. James's Hall, was just as good as its immediate predecessor was indifferent. The director owed reparation to his subscribers, and it is agreeable to record that they obtained it. The thirty sheep that strayed from the orchestra on May 31st—a date for ever to be remembered, as the date of a concert (a philharmonic—*non-philharmonic* concert) without a symphony—had returned to their folds in the "process," and Shepherd Wyde once more held them in hand. But to leave baculo-metaphor, the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (Médée)	Cherubini.
Concerto No. 6, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	Dusek.
Sonata, No. 5, violin, Herr Joachim	Bach.
Symphony Eroica	Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture (Oberon)	Weber.
Duet, "Schönes Mädchen," Madame Hundersdorff and Herr Reichardt	Sphor.
Romance in F, violin, Herr Joachim	Beethoven.
Overture (Ray Blas)	Beethoven.

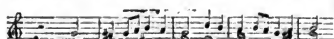
Conductor.—Dr. Wyde.

Cherubini's gloomy, somewhat monotonous, but still very grand overture to *Médée* should be heard often. It requires a certain familiarity to be appreciated, and this can hardly be obtained if it is only brought forth from the library once in five years. The *Eroica* has always been a great favourite with the audience at the New Philharmonic, and was never enjoyed more thoroughly than on the present occasion; nor indeed was it ever more carefully played under Dr. Wyde's direction. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Ray Blas* both went with spirit and "entrain."

The music of Bach was, perhaps, never so much in vogue as now, and the prodigious talent of Herr Joseph Joachim has given an additional impetus to the influence it is rapidly acquiring over the public mind—we say over the *public* mind, since over the artistic mind it has always reigned supreme. The sonatas for violin *solus* are among the most extraordinary efforts of Bach's inventive ingenuity, and Herr Joachim is one of the very few whose mechanical proficiency is equal to the task of executing them. The one he selected on Monday night contains the magnificent fugue which begins as follows:—



and which is afterwards treated "at *riserso*" (by inversion):—



A more masterly performance has rarely been heard, or one more enthusiastically appreciated, notwithstanding the obstacles in the way of such music being made effective, which are inevitable in the peculiar construction of the St. James's Hall orchestra. In the graceful romances of Beethoven, with orchestral accompaniment, Herr Joachim was no less successful.

Dusek's concerto in G minor was a grateful novelty. The revival of such works as this and others from the same and

contemporary pens (and there are not too many of them) is most opportune now that pianists, foreign and native, are, by their frequent performances, good, bad, and indifferent, of the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, rendering those immortal masterpieces somewhat too common. Miss Arabella Goddard has played Beethoven and Mendelssohn right through, to say nothing of Mozart; and the change was no doubt as agreeable to herself as it was refreshing to the audience. Our pianist-readers must not imagine that the concerto in G minor, because it is Dusek's, belongs to the Mrs. Chinery style of music. On the contrary, it is very difficult to execute—which may easily be seen by reference to a copy (supposing there is a copy to be had). It is, in short, a grand concerto, in the strictest acceptation of the term, and a fine concerto in the bargain, extremely effective for the pianist, but just as solid as it is showy. The proportions of the first *allegro* are largely developed, while its style is alternately brilliant and expansive; the slow movement in E flat is one of its composer's most graceful and melodious inspirations; the *finale*, a *rondo* (in G minor, like the *allegro*), is one of the most quaint, characteristic, and thoroughly genial examples of a form of movement in the production of which Dusek excelled all his contemporaries. The performance of the concerto was, from beginning to end, what Miss Arabella Goddard has entitled *conscience* to expect from her, in unfamiliar just as much as in familiar music—perfection; and this perfection is not the unaided result of natural genius for the instrument, but of natural genius combined with diligent application and well regulated study. There is never a careless point in Miss Goddard's playing—never anything unfinished or "perfunctory." Hence one of its abiding charms. The concerto gave unanimous satisfaction, and, no doubt, will soon be heard again.

The solitary vocal piece seemed out of place; it was, however, very well sung by Madame Hundersdorff and Herr Reichardt.

Dr. Wyde, in announcing the resumption of the concerts next year, adds a note which is worth citing:—

"The director trusts, before long, the remonstrances he has addressed to the Hall Company about the construction of the orchestra will meet with attention. It cannot be denied that the director has had to contend with unusual difficulties in the arrangement of the *forces* he directs, and he trusts that every shareholder will support him in his exertions to get the necessary alterations effected."

We trust with Dr. Wyde—but fear he will encounter many impediments. Mr. Howard Glover's *Comala* was unavoidably postponed—not, however, we are glad to say, *sine die*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The second Royal Italian Opera Concert took place yesterday week. The attraction was greater than at the first concert, Mad. Bosio's name being added on this occasion, and Mr. Costa conducting. Again the programme was made up of operatic shreds, and comprised no novelty. The grand air, the oldest piece appeared to please most, we have nothing to say. The band executed the overtures to *Oberon* and *La Gazza Ladra*, both splendidly. The finales were from *Luzernia Borgia* and *Mossé*—the eternal "Mi manca la voce," which, by the way, stands sadly in need of Tamberlik's ringing upper tones. The pieces most applauded were the aria, "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*, by Mad. Bosio (encored); the Serenade, with chorus, "Coro di gentili," by Sig. Mario (encored); the romance, "Di Prevezza," from *Lo Traviata*; by Sig. Ottaviani (encored); the grand air, from *Conchi*, "Tu che accendi," by Mad. Nantier Didice; and the duet from the *Profeta*, "Della Mosa," by Madlle. Marai and Mad. Nantier Didice. The chorus, in addition to their share in the two finales, sang Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hille, O vales!"

The attendance was, on the whole, much larger than at the first concert.

* * * APOLOGUE.—The Director regrets to announce that he has been obliged to withdraw the New Work, entitled *Comala*, promised for this evening's performance, in consequence of the copyist having failed to complete the necessary copies. The work will be performed at an early concert next season.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. HULLAH gave an interesting concert of vocal and instrumental music, with organ and pianoforte accompaniments, on Wednesday evening, which we were sorry did not attract a larger audience. The heat, however, was intense enough to render it a matter of surprise that there should be any one present. The concert began with the solemn and pathetic motet in F minor, "I wrestle and pray," for two choirs—which, in the act of setting down to J. S. Bach, Mr. Hullah should have stated had been variously attributed to Bach's uncle, Christopher, and to Bach's son, Emanuel. All we can say is, whoever *did* write it was a very clever fellow. Miss Palmer then sang two sacred songs of Beethoven, which showed that Beethoven could at times be dull. Dr. Croten's motet, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir" (Mr. Santley and chorus, unaccompanied) was remarkably well given; nevertheless, the composition itself is little better than twaddle. After this came Miss Freeth, with Beethoven's solo sonata in E, Op. 109, the performance of which showed that the young lady had greatly over-estimated her powers. The late sonatas of Beethoven are not to be approached without reverence. Better leave them untouched than play them imperfectly. Any pianist who has faith enough, ambition enough, and perseverance enough, to master them, is entitled to the highest consideration; but to come forward in public, with one of these sonatas, so inefficiently prepared that, on arriving at the more difficult passages (such as the *prestissimo*, and the 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 6th variations), the clearness of Beethoven disappears with the self-possession of the performer, betokens a certain want of veneration for great things quite at variance with the sincerely artistic nature. We are inclined to think well of Miss Freeth, and for this reason are the more anxious to impress upon her that what came from the very heart of Beethoven must not be treated as commonplace. Mendelssohn's convent motet, "Laudate Pueri" (Misses Banks, Fanny Rowland, and Palmer, with female chorus), and the gloomy but splendid psalm of the same composer, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?" were both included in the first part; and both suffered much from the occasionally false intonation of some of the singers. M. Gounod's Christmas song, "Nazareth," for Mr. Santley and chorus, was capably executed; but we have seldom listened to anything less attractive. Mr. Hullah conducted, and Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ.

At the end of the first part we were compelled to leave. What we lost may be seen below:—

PART II.—Madrigal, "Die not, fond man, before thy day"—Ward. Duet, "The Starlings," Miss Fanny Rowland and Miss Palmer—Hullah. German songs, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and "Durch den Wald," Madlle. Maria de Villar—Mendelssohn. Part song, "Song should breathe of scents and flowers"—Hullah. Capriccio, pianoforte, Miss Freeth—Clementi. New song, "The wind is fair, good bye," Miss Banks—Hullah. Part song, "Where the bee sucks"—Arne and Jackson.

Mr. Hullah will doubtless continue this kind of entertainment—which, by the way, is not only very agreeable in itself, but may prove of some service to his "first upper singing class," the members being in want of a little of that refinement which nothing is better calculated to inspire than the practice of sterling part music.

THE SOUNDING POST OF THE VIOLIN.—In reference to a recent paper read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on this subject, a musical correspondent of the *Leeds Herald* says that he has tried the experiment of substituting a glass tube sounding post in the violin for a wooden one. He has tried the experiment with several instruments. The glass post does not differ in shape or thickness from the usual sounding post; but it is hollow. It gives a clear, rich tone; and by this new device very ordinary violins may acquire properties of sound only to be met with in instruments of the first order.

* The English version of the words made expressly for the Bach Society.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The eighth concert (at St. Martin's Hall, Friday evening, June 11th) was, without exception, the best yet given by this newly-fledged choir of singing birds, under the direction of Bullfinch Leslie. The programme (to leave figure) was first-rate, including some extremely difficult madrigals—such, for instance, as "Sweet honey-sucking bees" (Wilbye's finest), which created a *furore*; and Morley's "My bonny lass, she smileth," sung to perfection, and enthusiastically encored. In Elliot's clever glee, "Come see what pleasures" (also encored), Miss Annie Cox attracted particular notice by the charming way in which she sang the soprano part—Messrs. A. Lester, Taylor, Harries, and Stroud, making up the quintet. There was again an encore for a new part-song by Mr. S. Reay, which, though not to be compared for an instant to such specimens as the above, is nevertheless clear and spirited. It was capably sung; as was Mr. Henry Smart's "Spring Song," a piece of vocal part-writing quite worthy to rank with his "Shepherds' Farewell" and "Ave Maria," already produced by this choir. A motet by Herr Hauptmann, of Leipzig ("Evening Prayer"); Marenzio's madrigal, "Fair May Queen"; Mr. Macfarren's part-song, "Orpheus with his lute"; a madrigal, by Palestrina, "April, sweet month, is come," (not bad music for three centuries and eight years ago); John Bennet's "All creatures now are merry minded," two part-songs for male voices by Mr. J. L. Hatton; and glees by Battisbill and W. Beale were also performed. There was but one instrumental display, to contrast with all this singing—viz., the grand duet upon Weber's "Gipsy's March" (*Preciosa*) for two pianofortes, composed in conjunction by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, who used to play it together, but always with orchestral accompaniments. Misses Cazaly and Hemming (two of Mr. Leslie's principal songstresses) played it on the present occasion, and with a great deal of spirit; but no orchestra being at hand, there was no orchestral accompaniments. Where were your "classics," Henry Leslie, Eq. 1.

The programme of the ninth concert, which took place last night, offered infinitely more variety, for—in addition to the madrigals, glees, and part-songs by Edwards, Stevens, Wilbye, Morley, Elliot, Hatton (J. L.), W. Reay, and Henries Smart and Leslie—it comprised Mendelssohn's lovely anthem, "Hear my prayer" (Miss Hemming again soloist), repeated by (very reasonable) desire; the Kreuzer sonata of Beethoven, performed by M. Hallé and Herr Joachim on the pianoforte and violin; piano solos of Mendelssohn, Heller, and Chopin, played by M. Hallé; and a romance for violin, composed by Joachim and executed by Herr Joachim—the whole concluding with Henry Leslie's Dr. Arne's "Rule Britannia."

What a capital place for sound is the large room of St. Martin's Hall. The committee of St. James's Hall should send a deputation of Doctors, learned in the theories of auscultation, to inquire into the secret of its construction.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent).—At a meeting of the Town Council on Wednesday, a letter was read from the Festival Committee, containing a resolution adopted by them, asking the Council to grant admission to the Town Hall, on the day of the Queen's visit, to holders of serial festival tickets. The letter was referred to the Town Hall Committee, and the request was acceded to for a number not exceeding a thousand. It is contemplated making the serial tickets transferable, and five guineas each. Already numerous applications for tickets have been made, and now that the inauguration by the Queen in made part of the Festival, pecuniary success is certain. I understand that the Town Hall Committee are urging the organ contractors to the completion of their work, and many members of the corporation are disappointed at not seeing a portion of the organ already erected, as was contemplated. The guarantee fund amounts to about £3,500. On Monday evening next the first rehearsal by the Leeds Festival Chorus will take place, and the Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, and other sections will be called together in their respective towns in the course of the week.

HERR DEICHMANN'S CONCERT.—The morning concert, at Willis's Rooms, of this rising violinist was well attended. The programme was interesting, and gave several opportunities for Herr Deichmann to distinguish himself. Mendelssohn's quartet, No. 1, Op. 44 (in D), in which Herr Ries, Mr. Well, and M. Pagne, took part, was a capital performance. Schumann's three *Stücker* in *Volks-ton* (Op. 102), for violin solos, belong to a school with which the less Herr Deichmann meddles the better. The trio in B flat, of Herr Rubinstein (performed by the composer, Herr Deichmann, and M. Pagne) belongs to the school at all; and yet it is numbered Op. 52. Herr Rubinstein's execution of the pianoforte part was just as extraordinary as his composition—only from a different point of view. Beethoven's "Krentzer" sonata, performed by Herren Rubinstein and Deichmann, would have been more satisfactory had the first and last movements been taken at a tempo sufficiently moderate to allow of Herr Deichmann's accurate definition of the passages. Herr Rubinstein ought to bear in mind that dnet-play should be fair-play, and not employ his great strength and mechanical facility to the detriment of his associate. Nevertheless, compared with Mozart's concerto in D minor, and Weber's *Concertstück* (at the "Philharmonics,") this was a sober exhibition, and we congratulate Herr Rubinstein. Herr Deichmann broke a string, but exchanged fiddles with wonderful rapidity, and caught up the Russian *schnell-soll* in the twinkling of an eye. No. 5 of the album *Kamenoi Ostrov* (which we have also seen in an album of the Messrs. Ewer), and an *Etude* in C major, were the solos of Herr Rubinstein—the first a very expressive and unaffected performance, the last a prodigious display of manual dexterity. The singers were Madams Novello and Herr Reichardt. Among other things the lady gave two beautiful songs by Professor Sterndale Bennett; Herr Reichardt sang his own very popular "Du bist mir nah und doch so fern;" and the two joined together in Mendelssohn's "Zuleika und Hassan." At the end of the concert Herr Deichmann was to play *Vieuxtemps' Chasse*. He deserves credit for this entertainment.

HERR JANSA'S CONCERT.—Herr Janasa's annual concert is always worth attending by those who seek for novelty; and on Monday afternoon its reputation was fully borne out at the Hanover-square Rooms. The entertainment began with a stringed quartet in F sharp minor, composed for the "Quartet Production Society" at Vienna; and the first part of the concert terminated with a *Concert-stück*, for solo quartet and full orchestral accompaniments. Herr Janasa, M. Sainton, M. Schreurs, and Sig. Piatti, performed the quartet; and in the *Concert-stück* Herr Joachim took the viola (*vice* M. Schreurs), M. Sainton being first fiddle, Herr Janasa second, and Sig. Piatti violoncello. Both compositions have great merit, and show the hand of an experienced musician; while both (as may be guessed from the names of the artists—to say nothing of the orchestra, led by Mr. Willy and conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, which officiated in the second piece) were played to perfection. The "Maria Mater," "Agnus Dei," and "Dona nobis," from a mass in C, (soloists Mad. Borchardt, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Gaynor, and Herr Deck) were also included in the specimens of Herr Janasa's productive genius; and, lastly, a very effective violin solo—"Air Russe"—composed for the occasion, and performed by Herr Janasa with the greatest success. Some interesting points remain to be noticed, and, not the least interesting was Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 12, for violin and piano, a more chaste reading of which than that of Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Janasa was probably never heard; the execution, too, was just as faultless as the style was pure. The same accomplished young lady also gave the *suite de piéces* of Handel, in E major, concluding with the well-known variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith") in the same refined and admirable manner. There were also some vocal solos, and among the rest "La Fanfante," from *Grétry's Zémire et Azor*, sung by Madame Borchardt, *stute obbligato*, M. Zemira, Herr Deck, too, sang the "Wanderer" of Schubert in a very impressive manner. Mr. Aguilar and Herr Wilhelm Ganz were the accompanists. Herr Janasa must have been gratified to see his concert from first to last affording such unequivocal satisfaction.

BARCROFT AND WHEELY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In a book of words of anthems I observe the names of Barcroft and Wheely, but I have failed in my endeavour to ascertain some particulars as to the period when they lived. If any of your readers could furnish any data respecting them, they would much oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. J.

MAD. CASTELLAN, NOT MAD. NOVELLO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to set you right in a little matter connected with the report you gave in your number of June 12, of the recent performance of *Elvi* at Exeter Hall, in which you state that the "soprano and tenor were in the original cast." Now the fact is, that Mad. Castellan sang the soprano at Birmingham when *Elvi* was brought out. No doubt the part was intended for Madame Novello, but she was not present.

AMADIS.

["Amadis" is right, and our reporter was wrong. We remember the performance well.—Ed. M. W.]

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The success of the recent performance at St. James's Hall by the Christy Minstrels has led to another, on Monday next, when nearly the same programme will be given.

MADLE TITIENS.—(Communicated).—Until within the last day or two it was hoped that Madlle. Titien's engagement, which expires on Saturday, 26th June, might be prolonged. However, the direction of the Imperial Theatre, with which Madlle. Titien has an engagement of long standing, refuses to dispense with her services for a single day after the 26th June. Her last performance will therefore take place on Saturday 26th June. Madlle. Titien will appear on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday next.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The Whitnastie committee has just presented Dr. Franz Liszt with a silver medallion portrait of himself, as a memento of his direction of last year's Whitnastie concert. The artist, to whose chisel we owe the portrait, is Mohr, the sculptor, in Cologne, who has really produced a masterpiece, as far as regards characteristic resemblance, speaking expression, and delicacy of modelling.

MR. E. T. SMITH A NATIONAL BENEFICATOR.—On Saturday night, Donizetti's opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed by the Italian troupe lately engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith, and which completes the trio of foreign companies at present deluging the ears of London with a threefold stream of Italian music. There can be no mistake about the levelling tendencies of the age, when scarcely a luxury once exclusively enjoyed by the rich and high-born, but is placed within the reach of the humble member of the community. The aristocratic pine no longer reserves its luscious and blended savours to rouse the cloyed palate of the lordling, but evokes equally the unexercised sensibilities of the proletarian swallow; the ice-cream, once rivulets about the oesophagus of any little ragamuffin who can rattle two halfpennies in the pockets of his corduroy. Last and highest conquest of the people over the privileged indulgences of the great, a place in the sixpenny gallery of Drury-lane Theatre will secure to the begrimed artisan a participation in that paradise of modish foppery and aspiring gentility—the Italian opera. Tom, Dick, and Harry, the well-known interloper in that familiar and unreserved exchange of sentiments which occurs in the upper regions of English theatre previous to the performance, may now, bound by no tyrannous etiquette, abandon themselves, without even the restraint of a song to the exuberant graces of Italian vocalisation and the obscure intonations of Italian *libretti*. If the emollient experiences of a dilettante will add anything by way of improvement to the character of the English artisan, the nation will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. E. T. Smith.—*Morning Herald*.

MOZART'S "COSÌ FAN TUTTE."

(From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

Stuttgart, 16th May, 1858.

AFTER a pause of thirty years, Mozart's only *buffo* opera has re-appeared upon our stage, and is, consequently, almost to be regarded as a novelty for the present generation. To say one word on the high musical worth of this work would be totally superfluous; the pianoforte arrangement of it speaks eloquently enough, and, even without any knowledge of that arrangement, we should necessarily expect one of the most perfect creations of art from the very period of its production (the period between *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte*). Since, however, there has never been a doubt as to its worth, it might appear unnecessary, why this opera has, for so long a time been absent from the stage, did we not know that Mozart's music was originally connected with a repulsive *libretto*, insulting to our feelings and good taste. An altered plot was, therefore, generally substituted at former performances of the work in German theatres. There exist numberless versions of it (the opera having been given, for instance, in Stuttgart, under four different forms successively). Unfortunately, these were either worse than the Italian *libretto* itself, or intimately connected with the music. A paragraph in the *Morgenblatt*, of the 27th January, 1856, gave notice that a new version would be produced, and it is this version which serves as a foundation for the present performance. According to the paragraph in question, the version "has treated Mozart's musical language with the most conscientious reverence. And, therefore, in all the various pieces (of course, with the exception of the "Sacco-Ricciotti") kept as they are, as yet, the same, effected a material alteration in the story, by which the piece—originally a coarse, clumsy, farce—is brought nearer the sphere of delicate comedy, to which Mozart's music itself points." In order, however, to perceive the necessity of any alteration at all, we must give our readers a short sketch of the plot of the Italian *libretto*. Two licentious officers are prevailed upon, by an "old philosopher" (Alfonso), to do the fidelity of a woman, who is to be seduced, at that time may be shaken in the course of that same day. The officers retreat to a journey, but return immediately, in disguise, after having taken leave. They are at first violent and then winking, each, moreover, courting the other's mistress. By repeated threats of suicide, they prevail on the two young ladies, who appear in a tolerably dubious light, to surrender completely before evening. The deceived lovers, as long as they are without witnesses, now abandon themselves to a furious rage, and designate their mistresses by opprobrious names, which could only be suggested by the most profound contempt, and talk of murdering so, at least, leaving them. The "philosophical" Alfonso, however, represents to them that all girls are the same, (*così fan tutte*), and, if they do not wish to renounce female society for ever, the wisest thing they can do is to take back their former lovers. This advice is approved. The faithless ones are merely frightened a little, and then everything is brought to a merry conclusion. There is plenty of fun in the whole piece, but it is mostly a farcical, witless kind of merriment. The two grand *fautes* alone are admirably worked out by the author, and full of genuine humor. It is wonderful how, under Mozart's hands, this patchwork, calculated for the worse taste of the masses, is ennobled. All the figures of the piece are, as far as the author is concerned, mere misarriages. The two officers are cut accurately after the same pattern, and so are the two girls. Not only has Mozart endowed the puppets with souls, but, also, differently characterized the various personages, so that the one pair of lovers is not merely a *vaed* echo of the other; and, because the beings of Mozart's creation feel truly and deeply, a more earnest element is interwoven in the opera, an expression of warm feeling, where the *libretto* endeavours to produce laughter by the glaring caricature of assumed sentiment. By this the joyous emotions of the whole action is only brought forward more effectively. The paragraph we quoted above tells us that the task of the arranger is to introduce into the *libretto* the dramatic personae so Mozart created them, and so to turn the course of the plot that the separate situations of the piece shall depend upon more satisfactory motives, without suffering any change in their specific character. The paragraph mentions the means employed to solve this difficulty but we will here give only the most important points. Each of the two officers enters the scene in a different manner, in a different way, and when the young lady, attracted by a secret charm, a sympathy not amounting to consciousness, at last surrenders, a reconciliation is possible. This idea certainly appears very natural, and the original plot of the piece renders it easy of execution. In other respects this last version introduces nothing actually new. With the exception of omitting what is common and repulsive, the alteration is

confined to interweaving little touches suggested by the leading idea we have mentioned. The really comic or dramatically effective points of the Italian *libretto* are everywhere turned to account, but transferred into a somewhat purer atmosphere. The management of the Theatre Royal, which, as a rule, is always desirous of producing works of a high style of art, has, by the revival of this work, so rich in musical attractions, surely gained the thanks of Mozart's admirers.

Sind sie tve? (Are they true?) is the title of the fresh version. We have now to see whether the opera in this new form can, at least, reach the goal which the various versions attempted on almost all stages, in former times, were so little capable of attaining. The leading idea of the new version was to remove the action from the domain of vulgar force to the sphere of delicate comedy; to make the psychological motives of the characters agree with truth, and to fit the poetic diction, in the most harmonious manner, to the music. In order to be able to effect this, it was necessary not only to clear away what was accidentally repulsive or materially improper, but to elevate and artistically ennoble the whole bearing of the action and the whole moral of the story; but it was always a great evil that such a course would never be possible with *Così fan tutte*, if we remained true to the original tendency of the opera. However funny the wags may be of itself, and however appropriate for the subject of a comic opera, derision, nay, degradation of the female sex is the principal basis of the whole, and that is a theme which suits no age, and least of all our own. *Figaro* and *Don Juan* are certainly founded on an idea in which seduction plays the principal part, but this is represented in both operas in the person of one individual, and is tempered and counterbalanced by many opposite characters. In *Così fan tutte*, the whole action is concentrated, without a single figure, on two persons, who are, in the poetic diction, the wretched women. Were *Leocora* and *Dorabella* frivolous personages, they could never be set up as types of female weakness, and the tendency of the piece would not be one we ought to reject. But they are noble beings, who, on the sudden departure of their lovers, manifest the warmest love, and promise eternal truth. The new version seeks to render this nobler trait predominant throughout the whole plot. It seeks to do this by undergoing a long struggle, in which the first and second act a certain period of time, through the same wait for letters, and represents Fernando and Guglielmo, not, as in the original text, courting each other's mistress respectively, but, as we have already said, their own. Thus the already existing motive of the different persons towards one another is made the principle motive of the change, and the weakness of the women referred to psychological motives. At any rate, the new version is preferable to all others, from the fact of its placing the opera in no noble and pure light, that even young persons may find amusement in it, and, as the music is enveloped in a becoming garb, the opera may again be the common property of the German nation. The text is, too, so admirable in its diction, so full of clever points, and vigorous, fresh language, that it may be looked upon as a model *libretto*. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the example set by our theatre in again introducing such a masterpiece of dramatic music into its repertory will soon be imitated throughout Germany.

With regard to the performance itself, every one engaged in it strove to attain perfection. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable, free from anything like ostentatious caricature, or absurd comicality. The only thing that might be blamed was the costume in which the disguised lovers appear. To obtain the love of two beautiful ladies belonging to the upper ranks, they should not appear as ugly Wallachians, but rather in a handsome oriental costume. Another fault was that the curtain did not rise on the second act immediately, but in the middle of the scene. The orchestral introduction to the duet "Weht, ihr leicht beschwingen Lüste," is not an introduction to the act itself, but to the second act on the stage, and must be presented as such to the public. With these exceptions everything was admirable, and our warmest acknowledgments are due to Dr. Lewald for the trouble he has taken. In the same manner, all the artists engaged merit the most unqualified appreciation of all lovers of music. Mad. Leisinger had in *Leocora* one of the parts best suited to her, and her noble, glowing acting, which, despite the heroic coloring of the music, never wandered into tragedy, and her touching execution, especially in the air, "Unbewegt in Meerwogen," called forth tumultuous applause. A theatre that possesses such a dramatic singer ought, now-a-days, to consider itself fortunate; let us hope she will remain for many years the ornament of our opera.

Fraulein Mayerhöfer, as *Dorabella*, was also invariably noble, and her joyousness never degenerated into frivolity. She worked well, too, musically speaking, and in the concerted pieces was a living part of the whole.

Fraulein Marschalk, as *Despina*, triumphed by her rich, contralto-like action; by the *staccato* of her vocal execution; by the moderation

of her travesties; and by the actors she constantly took in the general business. That, as the Notary, she sang in the lower octave, was in accordance with the wish of the adapter, and formed a good contrast to her as the Docteur. Herr Pischek, as Alfonso, was admirable. He played the joyous, woman-scorning philosopher with unusual humor, and, although the character has no great airs to sing, it is, in a certain degree, the mainstay of the whole; and, for this reason, requires an artist such as Pischek. Herr Franz Jäger, as Ferrando, was in very good voice. He sang softly and flowingly, and remained true to the style of Mozart. Unfortunately his principal air had to be omitted, in order that the piece might not be too long. Herr Schützky as Guglielm, looked very imposing and noble, as rather more moderate in his Wollachian disguise, for, by so doing, he would render the character more attractive. The orchestra played admirably. Herr Kücken had taken immense pains to have the vocal pieces accompanied with delicacy and discretion, while, in the concerted pieces, there was a dash which does all honour to his taste. If there is one thing we could desire, it is that Dorabella's air: "Ein schmerz Dich ist Amor," should not be taken so quickly, since it is only an *allegretto*. The chorus was very fine. In a word, the whole performance was worthy of Mozart. S. M.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—(May 20th).—Yesterday, the Cäcilien-Verein brought its regular meetings for practice to a close, with a little extempore concert for its passive members and subscribers, in a highly satisfactory manner. The works selected were, partly, such as had not been sung for several years, and were perfectly new to no inconsiderable portion of the younger members. In spite of this, the execution of them was very creditable and pleasing. Only a few of the more difficult choruses were repeated, for the sake of greater finish. We had the choruses of Mozart's *Requiem*, at least as many as are undoubtedly his, a grand "Crucifixus" for eight voices, by Lotti, Mendelssohn's wonderfully fervent "Ave Maria," Haspelt's *Cäcilien-Cantate*, so rich in harmony, and Mendelssohn's fresh and dramatically effective first *Walpurgisnacht*. Such evenings, when smaller works, which have not been given for a considerable time, are sung at sight, are, leaving out of consideration the gratification they afford the singers and their audience, of the greatest use, especially to the singers, since the latter are exercised in singing at sight, and made acquainted with the rich stores of classical music possessed by the Verein. Unfortunately, they can seldom occur, on account of the rehearsals and practice requisite for the grand public concerts. The Cäcilien-Verein gave all its four concerts with a full band for the first time this winter. The pecuniary sacrifice involved was by no means inconsiderable, and it is reported that, in the opinion of the members, the experiment will scarcely become a permanent fact, principally owing to the want of accommodation. A cheering prospect of an interest being taken in such concerts by the general public is afforded by the hope of the society's building a concert-room of its own. The Mozartstiftung, set on foot here by the Niedereckranz, at the vocal festival of 1838, has taken the initiative. It has come forward with its funds, amounting to 38,000 florins, and founded a new society, called the Mozart-Verein. The sale of the shares has begun during the last few days, and been so brisk, that we can no longer entertain any doubt as to the realization of the plan. A very large plot of ground, conveniently situated opposite the old Bürger-Verein, has been obtained, and there is every chance of the new edifice being one worthy of our city, and fully adapted for its purpose.

At the first public concert the *High Mass* of J. S. Bach, which has already been noticed in these columns, was performed. This was followed, on the 29th January, by Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, Mozart's "Ave verum," and Cherubini's *Requiem*, for mixed voices. The selection was extremely good. The psalm, though not one of the composer's greatest works, contains some magnificent choruses; the "Ave verum," with its heavenly clearness, and the grand *Requiem*, with its moving magnificence and loftiness, are too well known for us to say a single word about them in a paper destined for persons acquainted with

serious music. The performance was, in every respect, admirable. While, in Mozart's prayer, the chorus of 175 male and female voices, swelled in flowing gentleness and died away in the softest strains, it rose, especially in the introduction to the "Dies Ira" to overpowering grandeur. Many persons were inclined to blame the employment of the gong in the latter piece, but if the employment of this instrument can be justified anywhere, it is certainly in this instance, where it is used once only, at the announcement of the Last Judgment.

On the 2nd April (Good Friday) followed, as on the preceding year, a performance of J. S. Bach's grand "Passion-Musik," according to St. Matthew, in the German Reformed Church. The organ again supported the chorales and grand choruses. The recitatives, on the other hand, were accompanied by the piano, gaining considerably and manifestly in quiet effect thereby. The solos were very well cast; Herr Carl Schneider sang the part of the Evangelist entirely according to the original version with a degree of perfection we never heard before. The chorus of nearly two hundred persons was supported in the *Cantus firmus* of the opening, and, also, in the grand chorales, by one hundred and fifty pupils, male and female, of the Musterschule. This produced an unparalleled effect in a building so well adapted for the purpose as the church is. We can joyfully assert that, owing to this combination, the performance of the *Passion* was one of the greatest musical treats we ever had, and a real consecration of the religious festival for very many persons.

The last concert, on the 14th May, introduced to us Handel's *Jephtha*, for the first time with a full band. This last oratorio of the above master, which is sung scarcely anywhere in Germany, was incorporated by Messer, as early as 1841, in the repertory of the Cäcilien-Verein, but executed only once since, in 1844, and on both occasions with a pianoforte accompaniment. We have already severely criticised, in these columns, Von Mosel's orchestration, which, it cannot be denied, is not totally in keeping with the spirit of Handel's music. Nor can the violence with which choruses from *Darius* are introduced in it, and material portions of the work itself omitted, be at all justified. But Herr Messer, who is thoroughly acquainted with Handel, has changed and simplified a great deal of the instrumentation. He has, also, restored, with instrumentation of his own, *Jephtha's* aria in G major, in the third part, "Schwebt, ihr Engel," as being one of the finest pieces, and quite indispensable for the connection of the whole. This piece, sung in a masterly manner by Herr Carl Schneider, produced a profound impression. Both on account of its admirable and highly-poetical subject, which, by its strong contrasts, was excellently adapted for the composer, as well as on account of the freshness and great animation of the composition, expressing the most varied feelings, from the softest and gentlest to the most elevated, in the wonderful recitatives and mighty choruses, we place *Jephtha* side by side with *Judas Maccabæus*, *Samael*, and *Irad* in *Egypten*. The chorus in the second part, "Verhüllt, O Herr!" with its four motives, is, perhaps, one of the greatest choruses Handel ever wrote. Besides Herr C. Schneider and Mad. Nissen-Salomon, who, with highly laudable readiness, undertook, on the day of the concert itself, the part of *Isaiah*, with which she was totally unacquainted, in the place of Fräulein Veith, suddenly taken ill, the members of the Association sang the other parts exceedingly well; and this performance, also, despite the oppressive heat of the densely crowded room, was perfectly successful. The Cäcilien-Verein now possesses in its repertory all the oratorios of Handel known in Germany, except *Habacuc* and *Deborah*. We trust the Handel-Gesellschaft will shortly enable the Association to study his other oratorios. The summer vacation will now commence; after that, Bach's *Wfirnachts-Oratorium* will be put in rehearsal. It will be performed at Christmas, and will, no doubt, take as firm root among us as the *Matthæus-Passion*. N. N.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending June 12, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free, 5,917; on the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 930; total, 6,847.

* From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madlle. TITIENS, LAST APPEARANCES.—The Imperial Theatre, Vienna, have refused to grant any extension of her contract. It is respectfully announced that Madlle. Titiana cannot appear after Saturday, June 26.

The following arrangements have been made:—
 Tuesday, June 21.—*Il Trovatore* (Madlle. Titiana's last appearance but two).
 Thursday, June 24 (Extra Night)—*Lucrèzia Borgia* (Madlle. Titiana's last appearance but one).
 Saturday, June 26—A favorite Opera in which Madlle. Titiana will appear (before her last appearance).
 Tuesday, June 29—Vorli's opera *LUIA MILLER* will be repeated.
 Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KEAN.

On Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Bayly, Mr. C. Kean; Ford, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by MUSIC HATH CLAIMS.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 19, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, *GOING TO THE BATH*. To conclude with *A CABINET QUESTION*. Commence at half-past 7.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—This evening, June 19, the *ADRIELPH COMPANY* will perform *THE GREEN BUSHES*. To conclude with *OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID*.

DIED

On the 12th inst., at Kensington Gravel Pits, William Horsley, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon., aged 84.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19th, 1858.

THERE are certain phases of musical progress which we believe can find a parallel in no other art. The Bach mania, which very recently has pervaded all classes of the musical community—perhaps even more in this country than in Germany—is one of them. On the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age, died the very greatest of "absolute musicians;" and now more than a century later we are beginning to estimate properly his worth.

Herr Richard Wagner, though perhaps the least musical in temperament of all men who have endeavoured, through the medium of music, to express outwardly what inwardly moved them, has admirably marked the distinction between the musician *per se*, and the musician compelled to invite extraneous influences, as aids in the cultivation and promulgation of his art. The author of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* pronounces Mozart to be the greatest "absolute musician;" and here, as in many other places, shows how little he comprehended music in the abstract. A thousand forces acted upon the plastic nature of Mozart, just as a million did upon the still more plastic nature of Beethoven. With Bach it was otherwise: music was his whole being; he revealed himself invariably in music, no matter what he had to say, simple or elaborate, trivial or sublime. Even the orchestral symphonies of Beethoven cannot be compared to the preludes and fugues of Bach, as exemplifications of art wholly independent of other resources than its own. The world of imagination and of dreams suggested endless ideas to Beethoven, to which music gave expression. Like Mozart, he was not only a musician, but a philosopher, a man of the world, and a poet. Not so Bach. Bach was a musician, and nothing more. Whatever impressions he may have received from the exhaustless phenomena of nature were subservient to the art which was

his only language. Had it occurred to Bach to write a *pastoral symphony*, how differently would he have accomplished his task! The song of the nightingale would have formed the principal subject of a fugue, to which the cry of the quail might have made one episode, and the notes of the cuckoo another. These pastoral objects would have been submitted without mercy to every device of counterpoint; while some ingeniously contrived "*stretto*," towards the end, would have brought the three voices as close together as Beethoven has brought them in the second movement of his immortal symphony. With Bach, however, the nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo would have been made to eternalise music—instead of, as in the case of Beethoven, music eternalising the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale. Thus Bach was a musician absolutely, for beyond music to him there was nothing; while Beethoven was a musician relatively, since all things in nature ministered to his invention, and helped him in the development of his art. Beethoven might perhaps have been a great sculptor, or a great painter; but Bach could only have been a musician; and for this reason, though profounder men than he have shed glory on music, Bach was still the first of musicians. Listen to the G minor Symphony of Mozart; and then, immediately after, to one of the most finished instrumental pieces of Bach—forexample, the violin solo sonata in C, performed with such extraordinary effect by Herr Joseph Joachim, at the last New Philharmonic Concert. Compare the two. The exclamation after each, in one respect, will be much to the same purport. "What a splendid piece of music!"—you will say of one; and *idem* of the other. And yet they are as wide apart as the poles. Mozart's symphony is a poem in music, of which passion and love are the elements. Bach's sonata is simply music—magnificent music, but music without any relation whatever to the outside world, and therefore music which can never possibly have a chance of penetrating to the inmost heart of the crowd that constitutes nine-tenths of humanity.

On the 30th of July, 1750, died the very greatest of "absolute musicians;" and now, on the 19th of June, 1858, we are congratulating our readers on the progressing taste for his works! What there is in Bach's music to have staved off general appreciation for a century, and yet, at the end of that century, to put to the blush all those who had failed to appreciate it, we cannot pretend to say; but it is quite true that the glowing encomiums and unbridled enthusiasm of the initiated were impotent, as years went by, to persuade the majority of the transcendent merits of the Patriarch of harmony. "Patriarch, as much as you please"—was the prevalent admission; "but spare us the infliction." Now things have changed; and, what is most consoling, Bach goes "up" without Handel and the rest going "down." Now, more than ever, the Leipzig Cantor is hailed "Patriarch;" while no one wishes to be spared "the infliction."

The last six months have been especially marked by a continually growing appreciation of Bach's music. The youngest and most gifted of our established pianists—Miss Arabella Goddard—has been playing his fugues, not merely to select circles, but to multitudes, and always with success. The *Passion of St. Matthew*, backed by the influence and true devotion of Professor Bennett, has obtained its first emphatic recognition in London; and since then, M. Hallé, with "suites" and "partitas," Herr Joseph Joachim, with solo violin-sonatas, and vocal music at Mr. Hullah's concert or elsewhere, have, step by step, advanced the cause. Decidedly the music of John Sebastian Bach is becoming popular—which, if popularity be its just due, is not a

bit too early, seeing that the composer has been dead nearly one hundred years and ten.*

HAD the assertion made respecting Conrad in the *Corsair*, that "he cursed that sun" become isolated from all the rest of the poem, so that we were compelled to read it like a choice bit from Corinna or Simonides in a collection of the *Poetae Greci Minores*, we should at once conclude that Conrad was a theatrical manager, and that he uttered the imprecation in a hot June. We should like to see the man who in the course of the past week would have dared tell any manager, from the St. James's to the National Standard that the sun was a source of blessings. We should like to see the manager who, in the course of the past week, would have brought out *Pizarro* without insisting on such an alteration as should turn all the interest on the side of the Spaniards. Who would sympathise, just now, with a set of wretches who worshipped the sun,—that odious luminary that melts down audiences like icicles! Mango Copac came of old to the Peruvians, and persuaded them that he was the "Son of the Sun," whereupon they respected him greatly. If he had told us such a story, and guaranteed its truth, we should have waited till the weather was a little cooler, and then tossed him in a blanket, on account of his detestable parent. We believe the same Peruvians offered human sacrifices to the sun, and if such was the case, we have not the slightest doubt that the victims were theatrical managers.

Jupiter Pluvius, whom we address as an absent friend, what a week we have had! Managers, actors, manageresses, actresses, box-book-keepers, box-openers, money-takers, check-takers, saloon-tenees, playbill-vendors, *costodes* of cloaks and bonnets, all meet us with one common wail, "This hot weather is killing us."

We bear in mind the fact that the patron of dramatic art is not Apollo, but Bacchus, else we should wonder why the same deity who rules poetry, should also adopt the sun as part of his domain, and, with the aid of this potent instrument, drive all the world away from the theatres.

The *Merchant of Venice* is the most perfectly artificial thing that Mr. Charles Kean has yet done; he puts all Venice on his stage, without in the slightest degree encumbering the drama. He plays Shylock himself, while Mrs. Kean plays Portia, gondolas float over mimic waters, and the whole piece is such a glory of managerial enterprise, that the house ought to be crowded to the ceiling, and boxes ought to be secured a fortnight beforehand. But the powerful attraction offered in Oxford-street is counteracted by the vast allowance of caloric which Phœbus is pouring upon our heads. Let the weather get cooler, and you shall hear such an enthusiasm about the *Merchant of Venice* as was never heard of before; but, in the meanwhile, people who want to be always drinking cannot do justice to painted waters, even when called into being by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin.

Mr. Tom Taylor's piece at the Olympic, entitled *Going to the Bad*, has, we confess, this advantage, that although it is professedly laid amid modern life, it soars into an ethereal region, that belongs neither to the earth of the present generation nor to any other. Hence, by following it in its ascent, we fancy we may resemble mountain-travellers in warm countries,

and presently come to snow. Moreover one moral is proposed, and another is worked out, and the vague being associated with the shadowy, and the shadowy with the shady, and the shady with the cool, we may, by a small expenditure of sophistry argue out for ourselves something like refreshment. Again, Mr. Robson's character is far less efficient than most with which he has been entrusted, and unemployed genius gives a notion of the "doleful niente," which is by no means despicable in sultry weather. Alas, this verbiage won't do. There's nothing cool about *Going to the Bad*, except the announcement that it is a comedy. Call it a clever farce, and we will give it welcome,—that is to say, when Fahrenheit is not quite so high.

As for Madame Ristori, who came out at the St. James's on Wednesday last, she never in her life had such a fine opportunity of studying the internal architecture of a theatre. Benches and boxes stood fully revealed to the view, unconcealed by human obstacle. We were reminded of the "good time coming" contemplated by an enthusiastic admirer of ecclesiastical art, who hoped that Catholics would cease to go to church, and allow Protestant-connoisseurs to look all day at altar-pieces, without impediment. Whether when "Macbette" was alone on the stage he actually saw a dagger before him, we cannot say, but we are positively certain he saw nothing else. Often had we heard of the rarefying power of heat, but we did not know that it could produce so very thin an audience.

In Homeric days, when the sun was inconveniently powerful, something could be done by offering a hecatomb. Shall we try the plan again, and immolate a monster concert in favour of more endurable weather?

At all events the sun is guilty of a vast dereliction of duty. It is written that "seasons" are entrusted to his care. Why then should he make such a hash of the London Season? Why should he be so excessively partial to Mr. Simpson as to make all the world go to Cremorne and nowhere else? There are people who want to see Jessica at the Princess's slooping with Lorenzo in a gondola, and to hear the wild mirth of the Carnival oysterers, fully equal to that of the Dionysiac revellers. There are people who would find delight in following out the many plot of *Going to the Bad*, and who, if they did not think much of the moral logic of Mr. Fotta, would take delight in the fire-eating major, played by Mr. Addison.—(for some of Mr. Tom Taylor's details are good, though his plot is indifferent)—and who would applaud in crowds the Phèdre of Mad. Ristori, if only because the play awakened in them a reminiscence of Rachel. But what can anybody do in this hot weather?

We ourselves are personally aggrieved in the matter. We had in our heads three as nice critical articles on the principal theatrical novelties of the day, as any one would wish to see; but lo! they are all melted away into an unseemly shapeless leader, that may be compared to the ugly mass into which a jelly resolves itself in an over-crowded ball-room.

Why should we be subject to these material influences? Why can't we write what we please—how we please—when we please? This sort of thing may be all very well at Calcutta; but it is an innovation on the freedom of Britons. The tendency of the English mind towards cider-cup, champagne-cup, sherry-cobler, and gin-sling, that must infallibly be created by this hot weather, will end in a grand national degeneracy—*Fuimus Troes*.

* Bach died eight years before Handel. The two great musicians never met, although they produced their works and earned their fame contemporaneously.

PROFESSOR BENNETT AND THE ROYAL
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It is said that Professor Sterndale Bennett has seceded from his position in the Royal Academy of Music—and further, that he has requested his name may be withdrawn from the list of Honorary Associates.

HERR FORMES.

MANY friends of Herr Formes are anxious to know whether there is any prospect of his appearing this season at the Royal Italian Opera, and whether he is really engaged. Although the prospectus laid so much stress upon the production of *Il Don Giovanni*, Herr Formes being cast for Leporello, fears are entertained that, unless the German basso returns from America, Mozart's opera may not be given. We cannot affirm that Herr Formes will positively arrive in England in time to take part in *Don Giovanni*, nor indeed that he will pay London a visit this year; but we have seen a letter from him to a friend, explaining his reasons for not having joined the Covent Garden company at the opening of the new theatre, and "showing cause" why he may be exonerated from blame, even should he fail to "put in an appearance." From this letter we have been permitted to transcribe all that bears upon the question.

"Academy of Music, New York, May 11, 1858.

"MY DEAR ——— I think it my duty to write to you and say, that it is utterly impossible for me to be in England at the opening of the new theatre, in conformity to the announcements in the London papers. In my last interview with Mr. Gye, before I left England for America, he told me, that perhaps my services would not be absolutely necessary on that occasion, for certain reasons which he gave me. In January last, and again in March, I wrote him to know positively whether he wanted me, but as yet I have not received a word in reply. I presumed from that, that my services would not be required, and I, therefore, accepted other engagements in this country. Any disappointment which may grow out of my absence is entirely attributable to Mr. Gye's silence. If there should be any talk or remarks in the papers about this disappointment, I beg that you will explain the matter; and you are at liberty to use this letter for that purpose, if you think it necessary. "CARL FORMES."

No one can say that Herr Formes acted unwisely or unthinkingly. He was compelled to do what he did. The offers made to him in America were not likely to be refused when the fact of his letters remaining unanswered showed that his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera was no longer a certainty. Had he been aware, however, that the director of the Royal Italian Opera was incapacitated by serious indisposition from attending to business, he would have paused before contracting engagements which delayed his arrival in England. Mr. Gye's illness accounts for all. It is not yet too late, however, we believe, to secure the services of Herr Formes.

SIG. VIALETTI.—"The following well-merited eulogium on Signor Vialetti has appeared in the *Morning Star*:"—

"Signor Vialetti is a true artist, and belongs to a good school. His acting is ever excellent, his style of singing is on a par with it, and he always interprets well the music that falls to his share. His declamation of the passage commencing 'Il mio sangue,' in the first act, when his conscience reproaches him for his crimes, was admirable for breadth and expression; and, indeed, throughout he makes the most of his opportunities."

[The foregoing well-merited citation from the *Morning Star* appeared in the *Opera Box*.—Ed. M. W.]

MAD. JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT resolved, as is well-known, a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present place of residence—Dresden—and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, &c., &c., were forwarded, last week, *via* Hamburg, to England, where Jenny Lind will reside in retirement on her laurels at a villa near London.—*Niederdeutsche Musik-Zeitung*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Luigia Miller was repeated for the third time on Saturday. The music does not improve on acquaintance. Indeed, the melodic vein is less apparent in this opera than in any of Signor Verli's with which we are acquainted. Even the popular air of the work, "Quando le sere," is not a positive success. The opera was followed by the *divertissement, La Reine des Songes*, for Madlle. Marie Taglioli.

On Tuesday the *Figlia del Reggimento* was given, with Madlle. Piccolomini, and *Pleur-des-Champs*, with Madlle. Pöschlin.

The first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Thursday, comprising in the cast Madlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, signors Giuglini, Belletti, Benvenuto, Violetti, &c., &c., was attended by one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season. The fact that Alboni had consented to resume her old part of Maffeo Orsini, which she had resigned for several years, constituted a special attraction, and may, it may be supposed, have expressly to hear the *brindisi*. Madlle. Titiens and Sig. Giuglini had not previously appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the utmost curiosity was excited to hear those artists in the two great parts of the Duchess and Genaro.

We may at once state that the performance was eminently successful. Indeed, the opera, from the first scene of the prologue, in which the chorus of nobles, "Bento, bento," was entered, to the death of Genaro and the death of Lucrezia, was applauded without qualification. Madlle. Titiens has fully sustained her reputation by her grand impersonation of the haughty and relentless Duchess of Ferrara, every phase of whose character is developed with extraordinary skill. On the present occasion, however, we shall not enter into details, but wait until next week, when, after seeing the performance a second time, we may be better enabled to point out its special merits. The excitement it created was unusual. The opening aria, "Com'è bello,"—one of Donizetti's most expressive arias—had many exquisite touches, and the *cabaletta*, with some exceptions as to taste, was admirable. The whole of the scene of the second act, was grand, not a *suavité* escaping; and the final scene, in which Genaro dies in Lucrezia's arms, was a worthy climax. Madlle. Titiens was labouring under a cold, but this was only observable when the vocal and histrionic powers were taxed to the utmost.

Signor Giuglini sang the music of Genaro delightfully, in one or two instances surpassing himself. The dust with which Lucrezia in the first scene was hardly improved by several prolongations and retardations of *tempo*; and the well-known "Di pesator" would have been more acceptable with more simplicity. Signor Giuglini's singing in the popular trio in the second act could not be surpassed for beauty of voice and purity of expression. The execution of this trio, indeed, by Madlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini and Belletti, was faultless. Signor Giuglini was almost equally admirable in the romanza in the third act, "Com'è soave," the "almost" not being dispensed with only in consequence of certain tendencies to draw, which militated against, rather than improved, the sentiment.

A more perfect exponent of the music of Duke Alfonso than Signor Belletti could not be found. The terror and grandeur of the part, however, are entirely unrepresented by the popular barytone, who displays his usual judgment in attempting no histrionic efforts.

The "sensation" of the evening was undoubtedly created by Alboni, who was greeted on her return to her old part of Maffeo Orsini with a genuine Irish welcome, a veritable *crad willie faithé*. That nobody ever sang the part like Alboni, was universally known; but that the famous *brindisi* could be given with such entrancing sweetness and prodigious effect none could know except those who had previously heard it sung by the inimitable soprano-contralto. The effect of the *brindisi* was extraordinary, and before Alboni commenced a murmur ran through the house, every ear being anxious to catch the first notes of the well-beloved melody. The *brindisi* was encored twice, and after each repeat the stage was covered with bouquets.

Alboni seemed to enter into the scene with great heartiness, and laughed in response to the cheers of the audience.

After the opera, *La Reine des Songes* was given, with Madlle. Marie Tagliioni.

To-night *Lucresia Borgia* will be repeated, and again on Tuesday and Thursday next week. On Saturday, Madlle. Titiana takes her benefit, and makes her last appearance this season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fra Diavolo has been reproduced in a highly satisfactory manner, with some beautiful scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, and costumes and *mise-en-scène* to match.

The first performance, on Saturday, attracted a brilliant audience. Her Majesty paid a second visit to the new theatre, and remained until the end. The cast was precisely the same as last season, except that Madlle. Zina Richard danced the *Saltarella*, in the last act, in place of Madlle. Plunkett.

The performance, on the whole, was admirable. Mad. Bosio was in fine voice, and sang delightfully. We wish, nevertheless, instead of the inappropriate air from *La Siringa*, she would preserve the original and beautiful song known on the English stage as "Oh! hour of joy"—which suits the situation and the character infinitely better. Vocal roudades, "echoes," and *tours de force*, do not come so naturally from the lips of a luncheoner's daughter as from those of a syren. There is nothing preternatural in Auber's *Zerlina*, any more than in Mozart's.

Accepted as the caricature of the French librettist, Ronconi's Lord Roeburg is inimitable. He is certainly not the *beau-ideal* of an English nobleman, travelled or untravelled, knowing or unknowing; but he is infinitely more amusing, and that is quite to the purpose. Moreover, Ronconi sang invariably in tune on Saturday, which made his performance all the more acceptable.

Signor Gardoni might infuse a little more of the brigand into *Fra Diavolo*—whether disguised or undisguised—with advantage. He is scarcely bold enough, and his first dress (the fault of his *costumier*) is absurdly out of keeping with the character. He sings the music, however, charmingly, (always excepting the cadence to "Agnese in Zibella"), and that is a matter of the utmost consequence.

The robbers, Peppo and Giacomo, are capitally sustained by M. Zelger and Signor Tagliafico. The "gagging" in the bedroom scene, however, is excessive and indefensible. Madlle. Marai is as efficient as formerly in Lady Roeburg; and the small part of Matteo is carefully sung and acted by Signor Polonini.

The applause throughout the first act was of the faintest—why, we cannot say. The sparkling overture, splendidly executed, scarcely obtained a hand. Nor was there any attempt at an encore. Is Auber's music too mild for the "swells" who have drunk deeply of the strong waters of Verdi?

On Tuesday *Fra Diavolo* was repeated. The *Huguenots* was given, "by general desire," on Thursday. To-night the *Barbiers* for the third time.

Flotow's *Marta* is announced for Thursday next—with Mesdames Bosio and Nantier Didide, Signors Mario, Neri-Berardi, Graziani, Tagliafico, and M. Zelger, in the principal characters.

DEATH OF MR. ARY SCHEFFER.—We grieve to announce the death of one of those men who have most contributed by talent and character to the glory of our country. Mr. Ary Scheffer succumbed on Wednesday (the 16th) evening to the attacks of a complaint, the seeds of which had existed for many years, the result being hastened by emotions occasioned by a recent mournful journey.—(Deceased attended the funeral of the late Duchess of Orleans.)—Falling ill, at London, three weeks since, M. Scheffer returned to his country only to bid his family and friends a last farewell. He died in the fulness of his genius, and his last works are undeniably his most finished ones. All the world are able to admire some at least of these compositions which have become popular.—*Journal des Débats*.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

THE engagement of Mesdames Viardot and Persiani was a politic move on the part of Mr. E. T. Smith, of which he cannot fail to reap the benefit. But the enterprising manager of Drury Lane did not rest satisfied with securing the services of the above distinguished ladies. He was desirous of uniting with them those of a male artist no less distinguished. "I am about to produce *Don Giovanni*," thought Mr. E. T. Smith; "why not apply to Signor Tamburini?" Accordingly, Signor Tamburini received a telegraphic despatch at *Serrua*. As the old war-horse starts at the sound of the trumpet, and feels the love of battle thrill through his veins, Sig. Tamburini (we are informed) replied by return of wires, accepting Mr. E. T. Smith's offer. Tamburini, therefore, may be expected to appear in *Don Giovanni*, with Mad. Viardot as Donna Anna, Mad. Persiani as Zerlina, Mad. Fumaçalli as Donna Elvira, Mr. Chas. Braham as Ottavio, Signor Badiali as Leporello, etc., etc. The band and chorus must be strengthened (if only for the sake of poor Signor Vianesi), and, with such a cast, Mr. E. T. Smith may reckon on a triumph.

At the first appearance of Mad. Viardot, as Rosina in the *Barbiers* on Tuesday, the theatre, we need hardly say, was crowded, and the audience more fashionable than since the institution of cheap prices. With Mad. Viardot were united Sig. Luchesi as Count Almaviva, Sig. Badiali as Figaro, Sig. Insom as Bartolo, and Sig. Aldfeldt as Basilio. How Mr. Smith contrived to bring together all these singers we cannot say; nor have we the least idea in what quarter of the globe they were discovered. When we see as good an actor as Signor Insom in Doctor Bartolo—a character by no means easy to realise—we must suppose either that sterling artists are not so rare as was imagined, or that Mr. E. T. Smith has an eye upon every singer in Italy worthy importation. Signor Insom (the name, by the way, is not hyper-Tuscan) is an excellent artist, his acting general and entirely free from exaggeration. His forbearance is most praiseworthy. He never attempts to provoke a laugh at the expense of the composer or fellow-singer, and has evidently studied the guardian of Beaumarchais to the best purpose. Signor Insom has only the remains of a voice, but he makes use of what there is skillfully. Signor Aldfeldt (neither is this name hyper-Tuscan) is a clever caricaturist, and wears a longer brimmed hat than either Signor Tagliafico or Signor Vialotti. Signor Badiali makes a capital Figaro. He is hardly mercurial enough for the vivacious barber, but the roguery and whimsicality of the part are well defined, and, above all, the music is sung with the facility and correctness of a practised artist.

Signor Luchesi is entitled to a word apart. This gentleman joined the company of the Royal Italian Opera in 1849, and made his first successful hit as Corradino in Rossini's *Motilde di Sabrano*, in which he proved himself a genuine florid singer. On the burning of Covent Garden Theatre he seceded from the establishment, and, last autumn, joined the Ficolomini *troupe* in the province, subsequently appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Luchesi's voice, or rather what remains of it, is well adapted to Rossini's music. It possesses great flexibility, the most rapid passages lying within its means, so that the ear is never disappointed. In the death of Rossinian tenors, Signor Luchesi is an acquisition to the operatic stage, comparatively voiceless though he be.

Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia is a star of the first magnitude in the musical zodiac. Her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre may not be remembered by many, but her triumph in the Royal Italian Opera, under Fidelio Valentini, Rosina, Romeo, and other characters must be fresh in the recollection of opera-goers. In the *Barbiers* Madame Viardot does not pay much more deference to Rossini than her contemporary, Madame Bosio. She prefers her own version of the music of Rossini, to which, nevertheless, though wonderfully clever and felicitously ornate, we prefer, the original. The Drury Lane audience, however, were not so particular, seeing that nearly every thing Madame Viardot sang created a *furor*. Astonishment and delight were created in equal measure. Madame Viardot gave a new reading of the

lesson scene, Act 2, differing from that of Besunmarchais, as her "Una voce" and "Duque in son" differ from those of Rossini. Instead of the bravura air which leads to Dr. Bartolo's protest against modern singing, Madame Viardot introduced two Spanish ballads—wonderfully sung, and accompanied by herself to perfection on a grand Broadwood pianoforte. Thus Almaviva (Don Alonzo) forwent his office of music-master, because one of the audience, and was evidently as charmed as all the rest by the sorceress, who, with a glance, laid the perturbed spirits of the French satirist and the Pesaronian swain. Madame Viardot's brilliant singing and powerfully demonstrative acting, in short, created an extraordinary sensation, which will, no doubt, lead to several repetitions of the *Barbiere*.

To-night Madame Persiani makes her first appearance as Elvira in *I Puritani*.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Abridged Communication.)

The great musical event of the season is fixed for the 2nd of July, and will consist of a grand demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir, with full orchestral and military bands, to the number of 2,500. The Handel Festival Choir on this occasion will be reinforced by deputations of the best trained voices from the provinces and the Continent. Mr. Costa has used his utmost exertions since last year to keep the 1,400 London amateurs together, and in constant practice; and they have now attained a degree of excellence unsurpassed by any choir in Europe. They will be reinforced by about 200 selected voices from the Bradford Choral Association, and by deputations from many provincial and continental societies, forming in the aggregate a chorus of unrivalled excellence. The instrumental music will be on a corresponding scale of efficiency. The stringed and wind bands of the Crystal Palace will be strengthened by the addition of those of the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Amateur Musical Society, and also by the full Military Bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The programme for the 2nd of July is as follows:—

PART I.

Chorale—The Hundredth Psalm.			
Chant—"Venite, exultemus Domino"	... Tallis.		
Trio {" Lift Thine eyes,"	... Mendelssohn.		
Chorus—"He, watching over Israel,"	{ (Elijah)		
Chorus—"When His loud voice,"	{ (Jephtha)		
Chorus—"The Lord is good,"	{ (Eli)		
Quartet and Chorus—"Holy, holy, holy,"	{ (Elijah)		
Mosart—"Ave verum corpus,"	... Mosart.		
Song and Chorus—"Phisitians, hark!"	{ (Eli)		

PART II.

Chorus—"Oh, the Pleasure of the Plains,"	{ (Acis and Galatea)		
Part-song—"Farewell to the Forest"	... Mendelssohn.		
Chorus—"To thee, O Lord of all,"	{ (Prayer—Moe's in Ritto)		
Trio & Chorus—"See the Conquering Hero comes,"	{ (Julia Macabeus)		
Solo & Chorus—"Calm is the glassy ocean" (Idomeno)	... Mosart.		
Chorus—"Hear, Holy Power,"	{ (Prayer—Messiaello)		
Song & Chorus—"God save the Queen."	... Aeber.		

When we add that the concert will be conducted by Mr. Costa, that Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves will sing the principal solos (including the "war song" from Costa's *Ah*, by the last-named artist), and that Mr. Brownsmith, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, will preside at the Great Handel Festival Organ,—it will be evident that a musical treat of the very highest order is in store.

PERFUNCTORY.

"Sceptics as to the justice and value of musical criticism (which musical critics themselves are apt to look upon almost as an exact science) will be fortified in their views by reading the different, and, indeed, entirely opposite, opinions expressed by the best daily and weekly journals as to the merit of Rubinstein, the Russian pianist. Of his success, both at the Philharmonic concerts and elsewhere, there

cannot be a doubt; indeed, his success in every city in Europe where he has appeared is a well-known fact. But, reputation apart, a question is now raised as to whether this great pianist can play the piano—for it amounts to that. According to one class of authorities he is the most brilliant, expressive, poetical pianist that has ever been heard. According to another he is simply a rapid player who habitually plays the wrong notes. Mr. Rubinstein (we can't call him Monsieur, for he is not a Frenchman; nor Herr, for he is not a German; nor Signor, nor Señor, for he is neither an Italian nor a Spaniard; and "Gospodin," the proper word, is not understood) is to play at Mr. Benedict's concert at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday next. Those of our readers who are anxious to hear this musical phenomenon and judge for themselves (no bad plan, after all), will now have an opportunity of doing so for about half the price they would have to pay for that privilege at the Philharmonic Concerts."

One thing of three:—the author of the above quasi-affable and positively ironical passage for Herr Rubinstein is a Russian at heart; or he is not an accurate judge of pianoforte playing; or he has a pecuniary interest in Mr. Benedict's concert. In any and all of these cases, however, he is entitled to consideration, so that he be not *perfunctory*. But when he says—"of Herr Rubinstein's success at the Philharmonic Concerts there cannot be a doubt," he is *perfunctory*; for there was, and is, a very great doubt of it. Not less is he *perfunctory* in the sentences we have italicised—since there was never a question raised about Herr Rubinstein's ability "to play the piano;" nor, on the other hand, has any "class of authorities" pronounced him "the most brilliant expressive (!) poetical (!) pianist ever heard" (unless the "director," who writes articles on his own concerts in *The Globe* and *Chronicle* may be regarded as "a class of authorities"); nor, lastly, has any critic proclaimed him "a rapid player who habitually plays the wrong notes." To invent opinions, and then to combat them, as though they proceeded from an adversary or adversaries, is *perfunctory*. This has been done (unconsciously) by an esteemed writer in the *Illustrated Times*—to whom, with our compliments and assurances of our "perfect consideration" (and best wishes for the success of Mr. Benedict's concert), we recommend woodcuts, in order that his forthcoming musical articles may be the more readily perceived, swallowed, and digested.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(From the *Athenaeum*.)

AN article in the *Journal des Debats* of the 2nd of June is noticeable enough as a piece of special pleading to claim a moment's talk, in a place where the talk runs on music. In it, M. d'Ortigue, hitherto known as the champion of orthodoxy, enters into an elaborate panegyric of the concert the other day given, at the Conservatoire Rooms, by Herr Lisolt and M. Berlioz. The elaboration is devoted to prove that both gentlemen are unjustly treated by those who rank them among the "musicians of the future" (a designation which, by this pleading, seems now to have fallen into discredit). "They do not," asserts M. d'Ortigue, "intend or profess to destroy forms, or to overturn established rules—merely to enlarge both, as Beethoven did in his last work." The purpose is daring, and the example not logically propounded. In the interest of sound judgment, we protest against the parallel and the deduction from it. To deal with the latter first, we cannot for an instant accept the last compositions by Beethoven adverted to either as models or as "points of departure." They can only be thus received by those who fancy it heretical to question the sense of every line which bears a great poet's signature; and who show not reverence so much as superstition by placing in the same light beauty and blemish, mist and daylight, that which is intelligible, that which is not. It is of no avail to reply to this that persons who wait and study may discern intentions, links, traces of design,—may somehow spin some wondrous theory in apology for crudity, confusion, and want of proportion. The resolution not to find fault with any work by one who has raised us high and searched us deeply belongs to idolatry, not to sane worship. The composition of which the meaning can only

be guessed—where the truth and the beauty are only discernible by eyes which have strained themselves beyond natural powers of vision—is incomplete. Too much admiration cannot be lavished on the colossal and original beauties which are scattered through these last works by Beethoven. However gigantic in its scale, however difficult of execution, there is no mystery in the *allegro* to his Ninth Symphony—none in the "Kyrie" to his "Missa Solennis,"—none in the prolonged *adagio* to his grand *solo* Sonatas in B flat. These things keep the last works of Beethoven alive—not their crudities. Are any such inspirations approaching these to be found in the writings of the authors in question? In those of M. Berlioz none. While he has exaggerated (under the idea of carrying out) the objectionable peculiarities of Beethoven's last style—while he has tried to create new forms by an utter disturbance of form, his labour has been virtually an Egyptian task of making "bricks without straw"—of planning enormous and intricate structures without having originated that central master-thought, that first seizing phrase, that godly symmetry of melody, for whose sake we forgive much disguise and dross, and the presence of which proves the poet to exist, be his working out of the same ever so impure and chaotic. It is this want, this absence of feature, this solicitude in concealing that which is mean and puny, which have deservedly placed M. Berlioz among those of the modern school, from whose society M. d'Ortigue seems so whimsically eager to separate him. It is his interesting personality which has given to ninety-nine bars out of a hundred in his music their power to reach those who would rather believe in Genius than understand it. The times demand plain speech in this matter; since, in the death of great composers, there may be danger of great principles of composition being forgotten.

ACHIEVING THE NIMBUS.

"On Wednesday night," says the *Morning Advertiser*, "in addition to the opera—"Trocadero"—a vocal and instrumental concert was given, by special desire as stated, for the benefit of Signor G. Operti, pianist to His Majesty Victor Emanuel II., King of Sardinia. Among the many foreign artists who at this season of the year render the metropolis like the enchanted isle, full of 'sounds and sweet airs,' Signor Operti, as a pianist of ability, deserves an honourable position. In Sardinia he appears to have achieved the *nimbus*, and, unquestionably, his pianoforte performance last night in this theatre won for him much applause.

"The pianist has a more hazardous task to accomplish in such a large house as compared with the more confined and compact music rooms further west. Operti successfully grappled with the difficulty by his vigorous and skilful touch, which made the *forte* passages on the instrument reverberate throughout the crowded theatre. Nor was the performer less expressive, effective, and brilliant in the more delicate portions of the music under his fingers. Though orthodox pianoforte playing is, or ought to be, the same all over the world, yet the musical *étete* can most commonly snatch a grace from such playing as that of Signor Operti, not that he plays a bit better than some English artists, whose names could be easily remembered—among them the peerless Arabella Goddard."

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58. La Bouguessite du Bol ..	St. Julien ..	St. Julien
59. Des Maccarines	E. de Loulay ..	Mainil
60. Jérôme l'Ouvrier	K. Barateau ..	Pageot
61. La Quéteuse	O. Lemoine ..	Pageot
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63. La Dernière Marquise	R. J. Haultier ..	R. J. Haultier
64. Le Royal Tambour	H. Barateau ..	Arnand
65. Et toi, ty l'ouche pas ..	H. Guérin ..	L. Cléjanon
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HANDEL'S SIX ORGAN CONCERTOS.

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY W. T. BEST.

Organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

PRICE TO SUBSCRIBERS, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

"Upon the occasion of the performance of the Oratorio of *Mithra*, during the Lent season of 1772, at Covent Garden Theatre, his grand pupil publicly with a species of music of which he has not been the inventor, namely the *Organ Concerto*. Few but his intimate friends were sensible that on this instrument he had secured his equal in the world; he could not but be conscious that he possessed a style of performing on it that at least had the charm of novelty to recommend it; and, finding that his own performance on the Organ never failed to command the attention of his hearers, he set himself to compose, or rather make up, Concertos for that instrument, and uniformly interposed one in the course of the evening's performance." So writes Mr. John Hawkins of Handel's Organ Concertos and their performance in his *History of Music*, Vol. II. Book 20. Chap. 192. Dr. Burney also remarks, as showing the popularity to which they had attained in his time, "Public players on keyboard-instruments, as well as private, totally neglected these Concertos for nearly thirty years."

Handel composed twenty-three Concertos for the Organ, of which it is now proposed by the Editor to re-publish the first set of Six. They were written with an accompaniment for two Violins, two Hautboys, Viola, and Violoncello, in the *raut* passage. Of the first six Concertos it appears that the first and fourth only are original compositions of the Organist; the remaining four being adaptations from the early instrumental works of the Composer. The practice of "making-up" works from various sources was by no means sparingly resorted to by Handel, as many of his important instrumental compositions largely bear witness. The original edition has the following title:—"Six Concertos for the Harpsichord or Organ, composed by Mr. Handel." These Six Concertos were published by Mr. Walsh from his own copy, corrected by himself, and to him only I have given my right therein. DUNN'S PATENT. London: printed for J. Walsh, in Catherine Street, in the Strand; of whom may be had the instrumental parts to the above Concertos.

The Oratorio mentioned by Sir John Hawkins were chiefly performed at the old theatre in Covent Garden, which was built by Rich in 1732, and destroyed by fire on the 26th September, 1808, the Organ left by Handel sharing the same fate. No account is to be met with of the instrument used on these memorable occasions. As a first; the interior of the theatre is the theatre is still in existence, having a view of the Organ and Orchestra, as arranged for the Oratorio performance, in which the instrument appears of but limited dimensions, and, as usual with English theatres of this kind, it may also have been furnished with the necessary appendages of a pedal-board.

It cannot be denied that the performance of these Concertos on a modern Organ, combined with the instruments as arranged by Handel, would prove most unsatisfactory; for, however the number of Violins and Oboes might be increased, the *raut* passages could never have a genuine effect, opposed as such a noisy Orchestra would be to the weight and stillness of tone possessed by Organs of any pretension in the present day, besides which, the instrumentation in the original work is thick and mangled, the Oboes and Violins frequently playing in unison, while the lower harmony is rather inadequately supplied by the Viola.

Mr. Hector Berlioz, in his remarkable work, "Traité d'Instrumentation et d'Orchestration Moderne," says very truly, with regard to the union of the Organ with the Orchestra:—"There seems to exist between these two musical powers a secret antipathy. The Organ and Orchestra are both large; or, rather, one is immense, the other large; but their nature is not the same. Their interests are too vast and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all occasions, when this singular combination is attempted, either the Organ predominates over the Orchestra, or the Orchestra is so completely in the subordinate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary. It is possible to blend the Organ with the divers constituent elements of the Orchestra; this has been done, but it is strangely derogatory to this majestic instrument to reduce it to a secondary condition; moreover, it is injurious to the ear, that its equal and uniform accompaniment never entirely melts into the variously characterized sounds of the Orchestra."

For the reasons above stated, and agreeing with the opinions expressed by Mr. Berlioz, adverse to the combination of an Organ with the Orchestra in a solo performance, the Editor has sought to arrange the Concertos for the Organ also; and, by a reinforcement of its registers at the *raut* passages, to make due provision for the appropriate rendering of the six compositions on the instrument.

The Organ part in the original consists principally of a *me Treble and Bass*; a few figures being added here and there to indicate the chords. No suggestions are given for a change of chords, nor any direction as to the use of particular registers, neither is the pedal employed in any portion of the work. A remarkable opportunity is undoubtedly offered for the exercise of musical ability in consolidating and filling up the significant outlines given by Handel into an artistic whole, a task which perhaps demands the highest powers of an Organist.

Though excision may be taken to the style of some of the movements, if critically viewed from the stand-point of musical taste at the present day, yet there exist such manifestations of power, such changes and forms of expression, such symmetry in form, and such an intimate knowledge of the resources of the Organ, that these Concertos ought not to be allowed to fall into disuse from any hindrance presented by their original form to an effective performance upon our modern instruments.

In the present attempt at a reproduction of Handel's Six Organ Concertos, the Editor must not be regarded as endeavouring to secure a particular mode of treatment, but rather as presenting a practical illustration of one manner of treating a favorite and most valued work, after a diligent study of several years.

W. T. BEST.

St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 26 May, 1858.

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- Trío, "The Little Echo." Mendelssohn
- Chorus, "I'll watche over Israel" (Hijab). Handel
- Chorus, "When His Loud Voice" (Sabbath). Handel
- Chorus, "The Lord is good" (Sabbath). Handel
- Quartet and Chorus, "Holy, holy, holy" (Elijah). Mendelssohn
- Motet, "Ave verum corpus." Mozart
- Song and Chorus, "Psalms, lxxxviii" (Elijah). Mozart

PART II.

- Chorus, "Oh, the Pleasures of the Piano" (Airs and Galop). Handel
- Part Song, "Farewell to the Ferry." Mendelssohn
- Chorus, "To Thee, O Lord of all" (Prayer—Moth in Ghetto). Mendelssohn
- Trío and Chorus, "See the Conquering Hero Comes" (Julius Mæcenas). Handel
- Solo and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy Ocean" (Lionardo). Mozart
- Chorus, "The Lord is Power" (Prayer—Mendelssohn). Mozart
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Conductor, Mr. Costa.
 Mr. Brownsmith will preside at the large organ built for the Great Handel Festival.

The Band will include the members of the bands of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Royal Italian Opera, the Amateur Musical Society, the Crystal Palace, &c., together with the Crystal Palace Wind Band, and the Full Bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The Chorus will be composed of the Fourteen Hundred Members of the Amateur Division of the Great Handel Festival Chorus (comprising within its ranks the Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and including selections from all the other 2-Mendelssohn Choral Societies), the leading professional Chorus, the Two Hundred Yorkshire Choralists, including the celebrated Bradford Chorus, with Deputations from many of the leading Provincial Choral Societies, the City Choir, and various continental Choral and Part-Song Chorus, thus forming a total of TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED PERFORMERS, fully occupying the Great Orchestra built for the Handel Festival, and presenting an ensemble of Musical Talent unrivalled, if not surpassing in effectiveness the unexampled opening of the Palace in 1854, and the Great Handel Festival of 1857.

The entire Musical Arrangements under the direction of the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The doors will be opened at Twelve o'clock. The performance will commence at Three, and be closed about Five o'clock.
 Admission by the ordinary season Ticket (One Guinea); by single day ticket, purchased on or before Thursday next, 1s. 6d.; or family day tickets for four persons to be sold previously purchased as above, also, and on commencing reserved seats in the nave, 6s. extra; in the galleries, 10s. 6d. extra. Tickets (which must be secured beforehand) are now on sale at the Crystal Palace, or at the General Ticket Office, No. 2, Exchange-street, a large book class of seats at the Great Handel Festival may be inspected.
 Admission to the Crystal Palace, by payment, on the day of performance, 10s. 6d.
 A Supply of the entire series of the Great Fountains will take place on Monday after the performance. The performance will be given by the Military Bands and Crystal Palace Wind Band will perform in the grounds until dusk.

THE LONDON SEASON.

The exuberance of the feelings and scenes of gaiety, which the fair and virtuous to share to a advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to desire increased attention to the health of the Teeth. It is in such occasions that

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is a delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair, and as an invigorating and beautifier beyond all precedent.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR (for the Skin and Complexion, is unequalled for its more than inestimable qualities. The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek; the softness and delicacy which it induces on the hand; and the ease of working it into the skin, are all so striking and so conspicuous defects, discolorations, and all irregularities, render it indispensable to every Toilet.

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 Beware of IMPURITIES, IMITATIONS.



THE COUNTESS OF CELLANT.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

Milan, 18th June, 1858.

ALL the musical theatres here, with the exception of the *Radegonia*, are closed, and the Italians, who draw their inspiration from the hour, and only live in excitement, would be in a dreadful state of *ennui*, but for the "Contessa di Cellant" having for the moment supplied a stimulant.

The Countess of Cellant is the heroine of a new drama which has been just published (written by a certain Luigi Giuseppino Vallardi, hitherto unknown in Italian literature), and the merits and demerits of which form at present the subject of general discussion. The friends of the author, both in the public journals and in society, have been "blowing the trumpet" with respect to the extraordinary genius of the new-found poet, or, as some say, the extraordinary genius displayed in the new-found drama (it being hinted that the work was found unfinished among some old papers which belonged to one of the Viscontis, by whom it is asserted to have been written), and the world were told by the trumpeters to expect something equal, if not surpassing, Shakspeare and Dante! The work has now, however, been brought before the public, and whether it be the wonderfully talented production which Signor Vallardi's friends consider it, or the culpable and daring defence of crime and immorality, which some of the Italians pronounce it, there is no doubt that the pages of the *Contessa di Cellant* contain many poetic beauties and proofs of genius of no common order. At any rate, the book has run through two editions of several thousand scenes in the course of ten days, unprecedented in modern Italy!

The scene is laid at Milan in the year 1567, at which period the Countess di Cellant was executed in front of the Piazza di Castello of the city, having been convicted upon the charges of infidelity and notorious immoral conduct, brought against her by her second husband, Count Cellant. This, be it remembered, was 300 years ago. Of the various delinquencies of the Countess, the following extract from a very clever and spirited article in the Italian journal, *L'Uomo di Pietra*, will perhaps give the best idea, inasmuch as, although the writer is one of those hypercritical, and, may I say, *mock-puritanical* Italians, whose notions of morality are so "positively shocked" at some parts of the new drama, yet the facts stated in the portion of his review which I now select, are "admitted items" against the guilty Countess. The article supposes the Countess to be brought at the present day before a tribunal consisting of modern authors and critics, *L'Uomo di Pietra*, as president, interrogating the accused as follows:—

President.—Your name?

Accused.—Bianca Maria Scarpardona.

Pres.—Your country?

Acc.—Monferrata.

Pres.—Who was your father?

Acc.—I have not known him; but they say he was a Jewish merchant.

Pres.—Who was your first husband?

Acc.—The Count di Venetia Isacotti.

Pres.—How came you to marry a nobleman?

Acc.—Because he was pleased with my beauty and my accomplishments.

Pres.—You are modest. And how did he die?

Acc.—Of indigestion—chronic.

Pres.—Ah, very bad! And who was your second husband?

Acc.—The Count of Cellant.

Pres.—Why did you separate from him?

Acc.—From incompatibility of character!

Pres.—And not from any other reasons? (*Smiling at the accused.*)

Acc.—(*Blushing.*) For love!

Pres.—What love?

Acc.—(*In an affected manner.*) You understand me.

Pres.—Enough. And who was your lover?

Acc.—The Signor Ardizzone Valperga!

Pres.—Ah, he was one, and the other?

Acc.—The other?

Pres.—Reply, because justice knows all, and if you are sincere, I promise you mercy?

Acc.—The Signor Roberto Sanserrero, Count of Gijazzo.

Pres.—Did you love them both at the same time?

Acc.—Calamny!

Pres.—Justice knows everything! One in the evening, and the other in the morning? Speak, and you will have no cause to regret it.

Acc.—One in the evening, the other in the morning.

Pres.—And a third in the middle of the day?

Acc.—Calamny!

Pres.—It is not sufficient to reply "Calamny." Peter Cardona, a Spaniard? I promise you mercy.

Acc.—Do you swear it?

Pres.—On the oath of the President!

Acc.—(*Reluctantly.*) Yes, also Peter Cardona. &c., &c., &c.

And this is the woman whom the Signor Vallardi has chosen for his heroine, and whom he represents in his drama (and successfully, so far as the drama itself is concerned), as the innocent victim of foul-tongued calamny, spurned and rejected admirers, and a cruel, tyrannical and jealous husband.

Signor Vallardi (if really the author of the *Contessa di Cellant*, which there appears no sufficient reason to doubt), is evidently a man of talent, and also a man of courage. But he has attempted too much, in undertaking the office of defender of the memory of the Countess of Cellant. He should choose better and nobler subjects. The very men who are loudest in condemnation of the book do the same thing every week in their journals, for which they now blame Signor Vallardi. Instead of exposing vice they constantly cover it with a glittering tinsel; but with them, *all is tinsel*, while Signor Vallardi is evidently capable of better things. It is one among the many evidences of a decay of genius and intellect in Italy, that there is scarcely a single writer at present actuated by any lofty or useful motive. They all honour a depraved taste, and lower themselves by writing down to the public, instead of attempting to raise the public up to them. If they be honest men, they do not show it. They live to write, and write to live—most of them loose livers and loose writers who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to."

If Sign. Vallardi has defended the memory of the Countess of Cellant from a strong moral conviction of her innocence, he has pleaded well on her behalf, but his task was too desperate to expect a verdict in favour of his client. When next we hear of Sig. Vallardi, it is to be hoped it may be as a castigatour of vice, and not its advocate. Such gifts as his should be directed towards effecting some improvement and reform in the moral and social condition of his countrymen, of which they stand at present so much in need. The drama is written in prose, and is not calculated for dramatic representation; the speeches are most of them too long, and the characters too numerous. The character of Moro, the enemy of the Countess, (the Iago of the play), is powerfully drawn; and that of Corilla, a nun, and niece of the Countess, in love with Carlo Valperga, who, according to the drama, is falsely stated to be also a "Ciesbeo" of Cellant's, is a really beautiful creation. Corilla is, beyond doubt, the gem of the drama, and it is here, in the cause of true love, and true virtue, that the author seems to have felt that he had got elbow room. The character of Bernardino Luino, the celebrated painter, and friend of Cellant's, speaks also in language worthy of so great a man.

The author dedicates his drama

"To the Ladies of Lombardy,

for

Beauty, Courage, and Piety,

second to none.

This Drama, &c., &c."

and this, with reference to the very name of "Cellant," has offended certain "delicate susceptibilities."

I have ventured to attempt a translation of a few passages as specimens of the author's style:—

Pasterla—(A young Italian, with reference to the apathy of his countrymen under the presence and oppression of the Spanish Army in Milan.)—Proceed, slaves of the iron colt, sheep of the burning brand!

The trumpet announces that the gates of the castle are open, and that

the soldiers are about to riot in your streets. I hear the shout that fills you with alarm, and urges you to retire. It is a day of festivity, close your shops—let your tables be served, and adorn your wives like courtesans. Hasten, hasten—they kneel and demand hospitality and courtesy. Beware of the impression they seek to make on your daughters! The well-measured songs and kisses of the barbarians, that make the picture of the saints hanging upon your walls turn pale. Endure with patience, and you will be favoured. The houses of the poor cannot raise armorial bearings to make their inmates respected, nor do they contain ruffians hired to defend them. The "Bears," different in skin, but similar in appetite, have crossed the mountains, and descended on your fertile plains. The barrier has been broken down by your inaction. They would reap, instead of you. Go to your Ambrosian torments! The sweat of shame will soften the agony of the wounds, and teach you that the followers in the train of a foreign triumph are ignorance, discord, hunger, pestilence, and here! Oh, the seed of such fruit will spread itself for many centuries over this unfortunate land, unless it be crushed or purified. Then, and only then, my dear country, thou wilt revive.*

The Sardinian Moro exclaims:—

"The mind and the heart resemble two sepulchres covered by the same stone: the air that penetrates through the fissures of the one corrupts the corpse that reposes in the other."

The young nun Corilla says:—

"Of the world I have only a weak and confused idea, formed at the period when I resided with my parents. But what matters: no one has returned from heaven, and yet scenes and minnie things are depicted before us which seem to speak of that celestial sphere. I ascend the tower, and I see the city below me, the country around, the blue mountains in the distance, and I sigh for liberty! I gather a bunch of flowers to lay upon the altar, and their colour, their fragrance, tells me, that creation was never meant to begin end in bitterness, . . . and I part for life. In this book (*showing a Book of Prayers*) it is written, that the saints, disgusted with the pleasures of the world, built the monasteries, in which we, who have seen or know nothing of it, are doomed to be for ever incarcerated."

"*Bianca* (*the Countess Cellina*).—Miserable and contemptible creatures, prouder of the beautiful bracelet that glitters upon her arm than of the woman who leans upon you. But this I ought to have foreseen. Men, incredulous of the honour of a friend, and wanting the courage to defend them against their calumniators. When they show themselves in public with you, and witness the anger and the smile of your enemies, they view it not with agitated blood, but pass it over in silence, fearing lest by encountering the insolent with a look, they may compromise their own character; and, if afterwards, they have the courage to demand of the injured victim the reason of that smile, they construe her silence, her tears, her anguish, into a confession of her guilt! It is not that smile that you may see, though he has a thousand times sworn to love you, invariably, throws off the mask, and joins the ranks of your enemies, creatures with asse's heads and vipers' tongues, who bestow upon you some vile word, that uttered in the evening in their cups, is repeated by listeners on the morrow, and the next day becomes a proverb! Oh, my countrywomen, you with a modest appearance combining an innocent heart, this awaits you from lovers who possess the fame of nobility and valour!"

"*Bianca*, again.—My censures have established a most comprehensive school against me—"Twere best I wore a mask, changing it continually, for fear of being known." I walk out—"See, she is tired of being alone." I go into the country—"It is to fulfil some secret engagement." I am ill—"I do not receive company, in order to enjoy greater liberty."—I am gay—"I shall never leave off the follies of my youthful days."—I am melancholy—"Ah, you see they have abandoned her."—'Tis fortunate that I have no children, or they would be sure to say—"Mark the resemblance," alluding to some reputed lover.

"*The Countess* (*to the painter Livino*).—See those portraits which have a decided resemblance, but are yet without life. Tell me the reason.

"*Livino*.—It is easy to obtain a likeness when we paint with fidelity every feature, but it is not so easy to give it life. Every countenance has its own peculiar expression, according to the feelings by which the individual is actuated, and to represent it at one of these moments is one of the great secrets of our art. But this habit must not be confounded with the expression which may be exhibited under poulter

circumstances, or the portrait will be that of an actor when he endeavours to represent a character.

Want of time prevents further extracts. I fear that in what I have translated, I have done but little justice to the Italian dramatist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 351.)

ALTHOUGH California possesses but one perfect harbour, that of San Francisco, yet it is one of the noblest in the world: the so-called harbours of San Diego, Monterey, Bodega, Half Moon Bay, and others, whose names I forget, are mere roadsteads, where, if a north-western breeze begins to blow, there is no time to heave up the anchor, but it is slipped, and vessels peg away to sea, as the sailors say, in quick sticks. But the Bay of San Francisco, or rather I should say the bays, extend into the interior for hundreds of miles, that is, taking into account the noble rivers that have their rise in the mountains, and navigable for an extraordinary distance, fall into the great receiving basin, and thence into the Pacific through the Golden Gate. These rivers and bays were already, at this early period of the golden State's history, well supplied with excellent steam-boats, with the many comforts and luxuries for which these travelling hotels are so justly celebrated, and enormous fortunes have been realized by the enterprising proprietors. The shores of the bays are very sparsely supplied with timber for a distance of about forty miles from San Francisco, but the numerous rocky islets were literally alive with water-fowl of every description, from the little dab-chick to the enormous white pelican, a specimen of which I saw shot that measured twenty-two feet from the extreme points of the wings. Curlew, snipe, and plover flutter about in myriads; and as you enter the narrow passages of the rivers, you ever and anon catch sight of the solitary bustard sneaking along the sedge banks, or pop round a corner suddenly upon a congregation of milk-white cranes, who with a chorus of indignant croaks, soar away from their necks twisted back, and their spindles shanks hanging down, each a kind of ornithological dandy long-legs. Soon the cotton-wood trees, sycamores, and those light, pulpy woods that prefer the vicinity of the water, make their appearance. A wild grape, in luxuriant festoons, creeps lovingly up the branches, forming at times beautiful leafy screens; while, as you pass savannahs or open country, a herd of antelopes will center pleasantly down to the bank, and after satisfying their curiosity by a rapid stare from their beautiful eyes, wheel round like a squadron of light cavalry, and scamper away with the air of gentlemen who had performed a solemn duty, and who were therefore entitled to indulge in a little self-gratulation.

At times, during a very rainy season, the waters flood all the valleys and lowlands, and then the various denizens of the plains, the elk, antelope, deer, and large herds of cattle, take refuge upon the higher points of land, and are often rescued by boats, sometimes when the poor creatures have been so long standing in the water that the hoofs literally rot off, and leave the wretched animals upon their bleeding stumps. We were now upon the great Sacramento river, which receives into its embraces other rivers of a similar roving tendency, which wind through the great alluvial valley of the Sacramento, now one of the most extraordinary wheat-growing districts in the world. And it would seem that nature had lavished her bountiful gifts upon this favoured land; for not only do her mountains teem with gold and her hill-tops yield noble timber, but her valleys are mines of precious metal to the agriculturist, the yield from cereal grains being almost incredible. There is neither frost nor snow, the rains make their appearance periodically, and although the temperature of the air is high, no oppressive feelings arise, for the atmosphere is very attenuated; and I have suffered more from the heat of the weather in London, with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade, than in this fair land at a hundred and ten. Electric phenomena are also unknown, for the soil is so impregnated with magnetic iron, that it becomes a huge battery or accumulator of electricity, regulating a balance above

* The young Pasteria's sentiments smell strongly of 1848 instead of 1847.

and below—so much so, that in short lines of telegraph there is no absolute necessity for insulating the wires, as was the case for a considerable time in the line from the Heads to the city of San Francisco.

The city of Sacramento is situated upon the banks of the river, at the embarcadero, or landing-place of Sutter's Fort (of which more anon). It lies about twenty feet *below* the level of the river when swollen by the rains or the melted snows, and is protected by an embankment, or levee as it is called, but spite of this protection, the city has been often inundated, and has suffered severely in consequence; and at one time the flood came upon the heels of a fire that laid the devoted city in ashes, so that some idea may be formed of the "particular unhandsome fix" the people were in. Indeed, a month before our arrival, one of these periodical submergings had visited the place, the remains of which visitation were very apparent; and it speaks volumes for the healthiness of the climate, that upon the recession of the waters, which leave their slimy mud behind to fester in the sun, epidemic diseases are unknown. The city is laid out with five noble wide streets at right angles, which, although I have no doubt a convenient method of building, I never could abide. There is such a want of picturesque beauty about it, and your eye gets so tired of straight lines crossed by other straight lines, that you long for a bit of crooked street as a relief to the monotonous effect. In the middle of one of the principal streets were several noble trees, which, with great good taste, had been spared the devastating axe: the last great fire has, however, levelled these old giants of the forest, and they will never again be used for the singular purpose that they were put to in the early history of the settlement, which was that of suspending a couple of gentlemen, who had committed murder or some such primitive amusement, by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead. Those times have passed, and I hope the necessity will never occur again, when the quiet and law-abiding citizens will have to rise en masse, and revolve society into its first elements, by a singular anomaly break the law for the very purpose of sustaining it.

Our first two concerts were given in a church, as the theatre was not then disengaged. We afterwards obtained it, and gave four concerts a-week for three weeks with very good success, although not equal to our San Francisco engagement. Having little to do upon our non-performing nights, I made several excursions into the country (as Mr. Farlington would call them); went to the races at Brighton, about twelve miles distant; had several picnics at a delightful place called Oak Grove, near the city; and was much interested with a trip to Sutter's Fort. This decayed monument of man's energy and perseverance was erected by a very singular personage, who figures largely in the early history of California. Captain Sutter was a captain in the Swiss Guard of Charles the Tenth, and after the revolution of the bourgeoisie which elevated Louis-Philippe to the throne of the French, with native energy emigrated to this far-off land.

At that time the great harbour of San Francisco was only known to a few traders, principally Russians, who went there for hides, and the only houses were those used for the purpose of curing the hides, and the residence of the factor, or chief cook and bottle-washer of the concern. Monterey was the only approach to a regular port, and here Captain Sutter landed, having purchased a large grant of land from the Mexican government. His object was to found a new home, a new settlement in the wilderness; and he did. He founded a nation; for the great opening wedge that was to lay bare the riches of the land to all nations, Gold, was discovered by his workmen, while digging a mill-race at one of his outer stations, Coloma.

But I am anticipating. Sutter was a man of great energy, combined with which he possessed an extraordinary fund of good-nature, and, with a spirit born to command, was the most generous and gentle of beings. He soon made friends with a tribe of Indians, who looked upon him as their white father, and the remnant of which tribe are pensioners upon his bounty still. He landed cannon from his vessel at Monterey, packed his provisions and agricultural implements, and started, like a peaceful conqueror, a journey of seven hundred miles across the country, wild and untenanted, save by the wild beast or

wilder man, to his settlement, which, with a natural love of home, he christened New Helvetia. Here he erected a quadrangular fort of sun-dried adobes; the four corners had towers, or bastions, upon which he mounted his cannon, and, with a good supply of ammunition, could always bid defiance to any far-off tribe of Indians, who might incline to make a raid upon him. As for those tribes his near neighbours, they loved him too well to molest him, and he pursued his way, a peaceful, thriving agriculturist. Soon the war between the United States and Mexico broke out; parties of mountain soldiery, headed by the gallant explorer Fremont, and his iron-famed guide, Kit Carson, penetrated across the Rocky Mountains, while a regiment of New York gamins, commanded by Col. Stevenson (now a respected lawyer of San Francisco), were landed seaward. The country was soon in the possession of the Americans; and as most of the Mexicans took both sides of the question (like the old Scotch lords in the Jacobite rebellion), they managed to save their lands. Captain Sutter was always strongly in favour of the American occupation, and aided them by every means in his power; and most ungratefully has he been repaid. He has spent thousands of pounds upon relief parties sent out into the desert to relieve the starving and freezing immigrants, and was always ready to supply the government with horses; but he never has been repaid a single penny, and until lately did not even have his possessions confirmed to him, which was long after they had all melted away through the chicanery of lawyers, the ingratitude of false friends, and his childishly generous disposition; and the old gentleman, bearing the empty honour of Major General of the forces of the State, from the wreck of his princely domains has saved but one farm of about four hundred acres, where he is cultivating the grape for the purpose of making Hock wine, and where the fine old gentleman, one of the few remaining specimens of the *ancien régime*, hospitably receives all who will honour him by paying Hock Farm a visit.

(To be continued.)

Zaubrischrei zum Flosser.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Of two things (if not neither) both, or either:—

1. Can you or any of your readers inform me in what town, city, village or hamlet, Herr Anton Rubinstein, the celebrated Muscovite piano-player, "achieved the nimbus!"

2. Can you or any of your readers tell me where I can obtain (clean) copies of the (string) quartets of Tschaikowsky?

Your obedient servant,

Yate, near Armr., June 24.

NAVEL-WORT.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dublin, June 21st, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—Do not let your valuable correspondent, AMATEUR, suppose that the Irish are not able to value and appreciate, and anxious to hear the classical music of the masters of the tuneful art. It has long been a subject of regret, and, indeed, of indignation, to multitudes of us on this side of the Channel, to find the pure and wholesome services of Rogers, Boyce, King, Green, Tallis, &c., and their excellent contemporaries shunted, to make way for the scissors and paste-work of poor and egotistical incu-petency, and self-sufficient pride and naughtiness of heart. In the Cathedral itself the viers-choral hate the trash they are compelled to lend themselves to; but what can they do, when the powers that be will bear nothing against the imbecility of the hero of the paste-pot. If report does not speak amiss, we are likely to be indulged with a burlesque of Haydn, during the next winter, from the same *staff*. Mendelssohn is said to have proved too tough for the already fatigued seasons of the giorious compiler. But in sober earnestness, do let us thank you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness in moving for our rescue from this present Egyptian darkness.

I remain, dear Editor, yours faithfully,

ANTIMARKS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean holds a lease of this theatre until August twelvemonth.

ROSSINI'S BARBIERE.

When the celebrated tenor, Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot, came to Paris, and presented to the manager of the Théâtre-Italien the score of *Il Barbire di Siviglia*, the work of his friend, young Rossini, whose name was beginning to be known on both sides the Alps, he had to overcome a redoubtable opposition, principally on the part of the illustrious Paër, then all-powerful in musical matters, and who, without undervaluing the great talent of the young *maestro* of Bologna, or rather because he perceived too plainly his rising talent, wished to shut the door in his new rival's face. It was this combat of old Paër against young art which furnished M. Scribe with the well-known subject of his *Concert à la Cour*, and the character of the crafty manager, whose intrigues long obstruct and impeded the success of a *débütante*, destined, of course, in the long run, to triumph over the plots of the scheming *maître-de-chapelle*.

Garcia, without being discouraged, disparted the ground, inch by inch, with the obstinate and mischievous author of *Agnes*, and with such success, that the latter, beaten back to his last entrenchments, offered to be guided in the matter by the decision and well-proved good taste of Habeneck, who then swayed the dictatorial sceptre of the *Opéra*.

Habeneck, a great musician, and incapable of jealousy, received the score of *Il Barbire*. He kept it for a length, went through it, examined it, and, at length, gave it back to Garcia, stating that, "without doubt, there were some tolerably pretty things in the work, but that a select public, like that of the Italians, at Paris, required *opéras of greater strength*; that the work in question was all very well as an *opérette*, manufactured in a hurry for a carnival or an Italian fair" (it is true the *Barbire* was conceived, written, and played in twenty days), "but that no one could think of introducing productions of such slight texture to a Parisian audience," etc.

Paër triumphed, but Garcia fortunately for Rossini, would not be beaten. His energetic conviction, his devotion to the *maestro*, and his ardent desire to play before the Parisians the character of Almaviva, which he had created at Rome, and of which he had himself composed the famous serenade, "Io son Lindoro!" triumphed over every obstacle. Taking advantage of the fact that his services were needed as tenor, he would only consent to engage on condition of singing Rossini's *Barbire* conjointly with Paisiello's. The rest is known. After a little indiscretion, the public evinced an enthusiastic admiration for the *Barbire* of Rossini, while that of Paisiello was neglected. The revolution, so clearly perceived and obstinately combated by Paër, took place in musical art, and Rossini reigned, as he does still.

This anecdote was related, long afterwards, by Habeneck himself, as a striking example of the fallibility and uncertainty of human judgment.

HAMBURG.—Herr Leopold von Meyer, the well-known saloon-pianist, from Vienna, stopped here a few days, during his almost uninterrupted series of tours throughout the country. He gave, a short time since, six concerts in Cracow (in the Polish theatre). He afterwards gave three in the theatre at Warsaw, and then two, which were extraordinarily well-attended, in St. Petersburg, (in the grand rooms of the nobility), the Imperial Court, as well as the most fashionable circles, being numerously represented. His success was something unusual, as already stated in a late number of the *Paris Gazette Musicale*. This restless traveller, whose talent does not allow him to remain long in any one place, will, in obedience to an invitation from the Imperial Governor of Warsaw, proceed, next week, to add a lustre to the festivities accompanying the races there, which are generally attended by the highest aristocracy. He will then return to his native town, Vienna. At the Stadttheater, Herr Stighelli has given satisfaction as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, both by his excellently-trained voice and great feeling and intelligence, combined with a most unusually clear and intelligible pronunciation.

ROSSINI'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

ROSSINI has just left the Boulevard des Italiens, and the *Chaussée d'Antin*, to take possession of his summer retreat at Beausséjour, a spot connected with some of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life.

The illustrious *maestro* resided there at the time when Madame Ricquier, the Princess de Lieven, M. Guizot, and a host of other celebrities made it their place of meeting. You might have saluted Châteaubriand and Rossini in the same alley.

The old pavilion, honoured by being the birthplace of more than one inspiration of the author of *Gaillaume Tell*, has made way for a new building, without sacrificing anything of the green foliage, which sheltered the residence of the illustrious *maestro*. There are still the same lilacs in blossom every spring, and, within two or three generations, the same limets and the same nightingales, which seek a refuge and lodge in a concert there every morning. It is within two paces of this old residence, within the same walls, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, that Rossini has come to seek the air of other times, the breeze wafted from Bellevue and from St. Cloud, that is to say, the perfume of the fields, without leaving Paris or his Boulevards, from which he could not tear himself away even exceptionally.

The pavilion of the Princess de Talleyrand, to whom Beausséjour belonged nearly half a century ago, has flung open its doors to him.—From its summit, every morning, to take his first walk to Passy and Auteuil, passing, like a schoolboy, near the Artesian well in the plain, that gigantic work whose subterranean wonders interest in the greatest degree his inquiring mind. The slightest pulsations of this incessant boring process are interrogated by him, and his most lively wish is to be one of the first, if not absolutely the first, at the marvellous spectacle of the water gushing and springing forth, from the hand of man from the deepest entrails of the earth. It is still the great German borer, M. Kind, who, under the direction and with the assistance of M. Alphand, the chief engineer of the Bois de Boulogne, is urging forward, night and day, the deliverance of the sheet of water, destined soon to spread its hurrying waves towards Passy, Neuilly, Auteuil, and Boulogne. This gentleman only understands his ultra-Thénish idiom, the only one, perhaps, not familiar to Rossini. Consequently, the celebrated *maestro* obtains from him simply the short but expressive reply, "*Mahour*" or "*Bonhour*," according to the exciting oscillations of the interminable process of boring, which promises, however, to be brought to a successful termination, like all the great enterprises of the age.

Although, at the first dawn of day, Rossini strides with a light and firm step through the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, he is only the better disposed every evening to take part in the most varied and sparkling conversation. His Parisian friends do not desert him; he has an amiable remark for everyone, and something to say on everything. During the day he willingly sits down to the piano, and extemporises adorable bagatelles. From time to time, "the noble game of billiards"—as it used to be called—has the privilege of engaging his attention. Such days are festive days to the neighbour who has the honour of receiving him—together with Levasseur, Ponchard, Mesdames Rossini and Fodor—and of sometimes hearing Naudaud's songs, of which Rossini is particularly fond. A cue of honour, touched by no hand but the *maestro's*, and surmounted by a crown with gold leaves, while opposite it is the bust which inspired the chisel of Dantan—such is the coat-of-arms of the highly-privileged billiard-room. The conversation never languishes, and the "Swan of Pesaro" is always the hero, as a *maestro* ensures.

Such is the way in which Rossini spends his summer, loved and venerated by every one, loving all around him, and happy at having again found France, and his friends of former times, and at having returned to Paris, after which he had signed for twenty years.—*Moniteur*.

TALBURGH, after all, is not engaged at Drury Lane, and Sig. Radiali will play Don Giovanni.

REUNION DES ARTS.—(From a Correspondent).—Joachim and Rubinstein were the attractions at the *soirée*, June 10th. They performed together the grand sonata, in C minor, of Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin, in a truly magnificent style, and the audience applauded enthusiastically during the whole of it. Herr Rubinstein's solos were, as usual, extraordinary performances. The well-known quintet of Hummel was excellently rendered by Messrs. Rubinstein, Goffrie, Schmidt, Paque, and Howell. Miss Malilah Homer (a young singer), and Signor Guglielmo, the vocalists, were much applauded; as was also Monsieur Paque in a clever violoncello solo. Herr Adolph Schloesser and Herr W. Ganz were conductors.

PRAGUE.—We have received from the Committee of the Jubilee of the Conservatory, the following communication, with a request that we would give it publicity:—Programme of the 50th anniversary of the Prague Conservatory, to be held from the 7th to the 10th July, 1858. On the 7th July, at ten o'clock, A.M., a solemn high mass and *Te Deum*, in the St. Jacobskirche, in the Altstadt. At six o'clock, P.M., a grand concert of the Conservatory in the Ständisches Theater. The concerted pieces will be performed exclusively by pupils now in the institution, and the solos by artists educated there. On the 8th July, at seven, P.M., a grand performance in the Ständisches Theater. On the 9th July, at seven, P.M., a grand concert of sacred music, in the Ständisches Theater.—A. The 100th Psalm, by Handel; B. The Ninth Symphony, with chorus, by L. van Beethoven, executed by the pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Schiller-Verein, and of the orchestra of the Ständisches Theater, assisted by several artists and amateurs, as well as by such visitors as may choose to take part in the proceedings. On the 10th July, a grand dinner, given by the Association for the Advancement of Music, to the visitors and persons engaged in the Festival, namely—A. Persons specially invited, Conservatories of Music, and former pupils at the Conservatory at Prague. B. All working-members of the Association for the Advancement of Music in Bohemia. C. The professors and teachers of the Prague Conservatory. D. All musical amateurs who may signify their wish to be present, and pay ten florins currency for their tickets.

VIENNA.—Herr Eckert, who has returned from Paris, has engaged Mdle. Brand, from Brunswick, for play-operas, and Mdle. Frause, who achieved her first success, years ago, at the Imperial Opera, as *bravura* singer. As we hear, Mdle. Titieni will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Signor Gagliini, Imperial Austrian chamber-singer, is again engaged as first tenor at the Imperial Opera for the season of 1861. He will previously proceed to America, where he is engaged for seven months, at the rate of 16,000 florins a month. Mad. Charton-Demoure the graceful representative of Susanne, has been appointed chamber-singer by his Majesty the Emperor. The Italian operatic company has, at present, no less than six *Costante e Cantanti di Camara di S.M.I.A.*, namely, Mesdames Medori, Brambilla, Charton-Demour, MM. Fettioli, Carion, and Delessini. The well-known Meccenas of Art, Count Dietrichsen, has made Mad. Demour a valuable present, consisting of two rare autograph MSS. by Mozart, an aria of a serious kind, and an *aria* too—an aching tooth.

ZELLNER AND LEOPOLD DE METER.—The Vienna *Blätter für Musik* contains the following notice:—"Dr. Wiedenfeld, the legal adviser of Herr Leopold von Meyer, has deemed it necessary to appeal to the highest judicial court, the Imperial Highest Court (Cassationshof), in the well known action of Herr L. von Meyer against me for defamation of character, and publicly to announce the fact in the *Exemplarblatt*. Without thinking it necessary to examine into the motives of this proceeding, which, to say the least, is superfluous—motives that, on account of the inimical spirit manifested against me by the publication in question, need no further investigation—I shall content myself with stating that the Imperial Highest Court has confirmed the verdict of acquittal without costs pronounced by the Imperial *Oberlandesgericht*, and that Herr L. von Meyer has lost both his appeals.—Vienna, 27th May, 1858.—L. A. ZELLNER."

MUSICIANS AND MANIACS.

(From PUNCH.)

The following Paper was picked up from St. James's Hall and Hanwell, at the height of the late hot weather:—

I am not mad! I'm but *fanatico*
Per la musica—*De Lusatico*
Insipiendo no commission
 On my person 'er shall it!
 No Forbes Winslow, Conolly, Sutherland,
 No mad doctors' inquiry

To the question shall put my wit.
 I scorn the sciences of father and mother-land,
 But the art of Italia, Deutschland and Gallia,

How I revel, how I rage, how I waston in it!

Bravo, Brava, Bravi, Bravisimo,
 E' Fortissimo, E' Pianissimo!
 Two Philharmonic Castalies flowing,
 Three Italian Operas going
 Hammer and tongs,

Trombones and gongs!
 Viola, Violin, Violoncello,
 Clarinet shrill and Saxhorn mellow—;
Flauti, Fagotti, Cornale sounding,
 Kettle-drums clashing, big-drum pounding,
 And confusion worse confounding!

Three *Travesties* in different quarters,
 Three *Rigolotti* murdering their daughters!!
 Three *Trosetori* beholding their brothers!
 By the artful contrivance of three gipsy mothers!!!
 Verdi in the Haymarket, Verdi at the Lane,
 Green's in Covent Garden, and Verdi again!

Was ever a big music-be-ridden!
 Barrel-organ-beground; German-brass-band-bestridden!

What with all the Concerts at the Halle,
 And the Oratorios—*Sommes and Soles*—
 Mozart and Mendelssohn, Haydn and Handel—

All lights of the art in every part,
 From the blaze of the Sun to a farthing candle!

And the Classical matinees,
 With Claus's touch satiny,

That to hear her your heart seems to go pit-a-pat in ye—
 And Hallé's so dignified, pure, and venerous,
 And Henry Leslie's amateur chorus,

And fair Arabella, so melting and mellow,
 That she charms the stern judgment of Autocrat Ella,
 And Rubinstein,—rapid and rattling of fist,
 That one cries out with *Haydn's Papa*, "List, Oh List!"

And Patti, *Di Dio, con voce, con bris*,
 The famed fagottisti, and violinisti,
Superti, Sublime, Divine Artisti!

Joachim, Sauton, and Blagrove, and Molique,
 Whose famed Stradivarinuses,
 Amatis, Guarneriuses,

Can groan like the shofars, and scream like the colic,
 And the aspirants all,
 The great and the small,

Let loose upon London to blow, scrape, or squall,
 From Prague and from Paris and Berlin and Brussels,
 With small stocks of brain, but immense power of muscles!
 I breakfast off programmes,
 I sup upon scores.

I vote my friends figurns,
 And flats, brutes, and bora,
 Because they object to my musical taste,
 And declare that I'm crazy, and ought to be placed
 In the care of the Court—

Here the MS. closes in a mass of Musical notation.

MR. BRIGGS.—(Rejected by Mr. Punch).—The following bill was sent in to Mr. Briggs by a small farmer on a neighbouring estate:—

"Mr. Briggs to Joseph Leaf.

"To getting in Barly Feed and 3 men catching off him . 0 2 0
 Mr. Briggs paid the sum under protest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Tittens, Alboni,

Piccolomini; Belletti, Beverandino, Alighieri, Violetti, and Giuglini.
The following arrangements have been made:—
Tuesday, June 29.—LINA MILLER, Luisa, Madlle Piccolomini; Federa, Madame Albani; Rodolfo, Sig. Giuglini. And a Divertissement from Aurore's Ballet of LA BONNAMIOLA, with Madame Roati (her first appearance) and Madlle. Piccolini.
Thursday, July 1st (Extra Night)—IL TROVATORE Leonora, Madlle Tittens; Anzora, Madame Albani; and Maurizio, Sig. Giuglini. And a Divertissement with Madame Roati and Madlle Piccolini.
Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by (first time) a new Farce, in one act, entitled DINGO FOR LOVE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening 1st next, June 26, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled GOING TO THE BATH. To conclude with A CABINET QUESTION. Commence at half-past 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAD. WILHELMINA CLAUSN'S Concert, and that of MADAME SHERRINGTON LEMMENS, will, with others, be noticed in our next.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1858.

ALTHOUGH the death of Dr. Horsley can hardly be regarded as a loss to the art which he professed, since he had for many years ceased to take any active share in its progress, such an event cannot be allowed to pass without some allusion in a journal devoted to music and musicians. Dr. Horsley, like the late Mr. Attwood and others, belonged to a school which may be styled, without impropriety, the "conservative"—a school with narrow views and narrower principles. The followers of this school never went very far, never dived very profoundly into the secrets of art; but what they did was well done, and they were led to believe, from its success, that nothing else could or ought to be done in England. Though some of them survived until a period when music was making vast strides in this country, when young men imbued with a healthy enthusiasm for the great European masters began to emulate them in their loftiest flights with more or less facility, the members of this "conservative" school kept haughtily aloof, neither by word nor deed offering the smallest encouragement to their more ardent and enterprising juniors. On the contrary, they regarded them with a sort of magnanimous compassion, and, with worse than indifference, threw cold water on all their aspirations. The influence thus exercised by the elders of the profession was most obnoxious, since from the position naturally accorded to their age and experience they could, had they been so inclined, have materially advanced the cause, and instead of casting impediments in the way of musical progress, might have given it an extra impetus. Preferring, however, to look on with folded arms, they rather damped the ardour of the rising generation than stimulated it to increased exertion.

Dr. Horsley, like most of his English contemporaries, had faith in Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, patted Weber and Mendelssohn on the head, as clever boys, and set his face obstinately against the last and grandest works of Beethoven. In short, with Handel for a bible, and Mozart for a Shakespeare, he believed, in the innocence of his heart, that the

rest was concentrated in such things as "By Celia's arbour," and "See the chariot at hand,"—little dreaming that music had gone so far ahead as to dispense with these graceful trifles altogether. The truth is, in Dr. Horsley's prime, with rare exceptions, the art in England was only studied up to a certain point. A glee, or part-song, was the essence of melody and harmony; a vocal canon the last step of science. Pinto—who might have done more, had he lived, than all the "conservatives" that ever breathed—was thus compelled to seek for sympathy and brotherhood at the hands of those eminent foreign musicians who either resided among us or honoured us with periodical visits. Pinto, it is well known, smarted under the contumely heaped upon him by a number of influential professors who had reached a certain limit, and being unable to travel beyond it, set up a land-mark—as much as to say, "This is the *ne plus ultra*"; here is the barrier beyond which there is no salvation." Moreover, at bottom, Pinto cherished but little respect for men of such confined views, and it was to be lamented that his very questionable social character, his habits of intemperance, and his somewhat lax principles, furnished those who in other respects were greatly his inferiors with weapons to use against him. He died in penury, at the age of twenty-one, depriving England of the chance of another Purcell, and leaving the kingdom of art in the undisputed possession of the "Perruque." From Pinto's time down to the period of Rossini's advent, Weber's visits to England, and the subsequent influence of Spohr and Mendelssohn, music remained at a stand-still here; and a fixed measure of common-place was accepted as the *sine qua non*. Happily we have grown out of this, and though the fresh men that appeared some twenty years since, and made uncompromising war on the "Perruque" have not entirely answered the expectations that were entertained of them, they, at any rate, laid the foundation of a new era, and gave birth to a taste so much more exacting, that, one by one, our "conservatives" were forced, in spite of themselves, to retire into obscurity. No longer exercising any authority, and not having that within them which could enable them to promote the onward march of art, they were at all events debarred thenceforth from the privilege of retarding it.

Dr. Horsley was one of the best of the "conservatives," and, in some instances, one of the least bigoted. Nevertheless, he belonged to the sect; and, as art is a sacred thing and its welfare of far more importance than the mere consideration which the rules of politeness invite us to extend to individuals, it is as well, while mentioning with sincere regret the fact of his demise, that the exact position he held, and the manner in which, personally and professionally, he influenced those about him, should be candidly stated. The *Athenæum*,*

* "The long life of Mr. Horsley, one of the patriarchs of English music, and certainly one of the best composers this country has ever produced, closed a few days since. He was in his eighty-fourth year; and for something like three-parts of a century had kept a distinguished place among our professors, having only retired from the organ at which he presided a very few years since. It would be too much to expect one trained and occupied as he was to have kept pace with a time which successfully flung out vanities and novelties so great and distinct as Beethoven, Signor Rossini, Weber—not to speak of the Liszt's and Chopin's and Thalberg's, who for awhile pushed aside the smoother and simpler pianoforte music of elder dynasties. But Mr. Horsley's moral worth and uprightiness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren, if even he had not decreed well of old and young among them, by writing some of the most beautiful part-music in being. His glees in every respect merit this epithet. The words are mostly chosen with a refinement of

in a notice remarkable for good feeling, calls Dr. Horsley "one of the best composers this country has ever produced,"—an opinion from which we are compelled emphatically to dissent. That, however, to use the language of our contemporary—"his moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren,"—even if he had written fewer things and of less worth, no one that knew him can deny. Dr. Horsley was a most estimable man, and will be remembered and lamented as such; but the art of music would have been probably just in the same condition if he had never been a composer.

HAVING, in its number of the 19th inst., settled that Mad. Ristori's *Lady Macbeth* is the finest thing in the world—nay, so very fine, that the admiring critic was forced into a self-contradiction; being made to assert that "a work of art was to be felt rather than talked about"—having done all this, we say, the *Saturday Review* found itself compelled to attack somebody. This was the more requisite, as Mr. Charles Dickens' readings received a modicum of commendation, in the same number. If the *Saturday Review* were once deemed a panegyrist, its character would be gone for ever. So, under the circumstances, a puny offering to the infernal gods would not suffice; the desired equilibrium was not to be restored without a portly victim. No less a personage, therefore, than Shakspeare himself, was selected for immolation.

The gorgeous "revival" of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Princess's Theatre affords the opportunity for bringing the Bard of Avon into court. And the writer is at much pains to let us know that the said bard is the only party prosecuted. Of the manager's part of the work, he says, with great justice:—

"Mr. Kean deserves unqualified praise for the care and reverential spirit in which he has placed the *Merchant of Venice* on the stage. The cycle of his great restorations would have been incomplete without this noble effort. Considering the capabilities of his restricted stage, the fact that he has gained so complete a scenic success is perhaps a more substantial triumph than any of his former revivals. Of course, Venice demands a larger canvas."

On this last proposition the critic expatiates, and he also finds fault with the introduction of the old English song: "It was a lover and his lass," as not in keeping with the "refined Italian maid," fearful lest Mr. Kean should derive pleasure too unqualified from the preceding eulogy. However, considering that the value of an article is in some degree measured by its rarity, Mr. Charles Kean need not feel dissatisfied, either as a manager or as an actor, with the praise cautiously doled out to him by the *Saturday Review*.

Shakspeare, as we have said, is the butt at which the Saturday shafts are directed, and, first of all, the admiration of his German critics is to be disposed of. Shakspeare as we are, we confess ourselves, as far as the opposition to the Germans is concerned, entirely on the side of the *Saturday Review*:—

"We shall of course lose all caste with the extreme school of Shakspearologists if we confess to an inability to follow the transcen-

taste in itself significant; the melody in them has generally a grace and distinctness, and the harmony is always pure, rich, and delicate. It is almost superfluous to name, "By Collis's Harbour," and "See the Chariot." In the stricter forms of composition, Mr. Horsley, too, was fortunate and free. His vocal canons are excellent of their kind. It is pleasant to think that competence, respect of friends, and the domestic ministrations of those who, without indelicacy, may be characterized as a remarkable artist-family, made the latter days of his life easy and cheerful."

dental critics, Uriel and Tieck, in their interpretation of the *Merchant of Venice*. They affect—Uriel especially—to find in the three parallel intrigues of this play a common moral purpose. Shakspeare's object was, we are told, to show that an entire and resolute consistency always leads to ruin. *Summum jus summa injuria*. Had the letter of the law been carried out with an iron and unflinching severity, the greatest evil would have been the result. Law must have a conscience, and must occasionally be strained—otherwise Shylock's claim for his bond would be impregnable. The parental relation is not to be stretched too tight, and therefore Jessica was right in eloping. A dead father's will, if carried out strictly, requires the immediate interposition of the god of love, inspiring Bassanio to choose the lucky casket. The fair and witty Portia might have been Princess of Morocco had it not been for a chance—a better arbitrer of right and wrong practically than a father's will. This is as ingenious as it is nonsensical."

Well done, *Saturday Review*, very nonsensical in deed. The theory above described is a fair specimen of that art of forcing out erudite meanings which so often renders German criticism a positive nuisance. But we do not understand why Tieck is called "transcendental." Used in philosophy this word has a definite signification; used in ordinary parlance it is a mere vulgar phrase, expressing a vague sneer, and may be supposed to denote something like "abstruse,"—just as "mystical" is occasionally used as a queer sort of equivalent for "difficult," when difficulty is to be made a subject of derision. In any proper sense of the term Tieck is no more "transcendental" than he is algebraical or astronomical.

Let us take a leap, and then follow our instructor:—

"We fairly believe that Shakspeare had no moral idea at all in this play. He got hold of a very silly Italian novel, and a wild and improbable story about a Jew, and in his earliest and worst manner he put the two stories together, without any artistic purpose and with little skill."

Again we find ourselves partly agreeing with the *Saturday Review*. We believe, that although Shakspeare made this play the vehicle for expressing the sublimest moral sentiments, he was not influenced by any moral idea in the construction of the work as a whole. But this is no ground for censure, Shakspeare was not bound to be under a moral influence, whenever he wrote a romantic play—that is to say, put a story into action. As for the tale of Portia and her caskets being silly, it is the more point and purpose about it than the generality of Italian novels, being a very fanciful illustration of the proverb "all that glitters is not gold," and its value is fully shown on the stage through the restored scenes of the two unsuccessful suitors, which enable Mrs. Charles Kean to do herself full justice in her fine exhibition of Portia's character. The moral of the tale, such as it is, is carefully worked out by the poet, though we admit the absurdity of considering it identical with the moral of the Shylock part of the drama. That the stories are put together with "little skill" we absolutely deny. Through the self-sacrifice of Antonio, Portia has become united to the only man she loves, and therefore on her devolves the task of rescuing him from the clutches of his enemy. Little skill! We should rather cite the *Merchant of Venice* as an instance of marvellous skill in connecting two stories originally independent of each other.

The following is sad stuff:—

"Jessica is but Juliet-and-water; Gratiano is but a poor edition of Mercutio. Antonio is literally a nobody, whose character is marked rather by epithets—the princely Antonio, the noble Antonio—than by anything noble or princely that he says or does; and Portia, faintly—and, dare we say it, unpleasantly—recalls Beatrice."

Why may not Shakspeare introduce the character of a young woman in love and a facetious gallant without elevating them into the importance of a Juliet or a Mercutio!

Surely this is fault-finding for the mere sake of finding fault. Then, it seems, Antonio neither does nor says anything noble. He lends an enormous sum of money to a friend in a strait, and professing that friendship, which is the actuating principle of his life, he bares his bosom to the knife of the Jew. The critic of the *Saturday Review* is extremely lucky in his acquaintance if he can afford to regard all that Antonio does for Bassanio as—nothing. As for poor Portia, if she unpleasantly recalls Beatrice, the best plan is not to let her do anything of the sort. There is no such close connection between the two that one should necessarily recall the other. If the critic of the *Saturday Review* will perform think of Beatrice when he is looking at Portia, he has only himself to blame if he finds the sensation unpleasant.

Here comes the summary:—

"The *Merchant of Venice* is, then, in our poor judgment, a much over-rated play. It contains two or three wonderful passages—the speech about mercy, the whole moral force of which, however, is utterly destroyed by the vulgar persecuting spirit in which Portia announces the compulsory conversion of Shylock—and the lines about the harmony of the spheres, which are utterly out of place in a nonentity so contemptible as Lorenzo. The absolute impossibility of any sane person entering into Antonio's revolting contract is so outrageous, that its monstrous extravagance prevents all real dramatic interest in the play."

These remarks betray an utter incapacity for judging the Elizabethan drama from a proper point of view. The improbabilities of the *Merchant of Venice* belong to the very atmosphere amid which that drama had its origin, and to thrust aside the *Merchant of Venice* because no sane person would have signed the "revolting contract," would be as narrow-minded as to reject the Alcestis of Euripides because a dead woman would not so readily come back to life as the ancient model of feminine devotion. Again, why are the lines about the harmony of the spheres utterly out of place in the mouth of Lorenzo? He is a lover, in the first flush of a happy passion, and, with his young wife by his side, he sees all nature under a poetical aspect. Lovers, in the early days of enchantment, like to indulge in dreams of eternity, which is closely associated with that of imperishable union; though, perhaps, in after life, the association becomes less pleasing. These very lines prevent Lorenzo from being a nonentity.

And now, *Saturday Review*, who is to be the next victim? Sophocles! Having already demolished Shylock and Mendelssohn, a recurrence to the Hebrew race will look illiberal. But a victim is decidedly wanted; for we know we are about to be informed that the shadowy Phædra of Mad. Ristori is ten times better than the true flesh and blood of (the Jewess) Rachel. Sophocles will do very well. The wound of Philoctetes is very nasty, and the appearance of Hercules is very improbable. So there's a subject at once.

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (Jenny Lind) and her husband have arrived in town. They have taken a house at Roehampton, and intend to remain some time in England.

THE last concert of the Vocal Association will take place on Wednesday next, when the leading features will be a performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and a new overture by Herr Joachim, entitled, *Henry the Fourth*.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Buckstone closes his theatre on the 7th of July, after an uninterrupted series of performances over 500 nights. The interval between the closure and the opening, which will take place at the end of September, will be employed in renovating and re-decorating the theatre. The Haymarket company proceed, with Mr. Buckstone, to Manchester, where they commence a short season on the 11th July.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE news to be provided this week is prospective rather than retrospective. The subscribers have learned with delight that Madlle. Titiens' *congé* is prolonged, in consequence, as we are officially informed, of the repairs of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna not being completed, whereby the performance are inevitably suspended. An extract from a Vienna paper, however, will be read in another part of our journal, from which it would appear that the admirers of the great Teutonic *prima donna* need be under no apprehensions whatever of her leaving.

The performance of the past week include—Saturday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, for the third time, with *La Reine des Songes*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore*, with *La Reine des Songes*; and Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, with *Fleur des Champs*. The theatre, on each occasion, has been crowded in every part. On Thursday, Her Majesty and Prince Consort, with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, attended the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Tuesday, Madlle. Rosati makes her *reentrée* in a *divertissement* from the ballet of *Soumbanda*, now being performed with great success at the Grand Opera of Paris. Madlle. Spezia will shortly make her *début* for the season in *Nabucco*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fra Diavolo was performed on Saturday, "by desire." Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their royal guests, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, occupied the royal box.

Fra Diavolo was repeated on Tuesday, and the *Barbieri* on Thursday, with *La Brésillienne*. Amber is now better represented than Rossini. Time was when no theatre in Europe could compete with the Royal Italian Opera in the performance of Rossini's operas. *Il Barbieri* in the new theatre is not what it used to be in the old.

Martha, for which the *Traviata* is substituted this evening, will be produced on Thursday.

The first extra night of the season takes place on Monday, when the *Huguenots* will be given.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

I Puritani cannot be said to have achieved the same success as *Il Barbieri*, not because in its way Madame Persiani's Elvira is not as good as Madame Viardot's Rosina, but because the music of Rossini is more acceptable to the million than that of Bellini, and because the *Puritani* was written not merely to suit the talents, but the peculiarities of four renowned singers. Never was a more admirable piece of musical tailoring than Bellini's *Puritani*. Hence, since the opera was composed, although scores of *prima donnas*, tenors, barytones, and basses, have essayed the parts of Elvira, Arturo, Riccardo, and Giorgio, not one has approached any of the four originals. Until certain memories be erased from the brains of modern opera-goers, it would be better, we fancy, to shelve *I Puritani*, since satisfaction is certain not to follow from its performance. Mad. Persiani even now sings the music of Elvira with extraordinary fluency and brilliancy, and everywhere shows herself the consummate artist, and one of the greatest living mistresses of vocalisation. She acts the part, too, with much feeling and propriety, if she does not exhibit any large amount of passion, and identifies herself with every phase of the character. Still, Elvira does not suit her, either in a vocal or histrionic light, like Lucia, Alinda, or some other parts belonging more immediately to her repertory. Mad. Persiani's first appearance at Drury Lane was as great an event as that of Mad. Viardot; only the *Puritani* was not so well played on the whole as the *Barbieri*. Signor Badiali again distinguished himself by his artistic singing and acting. Signor Naudin found the music of Arturo quite out of his way.

Madame Persiani's greatest points were in the polacca and the mad scene. The cavatina, "Qui la voce," was a remarkable display of bravura singing, and created an immense sensation. *La Soumbanda* is announced for Monday, with Madame Viardot as Amina. *Norma* is in preparation for the same day.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE Queen, Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, &c., attended a grand vocal and instrumental concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the funds of the Royal Academy of Music. The Hall was not crowded, and yet the public generally was much inconvenienced in consequence of the exceedingly bad arrangements. The representatives of the press were stationed so as to be set doing nothing, hear little, and, at the best, catch coils, sciaticas, lumbagos, mumps, neuralgia, and tooth-ache. Under these circumstances, our record of the event must be a bare one. The Queen and party arrived at nine o'clock, and at a sign from Mr. Costa (conductor), the National Anthem made itself heard, as well as that was possible from the recess in St. James's Hall. We append the list of the orchestra:—

Principal Violins—P. Saindon, H. Blagrove. *First Violins*—R. Clement, F. Folkes, H. Hill, H. Henrick, A. Haynes, C. W. Isaac, A. Seymour, A. Simmons, A. Streather, Smith, J. H. B. Dando. *Second Violins*—W. Watson (Principal), F. Amor, G. Cureton, W. Egerton, T. H. Farrar, J. Hill, C. Inwards, J. Kelly, W. Loades, G. L. Newton, T. Watson, W. Blagrove, Payton. *Violas*—C. W. Doyle (Principal), R. Blagrove, C. T. Colechester, J. Gleilhill, W. Mason, F. Westlake, J. W. Glasville, H. Frost, J. H. With. *Violoncello*—W. L. Phillips (Principal), W. H. Ayeward, H. Chapp, W. H. Goodban, S. Ings, W. Pettit, J. W. Hancock, G. Peque. *Double Basses*—J. Howell (Principal), J. Blakiston, A. Howell, G. Mount, F. S. Pratten, J. Reynolds, C. Severa, H. Winterbottom. *Flutes*—J. Richardson, J. R. Radcliffe, B. Wells. *Piccolo*—E. Carl. *Oboes*—G. Horton, E. Malach. *Clarionets*—H. Lazarus, A. Owen. *Bassoons*—G. Westing, A. W. Chisholm. *Horns*—G. Harper, J. W. Stenden, A. Keilack, J. Roe. *Trumpets*—T. Harper, J. B. Irvia. *Trombones*—A. Antoine, P. Ciffi, W. Winterbottom. *Ophicleide*—Prosper. *Drums*—T. P. Chipp. *Bass Drum*—R. Seymour. *Harp*—J. Thomas. *Organ*—Dr. Steggall. *Librarian*—Mr. W. Goodwin.

The names printed in italics are those of professors, who, not being exactly aware of the undoubted claims of the Royal Academy of Music on the public generally, and the profession in particular, objected to play without pay. Doubtless they would not have been employed at all had it not been of great consequence that the selections from Lord Westmorland's Mass should be given in such a manner as to make a profound impression upon the royal visitors. The fact of their lack of charity, however, was made evident by the typical artifice above mentioned. The chorus included eighty-four female and twenty-seven male voices; and by what an army of singers the ambassadorial *miscz* was backed and enforced may be seen by the following:—

Madame CLARA NOVELLO,	Madlle. TITENS,
Miss LOUISA PYNE,	Madame Buderodff,
Madame WEISS,	Miss Messent,
Miss DOLBY,	Miss Palmer,
Madame VIARDOT;	
Mr. SIMS REEVES,	Signor GIUGLINI,
Mr. HARRISON,	Mr. Allen.
Herr REICHARDT,	Signor BELLETTI,
Mr. WEISS,	Mr. ALLAN IRVING.

Those whose names are in capitals sang in Lord Westmorland's Mass. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn never, on any occasion, had any of his works entrusted to such a host of talent. Nor, do we believe, that if the occasion had been the performance of a new composition by G. A. Macfarren or Sterndale Bennett, that one out of ten singers (foreign and native) would have come forward. Mr. Costa was the conductor, and Mr. Lucas (conductor of the Royal Academy Concerts) ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR (1). So that in spite of the countless celebrities, in the shape of composers, players, and singers,

whom the Royal Academy of Music has sent forth, it appears that the institution has not mustered one of sufficient talent to conduct an Academy concert, for the benefit of the Academy, before crowned heads.

We now append the programme:—

PART I.—Selection from a Mass.—Chorus, "Kyrie eleison;" Trio, "Christe eleison," Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Giuglini, and Mr. Harrison; Chorus, "Gloria;" Quartet and Chorus, "Laudamus te," Madame Viardot, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Allan Irving; Solo, "Gratias agimus," Miss Louisa Pyne; Trio, "Domine Deus," Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Signor Belletti; Solo with Chorus, "Qui tollis," Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Weiss; Solo, "Quoniam tu," Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Cum Sancto Spiritu;" Chorus, "Sanctus;" Trio, "Benedictus," Madame Clara Novello, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Hosanna in excelsis;" Solo, "Agnus Dei," Madlle. Titens; Solo, "Agnus Dei," Mr. Sims Reeves; Duo, "Agnus Dei," Miss Louisa Pyne and Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Dona nobis"—The Earl of Westmorland.

Concertante for four violins, Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, H. Hill, and Watson—Maurer; Canonet, "The Spirit Song," Miss Dolby—Haydn; Finale to the opera of "The Regicide," the soli parts by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Weiss—C. Lucas.

PART II.—Introduction—(Guillaume Tell) the soli parts by Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Herr Reichardt, Signor Giuglini, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Weiss; harp accompaniment, Mr. Thomas—Rossini; Recit. and Air, "Deh vieni" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Madame Clara Novello—Mozart; Recit. and Romance, "Ein Mädchen" (Santa Chiara), Herr Reichardt—H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe Coburg; Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Armida), Mad. Viardot—Handel; Terzetto, "Vanne a celi," Madame Clara Novello, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Sims Reeves—Costa; Recitative and song with a chorus, "The Queen's greeting" (May Day), Miss Louisa Pyne—G. A. Macfarren; Finale to the Opera of "Lorely," Soprano solo, Madlle. Titens—Mendelssohn.

We have nothing to say about the performance, since we could not hear even Lord Westmorland's Mass distinctly, and are suffering from incipient bronchitis. We believe, although the Hall was not crowded, that something handsome was realised by the entertainment, the sum of two guineas being charged for seats within eye-shot of Her Majesty.

M. CHARLES HALLÉ'S CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS.

AFTER helping, by his classical playing, to make the fortune of the Musical Union, M. Hallé has succeeded from that institution and set up for himself. The concerts he is now giving at Willis's Rooms are of first-class interest, and attract brilliant and fashionable audiences. The programme of the first (Thursday afternoon, June 17) was as follows:—

Trio in E major—Haydn. Solo, violin—Prædilect, Lore and Gavotte in E major—Rach. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in A minor, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer—Beethoven. Stück im Yell-tonische, pianoforte and violoncello, op. 109, No. 1, "Mit Hammer," in D minor, op. 70—F. Schubert. Solo, pianoforte, "Promenades d'un D. Schumann. Solo, pianoforte, Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15—"Berceuse," op. 57—Chopin. Grand Trio in E flat, op. 70, No. 2—Beethoven.

Executants—Pianoforte, M. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

That of the second (Thursday evening, June 24) was as follows:—

Quartet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, in F major, op. 80 (Posth.)—Mendelssohn. Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in D, op. 102, No. 2—Beethoven. Rondeau Brillant, pianoforte and violin, in sol-mi, op. 70—F. Schubert. Solo, pianoforte, "Promenades d'un B. minor, op. 70—F. Schubert. Solo, pianoforte, "Promenades d'un B. minor, Nos. 1 and 4; Valse in C sharp minor and D flat—Heller and Chopin. Grand Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello, in D, op. 70, No. 1—Beethoven.

Executants—Pianoforte, M. Charles Hallé; violins, Herr Joachim and Herr Pollitzer; viola, Mr. Webb; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

At the third and last (July 8) the programme will include Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianofortes, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Hallé, with orchestral accompaniments—a welcome announcement. We propose to review the three concerts in one article.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last concert, on Monday evening, was "by command." Her Majesty, the Prince, King Leopold, and suite, arrived after the first part was over—although the programme was entirely of royal manufacture. We append it:—

PART I.			
Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits"	Weber.		
Aria, "Parto," Miss Louisa Pyno, clarinet obbligato, Mr. Williams (La Clemenza di Tito)	Mozart.		
Concerto, violin (No. 8, scena cantante), Herr Joachim	Spohr.		
Duetto, Miss Louisa Pyno and Susan Pyno, "Come, by gas" (Der Freischütz)	Weber.		
Overture, "Leonora"	Beethoven.		
PART II.			
Sinfonia in B flat (No 4)	Beethoven.		
Prêtre at Barcelona, Miss Louisa Pyno (L'Étoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.		
Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim	Mendelssohn.		
Overtures, "Tannhäuser"	Wagner.		
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.			

During the first part the gas nearly went out, a flickering from a "bec" or so being all that remained; and, Herr Joachim played the magnificent piece by Spohr—magnificent—in a sort of questionable twilight. His success was triumphant, and he was recalled unanimously. The other pieces, vocal and instrumental, also went well, in spite of the gas. At the end of the first part Director McMurdie made a speech, which, though inaudible to the audience, was apparently understood by the gas. This latter vanished altogether, as though by command, and the anxious audience were left in utter darkness.

Before Her Majesty arrived the lights had been partially restored, but the choir and the heat, notwithstanding the opening of doors and windows, were intolerable. Numbers of persons (who had only come to see the Queen) fled precipitately. Nevertheless, the symphony went well; Herr Joachim played Mendelssohn's concerto superbly; Miss Louisa Pyno sang Meyerbeer's barcarole with her accustomed talent; and the overture to *Tannhäuser* was given with such energy that there was an apprehension that the gas would once more take its departure, in pure fright at such a strange chaos of noises. And thus (with an enthusiastic and well-merited "ovation" for Professor Bennett—after Her Majesty had retired), ended the season, about which, and the Philharmonic Society generally, we shall have something to say in our next.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—Her Majesty's Theatre has seldom presented a more splendid appearance at a morning performance than on Monday, when the annual concert of Mr. Benedict took place. Every box and stall was occupied, and the pit, amphitheatre, and gallery were crowded. All classes were attracted by the programme, which, though too long, comprised several pieces of unusual interest. The singers included all the artists of the establishment, together with Madame Viardot, Miss Louisa Pyno, and Madame Sherrington Lemmens; while Herr Joachim, M.M. Mollique, Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, Blagrove, Rubinstein, and G. Alois Schmidt joined Mr. Benedict in the instrumental department. The programme was divided into three parts. The first and last were miscellaneous. The second part was "dramatic" and included the *scena* and *aria* with chorus, from Benedict's opera, *Der alte vom Berge* ("The Crusaders"), sung by Herr Pischek; that grand *scena* from *Oberon*, "Ozeane, du Ungehrte" ("Ocean, thou mighty monster"); concluding with Paisiello's one act opera, *La Serva Padrona*, by Mademoiselle Piccolomini, Signor Rossi and Cazzolini. The fine air from the *Crusaders* was powerfully sung by the German barytone, the chorus rendering good assistance. Mdlle. Titiens was splendid in the *scena* from *Oberon*, her grand voice telling with singular effect in this most exacting of soprano airs. Paisiello's old-fashioned opéra—old-fashioned both in plot and music, the latter most charming, nevertheless—owed much of its effect to the vivacious acting and determined singing of Mdlle. Piccolomini, whom we should like to see play the part of the intriguing maid-servant on the stage,

The duet for master and servant is by far the most genuine piece of music in the opera, and was loudly applauded. Mdlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Rossi being honoured with a recall. The admirers of Paisiello, however, must not accept the *serva Padrona* as a sample of his best manner. Besides the *scena* from the *Crusaders*, Mr. Benedict contributed to the programme, from his own works, the overture to the *Gipsy's Warning*, two unaccompanied trios for female voices—"Schlummerlied" and "Im Walde"—sung by Mdlle. Titiens, Madames Sherrington Lemmens and Viardot; song, "The Skylark;" and the air of the page, "Quand tout d'un coup," from *Les Femmes de Robert*. Both the unaccompanied trios—melodious, and masterpieces of vocal writing—were beautifully sung, more especially the second "Im Walde," which appeared to delight Mr. Benedict's aristocratic listeners. Mad. Sherrington gave the song of the page with great brilliancy, and Miss Louisa Pyno the "Skylark" with, if possible, more brilliancy. Rapturous encores were awarded to Mad. Albani in the rondo from *Conterento*; to Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini in the "Misereere" scene from the *Travatore*; to Signor Giuglini in the ballad "Tu m'ami, ah! si bell' anima" ("When other lips") from the *Bohemian Girl*; and to Herr Joachim in Paganini's *Capriccio*. The last solo was not accepted, the great violinist obstinately declining to do more than repeat and bow. One of the most interesting performances of the concert was Bach's Triple Concerto for three pianofortes (with additional accompaniments by Moscheles), played by Herr Rubinstein, Mr. Benedict and Herr G. Alois Schmidt. Herr Rubinstein executed a cadence of his own making, which threatened dissolution to the great chandelier, and drowned "Echo" in the hurly-burly. Maurer's Concerto for six violins, too, was an interesting performance, more particularly since it was entrusted to such eminent hands as Herr Joachim, Herr Mollique, MM. Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, and Blagrove.

HERR LOUISA RIES, nephew of the celebrated Ferdinand Ries, gave a concert on Friday evening last week, at Willis's Rooms. He was assisted by MM. Pauer, Deichmann, Webb, Günther, A. Maurer, and F. Pratten, as instrumentalists, and Mdlle. de Villars contributed the vocal pieces. Herr Louis Ries, with MM. Deichmann, Webb, Günther, Maurer, and Pratten, executed the grand sextour, in A minor, of Ferdinand Ries, for two violins, two violas, violoncello, and contrabasso; the first allegro of Spohr's ninth concerto in D minor; and, with Herr Pauer, Beethoven's sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in E flat, Op. 12. Herr Louis Ries, not merely his selection of pieces, but in his style and the solidity of his execution, declared his predilection for the best school of violin playing. Herr Pauer gave two solos of Henselt; Herr A. Maurer (son of the celebrated violinist), executed Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Mdlle. de Villars sang some favourite songs.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Mr. Leslie has the great merit of having revived that taste for pure vocal harmony, which, in the olden time, was so highly cultivated and so widely diffused in England. He has formed a number of musical ladies and gentlemen into a choral body, and has taught them to sing in a manner much superior to anything that has been heard in this country in our day; nay—if we are to take the much-praised Cologne choir as a fair specimen of German choral singing—in a manner at least equal to what is usually heard in that harmonious city. In precision, purity of intonation, and attention to the delicacies of expression and colour, Mr. Leslie's choralists those of Cologne; while their harmony has the superior sweetness caused by the infusion of female voices; and they have the further advantage of singing much better music—our grand and beautiful old madrigals and the pieces of our great masters being as much above the trivial, modern part-songs to which the Cologne gentlemen were addicted, as the harmony of Mozart is above that of Handel. Mr. Leslie, moreover, has not only taught his choir to sing the most exquisite part-music in the world, but he has taught the public to appreciate and enjoy it. Ever since the formation of his choir, some three years ago, their performances have become more and more popular; and now the announcement of a concert of Mr. Leslie's choir never fails to fill to the very doors the great expanse of St. Martin's Hall. This was the case on Friday evening, when an immense audience listened to one of the best concerts Mr. Leslie has ever given.—*Daily News*.

MADAME BASSANO and HERR WILHELM KUHE gave their annual morning concert on Thursday, at the Hanover Rooms, which were filled to overflowing. The selection was good, but much too long. We hope to live to see a concert-giver who will take for his motto, "Brevity is the soul of attraction," and set up to it. Twenty-five pieces before dinner—in the loveliest part of the day, too—and one of them nearly half-an-hour long—Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello—is more than enough to take away one's appetite. Luckily these elongated concerts kill themselves. Nobody waits to the end, so that a number of pieces are always omitted. The selection provided for their friends by the highly-respected professors above mentioned was good, and the talent employed undeniable. Among the artists who assisted were Mad. Vizard, Mad. Sherrington Lemmons, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Pischek, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti. A very fine performance of Mendelssohn's trio just named was given by Herr Kùhe, M. Sainton, and Sig. Piatti. Herr Kùhe executed several solos, among the rest two bagatelles of his own composition—"Au bord d'un lac" and "Grande Marche Triomphale"—both of which were admired and received with applause. Madame Bassano sang Rossi's aria, "Ah rendimi," the Scotch ballad "The Bonnie wee wife," the battle duet from *Zancruedi* with Mr. Sims Reeves, and took part in a trio with Mesdames Vizardot and Sherrington Lemmons. Madame Bassano's fine contralto voice was perhaps heard to greatest advantage in Rossi's aria, although in every piece there was evidence of the accomplished singer. The most brilliant vocal performance of the concert was the air, "Oh quelle nuit," from the *Domino Noir*, by Madame Sherrington Lemmons; the most finished and expressive, the *Romanza*, "Quando lei sare," from *Luiza Miller*, by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the most strictly classical an aria from Handel's *Acisno*, by Madame Vizardot. Messrs. Baneret and Francesco Berger conducted.

MISS MCAULPINE'S CONCERT.—The Annual Concert of the clever and pains-taking vocalists, the Misses McAlpine, took place on Monday evening, the 14th instant, at the Hanover Rooms, in presence of a large congregation of fashionables. The patronage extended to the fair sisters on the present occasion issued from the highest quarters, and was not confined to illiterate members of our home nobility, but included exotic dignitaries, such as His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, and His Excellency Ferouk Khan, the Persian ambassador, to say nothing of the Rajah of Sarawak (who is not foreign, but Hibernian), Generals Sir Fenwick Williams and Sir Henry Storks, &c. &c. The vocalists who assisted the Misses McAlpine were Mad. Gassier, Miss Augusta Manning, Mdle. Sedlatzke, Herr Richard Deck, and Mr. Allan Irving; the instrumentalists—Miss Binfield Williams, Herr Jana, and Herr Lidel. The first effort of the sisters was in Balfe's popular duet, "Trust him not," which was received with loud applause. Miss McAlpine's execution of the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, if not perfect, displayed good points, and was to be praised throughout for dramatic feeling. A ballad entitled "I've always a welcome for thee," very prettily warbled by Miss Margaret McAlpine, pleased unanimously; as did also the *brindisi* from *Lucretia Borgia*, by the same young lady. The duet from the *Stabat Mater*, "Quis est homo," was sadly short of its attractions without the orchestral accompaniment. The four Scottish duets were all well sung. The single classical piece of the programme was Beethoven's trio, No. 1, op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, admirably executed by Miss Binfield Williams, Herr Jana, and Herr Lidel.

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"The old Willow Tree," Ballad, by S. J. Sr. LEGER ...	2	0	DITTO, as a duet for barytone and soprano, by ditto ...	2	0
"The Tronbador's Lament," by LOUISA YARNOLD ...	2	6	"Quand on me donnerait," duet for soprano and tenor, by ditto ...	3	0
"Persevere, or, the Carcer of Havelock," by C. BRHAM ...	3	0	Ditto, as a solo, with guitar accompaniment, by ditto ...	1	0
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MUSICAL
WORLD

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA,

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 405.)

I THINK my last chapter must have been a pretty severe dose for my readers, but I cannot help it. I write as I think, without any set form, merely jotting down the thoughts as they rise in my noodle, for I kept no diary, nor imagining that the wanderings of such an insignificant personage as myself would ever be interesting to any, except, perhaps, my numerous personal friends, who would make allowances for the many faults of style that I am sensible I possess. Yet, as I have been flatteringly told that these humble sketches, mere flashes in the pan of a tolerably retentive memory, are received by many who are strangers to me with some degree of favour, I am emboldened at times to elaborate, and notice matters and things that do not strictly belong to the vocation of a musical chronicler.

So, now imagine our party upon the little steamer "Daniel Moor," en route for Marysville, a thriving town of three years' age, upon the junction of the Yuba and Father rivers. (I beg your pardon, Signor, *La Rio de las Plumas*. I love these Indian and Spanish names, they are so musical.) The river above Sacramento growing gradually more shallow as we ascend the stream. The steamers are made of very light draught, and are propelled by a screw-wheel (not a submerged screw), which I imagined, in my simplicity, might be a convenient method of propulsion upon our small streams, the boats being as narrow as the screw-vessels. Marysville is about a hundred miles from Sacramento, and upon our passage we clearly discerned the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada Range of Mountains, covered with snow, which, as the sun set low in the west (its usual destination), were robed in a delicate rose-coloured garment of borrowed light, broken here and there by a cold greenish hue from the rising moon; and, talking of moons, I do not think the moons elsewhere are at all comparable with those of California.

Their brilliancy (owing to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere) being exceedingly beautiful, covering the entire face of nature with a flood of light that it is impossible for those who are only used to the shorn and "watery beams profound" of our English satellite to conceive. We landed about three miles from the city, as the Yuba was too low to permit of the boat's ascent to the wharf, and drove through an atmosphere of impalpable dust; for the soil is composed of a sort of *pulvisio* that permeates everything, and the numerous teams of cattle and mules, which are making their way in every direction, keep the dust continually rising. Marysville is well laid out, containing very fine blocks of buildings of the most admirable brickwork I ever beheld, the soil being well adapted for the manufacture of bricks; and as the people have the good sense not to plaster them over with stucco, great pains are taken with the ornamental brickwork, particularly with the joinings of white mortar, technically termed pointing. And now for our concert. In the first place there was no concert-room, and the theatre was such a dilapidated hole that we did not know at first what to do; but eventually hired a large gambling saloon, and putting three billiard-tables together as a support to our platform, we got a lot of deal boards for seats, which were supported by small nail kegs. These, covered over with chintz calico, made quite a grand appearance; and in our further wanderings we often wished for our improved *salon*, although we had to do all the work with our own delicate hands; and my friend the Count went to work with a will, and tore his trousers with nails, smashed his fingers with hammers, and inserted splinters into portions of his person, in a bland state of enthusiasm that was perfectly refreshing to contemplate.

Our concert was extremely successful, and, indeed, the success was needed, our expenses being fearful, as we paid eighty guineas a-night for the use of the room alone, without reckoning the expense of lighting, printing, or our amateur carpentering; and on our last night's performance we had a novel scene. A certain middle-aged gentleman, who shall be nameless, had, in his enthusiasm for music (and possibly the fair *castrice*) followed us from Sacramento. He was a great horticulturist and florist, and California is much

indebted to his exertions in aiding the development of her natural agricultural resources; but his thoughts were all eminently poetical, that is poetical after the *Rosa Matilda* style, and he imparted to me in strict confidence a little pleasing surprise that he intended to execute upon our last night. I religiously kept his secret, as I knew some fun would be the result; and imagine the fair *Eliás's* surprise when, rising like an amiable clean-shaven *Venus* from the sea, he walked from the centre of the audience clad in white calico (no doubt to symbolise his purity of intention) with a large sash of green leaves suspended from his left shoulder, and bearing in his hand a gorgeous wreath of wild prairie flowers. Advancing up the centre aisle, he stopped, turned out his toes, smiled benignantly, and laying his hand upon the left side of his waistcoat, addressed the lady (who made desperate efforts to bolt, prevented by me), and delivered something like the following delightful nonsense:—"Stay, sweet enchantress, stay, and hear thy votary, who kneeling at thy shrine" (here he bobbed) "asks thee in pity to receive this gift from Flora thy sister goddess of the realms of beauty. Roaming this morn'g among the flowery meads, the goddess in her radiant loveliness advanced, and thus addressed me:—"Mortal, and subject mine, I blame thee not that thou dost leave my service—the charms of music are more powerful than those which I can offer, so I absolve thee from thy former allegiance. Hie thee, and bear this gift unto my sister queen of song." Here he stopped, and hoisted up a wreath weighing about ten pounds, and as large as a moderate sized cart-wheel. The poor little woman was, by this time, like an overcharged bottle of ginger-beer, and if I had not been the restraining string that kept the cork in, there would have been an explosion of the most fearful nature. Of course, any reply from her was out of the question, but I kept my gravity, though sorely tempted; and, taking the wreath, made a nonsensical speech, in which I made the "queen of song" present her respectful compliments to Mrs. Flora, and not to be out-done in generosity, restored the wreath to the votary who had so well earned the love of such a goddess, and then I stuck the wreath on his head, covering up his left eye, and he retired, highly gratified, to his seat, where he sat like a dignified Jack-in-the-green, amidst the derisive strains of applause of the audience, which he received with a calm air of superiority that was exquisitely absurd. I do not exactly know whether I am justified in thus exposing the innocent folly of a truly worthy and kind-hearted man, and can only offer in justification, the same excuse as the Irishman did, who, when expostulated with for tapping an aged gentleman upon the cranium, naively replied that he could not resist the bald head; it was too tempting." During our stay in Marysville I made several visits to an Indian village, dignified with the imposing title of Yuba City, and beheld its wretched occupants in all their glory. They are, without exception, the most degraded race upon the face of the earth; they are mere animals; no hog was ever half so filthy; and, although, when they come into the towns they are compelled to wear some sort of clothing, in their own villages they (young and old, men and women) go completely naked, lying about in apathetic slumber, and only moving when obliged by hunger, or where there is a chance of getting whiskey. They are destitute of all sensation, and even the savage virtue of revenge is unknown to them. Did I say destitute of all sensation? I was wrong. One holy feeling the women do possess—love for their children. They derive their name of Digger Indians from the manner in which their huts are formed, viz.—by digging a circular hole in the ground, about six feet deep, by twenty in diameter. These holes are then covered with poles, slanting almost horizontally to the centre, where a small aperture is left to carry off the smoke of the fire. An opening is then made at the side, sloping downwards to the floor, which is just large enough to admit of entrance upon the hands and knees; so that the city has much the appearance of a collection of dirty meat-pies, ready for the oven of some Titanic baker. And now I have told how these desirable tenements are formed, I must relate a comical scene that I witnessed, in company with several friends, upon a state visit we paid to Yuba city.

Among the acquaintances I picked up was a young gentleman from England, making his travels in company with an eye-glass; and Dickens had not, in his character of young *Tite Barnacle*, so admirably portrayed this member of the genus snob, I should have been tempted to try my "prentice hand" upon him; but it would be too great an impertinence, and I must refer my readers to "Little Dorrit" for a description of an animal that you will find, more or less snobbish, all the world over. As there was to be a grand Pow-wow at the village, upon some such occasion as the birth of a new moon, the death of an old one, or more probable still, the possession of a barrel of whisky, several young bucks of Maryland, including young Barnacle and myself, determined upon going at night, when the fun would be fast and furious, and paying our respects to the Indian beauties. Barnacle, whose ideas of Indians were formed upon the veracious accounts of Cooper, whose impossible heroes are generally supposed in England to be the *beau ideal* of savage chivalry, was delighted at the idea, and arranged himself gorgeously in a pink shirt, a blue neckcloth, and a very tall and shiny hat. His eyes were naturally weak, thereby emulating his knees, and one of his optics nearly destroyed by the sensible process so fashionable among certain idiots, of flattening it against a glass. Carrying a weapon about sixteen inches long, formed of a very small cane with an ivory handle, poor little Barnacle evidently thought himself irresistible, and was full of enthusiasm at the thought of the "dayvelish rum start," as he termed our excursion. The night was still and beautiful; we walked about three miles to a ferry, and then crossed the Father river to the village opposite. With the exception of the extremely old diggers, and those who were blind (a vast proportion), all the Indians were collected in the grand council chamber, or lodge, which was in the centre of the meat-pie, and upon a much larger scale. Sounds of demonic reveling arose from the interior, which appeared to me as if old Clootie had been studying Monsieur Soyer, and had imprisoned his "four-and-twenty blackbirds," who, mistaking their vocation, had begun singing before "the pie was opened." The sounds were perfectly devilish, and I glanced at little Barnacle, expecting him to show the white feather, but not a bit of it. Unmildly snob as he was, he was a plucky little fellow, and immediately proceeded to crawl in head first, but as we informed him that such was not the etiquette, he reversed his position, and we soon saw nothing but the lurid glare of his shiny white hat as he disappeared down the hole. We followed, and were at once assisting at what I presume was a meeting of the Aboriginal Philharmonic Society of Yuba City. The lodge, about forty feet in diameter, was well filled with ladies and gentlemen who had carried the art of *fall dress* to the highest (or lowest) pitch of perfection, as they were perfectly nude; those poets of fathers of families, milliners' bills, being unknown. A large fire was burning in the centre, round which the members of the society were "bobbing all around, around," to the serious detriment of their elaborately ornamented *chevelures*. The orchestra was composed of three professors (no doubt doctors of the Yuba university), two of whom performed upon hollow gourds filled with pebbles, while the other jumped up and down upon two crooked boards. The effect, though novel, I cannot truly say was exactly pleasing to our uneducated ears; and I have no doubt the learned hunter of the *Saturday Review* might have detected a few consecutive fifths, but as I had no score before me, I did not wish to be hypercritical upon the composition. As the thermometer was about boiling heat, it may well be imagined that the atmosphere was filled with anything but breezes of "Araby the blest," and we soon found the necessity of departing without waiting for our carriages to be announced, and little Barnacle took the initiative in ascending the tunnel. He had got about half way through, when, to our astonishment, back he shot into the midst of the lodge, with his beaver flattened over his eyes—a regular crush (Gibbs) the cause of his propulsion was soon explained, for—"Oh! shame, oh! sorrow, and oh! wronkand!"—the broad disk of one of the lady patronesses made its appearance through the aperture, and as Barnacle had chosen the moment for his exit as the lady had for her entrance, the doctrine of the resistance of solid bodies was most effectually solved, much to the

discomfiture of the little man, and indignation of the lady, who grunted out a "Gh!" and immediately set to work tosing and heeling it like mad. We got out safely, and, by keeping watch outside, induced Barnacle to follow, and at length he appeared in a most dilapidated condition, and became positively incoherent, as we joked him about the fair Indian Princess; and it was not until our arrival home, and the imbibulation of countless drinks, that the poor little fellow forgot his *contemptus*, and was carried to bed in the jolliest of humours, musically insisting that he was "a Gipsy King, ha! ha!" and trying to impress upon us the propriety of "not going home till morning," and various other ditties of a similar jovial and reckless tendency.

(To be continued.)

ROSSINI'S WILLIAM TELL.

BY A FOREIGN CONTRIBUTOR.

THIS immortal masterpiece was played for the first time in Paris in the month of August, 1829. It was with this marvellous score that Rossini closed the series of his musical dramatic compositions.

Let us look back, to consider the gigantic step here made by the Swan of Pesaro in operatic music. When he began his career, Mayer and Paer were the great musical stars in Italy. These two eminent musicians were the worthy successors of Guglielmi, Paisiello, and Cimarosa. These minor stars, whose rays were not wanting in brilliancy, were followed by Valentino Fioravanti, Giuseppe Piarinelli, Nascimben, Niccolini, Gnocchi, Fedegari, Giose, Ortigiano, Saberi, Parisi, Nascimben, Niccolini, Gnocchi, Fedegari, Giose, Ortigiano, Saberi, Parisi, and Portogallo, Winkel, Weigl, Zingales, Genera, and others. But Rossini came, and threw them all into the shade. And yet his adversaries were full of vigour, and he had to contend with men of no mean talent. While he was engaged upon his first opera, *La Cenerentola*, *Il Matrimonio* and the *Egiziacco Stravagante*, Mayer's *Medea* and Paer's *Agnes* were brought out. In the year 1813, however, after having written several operas in a short space of time, he composed *Zucorco*, which produced a revolution in theatrical music. It was impossible to describe the enthusiasm produced by this opera; it amounted to frenzy, and flew like a mighty eagle over all Europe.

But if we now pass from *Tancrède* to *William Tell*, how our admiration increases to see the enormous advance, considering the latter opera as beyond all comparison with any other!

His stay at Paris certainly produced a decided change in Rossini's genius. In that great capital, where Gluck founded his wonderful reform in the musical drama, which Méhul, Cherubini, Spontini have further consolidated, and where we find a public, to their praise be it said, who listen attentively to that philosophical and expressive music which satisfies at the same time the ear, the heart, and the intelligence, Rossini resolved to join the Gluckian battalion; in which, if he were the last in point of time, he became the first by his talents. This was not the first time that Rossini had produced dramatic, philosophic, and expressive music; and we find many examples of it in his previous operas; but he had not as yet written any score so concerned from beginning to end.

Among the many reformers of the musical drama, we are of opinion that Spontini, by his admirable truth of expression, has been more industrious than any other on the genius of Rossini. Spontini attained the summit of his glory in Paris in 1807 and 1808, when he wrote those famous operas *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortes*, at the time when Rossini brought out in Italy his first composition, a cantata entitled *Il Piano di Armonia*. Spontini, a great Italian genius, was almost unknown in Italy; so that he did not enjoy that influence to which he was entitled in his own country. It was not so in France, where, having overcome all obstacles, he acquired and maintained for a long period his superiority. But he had a long and obstinate struggle to maintain before he conquered his numerous enemies. M. Berlioz tells us that at the first representation of *La Vestale*, the pupils of the Conservatory of Paris, excited by their masters and professors, went to the theatre with their nightcaps in their pockets, resolved in the second scene to place them on their heads and feign to sleep. But this absurd idea was abandoned, for the sublime notes of *La Vestale* astonished all present; so much so, that in this famous finale of the second act the pupils of the Conservatory themselves were the loudest in their applause. In France Spontini found enemies, but in Italy he met with worse than enemies, indifference.

Rossini considered the subject of William Tell as well adapted to dramatic and philosophical music. Grétry had already, thirty-eight years before, chosen and set to music this same subject, in opposition to Méhul and Cherubini, then in the height of their glory; but without success. It was otherwise with Rossini, who, with this opera, overcame all his predecessors.

The theme of *William Tell*, whether true or not, has all the materials of a good melody-drama; but the librettists, Joy and Epiphanie Bis, although they have taken a few good things from Schiller, and imagined some few good situations, produced a very weak and crude book, without development. The mediocrity of the libretto does not, however, produce any material effect on the music, to save which, however, recourse was had to a few mutilations, which shortened it by one act. It is strange when we reflect on this mutilation of Rossini's music, which we see how many more books the swan of Passaro has saved. But the case is different, since the music which, like that of *William Tell*, gains force from the dramatic force, requires a drama provided with the required attractions, and sufficient of itself to interest the public. On this occasion we may remark that music sharpens the darts which the poet has aimed at the heart.

But let us now come to a review of the principal pieces of this classical score. The overture, by its form and conception, is essentially different from all hitherto done by Rossini. It is not a collection of motives which please the ear, but, similar to Beethoven's symphonies, it is the explanation of an event, a whole poem. In point of fact, Rossini's idea was to represent in this overture the revolt of the Swiss, which is the theme of the opera. The cadence of the overture has an air of mystery which invites attention. Then comes the allegro, which depicts a tempest to perfection. Where is this tempest? Are we on the sea, on the lake, or elsewhere? Calm succeeds; we hear a pastoral sound suggesting the idea of an Alpine country, and you see Switzerland, as it were, before you, and you deduce of course that the tempest is on a lake. Thus transported in imagination to Switzerland, a warlike march of the greatest power is heard, which lasts up to the end of the overture. Then among the warlike feasts of the Swiss, we naturally hit upon that of *William Tell* as the principal one. Such is the musical language of this opera.

Throughout the opera the pastoral character prevails. In many parts we hear certain bars of the Ranz des Vaches, an old Swiss air most dear to the hearts of the inhabitants of the Alps mountains. It is known that in France it was prohibited, under penalty of death, to play this air to the Swiss troops, from the fact that it created home sickness among the soldiers, and caused them to desert or commit suicide. Besides this air, Rossini frequently employed the triple time, as the 3-8, 6-8, &c., from the fact of its being more genial to pastoral music. He refused to employ any foreign ornaments, and disdained almost every sort of *fortissimo*, he wrote a simple and vigorous music, highly energetic for its dramatic accent.

The introduction is marked with the most striking pastoral colouring. In the *barcarole*, sung by the Fisherman, we observe, at certain intervals of the song, the instrumental part which recalls to mind, in a characteristic passage, the "Ranz des Vaches." Beautiful, indeed, is the antithesis which the song of William makes with that of the fisherman, when afterwards, to the voices of William and the fisherman, are joined those of Jommy and Edwige, a quartetto of the finest effect is heard. The instrumentation then recalls the most characteristic passages of the "Ranz des Vaches," followed by a most beautiful chorus, which, being in a minor key, excites in the midst of the rejoicings a feeling of sadness in the breasts, to whom Goslar's tyranny forbids frank hilarity. On the arrival of Melechal, the chorus passes into the major key, and a change takes place in the musical thought in keeping with the respectful greeting due to the wise man of the pastors. It would lead us too far to notice every beauty to be found in this score, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the principal one.

Let us observe the grand concerted piece. "Alzimo insieme il canto," as we may particularly notice the *fortissimo* in which Jommy predominates, and which is followed by a *piano*. Remark in the *stretta* of this introduction, "Al frema" the very beautiful cadenza, varied for two voices, the first passing from the key of G to that of E flat, and the second, on the contrary, to that of E natural.

In the duet between Arnoldo and William, we remark the instrumentation of this species, and then the beautiful change of key, when, from the chord of B flat with the chord of the seventh, they pass into G flat without the help of harmony, and with the simple union of the notes, B natural and C natural. After this, Arnoldo begins with a D flat, the cantabile "Ah Matilda" in the key of G flat. Mozart, in the seventeenth scene of the second act of *Don Giovanni*, from the key of D, with a single note E, passed into the key of F, and Haydn also, in the seventy-fourth quartetto, has employed a similar method of transition, which may produce the finest effect, when not abused. It must also be observed, that the first period of this sweetest of melodies is done at a single stroke: there are eight bars, which do not result, as it frequently happens from two similar phrases. The cantabile of William Tell with that of Arnoldo are admirably coupled together, although they express different sentiments. In the *allegro*

following we hear for the first time the tune of the hunting song, which is, it were, personal to Goslar. The cabaretier, at this duet, "Ipsa te lo sal," invites our attention by its great similitude to another piece, which we shall notice hereafter.

The music of the procession of the three bridegrooms is the very essence of rural simplicity. The dancing chorus in A minor is full of enchanting grace. The joy, first mixed with melancholy, clears up, until all forget their troubles: it is well expressed by Rossini in the passage in A major, in which key the piece ends. After a dancing air, the chorus "Si cinge il pro guerriero," is particularly to be remarked, because Rossini employed the same melody as the music of the procession above alluded to, only he converts the *tina* 2-4 into 6-8.

In the finale, among other things, we admire the *preghiera* of women, during which the men sing in broken intervals only; of these some express fear, others threats. The *stretta* is full of energy, and the fact of it being but slightly embellished by the singing, increases the horror of the scene. We observe in the cadenza that when Jemmy and the Fisherman, with the rhythm employed in the *crecendo*, continue during eight bars also in the key of E, sustained in this key by Rodolfo and Edwige, the Chorus and Melechal ascend by degrees, syncopating from the upper down to the octave below. The *syncope* tempers in a manner certain crude combinations, giving to certain notes the semblance of passing notes. We point out also in the same cadenza the sudden transition of the chord of E to that of F, and from the latter to the chord of B with the chord of the seventh, which leads us back again to E.

The second act opens with the hunting music applied to the personage of Goslar and his court. After a short and expressive chorus of hunters, there is a chorus of Swiss, with the bell, which finishes in a singular manner, descending by degrees from C to G always in thirds, fifths, and octaves. These chords have no relation, with each other, and consequently excite in the mind a certain feeling of pain, as if from a change neither expected nor desired, which is well calculated to represent that sadness which pervades the Swiss on seeing the sun set. The great Paolina, perhaps with the same intention as Rossini, had already employed a similar sudden transition of different tonalities in his *Stabat Mater*, where, suddenly in the commencement, we find three perfect chords, which descend one degree.

The romanza "Selva oscura" is one of the sweetest melodies of the opera. Fétis, in his Treatise on Harmony, points out in the third bar a chord of F and 3rd minor, 4th minor and 5th minor, which is resolved (the 1st remaining the same) into 1st, 3rd major and 5th. This modulation is alleged by Fétis as one of the examples which help to prove his ingenious theory of Transcendental Enharmonics, by means of which omotonic are joined to music, "and is, in the opinion of the illustrious author, the final termination of the development of the combination of harmony." In the systems of Rousseau, Saugé, Schröter, Kirnberger, and Cstel, there are the elements of this theory which Fétis rendered complete by establishing it on the principle of tonality.

In the duet of Matilde with Arnold, the *opitato* contains a beautiful musical phrase in the eighteenth bar. The seven *staccati*, and above which, which precede this phrase, produce an opportune variety which tempers the length of the piece. As soon as the tenor has repeated the same air as the soprano, we find an *andantino* 3-8, the first eight bars of which recall to mind the burthen which we have already pointed out as the *cabaletta* of the duet between William and Arnold. The change which takes place in the time and movement, in certain notes in the modulation, does not at all alter its substance. It would, therefore, appear that the semblance of an air does not always proceed from a similarity of its component parts, but from certain special features, which, being preserved, maintain its character in the air. The development of the musical thought in this piece, is, however, different from that of the duet in the first act. The singing parts are most admirably combined. The *cluse*, which concludes the duet terminates, has a certain *ritardato* so that we have no intention of saying that the first opera of the Cstorian composer had any influence on Rossini's style, but we wish merely to state, that in this piece, he has adopted one of those methods which Hellini frequently used, to give a melancholy accent to his music, that is to say, the *appoggiatura* as principal notes of the melody.

Next follows the famous *terzetto*, the finest ever composed. The melody, "Allor che scorre dal ferri il sangue," gives an irresistible force to the severity of the outrage expressed in the words. Rossini has avoided accompanying this melody with his accustomed *arpeggi*, which would have taken away all its energy. The *andantino*, "Troncar suol di," reaches the sublime. There is no song to catch the ear, but there are notes so well adapted to the words that they locate the heart. The different tonalities of E major and C major to accompany

the tremendous exclamation, "Il Padre ahimè mi malediva," are successively used in the magical effect. The progression of the tenor from the upper G to B creates a shudder. This is an *altesse* (ascension) which the successors of Rossini have imitated over and over again, without, however, regard to its proper application. When the tenor descends from the upper B and executes the cadenza, he employs many notes of the value of a sixteenth, to each of which a syllable is applied. This adds to the dramatic effect, which could not have been done with recitation. The harmonies produced by the bass and baritone during this cadenza and above the choir, with the fifth with the grave in the *emergendo*, are highly impressive. The *allegro* of this *terzetta* is full of life and warlike ardour; but it has one drawback, it comes too soon after the sublime *andantino*. Emotions must not follow too quick on each other.

This act finishes, which is perfect from beginning to end, with the imposing scene of the oath. We see with what different music Rossini has accompanied the arrival of the inhabitants of Unterwald, of Schwitz, and Uri. We cannot but point out the fine recitative of William Tell, which begins with "La Valanga che volce dalla cima de' monti," on which first words Rossini has designated a mountain by the various height of the notes. If we have only as yet pointed out the beauty of this recitative, we have done so with waste of space, for all the recitatives of this opera are imagined in a high philosophical spirit. In the *andante maestoso*, in which the oath ("Il giuramento") scene properly begins, in order to impart to it that character of solemnity which belongs to it, Rossini employed at the onset, descending from the acute to the grave, those notes which compose the perfect chord of 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 8th, passing afterwards into different keys and without any preparation. When afterwards all say in unison, "Se qualche vil 'la qui tra noi" at that skin from the orchestra play the first time, the D flat E flat, while the basses of the orchestra play the first time, the D flat and the second the C flat, the mind is filled with terror. After a few imitations between the three conspirators and the chorus, there is a very expressive *pianissimo*; then we hear a progression of different scales descending only seven notes, which are alternately imitated by the tenors of the three choruses, always one note higher. They return afterwards to the phrase "Se qualche vil," and after the *pianissimo* there is an interruption with a very short recitative, which prepares the effect of the final cadenza. Where the unexpected passage from the chord of C minor, by the three voices alone, to that of B flat major, given with force by all, together with the orchestra, we should be shaken were we of stone. The third act opens with the air of Mathilde. The *agitato*, although somewhat long, invites attention up to the end. The accompaniment expresses, with much truth, the agitation of the mind. The *moderate*, "Ah se caro a son io," is composed of eighteen bars, in which there is no symmetry, but the thought is well expressed and is a good model to follow. Rossini has thrown into it under the influence of a passion which knows no rule. We observe in the second, third, and fifth bar of this *moderate*, how much grace and sweet melancholy the melody acquires on the last note of the passage, which is an anticipation of the following chord. It is worthy of remark how well this capricious modulation is accompanied in this piece.

After a march and a chorus, in which Gessler is lauded to the skies, we have a *Ballade* intermixed with a waltz, in the Tyrolean style, sung by the chorus without accompaniment.

Next follows a quartetto with chorus, done with a masterly hand. The different voices are not treated as instruments, they maintain the parts which they represent, so that the music does not injure, but rather assists the dramatic effect. Opportunity and logical variety, without any repetition, form the great attractions of this piece.

In the *finale* of this act the air, sung by William Tell, before he fires the arrow at the apple placed on his son's head, is truly sublime. The music which accompanies the words pronounced by him, in the midst of the seeming calm of his mind; but the agitation, which William conceals from his son, so as not to frighten him, is revealed to the spectator by means of the accompaniment in the *andante*. We find a similar example of opposition between the melody and accompaniment in the air of Orestes in the *Idipus*, by *Zerbin*, by the great Gluck. We read in the "Allégorie," by Madsen in Paris, that the orchestra perceived contradictions between the words "La calma torren nel mare," very properly expressed by a tranquil melody and the agitation of the accompaniment, requested to have the latter changed. But Orestes is speaking the truth, he is calm, he is calm, he lies, I tell you." Next, turning to the above-named air of William Tell, we wish to point out one of the most tender and moving passages ever set to music,

Rossini, in writing this piece, was no doubt thinking of his mother, whom he loved so deeply: he must certainly have wept. Wept, indeed! He, Rossini, who has sung so bravely by nature, so sarcastic, has perhaps for once taken the thing seriously! Yes, we affirm, that Rossini must have wept, in writing these notes. And what is there so astonishing in it? Did not Mozart, that soul so melancholic, laugh, it is reported, three or four times in his life?

A fine concerted piece follows, next an *allegro vivace*, in which Tell first cries out "Ansemo a Gessler," on a chord of G flat major, during which the chorus of soldiers of Gessler hails a C natural on the words "Viva Gessler." This produces a real discord from the want of dramatic impetus. The tenor's air is very fine. The *andantino* expresses magically Arnoldi's state of mind, when he comes to visit for the last time the house inhabited by his father. The sweet melody of the *ritornello* is twice more repeated during the air, as a dear remembrance of happy days. The *allegro* or *esballato*, in which the chorus takes a part at times, is so full of rebuke, that it is well appropriated to the thirst of vengeance which stimulates Arnoldi.

An elaborate *terzetto*, written as a canon, gives Rossini an opportunity of composing good music, without the help of the dramatic situation. Then begins the scene of the tempest, combined with a prayer; and the orchestra concludes with a general chorus of the Swiss, who have revolted after the death of Gessler. Rossini, not content with the ending first imagined, varied it by employing the famous march of the overture.

We are sorry that want of space has prevented our pointing out more than a few of the principal pieces of this masterpiece. We are, however, persuaded we have said enough to prove that since *William Tell*, no progress in operatic music has been made in Italy. Would we could say at least that it had not seriously declined!

DEUILLOEUF ENSELEURE.

[M. d'Engelure begs us, in a note, to correct his MS. before printing it. We prefer, however, giving it verbatim in his own terms. It is not every Frenchman that can write such good English.—Ed. M. W.]

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Every one knows the Story of "Camilla Cottage," the country box built out of the profits of the third novel by [*the then-Bookman-and-afterwards West-Hamble-Herby*] (as Madame d'Arbly styled herself)—every one has heard how, when the walls were up and the floors were down, it occurred to somebody that such a thing as a staircase had been forgotten!—The case of St. James's Hall is not quite so doleful; yet we cannot help being reminded, by the concert-room of the cottage. The fault complained of cannot be ascribable to Mr. Owen Jones, the architect; but it is odd that, after a committee of musicians had sat and sat again to determine on the internal arrangements of a music-room, there is not a single musician who enters the Hall that has not complained of the construction of the orchestra. This, it may be remembered, was questioned by us when the hall was opened; and the defect in accommodation has been so universally felt, that on Monday week, in his programme, Dr. Wylton indignantly broke forth into print, calling on the shareholders to agitate for some large and radical change. It is too late now to do this, without risk of spoiling Mr. Owen Jones's elegant room, yet the injury must be risked—or the place may become a music-hall deserted, and concert-givers forsake St. James for St. George, or St. Martin, when they intend to assemble a full band and chorus. Is there another capital in the world where so many failures of the kind occur as in London? We should be glad, in removal of a rebuke which weighs heavy on us, to know its name.—*Athenæum*.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, according to some of the Parisian theatrical journals, has been invited by the Emperor of Russia to organise, in different parts of the empire, eighteen French theatres.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Flotow's *Maria* has been given here in Russian, and proved very successful.

GREAT (PIANISTIC) UNKNOWN.

SIOMUND GOLDSCHMIDT (not to be confounded with Otto Goldschmidt), born 1815 in Prague, once made the artistic tour of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, &c. A very superior piano-player, whom it would be difficult to surpass in the execution of passages in thirds and sixths. His compositions are superb—his sonatas, particularly—and foremost in the music literature of the day. This great and genial pianist has been compelled to bid adieu to art by the venal press of Paris. To pay critics, in advance, he held beneath his dignity, and the consequence was—a failure. Discouraged, he returned to his father in Prague, who is a highly-respectable merchant there—a leather-dealer. This true son of the Muses took such a step ten years ago (in 1847), and became immediately a business partner with his father. Sigismund reckoned quite rightly, that out of his father's stock of leather he could cut very excellent straps enough to secure him a comfortable subsistence. The so-called Parisian critics of ten years ago have the loss to the world of such a man upon their conscience.—*New York Musical World.*

MADLIE. NANNETTE FALK is a young pianist of whom we have already spoken in the *Gazette Musicale*. She courts publicity but little, for she is of a modest disposition, and is about to return to Germany, without having done all that is requisite to found and permanently establish the reputation she deserves. There are few pianists in Paris that can interpret as she does Beethoven's last sonatas, opp. 106, 110, 111, &c. By an artistic caprice, she only plays to a select circle of amateurs. We have heard her several times, particularly at the house of Madlle. Jenny Botzun, the celebrated teacher of the piano. She received the warm plaudits of her audience very calmly, as though accustomed to such marks of appreciation. Madlle. Falk is the virtuous of domestic circles.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

BAIL COURT.

(Sittings at Nisi Prius, before MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN and Common Juries.)
BICKLEY v. WISE.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Wood were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Hawkins for the defendant. This was an action brought by the plaintiff, who had been thirty years organist for the parish of Hendon, to recover £70 from the defendant, who was churchwarden for the parish, as the amount of salary due to him. As soon as the first witness was called, a conversation took place between the counsel. Mr. Hawkins stated that he believed the defendant was not personally liable, but the parish, feeling that the plaintiff ought to be paid, had agreed to give the plaintiff £70—a juror to be withdrawn. The Learned Judge said he thought it a hard case so far as the plaintiff was concerned, because the parish could not expect that Mr. Bickley would play the organ for two years without remuneration. The defendant to pay the plaintiff £70, and a juror to be withdrawn.

GLASGOW.—(From a Correspondent).—The Brousil Family gave three Concerts in the Trade's Hall, on the 17th, 19th, and 21st ultimo, which were well received. They were assisted by Miss Jenny Cudworth, who sang "When my love sighs I hear," and other popular ballads, with much taste and expression.

SPORN has definitively accepted the invitation to be present at the jubilee of the Prague Conservatory. He has been asked to conduct his own grand composition of *Joséphine*—Madlle. Wildhauer, who was taken ill in London, and obliged to give up her concerts, being advised by her physician to go to some watering place, is engaged for twelve nights at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1859.—*New Wiener Musik-Zeitung.*

VIENNA.—Although the report that Liszt intends to establish a musical conservatory on a grand scale in Vienna, is, as yet, somewhat vague, it is certain that a plan for such an institution has been seriously proposed, under the patronage of a very high personage, and, when the new arrangements for rebuilding part of the city have been definitely arranged, measures will be instantly taken to carry it into execution.

BERLIN.—A benefit, under the patronage of the highest personages in the state, was promised by Herr van Hülsen, the Intendant General of the Theatres Royal, when the committee appointed by the theatres of Germany met in Dresden, for the erection of a monument to Weber. The entertainment was to consist of the three hundred and first representation of *Der Freischütz*, preceded by a prologue, written by Herr Düringer, the stage-manager, and tableaux vivants. The preparations were sufficiently advanced for the performance to have taken place on the 18th June, the anniversary of the first performance of *Der Freischütz*. On account, however, of the oppressive heat, so unfavourable to the theatres, there would have been but little chance of so full a house as the committee of the Weber monument could wish for the three hundredth and first representation of *Der Freischütz*. In order, therefore, that the benefit at the Theatre Royal may contribute as large a sum as possible to the funds for the monument, the management has postponed the performance, from the 18th June to the autumn, a season far more propitious to theatres.

St. PETERSBURG.—M. Guédonoff, the director of the Imperial Theatres, has asked leave to resign. M. André Sabouroff, Master of the Court of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, is mentioned as likely to succeed him, with whom will be joined a committee of competent persons. This change cannot fail to effect a serious reform in the mode of administration now practised in the theatres of Saint Petersburg.

ROSSINI'S OPERAS.—According to the Italian papers, the people throughout the entire peninsula are returning to their ancient love for Rossini's music. At Rome, the *Siege of Corinth* and *Il signorone* are likely to operate; whilst at Florence and Genoa, *Guiliana Tell* and *Moisè* are being performed with the utmost enthusiasm. A few vocalists of the old school alone are wanted to make Rossini's operas as popular as ever. Verdi's music not only wears out the singers, but the hearers, while the music of the Swan of Pesaro, like port wine, is rendered more palatable by age. One bottle of old Rossini is worth a pipe of Verdi.

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Conservier ce Numéro en cas de réclamation.
VOITURE A DEUX PLACES.

TARIF p ^r Paris et jusqu'aux fortifications.	
De 6 heures du matin à minuit 30 min.	De minuit 30 min. à 6 heures du matin.
1 ^{er} HEURE.	1 ^{er} HEURE.
15 minutes ... 0f. 75c.	15 minutes ... 1f. 20c.
20 1 0	20 1 40
25 1 25	25 1 60
30 1 50	30 1 80
35 1 55	35 2 0
40 1 60	40 2 20
45 1 65	45 2 40
50 1 70	50 2 60
55 1 75	55 2 80
60 1 80	60 3 0
HEURES SUIVANTES 15 centimes par cinq minutes.	HEURES SUIVANTES 25 centimes par cinq minutes.

EN DEHORS DES FORTIFICATIONS (sur le Bois de Boulogne), le Tarif est le même que celui de nuit, à partir de 6 heures du matin jusqu'à 8 heures du soir, en hiver (du 1^{er} octobre au 30 mars), et jusqu'à 10 heures du soir, en été (du 1^{er} avril au 30 septemb.)

Le prix de stay minime commencent indistinctement.

* For the advantage of such of our subscribers as are about to fly the banks of the Thames for the embankments of the Seine.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Albani, Spesia, Orlandi, and Pocolomini; Bellotti, Boerensson, Vialotti, Aldighieri, Rossi, and Giuglietti.

The following arrangements have been made:—
Monday, July 5.—Last Evening Performance, with the following combined attraction, LUCREZIA BORGIA, and Paisiello's admired Opera, LA SERVA PADRONA, as presented with the greatest success at Mr. Beecher's Concert, and a favourite Ballet with Madame Rosati and Madlle. Pochini.

Boxes, from #1 11s. 6s. to #5 5s.; Pit 31s. 2s.; Pit and Gallery 21s., 1s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Tuesday, July 6.—Last night but three of the Subscription will be revived Verdi's Opera of NINO (Nalono). Abigail, Madlle. Spesia (her first appearance).
Thursday, July 8.—Last Extra Night but one, DON GIOVANNI. And
Saturday, July 10.—Last night but two of the Subscription, will be presented, first time this season, Ballo's Opera of LA ZINGARA (The Bohemian Girl).

On each occasion a favourite Ballet, in which Madame Rosati and Madlle. Pochini will appear.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

On Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. *By Mrs. C. Kean's* Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the new Farce, entitled DYING FOR LOVE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, July 3, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled GOING TO THE BAD. To conclude with THE WINDMILL. Commences at half-past 7.

MARRIED.

On the 3rd Feb., at St. James's church, Paddington, by the Rev. Beauchamp Tyrwhitt, John Dunstan, Esq., Governor of Chester Castle, to Emily Catherine, eldest daughter of Cipriani Potter, Esq., of Inverness-terrace, Bayswater.

DIED.

On the 27th June, Augusta, second daughter of Thomas Frederick Beale, Esq., of Regent-street.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 3rd, 1858.

MUSIC has taken so large a hold on the popular mind in this country, that its capacity for good or for evil can no longer be doubted. It may confer important social benefits, or assist in the propagation of a taste less vulgar than depraved. High art and low art are not the only distinctions; there is also bad art, which possesses a more dangerous fascination for the educated than for the uneducated classes. Low art may be vigorously represented, and in this form can do no harm if it does no very great good; but the tendency of the other art to which we allude is the more pernicious, inasmuch as it is specious, and attempts to pass for that which it is not. Against this we should chiefly be on our guard, for it spreads like a fungus when once it has taken root. We sincerely believe that in no country is the love and appreciation of good music more general than in our own; but, on the other hand, it is equally a fact that nowhere else is there so much bad music cultivated, so much quackery fostered and cherished. The middle classes are the great stronghold of true art among us, the aristocracy its perhaps unconscious betrayers. It devolves, then, upon those who pretend to influence public opinion, to encourage the middle classes in their predilections, and to watch with anxiety the progress of such established institutions as provide antidotes for the poison insidiously circulated by all sorts of dishonest practitioners. At the present time such a surveillance is of the highest import, since the stream of melody is in peril of being choked up by the sewage of a veritable art-Babylon, and, if the evil be not arrested in time, may become as muddy and

corrupt as that of the Thames itself. There is, however, some hope. By slow steps the noble and wealthy begin to take an interest in what are termed "classical" concerts—in plain English, concerts of good music, where what the past has produced and the present is producing of worthy can be heard. A well-known institution, where the quartets, and other compositions for the chamber, of the great masters are performed, often with rare perfection—just as their orchestral works are given at the concerts of the Philharmonic, and their sacred compositions at Exeter and St. Martin's Halls—has had a hand in this, and might have done still better service but for certain eccentricities of management. The more the upper classes are attracted to such entertainments, the better chance of their being gradually weaned away from others of a less healthy character—the better chance of their engaging professors of real merit for their children, professors who conscientiously regard the trust reposed in them, and would disdain, under the pretext of teaching a refined and elegant accomplishment, to ground their young charges in the shows and tricks which degrade both music and themselves, and only excite pity in the minds of intelligent persons, unacquainted with the principles of the art, and taught to believe that such questionable displays are its legitimate manifestations. *Pater-Familias* may well curse the music-master ("maestro," but too often!), and doubt his wife's sagacity, when he finds the money he has laid out, and the annoyance to which (being non-musical, from the point of view at which he has been taught to contemplate the divine art), he has passively submitted, so barren of results—when, instead of being ravished at his daughter's talents, his friends either talk all the while she is playing, or steal politely out of the drawing room, long before the hardly practised "morveau" is concluded. All this comes of bad art being tolerated by those who can distinguish the real from the sham, and whose influence, social or public, might be exerted to so much real advantage—from the toleration, we repeat, of bad art, and the favour so lavishly bestowed, by members of the aristocracy and their snobbish imitators among the shippocracy and shoppocracy, upon the musical charlatans, chiefly foreigners, with whom this metropolis absolutely swarms. A moment's reflection might convince our leaders of fashion that these foreigners, for the most part, despise us as heartily as they humbug us readily, and only settle in England because at home they enjoy no consideration, and are unable to obtain employment. The patronage thus unwisely and indiscriminately administered not only impoverishes our own meritorious professors, but indirectly influences the taste for music, and its consequent progress in this country.

In taking a general survey of the season now on the wane, we have a right to conclude that some advance has certainly been made in the proper direction, but that the worst kind of art has prevailed almost as much as ever in high places. Can anything be more trivial than the Court-concerts? Can anything be worse than those entertainments for the benefit of "distinguished foreign artists," which we continually see announced as taking place in the splendid mansions of the Duchess of Fitzbatterax, my Lord Burescra, my Lady Kew, and the rest of our fashionable *dilettanti*? Surely nothing. The very dregs of art are there made to pass for Johanniberg and Chateau Margaux. There we find Herr B(P)lock, "il Signor" Cipollani, and M. Durillon d'Engelure,*

* Only a namesake—no relation—of our foreign contributor.

enjoying undisturbed sway; while the young Fitzbattleaxes and Baracres', instead of becoming, thanks to their musical accomplishments, graceful and welcome ornaments to society, are absolute bores on that very account—their polished instructors having taught them nothing but rubbish, whether for voice or instrument. And yet we find these worthless reaping a large harvest of guineas at their annual *matinées*, which are attended by all the crinolined and perfumery of M. d'Engelne, weep with the new *canzonetta* of Sig. Cipollani, and shiver under the influence of Herr Block's most recent "Pluie." And this sort of stuff is admired and applauded, and promoted and taught for the advantage of young ladies destined hereafter to become the pests of genteel society—to administer that dose which is to embitter the tea and disenchant the muffins of their scented, kid-gloved, white-choked visitors.

Seriously, although much good has been done this year, it has still been balanced by so much evil, that we are almost afraid to say the art has moved a-head. Nor can musical progress ever be very decided, unless it takes in social influences—unless the enormous patronage accorded to foreign mediocrity finds some check. The only way of doing this effectually is to tempt the upper classes to the Philharmonic Concerts, to those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to performances of the stringed quartets and pianoforte music of the best masters, and to all entertainments where music is represented nobly and devotedly, without charlatanism or pretence of any kind. Let well-meaning professors unite in putting their shoulders to the wheel; and, with the help of enlightened amateurship and honest criticism, much may be effected in furtherance of this greatly-desired object.

We intended to favour our readers with a *resumé* of the past week's theatrical proceedings, under the influence of cooler weather. But the past week gives us nothing to talk about. Barring from the past, we will look at the future, and call attention to the announcement that Mr. J. B. Buckstone is to take his benefit on Saturday next, the 10th inst.

May Mr. Buckstone's friends be warm, and may the weather be cool, on that occasion. The ill wind that brought harm to "little Bucky" would be without the amiability ascribed to ill-winds in general—it would blow nobody good. Not only is Mr. Buckstone the pet comedian of the public, but he is an object of affection to all who know him, and the name of these is legion. His appearance on the stage is the signal for applauding mirth; his rising from his seat, at the table of the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, gives the cue to mirthful applause. He is better off than the "Hare with many friends;" for he has not a single enemy. The friends of the hare deserted her, and she was slain by the hounds; but there are no hounds to trouble Mr. Buckstone, even if his friends treated him with the cold shoulder. But his friends will do nothing of the sort. A state of the thermometer injurious to Mr. Buckstone, would cause such a widespread grief, that it would recall the days of the Lisbon earthquake, and supply Dr. Bachofner, of the Colosseum, with a subject for a new Panoras.

Let, then, the breezes be of the coolest temperature that comfort allows on the night of Mr. Buckstone's benefit. Let no ill-timed rain render the pavement sloppy, make cabs scarce, or increase the difficulty of street circulation by a

conglomeration of umbrellas. If, by the chance of fate, there must be rain of some sort or other, let it be in the shape of a smart shower a little after seven o'clock, and drive into the Haymarket the few stragglers who otherwise would have remained outside. May the evening be just such an evening as a *bénéficiaire*, who knows what is good for him, would crave from the gods.

The benefit on the 10th will be of no ordinary kind. It will terminate a season of five years' duration, the history whereof will be given by Mr. Buckstone in a special speech. Mr. Buckstone's oratorical powers are well known. Only fancy how nobly they will be employed in narrating the events of a season of five years under his own management. Persons absurdly young, or with ridiculously short memories, should be informed that great improvements have been effected in the Haymarket since the reins of government were placed in the hands of Mr. Buckstone. By him the stage was enlarged and the *salle* beautified. That appropriate *rais-en-scène*, which gives a new zest to comedy, and, in some cases, has helped very lame pieces over rather difficult stiles, is, in a great measure, owing to his spirit of reformation. While, however, he has complied with the exigencies of the age by his attention to scenery and costumes, he has taken care that the Haymarket should never be perverted from its ancient and legitimate purpose as the theatre of English comedy. By a modification of prices, which maintains the exclusiveness of the stalls, while it facilitates patronage of the pit, upper boxes, and gallery, he has moreover shown himself a wise financier on liberal and enlightened principles. But though, on coming into his theatre, he enlarged his stage, and beautified his *salle*, he does not think his work so complete as to make all renovation superfluous. He looks up his doors for further improvements, and astonishing will be the effulgence of beauty when he opens them for the winter.

On the 10th of July, recollect—on Saturday next—this night week, Mr. Buckstone's benefit will take place.

We are not at all grieved to learn that the concert given in St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, on the evening of the 23rd ult., was comparatively a failure, even in a pecuniary sense. It deserved to be nothing else than a failure, since it was no Academy concert at all, but a concert "for the exhibition of" Lord Westmorland as a composer. The two-guinea tickets, it appears, found no market, and the "Lady-Patronesses" had either to return them, or to erase the aristocratic numeral "2," and substitute the mobocratic "1." So that the general public who could not see the Queen (for which they exclusively came), had to pay just as much as those who, favoured by Lady Patronesses, were contiguous to Majesty—viz, *one guinea*—in return for which they got Lord Westmorland's Mass and a touch of rheumatism. We entirely coincide with the following remarks by which *The Athenæum*, of the 19th ult., anticipated this incongruous entertainment:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We return to the Academy Concert at St. James's Hall, to be given on Wednesday next in the royal presence, because the programme thereof is too singular to be passed over. A large portion of the first act is to consist of a Mass by the Earl of Westmorland. Would not such music have come forward more modestly and more gracefully had the noble amateur given it at a benefit concert of his own, for the Academy, if his bounty so willed it? It was set forth (in the circular quoted by us, ante, p. 600) that the entertainment, commanded by Her Majesty as patroness, was to take place for the illustration of the Royal Academy. What is such a

first act but the illustration of Lord Westmorland as a composer? The advantage thus taken of an interesting occasion renders it impossible for any lover of music to keep silence. The more that we esteem art would menish amateurship, the less can we consent to see it availing itself of social position to thrust out Art from Art's right place and its hardly-earned honours. It is really a fact that the Academy has been, and is, so poor in composers that to eke out a concert fit for Royalty to hear, the Committee is obliged to apply to one of its amateur patrons—not professional pupils, past or present—for a novelty? Something like this we have again and again said, and have been considered illiberal for saying it. Remark, too, in confirmation of every past stricture of ours, by whom the principal solo parts in this illustrative concert are to be sustained:—Médanes, Norello, Viardot, and Rudersdorf, Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Pyne, and Miss Dolby (the one Academician!), Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Reichardt, Signori Ginguini and Beletti, and Mr. Weiss. This, however, is not all. It is said that the stranger artists have been invited to give their services gratuitously. Let us take, in contrast to proceedings so shabby, in every sense of the word (and in which we are satisfied Her Majesty's name has been used unadvisedly), those of the powers who preside over the Prague Conservatory. Their fiftieth anniversary is to be held on the 7th of next month and the three following days. "The concert music," say foreign journals, "will be executed by pupils now belonging to the establishment—the solo parts by artists who have here received education." This is as it should be.

In his current number our contemporary further alludes to the subject:—

"We give a rumour or two on the authority of our contemporaries. The first is, that Professor Bennett has formally withdrawn himself from all connection with the Royal Academy of Music. This will surprise no one who reflects that he is the one composer of European reputation whom that luckless establishment has ever turned out; and that, therefore, he had no figure nor place in the 'illustrative' concert got up by the noble amateur whose Mass was brought forward. So unanimous, indeed, is the feeling of every one with regard to this discreditable exhibition, that it will not surprise us—still less be any cause for regret—if such puppy life as lingered in the Academy is shaken out of it by Wednesday's concert. Had artists, as a body, more moral courage to resist intimidation in the form of caprice, such things could never happen. While, however, it may be feared that the present is not the best case of the kind by many on which we may have to animadvert, we shall not cease to fight the battle in defence of their independence, ungracious though the task be."

All this is much better and more for the advantage of art and artists than the strange attempts of the *Athenæum* to prove Herr Rubinstein "an undoubted man of genius," to whom "grudging justice" has been paid in this country. If Herr Rubinstein has been misunderstood in London, it is Herr Rubinstein's own fault—no one else's. He has played the music of great masters in a style that we sincerely hope may never be sanctioned here, however it may fit the pocket-borough of Friar List, or the "capital of European civilization"—however it may suit the paradox of Weimar or the *papillonage* (to coin a word) of Paris—or however it may edify that pompous gentleman who, under the signature of "J. d'Ortigue," is at the present moment so verbosely and so inefficiently performing the duties of M. Berlioz in the feuilleton of the *Journal des Débats*.

MAD. SZARVADY left London for Paris on Saturday morning. HERR FRANZ ABT, the popular composer of German *Lieder*, has arrived in London.

MR. CLEMENT WHITE.—This esteemed and deservedly popular singer and composer is still at St. Francisco, in California, where his songs and ballads are becoming quite the vogue. Mr. Stephen J. McCormick, of Portland (Oregon), a distinguished American poet, is writing the words of six songs, and has chosen Mr. Clement White to set them to music. The first—"All hail, to the day that brightly breaks"—an American song of praise, is already in the press. The report speaks both of the poetry and music in the most flattering terms.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CLASSICAL CONCERT.

ON Saturday afternoon Miss Arabella Goddard gave one of her most interesting performances of classical pianoforte music, and achieved perhaps her greatest success before the public. The following was the programme:—

PART I.	
Quartet in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Op. 53)—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Joseph Joachim, Herr Goffric, and Signor Puzzi	Dussek.
Grand Sonata in A minor (Op. 42), first time in public—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	Franz Schubert.
Variations on an Original Air, for tenor and pianoforte—Herr Joseph Joachim and Miss Arabella Goddard	J. Joachim.
PART II.	
Suite de Pièces, in F ("Suites Anglaises," No. 4)—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	J. S. Bach.
Grand Sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin (Op. 47), dedicated to Kreutzer—Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joseph Joachim	Beethoven.

The rooms (Willis's) were crowded to suffocation, with members of the aristocracy and fashionable world, distinguished professors and well-known connoisseurs. We have rarely seen such an audience assembled at a concert—never at a mere chamber-concert. Nor have we ever witnessed greater, more sustained, or more richly warranted enthusiasm. Every piece in the programme had a special interest, and every piece was thoroughly appreciated. As we have written a great deal about Dussek and Schubert lately, not to mention Bach and Beethoven, we are at a loss for further sentences. Moreover, we can find nothing new to say about Miss Goddard's playing (unless perchance she would, for once in a way, lay herself open to criticism, to which she seems perversely disinclined). Under these circumstances we must be content to sum up at once in a verdict of unqualified approval. The great novelty was the picturesque and very original sonata of Franz Schubert, whose numerous works will afford our young English pianist a new and wealthy mine to explore—and especially his six grand solo sonatas, of which this one in A minor is the first. The next in importance was the interesting and thoughtful composition of Herr Joachim, in which the variation form is developed in a very elaborate and ingenious manner. The quartet of Dussek, a masterpiece of grace, was also almost as good as a novelty, so rarely is it publicly performed. Bach's *suite* is one of the freshest and most vigorous from the *Suites Anglaises*; and about the Kreutzer sonata we need say nothing. Herr Joachim played superbly, both on the viola, in his own piece, and on the violin in Beethoven's sonata, which was a triumph of skill and expression, on the part of both executants, and created nothing short of a *furor*.

The applause after each performance—more especially after the *scheros* in Schubert's sonata, the *gigue* in Bach's *suite* (an incomparable display on the part of Miss Goddard, who deserves to be appointed High Priestess to the Patriarch of Music), and after every movement of Beethoven—was enthusiastic beyond description.

THE BRADFORD CHORUS.—The members of the Bradford Choral Society have been singing (twice) at the Crystal Palace. They also sang at a concert in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, got up under the auspices of Mr. Samuel Smith, the active manager of the Bradford Music Festival. Last night they were invited by Mr. Henry Leslie, to hear his choir in St. Martin's Hall.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lucrina Borgia was repeated on Saturday, and the Queen and Prince Albert attended, with their illustrious guests, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant. The Royal party arrived about nine, and remained until the end of the ballet, *La Reine des Songes*, in which Madlle. Marie Taglioni took her leave for the season. The admirable and gracious *danseuse* was applauded to the echo, and *fleed* with bouquets, and honoured with a recall and an enthusiastic reception.

The performance of *Luisa Miller* on Tuesday evening does not call for any special remarks. The night, however, was celebrated by the *revue* of the eminent dancer Mad. Rosini in a *divertissement* from the ballet *La Sonnambula*, lately produced, or reproduced, more properly, at the Grand-Opéra of Paris with entire success. The music is not, as stated by some of our contemporaries—who should be better informed—by Auber, but by Hérold. Mad. Rosini was assisted by Madlle. Pocchini, and the dancing of the two great artists in amiable rivalry excited the audience to an unusual pitch of delight. Of course each *danseuse* was on her metal, and every device, *finesse*, art, and artifice, chorographic and histrionic, was made use of in the struggle for pre-eminence. At present we shall indulge in no "opinions," but merely affirm that the lily and the rose might as well be compared together as Mad. Rosini and Madlle. Pocchini. As Cowper says of the two rival flowers, or makes Flora say to them:—

"Be yours the rarer, lovelier hue,
And yours the stalerium mine,
And 'till a third surpasses you."
Let each be deemed a Queen."

The music of the new ballet, at least so much of it as we have heard, is very charming.

On Thursday *Il Trovatore*, with *La Sonnambula*.

The last of the morning representations will be given on Monday, when *Lucrina Borgia* and *La Serra Padrona* will both be heard. The success of Paisiello's operetta, when first performed at Mr. Benedict's concert, makes the promise of a second representation equally welcome.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *La Traviata* was given, and was followed by *La Brésilienne*. The new dancer, Mlle. Zina, is making way fast in the estimation of the subscribers.

The *Huysmans* was performed on Monday, it being the first extra night this year. In consequence of the late period at which the season commenced, only three more of these performances can take place.

On Tuesday, Rossini's *Otello* introduced Signor Tambrerik in his great part, the Moor. It was his first appearance since the early part of last year. The house was full, and the reception given to the popular tenor was overwhelming. The cast comprised—Desdemona, Grisi; Iago, Ronconi; Roderigo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Elmiro (who should be called Brabantio—why after Shakspeare's name!), Signor Tagliasio; and Emilia, Madame Tagliasio.

The *Otello* of Tambrerik is altogether a powerful performance. The music suits him exactly, for though occasionally florid, it is not in the bravura style, like that of other tenor parts in Rossini's opera, and is, on the whole, in the composer's largest and best manner. Breadth and grandeur are almost everywhere required to do justice to the music of Rossini, and those are qualities eminently appertaining to Signor Tambrerik's singing. The opening air, "Ah! si per voi," was sung and declaimed splendidly, and showed the singer in full possession of his powers. Of course the grand duet, "Non m'inganno, al mio tirale"—the counterpart of the great scene between Otello and Iago in Shakspeare's play—sung by Tambrerik and Ronconi, created the old *furore*, and was vociferously encored, Tambrerik taking a C sharp in the final movement with immense power. In the last act, Tambrerik surpasses himself. His acting is profoundly impressive, and his singing magnificent. But our readers are already acquainted, from numerous notices of Rossini's *Otello*, with all the details of the performance.

Some few years ago Grisi resigned the part of Desdemona to some other *prima donna*, but the result was not satisfactory. Grisi should never abandon Rossini. No living artist can even now approach her in Rossini's dramatic soprano music, and, luckily, few attempt it. We have not been so charmed and satisfied with any performance of Grisi's for years, as with her Desdemona on Tuesday night. Indeed, bating an occasional high note, which lacked the limet-like clearness and brilliancy of her early days, we found no difference between the Desdemona of the present year and some dozen years since. The same exquisite quality in the middle voice; the same inimitable phrasing and expression; the same tenderness, pathos, passion, power; the same abandonment and impulse in the acting; the same ease, grace, nature; the same earnestness of look and propriety of deportment, were all evidenced from the first to the last scene, and rendered the entire performance worthy of a white mark in the memory, to which, in after days, we may recur with feelings of admiration and delight.

Ronconi finds the music of Iago too florid, and the part unworthy of his talents. Scarcely a single opportunity to shine is afforded the actor by the librettist. In the duet with Otello, and that with Roderigo, only is occasion presented to him of producing a great vocal effort. Of both of these opportunities Ronconi availed himself, and in the grand duet with Otello, sang and acted with intense fire and passion. Signor Neri-Baraldi gave the music of Roderigo with correctness, and was in every place, careful and painstaking. His voice, however, is not sufficiently flexible for the music, which is written in the composer's most florid style. Signor Tagliasio was exceedingly impressive as the old Magnifico, and delivered the malediction in the first *finale* with grand effect. Mad. Tagliasio was all that could be desired in the small but most important part of Emilia.

We have heard the band go better, and had several times to find fault on the score of loudness. The air sung behind the scenes by Otello in the last act, was rendered almost inaudible by the obstreperousness of the accompaniments. Mr. Costa will, doubtless, remedy this.

The scenery is beautiful, and the costumes as fine as need be. One word to Signor Tambrerik as to his attire. All as admirable and appropriate except the turban, which is so evident a mistake that we wonder how he could have fallen into it. Otello is a Venetian general, and should be dressed accordingly. There is no defending it—no arguing about it, and the sooner Signor Tambrerik doffs the Moorish turban and dons the Venetian bonnet the better.

M. Flotow's *Martha* was produced, for the first time, on Thursday evening. The success achieved by the opera in Paris last season, with Mario in the principal character, no doubt impelled the management to introduce it on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera. Moreover, the *libretto* presented a fair field for the scene-painter and costumer, no small inducement in an establishment of which spectacular display constitutes one of the principal attractions. The orchestra was necessarily of secondary consideration, the music of *Martha* being simple and unpretending in the extreme. On the cast, therefore, the scenery and dresses, Mr. Uye relied principally for his success. Nor was he disappointed. *Martha* was received, from first to last, on Thursday night with genuine applause.

It is not necessary to describe the plot, which has already been done at length by our Paris correspondent, when *Martha* was brought out in the French capital last winter. Besides, the story is well known from Ballo's opera, *The Maid of Honour*, which, with the exception of one scene concocted in the alembic of Mr. Fitzball's fanciful imagination, is identical with that of *Martha*. The plot is taken from the ballet *Lady Henrietta*, produced many years since at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, so that the tale may be said to be as old as the hills.

The music is slightly constructed, and presents no very salient points of orchestration or harmony. The melodies, however, are pleasing and graceful, although seldom striking. The scene of the Statute Fair, with its truth, life, variety, and changes, would require the pen of Auber to do it full justice. It is due to M. Flotow, nevertheless, to admit that his music is lively, and the interest is not allowed to slacken through the entire scene.

The most effective *morceaux* in the opera, and those most likely to take with the public, are the romanza, "M'appari tutt' amor," sung by Lionel; the air for ditto, "Solo, profugo, rejeito," the air, "Chi mi di rà," by Plumkett; Nancy's air—made popular in Vienna by Madlle. Jetty Treffz's singing—"Il tuo stral nel lanciar;" the air in the fourth act, for Plumkett, "Il mio Lionello perira;" and the air for Henrietta, "Qui tranquilla." Some of the concerted music, too, is very pretty. We would name the quartet, "Dormi pur, ma il mio riposto;" the *morceau d'ensemble*, "Chi che a voi perdoni;" and the duet "Oh! I qual voce," in the third act, between Henrietta and Lionel, as among the most effective pieces in the opera, and which cannot fail to prove attractive of as well as on the stage. So much at present for the music of *Martha*.

The cast included Mesdames Bosio, Nantier-Didié, Signors Mario, Graziati, Tagliasia, and Soldi. Mario was encored in the romanza, "M'appari tutt' amor," which he sang with exquisite tenderness and feeling; and Mad. Bosio received the same compliment in the "Last rose of summer" (in Italian, "Qui sola, vergin rosa,") which everybody knows has been employed by M. Flotow with so much effect in *Martha*. The quartet in which Lionel and Plumkett attempt to teach Henrietta and Nancy how to use the spinning-wheels, was also demanded; but this was in great measure to be attributed to the capital singing and acting of Mesdames Bosio and Didié and Signors Mario and Graziati.

The *divertissement* in the Statute Fair—most admirably danced, by the way, by Mdles Zina and Delachaux and M. Desplaces—was entirely out of place in the reign of Queen Anne. M. Flotow lost a good opportunity of introducing some of the old English Societies in their proper situation.

There was a crowded house. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and remained to the end of the opera.

Martha will be repeated to-night.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last of the rehearsals by the metropolitan contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus, preparatory to the grand performance yesterday at the Crystal Palace, took place on Wednesday evening at Ereter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Costa. Nearly 1,400 singers attended, among whom were the members of the Bradford choir. Among the company present were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Stanley, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, Sir John Burgoyne, the Lord Mayor of London, &c. Most of the pieces which constituted the programme of yesterday's concert were rehearsed, and all went satisfactorily.

The Choral Demonstration which took place yesterday at the Crystal Palace was on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The chorus numbered 2,000 voices, and the instrumental force comprised 400 players, including the bands of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Royal Italian Opera, the Amateur Musical Society, the Crystal Palace, together with the Crystal Palace Wind Band, and the bands of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards. The wonder is, indeed, considering there were so many bands, and that the Royal Italian Opera reckons eighty in its ranks, the number did not far exceed four hundred. There were, moreover, twelve harps, and the monster organ of Gray and Davison added its musical thunders to the aggregation of sounds.

The chorus was composed of the fourteen hundred members of the London Amateur Division of the Great Handel Festival Choir, the leading professional choral singers, two hundred Yorkshire choraleists, including the celebrated Bradford Choir, with deputations from many of the leading Provincial Choral Societies, the Cathedrals, and various Continental Choral and Part-song Chorus.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Chorale, the Hundredth Psalm. Chant, "Venite, exultemus Domino"—Tallis. Trio, "Lift thine eyes," Chorus, "He, watching over Israel" (Elijah)—Mendelssohn. Chorus, "When His loud voices" (Jephtha)—Handel. Chorus, "The Lord is good" (Eli)—Costa. Quartet and Chorus, "Holy, holy, holy" (Elijah)—Mendelssohn. Motet, "Are verum corpus"—Mozart. Song and Chorus, "Phalistine, hark!" (Eli)—Costa.

PART II.—Chorus, "Oh, the pleasure of the plains" (Acis and Galatea)—Handel. Part-song, "Farwell to the forest"—Mendelssohn. Chorus, "To Thee, O Lord of all" (Frayser—Mosh in Egipito)—Rossini. Trio and Chorus, "See the conquering hero comes" (Judas Maccabeus)—Handel. Solo and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean" (Idomeneo)—Mozart. Chorus, "Hear, Holy Power" (Frayser—Masiello)—Auber. Song and Chorus, "God save the Queen."

The performance throughout was extremely grand and impressive, almost every piece being received with the greatest enthusiasm. The solo vocalists were Mad. Clara Novello, Mrs. Locky, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

The finest performances were Mendelssohn's quartet and chorus, and his part-song. Both were encored in a tumult of applause. Encores were also awarded to the song and chorus from *Eli*, Mr. Sims Reeves singing magnificently, and to the trio and chorus from *Judas Maccabeus*. Mr. Costa conducted the whole performance, and was received with uproarious cheers on ascending the platform. Mr. Brownsmith presided at the organ. The number of visitors had not been ascertained when we left, but the general opinion inclined to fix it at more than 20,000, a far larger number than attended on any day of the Handel Festival.

A concert by the "Tonic Sol-Fa Association" was held last week, and, as last year, attracted an immense concourse, 30,000 people being present. The seventy-four public and private schools of all Christian persuasions in which the system is inculcated sent delegates, and nearly 3,500 children and 500 adults stood up in the grand Handel orchestra to sing. The performance, if not perfect, was really extraordinary, and such was the delight of the audience that they attempted to encore every piece. Fortunately there were a few thousands present who, having more forbearance for the juvenile exccutants, or, considering that enough was as good as a feast, discountenanced this double taxation on the singers; so that the chorus was compelled to repeat four pieces only. These were, *Antem*, by R. A. Smith, "How beautiful upon the mountain;" Spofforth's glee, "Hail, smiling morn;" a chorus, "The Echo;" and the National Anthem. The usual demonstration followed the last performance, in which the strength of the lungs of the youthful choristers was more powerfully manifested than even in their singing. The conductors were Messrs. J. Saril and W. S. Young.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The sixth and last concert, on Wednesday evening (at which Madame Goldschmidt and her husband were present) was well attended. The following was the programme:—

PART I.		
Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang), solos by Miss Louisa Pyne	...	Mendelssohn.
Miss Stabback, and Mr. Montom Smith	...	
PART II.		
Overture (Henry the Fourth)	...	Joachim.
Scene, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," Miss Stabback	...	Weber.
Glee, "When winds breathe soft"	...	Weyb.
Concerto, E flat, piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hallé	...	Mozart.
Aria, "Non mi dir," Miss Louisa Pyne	...	Mozart.
Madrigal, "Fair May Queen"	...	Luca Mercati.
National Anthem	...	Arranged by Benedict.
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.		

Mr. Herr Joachim conducted his own overture, which was very imperfectly executed, and which we shall not presume to judge after a single hearing under such unfavourable circumstances. Mr. Hallé played Mozart's concerto in E flat (the same which was performed by Mr. Stenndale Bennett not many years since at the Philharmonic Concerts) in a very masterly manner, and with the utmost success. The *Lobgesang* did not go so well as we could have wished, or as it might have gone in a room better adapted for sound. Miss Stabback obtained great applause in Weber's *scena*, and Miss L. Pyne sang Mozart's "Non mi dir" charmingly. The madrigal was better sung than the glee by the members of the Vocal Association, which would gain considerably by displacing some third of its numbers, and thus ridding itself of "black-sheep" in the shape of utterly incompetent singers.

HERR REICHAARDT'S CONCERT, on Monday morning, at the Hanover-square Rooms, was an entertainment far above the average, both as to variety and excellence. It commenced with Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, the executors being Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Need we say how finely the trio was executed by three such incomparable artists. A romance of Schubert's on the violoncello by Signor Piatti, and a solo on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard—Wallace's "Robin Adair"—both brilliantly executed and both loudly applauded, were the other instrumental pieces. Herr Reichardt sang the aria from *Euryanthe*, "Wehen mir Lüfte Ruh," two *Lieder*, ("Morgengruß" by Mendelssohn, and "Es glänzt ein Abensongold" by Fesce), and a new song composed by himself, "Da bist mir nah und doch so fern" (by the way, he sang the English version "Thou art so near and yet so far," by John Oxenford), besides joining in the trio of Maakera from *Don Giovanni*, with Mesdames Lemmens Sherrington and Sulzer Belart, and in a trio by Kreutzer, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Herr Fischek. Herr Reichardt, who has been heard too rarely this season in the concert room, sang with great taste and expression, the aria from *Euryanthe* and his own song more particularly creating a decided impression. Madame Sulzer Belart made her first appearance before a London public. She is the wife of Sig. Belart's Her Majesty's singer, and had previously earned a reputation as a concert-room singer in Paris. Her voice is light, French in quality, and she sings skilfully. She selected the hackneyed air from *Robert le Diable*, "Robert, toi, que j'aime," and was evidently very nervous. Madame Lemmens Sherrington, who is singing better—with more voice and greater finish—than we have heard her since she first sang at St. Martin's Hall, gave Benedict's fine air, "A la carte de mille feux," with extreme brilliancy, and Herr Fischek sang "The Recruit" in German. Messrs. Benedict, Ganz, and F. Berger conducted.

M. JULLEN AT SOUTHAMPTON.—Great preparations were made, under the management of Mr. Gubbins, for Jullien's grand summer *fête*, which took place on Thursday and Friday, at the South Hants Antelope Cricket Ground, engaged for the occasion. The *fête* consisted of three open air concerts by Jullien's celebrated band, including several vocalists of celebrity, among whom were the Misses Ransford, Messent, Birch, Sedletz, Eyles, and Lascelles. Between the first and second parts, Chinese Magicians exhibited their feats of legerdemain, &c., and the entire entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks by the pyrotechnist, Mr. Darby, of the Surrey Gardens. These concerts, judging from the programme and the general arrangements, were on a scale never before attempted in Southampton. The number of the tickets sold was very large, and a vast audience did honour to the summons of the popular conductor.—*Southampton Herald*.

PERFUCTION?—What is the meaning of the word "perfuaction"? Does it not imply the performance of duties merely for the sake of getting through them—in other words, hasty, superficial, unconscientious, or, at all events, incomplete performance? We believe that, in the *Musical World*, this magnificent polysyllable is used as signifying anything to which the *Musical World* may happen to object, and we find, to our horror, that the stigma of "perfuaction" has been applied to some remarks which we published last week on the subject—*not* of Rubinstein, but of Rubinstein's critics. Which among them were right, and which were wrong, we did not undertake to say; but we informed our readers that the pianist in question was to play at Mr. Benedict's concert on the following Monday, when, for half they would have to pay at the Philharmonic, they could hear him and judge for themselves. Now, what do our readers suppose the *Musical World* has discovered from our remarks and recommendation as given above? That we had some pennywise interest in Mr. Benedict's concert (which we hadn't); or that we are no judge of pianoforte playing (which, as we will prove to the *Musical World* we are); or that we are a Russian at heart (which we are in one sense, and not in another). As to pianoforte playing, the only performers for whom we have ever expressed any very extraordinary admiration in these columns are Professor Bennett, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Signor Piatti (W. Claus). Now, since the *Musical World* has said that each of these pianists is an admirable pianist, therefore they are admirable

pianists; and therefore we had a right to admire them without fear of being taunted by our esteemed contemporary with want of judgment. As to what we are "at heart," we can only say that we think neither better nor worse of a man on account of his having been born a few leagues further north-east than ourselves; that a fine soul, a fine sonata, whether played by an Englishman or a Russian, provided only it be played well; and that to care about the nationality of a great artist appears to us about as reasonable as to inquire whether he has been vaccinated or has had the measles. In music, which is at once a universal language and a universal literature, such distinctions are especially out of place.—*Illustrated Times*.

THE NEW ORGAN AT ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S CHAPEL, REGENT-STREET.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

THIS organ, a rebuild, by Gray and Davison in 1856, and noticed in the *Musical World* of April 19th in that year, has— to use a marine phrase—just been in dock for a couple of overhauls and improvement, resuming its place on Saturday, the 5th ultimo, after an absence of four weeks. This organ, though an excellently factored instrument, was, in certain particulars hereafter to be explained, unsatisfactory. To persons familiar with the general history of the organ, and the progress of the art of its facture, it is well-known that pipes of the fine species improve in quality of tone with age. Reeds, on the contrary, deteriorate. A diapason of "Father Smith," or Banatus Harris is at the present time invaluable, whereas a trumpet or hautboy of those fathers of modern organ-building in England, is worthless beyond that of its price as old metal for the melting pot. In like manner the fine-work of the existing organs of the makers of the succeeding age—Schrider, Bridge, Byfield the elder, Snetler, &c., &c., still remains excellent, but the reeds have generally become bad, and in organs that have been well cared for these stops have mostly been renewed.*

The organ at Tenison's Chapel was a Byfield, of the date of 1750; rebuilt, with additions, by Gray and Davison in 1856, abandoning all the old instruments except the swell and portion of the pipes. Unfortunately, the great organ trumpet, then suspected of being only very slightly defective, was (from motives of economy, being an extensive stop) retained. This, however, proved an error, for its disagreeable tones were found to prominently pervade in every combination with which it was used, just as a few drops of bitter aloes would influence any favourite beverage. The removal of the pipes of this stop, and replacing new, was one of the objects of the recent work. By reason of certain peculiarities of the structure of the edifice, and the position of the organ therein, the instrument, when put out in

* There are exceptions to this rule. In Snetler's fine old organ of the parish Church of St. John, Hackney, built 1758, the original reeds of the great organ remain, and are still spirited, crisp, and rich. The noble organ of St. Sepulchre's, Snow-hill, the original part of which was constructed by Banatus Harris in 1667, for its single swell by Byfield, in 1730, and these are to this day very fine. A curious incident is related of this excellent artificer in reference to this organ of St. Sepulchre's. Byfield was son-in-law of Banatus Harris, was his workman, and subsequently succeeded to the business. Besides the removal of the great organ reeds at St. Sepulchre, in 1730, he at the same time built to it a swell organ—one of the earliest swells *not* of Rubinstein, but of Rubinstein's critics. Which among them were right, and which were wrong, we did not undertake to say; but we informed our readers that the pianist in question was to play at Mr. Benedict's concert on the following Monday, when, for half they would have to pay at the Philharmonic, they could hear him and judge for themselves. Now, what do our readers suppose the *Musical World* has discovered from our remarks and recommendation as given above? That we had some pennywise interest in Mr. Benedict's concert (which we hadn't); or that we are no judge of pianoforte playing (which, as we will prove to the *Musical World* we are); or that we are a Russian at heart (which we are in one sense, and not in another). As to pianoforte playing, the only performers for whom we have ever expressed any very extraordinary admiration in these columns are Professor Bennett, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Signor Piatti (W. Claus). Now, since the *Musical World* has said that each of these pianists is an admirable pianist, therefore they are admirable

force, was found too powerful for the chapel. To remedy this defect was another object of the work. The pipes throughout have been re-voiced to a more delicate intonation, painstakingly executed by Mr. Abbott, one of the most skilled artificers of the builder's establishment. The sesquialtra stop (great organ) has been toned down by the abstraction of the tierce rank and the substitution of a principal, making the compound of that register, principal 12th and 15th, breaking at middle C. Those acquainted with the effect of tuning by equal temperament, for which new method (at least new in England) of tuning this organ is arranged, will at once perceive the improved concord that must result from the necessary use of a new compound.

At the same time, the opportunity which the organ being taken to pieces presented, has been availed of for effecting a variety of other improvements, among which may be mentioned, in the swell, the hautboy—heretofore stopping at tenor C—has received the pipes of the lower octave, thus carrying it down to the full compass double C. The chorus of this division has been brightened up by the addition of a two-rank mixture stop, a compound of the 10th and 22nd; here also omitting the tierce. A Karolaphon, a new solo stop of delicious intonation, the invention of the builders (Messrs. Gray and Davison), for which the firm obtained the Great Exhibition Prize Medal, has also been introduced here. The bourdon has been made to draw in two, thus making the bass of it independently available by means of the coupler for the pedal, a work trifling in itself, but giving a result equivalent to a second stop on the pedal, supplying a suitable pedal bass for soft organ, for which purpose the large tones of the 16 foot organ are inappropriate.

The synopsis now stands thus:—

Two rows of keys; great organ and swell; the compass of each C C to F. All the stops, with the exception of the cromona and karolaphon, which latter are minus the lower octave, extend naturally through the scale. Pedals C C C to E; two octaves and a third.

GREAT ORGAN.	SWELL.	PEDAL.
1. Open diapason.	1. Bourdon.	Open diapason, 16 feet.
2. Stopped diapason, base	2. Open diapason.	
3. Clarabella, treble.	3. Stopped diapason.	
4. Principal.	4. Clarinet flute.	Three composition pedals to the Great Organ;
5. Twelfth.	5. Principal.	two ditto to the swell.
6. Fifteenth.	6. Fifteenth.	Three couplers.
7. Sesquialtra, three ranks.	7. Mixture.	
8. Dulciana.	8. Karolaphon.	
9. Trumpet.	9. Cornopean.	
10. Cromona.	10. Hautboy.	

The pipes of the first six stops of the great organ formed a portion of the original organ of Byfield. These, mellowed in their tones by age, are of excellent quality. The open diapason (the front ornamental pipes), is an extremely beautiful one, and with the various improvements now effected the instrument becomes a very choice one of its class—deep and rich in its volume of tone, yet quiet and of much variety. The total outlay, inclusive of the work of 1856, has been somewhat near £400; and the value of an entire modern tenor C swell of six stops, which formed part of the former organ, and fell into the hands of the builders by the terms of their contract.

This work has been carried out at the instance of Mr. Frederick Crane, of Regent-street, the now retiring churchwarden of the parish of St. James's, trustee of the chapel, through whose exertions the instrument was rebuilt in 1856—exertions induced only by the desire that the congregation worshipping in this favourite little "tabernacle" (with which he has had officially

* This chapel founded—as well as the free grammar school in connection therewith—by Dr. Tenison, the first rector of St. James's, afterwards Primate, and first opened for Divine Service anno 1702, the statutes of the foundation direct that "prayers be said therein every morning and every evening throughout the year; and provide two clergymen for the performance of the duty, which is faithfully fulfilled at 9 a.m. and 7½ p.m.; with four services (3, 11, 3, and 7) on Sundays. The Rev. J. G. Cowan, was the evening preacher at the mother church (St. James's), is the chief minister; the Rev. W. J. Richardson, rector and assistant-preacher. An additional curate (the Rev. E. Lucy) also ministers here, whose stipend is provided by the

so much to do), should have the praises they sing harmonised by a musical instrument composed of sounds sweet and beautiful as the highest skill in the art of the facture could give voice to.

It may, however, be remarked here, that although this organ is perfectly complete in itself, as it now stands, yet, as respects extent of stop, and variety, it can be regarded only as an instrument of the secondary class. But in planning the rebuilding of it in 1856, provision was made for facilitating the subjoining (at any future period) of a choir organ, of some seven or eight stops, to be contained in a separate case, and stand in front, after the style seen in many of the collegiate chapels of the universities, and as adopted in the restoring of the organ at the parish church in Piccadilly in 1852, with a result so highly satisfactory, and at the same time so ornamental, to that elegant interior. For carrying out this extension the further sum of £200 is required, and it is hoped, it some day or other will be accomplished: when, by transplanting to the new department the dulciana, cromona, and karolaphon—which stops more properly appertain to a choir—and substituting on the slides they now occupy other stops essential to a further varying of harmonious combinations, this instrument will stand in the foremost rank of the metropolitan church organs.

congregation. A minimum portion, only, of the accommodation of the chapel is reserved for letting, all besides is open free. No aid from any of the societies has ever been availed of for this chapel. At the period of the general falling in of the Regent-street leases, early in the next century, Tenison's chapel and school becomes a rich foundation.

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MR. LOUIS RAKEMANN begs respectfully to announce that he will give a Concert of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC on Thursday morning, 15th July, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, assisted by the following artists.—Violin, Mr. Joseph Joachim; Viola—Mr. Webb; Violoncello—M. Pagan; Pianoforte—Mr. Charles Hallé. Programme.—Quartet in G minor for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, Mozart; Sonata quasi Fantasia, Op. 57, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue for violin, Solo, Bach; Fantasia for pianoforte in G major, in F minor, Mozart; Capriccio in E for pianoforte, Mendelssohn; Sonata for piano and violin in A, Beethoven. Tickets, Half-a-guinea for Reserved Seats, and 7s. for Unreserved Seats, may be at the principal Music-sellers.

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BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

ON "PERFUNCTION."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—One of your contemporaries being, I observe, at sea, respecting the signification of the word *perfunctionary*, he ought, with all others in the same condition, to be informed that *perfunctionary* means "fighting the shadows" or in other words, trying to take careful scientific aim at an object, and hitting something quite beyond it. The phrase "fighting the shadows" is, however, most expressive of its meaning. The word can be very effective in the repertoire of a satirist; its full value would be known to newspaper writers, were they not generally better acquainted with cigars, brandy and water, and flippancy, than with philology.

Yours, respectfully,

BETHHOVENIAN.

[We appreciate the civility of our correspondent, but not his interpretation of the word "perfunctionary."—Ed. M. W.]

BRADFORD NOT YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—On looking over your last Saturday's publication, I find that in your notice of the rehearsal for the performances in the Crystal Palace on the 2nd instant, you state that 200 Yorkshire vocalists were present, including the Bradford Choral Society. Allow me to inform you and the metropolitan public generally, that the 200 named by you were Bradford people, and did not comprise the pick of Yorkshire vocalists. It is the impression here that the invitation was for the same persons who sang at the great "Handel Festival;" if so, the Bradford people have done some injustice to the singers of Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax. Had the 200 singers from Bradford been tested, apart from the rest, they would have proved their utter inability to take part in such an affair, and also that they were totally unfit to represent Yorkshire, as they falsely have done.

If you, Mr. Editor, or any of your correspondents can explain the matter, you will oblige the writer and a great number of your musical friends.

Yorkshire, July 5, 1858.

FAIRBAY.

THE LATE LINDLEY OR THE PRESENT PIATTI.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Will you please favour me with a reply to the following question? By so doing you will much oblige your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

"Was the late Lindley or Piatti the best player on the *violoncello*?"

Manchester, July 8.

[Apply to Sig. Piatti.—Ed. M. W.]

THE HACKNEY ORGAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Reading the interesting communication on Organs, in your last, and observing that the reeds of the Hackney organ are cited as the original work of Smetzer, I should feel particularly interested in knowing on what information your correspondent (who seems quite "up to the mark" in organ matters,) has based his observation. I have always understood, from books and otherwise, that some of Smetzer's work remains in that instrument, the present organ being the manufacture of England, with improvements and enlargement by Gray.

There is a curious and little-known organ at Great St. Bartholomew, West Smithfield, containing some exceedingly good reed-work—very good indeed for the age of the organ, which must have been erected about 1726, and by Harris and Hyfield, I believe. At St. James, Garlickhithe, there is a very curious organ, nearly in its original state, without pedals or couplers, or, indeed, any modern appliances (it has a swell and the keys black and white, retaining the modern arrangement). This little known organ is one of Smith's, and has good work in it, but the remark of your intelligent correspondent is quite borne out in this instance, as the reeds are not over and above good. The city churches no doubt contain many organs interesting on account of their age and singularity. There is a very singular little organ of the 18th century at St. Matthew's, Friday-street. It possesses still a "mounted cornet," a stop rarely to be met

with now-a-days, and which had for many years, in this instance been so completely in disuse, that we may truly say that it was discovered by the present rector and a friend, gentlemen who have both the will and ability to protect and care for the church organ.

I should also like to call the attention of your "organ hunting" readers to the instrument at that once noble and yet interesting church (used by the Dutch as their place of meeting) in the Austenfriars. The organ there is a very quaint, odd looking one; there is not such another in London. It is of the 17th century, and would, no doubt, repay examination by those who have sufficient fortitude to brave the Dutch vergers and service.

The collection of facts, anecdotes, and descriptions similar to those given by your correspondent, would be indeed interesting to those who love the organ and have a taste for the antiquities of its history. The existing works, elaborate as they are, are not free from short comings on this point, while materials exist that would form the nucleus for a little volume, very interesting and useful to the musical antiquary. Would that your correspondent would favour us with one.

DIPARON.

DR. MARK'S GRAND MUSICAL JUBILEE.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

THIS event came off at the Free Trade Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and was most successful, both with respect to the performance of Dr. Mark's Little Men and the attendance, upwards of 28,000 people, young and old, having been present in the course of the three days. The series was opened with an evening concert on Monday, on which occasion a number of highly gratifying testimonials were presented to Dr. Mark. After the first piece in the second part, a deputation from the parents of the "Little Men" appeared on the platform, and Mr. William Fogg, in their names, read the following address to Dr. Mark:—

"TO DR. MARK.

"Dear Sir,—We the parents and guardians of your happy Little Men, feeling exceedingly anxious to present you with some suitable memento of our gratitude to you, and our entire approbation of your unwearied efforts to promote the comfort and welfare of those dear to us, have availed ourselves of this occasion—the 28th of June, being your birthday—as a fitting opportunity to present you with gold watch and chain. At the same time, also, we would beg your acceptance for your worthy partner, Mrs. Mark, of a silver tea service, as intended to assure her of our universal approval of her motherly care and solace for her adopted numerous, and we fear at times, troublesome family. To Mrs. Mark, sir, we would have you to convey our warmest attachment and united thanks for her great kindness to our children, she being to them, in their many wanderings through the towns of England and Scotland, what a mother would be at home. Her worth is best known to them, as they have experienced her kindness at all times, and have cheerfully related to us, at home, how very much they are attached to their adopted mother. We must, therefore, beg of you, sir, that she will be pleased to accept this our poor return, for her kindness and care to the children, extended as it is over a period of two, in some cases more, years. To yourself, as the originator of a new plan of musical education, we tender our best thanks, and only regret that in words or by any testimonial, we shall entirely fail in expressing to you our approbation of your conduct. The highest compliment we can pay you is this:—that a more liberal, kind hearted, and well-beloved guardian the boys could not have, and that as your conduct is for kindness to them before this audience, so it is in your own private lodgings, when the eye of the public is far away. Wishing you many happy returns of your birthday, and hoping you and your worthy partner may live long and enjoy many blessings, we beg to subscribe ourselves, yours."

(Here follow the signatures of the Parents and Guardians of the Little Men.)

Mr. Fogg then presented Dr. Mark with a valuable gold watch and chain, the watch bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Dr. Mark, on his birth-day, June 28, 1858, by the parents and guardians of his Little Men, in testimony of their grateful appreciation of his unwearied kindness and solicitude for the children confided to his care."

Mr. Fogg also presented to Mrs. Mark a silver tea-pot, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Dr. Mrs. Mark by the parents of Dr. Mark's band of

Little Men, to testify their gratitude for her unceasing efforts to promote the comfort and happiness of their children."

Immediately after the presentation a most interesting scene took place, all the Little Men themselves coming forward, headed by the senior boy, presented to Dr. Mark a silver *bâton*. The senior Little Man read the following address:—

"TO DR. MARK.

"DEAR SIR,—On behalf of myself and fellow pupils we beg of you to accept of this silver *bâton*, as a small token of our gratitude and love. We are glad to be used in the way of any acts of kindness that we are daily receiving at your hands. We thank you, sir, not only for your bountiful supply of the necessities of life, but for your unceasing care of our health, and constant endeavour to provide for our instruction, amusement, and happiness. We pray God to bless and reward you; and we wish you many happy returns of your birth day.

"Presented June 29th, 1858."

(Here follow the names of Dr. Mark's Little Men.)

The *bâton* bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to Dr. Mark by his Little Men, as a token of their gratitude and attachment to him.—Free Trade Hall, Manchester, June 29th, 1858."

Dr. Mark, evidently impressed with the sentiments contained in the addresses, stated that, both on Mrs. Mark's and his own behalf he felt deeply grateful for the honours conferred upon him, and for the kind manifestations of feeling towards him with which the presentations had been accompanied. At the conclusion of the last performance on Wednesday, when the hall was crowded in every part, another testimonial was presented to Dr. Mark by Mr. Dible in the name of the superintendents, teachers, and scholars of the day and Sunday-schools of Manchester and Salford, of which the following is a copy:

"TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO DR. MARK BY THE SUPERINTENDENTS, TEACHERS, AND SCHOLARS OF THE DAY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER AND SALFORD, JUNE 30, 1858, AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

"DEAR SIR,—For the extraordinary pleasure which your grand musical jubilee has given to so many thousands of the children and parents connected with our schools, we, the undersigned superintendents, teachers, and scholars, beg leave, most respectfully, to return you our sincere and heartfelt thanks. The facilities which you have so liberally afforded of allowing every one (at a mere nominal charge) to enjoy this great and really intellectual treat, is a proof of the deep interest which for years you have taken in the promulgation of vocal and instrumental music; and we fully endorse your noble wishes, that music may become more familiar, more only amongst the wealthy, but at every cottager's fire-side. That music will become more popular every year is a fact which cannot be disputed; and in making Manchester your permanent home, we greet you with the warmest welcomes, feeling convinced that you are the right man in the right place, and that by your endeavours to disseminate a love and taste for music among the rising generation, you will be hailed by all with the liveliest gratitude and receive every encouragement. In presenting this testimonial to you, dear sir, we are deeply sensible of the responsibility which attaches to all who are engaged in the tuition of youth; and we sincerely trust that your unceasing labours will be crowned with triumphant success; and that your praiseworthy efforts may induce the Council of National Education to make the study of music (instrumental as well as vocal) an essential branch of education in its national schools, and give their powerful aid to one who has laboured for so many years to establish musical institutions throughout this great empire. In conclusion, accept our best thanks; and allow us to express the hope that, as a resident here, your future career may be both prosperous and happy, and wishing you, Mrs. Mark, and all your Little Men every success.—We are, dear sir, yours truly,

"THE SUPERINTENDENTS, TEACHERS, AND SCHOLARS OF THE SCHOOLS OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD."

If anything had been wanting to assure Dr. Mark of the favourable opinion entertained respecting him by the citizens of Manchester, it has now been furnished in the complete success of his musical jubilee, and in the enthusiastic reception given to him in connection with his concerts, which were intended to be introductory to the opening of his new musical institution in this city, in which laudable enterprise we wish him the most hearty success.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA,

BY A MINER.

(Continued from page 420.)

THREE concerts satisfied the Marysvillians, and after a long cabinet council our determination was made to penetrate the northern mines, yea, even unto Downville, the *Ultima Thule* (at that time) of civilization. Our ideas were rather indistinct as to the propriety, or even feasibility of going there; we knew that there was a long journey to be made on mules, that our luggage would have to be packed upon the same useful animals; that there was no pianoforte there, and no waggon to take one by. However, when you have made up your mind to do a certain thing, the best way is to go to work with energy and do it without further bother. I had heard that a billiard-table in sections had been packed there, and that with great difficulty a printing-press (the advanced grade of civilization) had been conveyed by a teamster named Hastings, who had gained considerable renown by the feat; and as Hastings had a farm near Captain Sittler's, I took a trip to Hock's Farm, where I was most kindly received by the hospitable old gentleman, returning his hospitality by tuning his pianoforte, and through his good offices found my teamster, who, after great demur, and considerable diplomatic tact upon my part, consented to convey a square pianoforte to a mountain top, three miles from Downville, from thence I was to use my own ingenuity in conveying it down a nearly perpendicular pass into the town below. I had to provide him with ropes and blocks, had the piano securely packed in an iron bound case, with rope-beckets or handles at the sides and ends, and sent two men with him to assist. We then started in a large-open carriage or rather waggon, accompanied by Park's Bar, the first mining camp upon our route, by the votary of Flora, Pomona, and Ceres, and another friend, a Scotchman, a Mr. Peter Robinson, one of the kindest hearted, merry souls on earth, who is now gone to his long home. Light and green be the turf that covers him, for good and noble was the heart beneath it. Leaving Marysville we entered a large prairie, which was already stripped of its spring carpet of beautiful flowers, and saw in the distance upon our left, rising out of the flat prairie, like Gibraltar from the sea, the latter of which are called a group of sugar-loaf-shaped elevations, that in the rays of the setting sun are of a brilliant purple, and present a mass of gorgeous colouring that would have rendered Turner distracted. Looking a-head we saw the lofty summits of the Sierras, crowned with snow, the greenish whiteness of the east most beautifully contrasting with the glowing west. At least fifteen miles of the flat and uninteresting prairie had to be passed, and we began to enter and gradually ascend the mountains. The road was very good and crowded with every conceivable kind of conveyance, vehicular, equestrian, and pedestrian. Swart miners with their noble beards, with rolled up blankets, and the long rifle slung behind them, and bowie knife and revolver, at their sides passed us, some winding cityward with the produce of a year's labour and risk of life, to lose their all at the gambling table, or revel like hogs in what they termed "a jolly good bender," while the anxious faces and clean shaved appearance of the new comers seemed to excite in them feelings of ineffable disdain. As we advanced, the trees (all oaks) increased in size, and trickling rills of water gave life and verdure to the dried-up earth; while around the roots of the trees the sweet prairie flowers seemed to nestle, as if imploring protection from the parching heat.

It was evening when we arrived at Park's Bar, and we were for the first time among gold-mining operations, which are here, as at most camps upon the Tuba and its branches, what are called river claims. Now although the precious ore, root of all evil, *pris pecuniarum*, (or which ever of the thousand and one terms of enlightenment you like to call it), has often been the stimulus to beards, inciting them to High and Low seas for a mercantile friend of mine pleasantly terms them), yet, anything more unpoetical than actual gold mining it is not easy to conceive. The mountains around are of course gloriously beautiful, with their growth of giant oaks and pines, but Heaven keep me from the occupation of sitting on the banks of a muddy stream with a tin water-dipper in one hand, and the handle of a crude

in the other, the sun baking your brains, while your lower extremities are in the water, and you sit bobbing away, like a mandarin in a tea-shop. Talk of gold mining, pool! the treadmill is a jovial institution compared to it. And then the delightful occupation of fluming, viz.: directing the stream of a river into a new channel built or cut to receive it, and adding insult to injury by making the rapid stream turn water-wheels to pump its own bed dry, while you (up to your middle in ice-cold water) denude its bottom of the precious metal deposited in beds and crevices (or pockets as they are called) and entail upon yourself inflammatory rheumatism to the end of your days. "Go, get these gone, I'll none of them!" Our method of advertising a concert in the small mining towns had, to say the least of it, the advantage of novelty. It consisted of the primitive method of calling the stragglers for miles around by firing a cannon at six o'clock, a method adopted of making a gathering when at first the Indians were troublesome. This is much cheaper than printing or advertising, and the programme chalked upon a board has all the utility of type, as well as the charm of novelty. I am not aware if this plan would succeed at the Hanover-square Rooms, but I think it might be perfectly in keeping with a "Verdi Night" at Exeter Hall, or the idea might be valuable as a new "wrinkle" to Jullien for a new polka. At all events, it seldom failed to draw as full houses, and if our audiences were not clothed in purple and fine linen, and didn't look a bit like lilies of the valley, Solomon in all his glory never enjoyed himself half so well. I cannot take my leave of Park's Bar without giving my humble notice of praise to the perseverance, punctuality, and marvellous agility of the fias. Their industry is positively miraculous; sleep was out of the question, and we arose in the morning looking as if we had been stabbed all over with darning needles; and their vast numbers I can only account for by adopting the ingenious hypothesis of a friend, who firmly believed that they had an affection for the Spanish language. It is barely possible, though, that the large numbers of mules may have something to do with it. Suffice it to say, that one night made us heavily lark of our *Aerobotomist*, and we got started in our waggon the next morning for Foster's Bar, still higher in the mountains, from which point our male journey was to begin; and having started the pianoforte up the opposite bank of the Yuba, to meet us at Downville, as the sun was just piercing the tops of the pines upon the summits of the surrounding mountains our cavalcade departed, and we travelled for thirty miles or more upon a very rough road, and through forests of the most noble timber that can be conceived. To give some idea of its usefulness, I need only mention that I have seen a shingle (a strip of pine about a quarter of an inch thick,) taken from a sugar pine, over a hundred feet in length, without a knot or blemish in the straight grain; while as to girth of trunk, I measured one glorious monarch of the woods, by extending my arms, and going round it finger to finger, made nine marks, or, in rough measurement, eighteen yards in circumference. Nor will this appear an exaggeration to any of my readers who have seen the Mammoth Tree in the Crystal Palace, which cut at eight feet above the ground, was of much larger growth, being at first, before the shrinking of the bark from dryness, about twenty-two yards in circumference. The various shrubs which are so prized in England, as ornaments to shrubberies, now began to be very plentiful; various laurels, hollies, azalias, rhododendrons, syringas, and two new shrubs, the manzanita, and the buck-eye, or dwarf horse-chestnut, giving beauty and perfume to the senses; while innumerable flowers, including the perennial lupin, larkspurs of many varieties, and their kindred plants, the glorious white garden lily, and the Turk's cap, or tiger lily (which grows like a Chinese pagoda), columbines, yellow pansies, mallows, convolvuli, and hundreds of varieties of beautiful flowers that I could not name, gave a beauty to the silent woods,—silent as death save when a dry branch falls with crackling sound, which can be heard "in the dim aisles of the forest" a great distance; for singing birds there are none, if we except the owl, who can scarcely be said to belong to a musical family. It was night when we arrived at the summit of a mountain overlooking Foster's Bar, and, to our dismay, found that heavy rains had washed away the steep

road, until it was reduced to a mass of overhanging rock and rugged ravine. Below, over the tops of the pines, we could see the lights in the village, which made our forlorn position doubly provoking. There was no help for it; no horses could descend the pass, and we had to leave them, with all our luggage, the waggon, and the driver to keep watch, until we could send him help from below. Then the Count and I, taking the little woman in our arms by turns, essayed the pass, and a succession of gruntings and groanings was never heard as we coiled down the abominable abyss. Soon, however, the trouble was over, and upon arriving at the foot, we were literally in the arms of two friends from New York, who had been settled at the Bar about two years—commencing business, one with a fiddle, the other with a lead full of legal lore; neither a very promising capital, you will say, but they had gone to work with a will, had built a beautiful cottage—which was instantly given up to the comfort of the lady—who was looked upon by the rough-hearted denizens as something almost divine, there being but three females within thirty miles. Nothing could be kinder than the behaviour of the miners to us all. They called up the mountains, with torches, to relieve our driver and his charge. For at least six hours we were immersed in a grand chat and pow-wow over matters and things at home; and in this hospitable place we stayed two days to recruit our strength, and be ready for fresh toils. Upon preparing for our equestrian journey, no side-saddle was to be found for the lady, so she had to equip herself, as an avenger, borrowing a pair of indians for the purpose, and about ten o'clock of a fine bright morning we departed, amid the good wishes of our friends, three amiable-looking babes in the wood as we were. The bridle-paths were so rugged that any quicker progression than a walk was out of the question; and as we often met returning mule-teams with baggage, it required no little ingenuity to avoid them, for they are no respecters of persons, and seem to take an equine delight in rubbing against your legs with the boxes and balms which are suspended at their tails, and when this takes place upon a narrow bridle-path, on the side of a mountain seven or eight hundred feet high, it is positively dangerous. We had made about eight miles by noon, and stopped at a ranch (*Anglicis*, farm) to rest, and then pursue our journey, which would be for fifteen or sixteen miles through a wilderness, with not an habitation till we arrived at the close of the first day's journey—a resting place exulting in the euphonious appellation of Nigger Tent. We had got about half way, when I (being in advance) caught sight of the commencement of Mountain Indians, a very different race from the filthy Diggers of the Plains. As we approached, about a dozen gentlemen stood up "with bended bow and quiver full of arrows," and seemed disposed to dispute our passage through their camp. I drew my revolver, and called to the Count to do the same, since if we were to be spitted like larks, we might as well have a shot for it. But, just like him, although he had an abominable thing like an ugly pepper-box, he had carefully locked it up in his trunk, and of course he did not know where *that* was; so there was no help for it, and we proceeded till I caught sight of an object that made me scream with laughter. This was a lady, evidently a belle of the tribe, who had procured a Yankee sun-bonnet and a little child's tippet, and in this airy costume (and nothing else) she was parading up and down with an air of dignity that I defy the most crinoline dandies in London to equal. Laughter, they say, is catching, for the rest of the tribe (who no doubt were jealous of the fiery) grinned like monkeys, and seeing our lady in pantafoons, who really made a pretty-looking boy, with her broad straw hat and curls, squeaked out repeatedly, "Dance, dance!" and established friendly relations in an instant. The bows were put aside, and we tried to get up a conversation, which ended in their very good humoured sending one of their party to guide us on our way and make friends with an outlying party which we passed further on. And so ends our first and last adventure with "y" salvages." As we advanced the scenery grew wilder and wilder, and we were evidently attaining a considerable elevation, for in the ravines, hidden from the hot sun, masses of frozen snow lay, which gave us a beautiful view of the icy world as they trickled from them. We at length arrived at the close of our

first day's journey, nightly tired, and found Nigger Tent to be a large hotel, built of wood. It was perfectly embowered in a lofty forest, and made a most picturesque appearance. We were the solitary travellers who had arrived, and we found that salt pork was all "that the market afforded." This, transformed into rashers, did well enough for us men; but the landlord (a quiet, sententious young fellow of about two-and-twenty), said that he would get something more delicate for the lady, and walked off into the woods with a long rifle. We shortly heard two ringing shots, and back he stalked with a couple of plump rollins (not the little English birds, but gentlemen as big as rooks), which he had shot so cleanly with a bullet through the head, as they were preparing for a cozy night upon the top of a huge pine-tree. These dicker-birds were a great comfort to the internals of the lady, who for the previous two hours had been making the woods ring with *soffeggi*—which practice is a great assistance to the appetite. We were too tired to sit up late, and laid in a large stock of sleep to prepare for the next day, starting bright and early the next morning for our final destination. The country now became wildly beautiful, and when we arrived at the summit of Goodyear's Hill (as a lofty descent of five miles in length is termed), the scene was sublime in the extreme. This place, Goodyear's Bar, is at the junction of one of the forks of the Yuba, and has been a great natural place of deposit for the glittering ore. It has quite a large mining town, and every description of mining is carried on there. Our descent of the mountain was not only toilsome but perilous, as a false step on the part of your mule would have precipitated you down a precipice that seemed fathomless; but the sure-footed little animals carefully picked their way and landed us safely at the bottom, when, upon surveying the towering alps around us, it seemed as if we had come down the side of a house, and were deposited in the area.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY AND MUSICIANS.

(From *La France Musicale*.)

THE emigration of artists is complete. In a few days more, there will be one left in Paris, except M. Auber, who alone braves the heat of the Boulevards and theatres in the dog-days. The Conservatory gives its bantlings a holiday; the professors hang their lyre at the head of their bed, and are off. "O, country! meadows, valleys, mountains, streams, hill-sides, and shepherd's pipes, I salute you!"—exclaims, with tender emotion, the musician, who, during six months of cold, has, in vain, courted his rebellious fancy, or submitted to listen, at all hours of the day and night, to the gamut executed by his pupils. "O, country!—with thy chirruping grasshoppers, murmuring waters, warbling birds, sighing breezes, and answering echoes—with thy leaves, trees, alleys, sheepbells, goats, cows, and everything else that lives in the open air, far from cities and their asphalt pavements—once more I salute you!"

Will any one believe it! In the midst of this general exclamation, one voice is silent; among all the generals and soldiers serving in the same army, a single captain, or, I should rather say, field-marshal, remains inespensible to the beauties of the country. It is M. Auber. M. Auber is a child of Paris. Do not speak to him of flowers, save such as blossom in the Pasage de l'Opéra; his verdure, his trees, and his palaces, are those which MM. Schœn, Despœchin, Thierry, Cambon, etc., dash on the canvas scenes of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. "Why should I travel?" asked M. Auber, one day, "have I not in the theatre everything Nature can offer? From the ocean, with its vessels tossed about by the winds, to the cascades of Switzerland; from the palaces of Golconda and the Greek and Roman temples, to the simple huts of Brittany and Normandy; from kings and emperors, to the angler with his rod; and from the wildest mountains to the most smiling plains, I find everything at the Opéra. Besides, there is something I do not meet with in your woods, and that is the little frisking feet, the shapes that twist about like apinches—those pretty children of the air, vulgarly called *dansesuses*. Then again, if you could show me, far away from here, unknown

countries, and incomparable castles, I should always miss an orchestra and voices to lead their animation. I am accustomed to all the whistling, singing, scraping noises of the opera, that the country without an orchestral accompaniment would, for me, resemble a churchyard. I am shown a mountain lighted up by the rays of the sun, with processions of soldiers and peasants; it is very fine! But when a gigantic *finale* bursts upon this effect of light, it is sublime! Such is my creed." In fact, M. Auber has never been beyond the Bois de Boulogne all his life,* or, if he has, by chance, wandered as far as Fontainebleau or Compiegne, he has thought, on again beholding the Boulevards, that he had returned from a journey to a thousand leagues. Such illusions should be respected. Who knows! It is, perhaps, to this antipathy for travelling, and this doting fondness of the capital, that M. Auber is indebted for the fact of having preserved the freshness of his melodic ideas, and the springtime of his mind.

As for M. Meyerbeer, he cares neither for town nor country; he lives for music alone—his own, of course. He has taken a liking to Spa, and if his sovereign conferred on him the right of hanging or decorating the editors of *La France Musicale*, it is from Spa that he would date his decrees. It is to Spa that the managers of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique proceed regularly, at the very least, once a year, on a pilgrimage, to entreat the learned composer for a score.

Like M. Auber, Signor Rossini has a decided predilection for the Boulevards. He does not, however, object to be under the tall-spreading trees; as inspiration comes from God, and God is everywhere, he could, if he pleased, write a *chef-d'œuvre* with equal facility in a garret, in a gilded saloon, or on a grassy bank. He has a charming little retreat at Passy, where he receives his friends. He is fond of long walks, accompanied by light, joyous conversation. What astonishes me, is the sympathy of the author of *Guillaume Tell* for street organs; what astonishes me still more, is his particularly liking those with damaged barrels, playing, in all sorts of keys, the overture to *La Gama*, the airs from *Il Barbiere*, or any other of the inspirations of his immortal genius.

Signor Verdi would give all the palaces of the world for a cottage and ten feet of green sward. When he is compelled to inhabit Paris, Milan, Naples, or Venice, to superintend the performance of a new opera, there is no getting at him. But speak to him of Busseto, his dearly beloved village, and he will smile agreeably. It is the place which sheltered his infancy, and consists of ten houses in the open plain, traversed by the high road; a little church, ornamented by an organ to which he confided his first melodies; cultivated fields, without shade, and, in the distance, the Po with its roaring stream; such is the rural residence of the author of *Il Trovatore*. Once at Busseto, Signor Verdi is the most amiable man in the world; in the world, to dignify the performance. From morning to evening, he follows the little paths leading to the cottages of his peasants. He speaks to one about his corn, and to another about his vines. He is everywhere saluted with profound respect. When the first shades of night descend on the earth, chorists, echoing each other, are heard in the immense plain; they might be taken for *orphenists* organised in companies; they are the peasants, vine-dressers, and harvesters, repeating the airs of *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *I Lombardi*, *Macbeth*, *Les Éscuots*, *Il Trovatore*, *Ripetto*, *Luisa Miller*, and *I Masnadieri*. They are celebrating, in their fashion, their lord and master. Their voices answer each other at certain distances, and produce a delicious concert. Sig. Verdi is only really happy on this vast estate, which has acquired by the fruits of his genius. He loves the open air, space, and liberty. He would certainly die of *ennui* if he were deprived of his birds, his trees, and his fields.

M. Halévy works incessantly; he would love the beauties of Nature, but he has not time. He can scarcely go and inhale, for a few hours, the fresh odour of the roses, at his villa at Marly. Amiable in disposition, and always ready for work, he has scarcely finished one production before

* Was M. Auber never in England?—Ed.
† *Mém.*—Busseto and its neighbourhood to be avoided.—Ed.

he wants to commence another, not perceiving that he is using up too quickly his strength, both physical and moral, by such intellectual labour. Mr. Halévy works with the same pleasure in town as in the country. He does not like solitude, and, if he smiles on the green trees, it is because he has around him numerous friends, who carry his mind back towards Paris, by talking to him of present successes, past failures, and the other common topics of the day. Possessed of an excellent disposition, particularly impressionable, he surrounds himself with flowers. His saloons are a perfect garden, where the violet and jasmīne blossom all the year, so that, even at the Institute, he can still fancy himself in his beautiful villa at Marly.

LEON ESCUDIER.

NEW YORK, * 15th June, 1858.—I will, to-day, give you a few particulars concerning the operatic incubation, the offspring of the combined efforts of Messieurs Lumley, Wikoff, Barnum, and the manager of our Academy of Music. The participation of the last-named gentleman in the scheme was confined to his letting his theatre for a very handsome profit. The direction of the matter was in the hands of the other three. I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Lumley, and have, therefore, nothing to say about him, except that he here bears the reputation of being a very skilful *impresario*. As to Messieurs Wikoff and B.T. Barnum, it is a different matter. Mr. Wikoff was once actively connected with the stage. It was he who brought Fanny Elssler to the United States. Since then he has entered into politics, without, however, estranging himself from the lyrical and dramatic world. You know, by reputation at least, the illustrious B. T. Barnum, the inventor, long before Eugene Sae, of the *man-of-war*, the keeper of General Tom Thumb, and the speculator in the concerts of Jenny Lind and Jullien. A pure Yankee, profoundly acquainted with the science of humbug, there is no kind of deception he has not rendered successful. It was he who, for three years, exhibited all over the Union an old negro, taken from Virginia, and metamorphosed into Washington's nurse. It was not until the poor old creature's death that the trick was discovered, and that the public were convinced the pretended nurse of the father of American independence was seven or eight years younger than her supposed nursing. But the farce had been played, and the clever charlatan laughed in his sleeve while counting his dollars. I pass over several other very adroit tricks. Everything, however, becomes used up in this world, and, perhaps, in the United States more quickly than anywhere else. Finding himself blown on, Barnum launched into a gigantic speculation in stocks; but, alas! he must have soon perceived, when studying the mechanism of his wares, that the hour of his downfall was about to sound, and, one fine morning, after having been a *millionnaire*, he should awake a ruined man. Feeling that it would be long before he would again attempt anything in America, Barnum left for England, and nothing had been heard of him for some time, when, a few days since, he valiantly re-appeared on the breach of publicity, holding in his hand the singular project of which we are about to speak.

According to the programme, it was intended to import into America, in the month of September next, the entire company of Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, London. The idea of bringing not only the principal artists, but the *dansesuses*, choristers, instrumentalists, and *tutti quanti*, whose travelling expenses the American public would have to defray, without in the least requiring their services, struck me, at the very first, as a very rash one. Moreover, it was a bad notion to wish to increase the expense of an Italian opera by that of a ballet company. The little pecuniary services of Ronzani's company, in spite of the unusual talent of Madlle. Lamoureux, and that of the other artists, prove convincingly that the New-Yorkers can only appreciate dancing when seen in the pantomimic feats of the Havel Family, and accompanied by performances on the tight-rope.

But the most eccentric feature in the project was the notion of making the American public pay London prices (26 francs 50 centimes). Mr. Lumley's company may be very remarkable, but were it still more remarkable than it is, I very much doubt

if it would ever have worked a miracle of this description. Cheap prices of admission are here a *sine qua non* of success. There is a certain price beyond which no one will go. The *impresarios* of Mario and Gris, as well as of Rachel herself, were under the necessity of conforming to this exigence, and I deplore the high opinion I entertain of Mr. Lumley's company, I take the liberty of believing it would not obtain higher prices than the eminent artists I have named.

It may, perhaps, be objected that it is difficult to reconcile a relatively moderate tariff of prices with the exorbitant salaries given to certain singers. At first sight, the objection might appear well founded, but we must, above all things, take into consideration the internal arrangements of American theatres. There are not, as in Europe, several classes of set seats, they are all of a uniform price. It is a democratic custom, established in America, and the theatres are built with a view of accommodating as large a number of persons as possible. This system certainly leaves much to be desired, as far as the ease and comfort of the spectators are concerned, but this is not the question. To mention only the Academy of Music, which is more especially the subject of my remarks, I was present last winter at certain performances of *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Don Giovanni*, of which the receipts amounted to more than 4,000 dollars, which, believe me, sir, left the *impresario* a very respectable profit.

In conclusion, the Wikoff, Barnum and Co's programme required, to carry it into execution, eight hundred subscribers, at a hundred dollars for twenty representations. Not ten came forward. Finding this was the case, the manager of the Academy quitted Paris for the purpose of forming a company, which will not be the less attractive because it is not Mr. Lumley's.

[And the first person he applied to was Madlle. Piccolomini! Oh veracious correspondent! You have not killed Mr. Lumley! "Old Double" still pants.—Ed.]

HUDDERFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the members of the above society, on the 22nd ult., at the Crown Tavern, Westgate, John Brooke, Esq., of Armitage Bridge, was elected president in the room of H. Fenton, Esq., deceased.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent).—This great Yorkshire event is beginning to assume an importance which will, in all probability, excite the interest of musical people throughout England. The festival committee, at the very outset, decided that their arrangements should be carried out by a thorough-bred English musician; and although it was their original intention to make the Festival exclusively *English*, yet circumstances have arisen, and practical arguments have been adduced, to favour the idea of excluding from the festival all foreign principal vocalists. This is the wish of many members of the committee; but before such a step is decided on, the general committee are to meet and discuss the whole question. Should they determine to make their Festival *English* in every sense of the word, it will, I am sure, give immense satisfaction to the profession and all genuine musical people. Most persons are aware that the enormous sums demanded and obtained in this country by foreign vocalists, are ruinous to nearly all musical speculations, and it is, therefore, high time the system, which is alike hurtful to native talent and to art, should be abolished. So far, the vocalists engaged are English, and include the names of Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wiltby Cooper, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Winn. Miss Arabella Goddard's services are also secured, so that we may look for some classical phœno-music—rather a novelty at a Festival. The Town Hall has been proved to be an excellent adapted for sound. A choral rehearsal was held last week, and no doubt now remains on that point. [We fear our correspondent is in the habit of building castles in the air.—Ed. M. W.]

THE THREE MUSICAL FESTIVALS.—The Festival of the Three Choirs takes place this year at Hereford, in the last week of August. Birmingham Festival follows, and is succeeded by the Leeds, all occurring within three weeks.

* Correspondence of *La France Musicale*.

HER MAJESTYS THEATRE.—Titius, Albani,

Rosa, Adigieri, and Guglielmi; Bellotti, Boverantano, Violotti.

The following arrangements have been made:—

Tuesday, July 12th.—Last night but one of the Subscription, **LECREZIA****BORGIA**, and Divertissement from **LA NONNAMBULA**, with Madame Rosati

(her last appearance but one) and Madlle. Puccini (her last appearance).

Thursday, July 15th.—**SINGERS GIUGLIETTI BEKETE**. First time thisseason, **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**, Elgarzo, Sig. Giuglietti. After which, aDivertissement from **LA NONNAMBULA**, in which Madame Rosati will makeher last appearance. Puccini's Operetta **LA SERA PADRONA**, Rosina,Madlle. Puccini. To conclude with a scene from **Romani's ITALIANA IN****ALGERI**, including the celebrated trio "Papastaci" by Sig. Giuglietti, Violotti,

and Rosa.

Saturday, July 17th.—Last night of the Subscription, **IL TROVATORE**, The

National Anthem, and Divertissement, in which Madlle. Roschetti will appear.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the new Farcia, entitled **DIVING FOR LOVE**.**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—On Saturday eveningnext, July 10, the performance will commence with a **HANDSOME****HUSBAND**. After which **GOING TO THE BAY**. To conclude with **THE****WANDERING MINSTREL**. Commence at half-past 7.**GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,****SHOREDITCH.**—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.**SIR WILLIAM DON BARBONET**. Such is the excitement caused by the

extraordinary talent and success of the Baronet's performance, that the

Manager feels himself compelled, in compliance with the public wish, most

unusually expressed, to remove the engagement for another week, positively

the last in which this truly talented gentleman can appear, an arrangement having

been completed with Mr. Benjamin Webster, Madame Celeste, Mr. Paul Bedford,

and Miss Mary Keeley, the principal artists of the **ADELPHI COMPANY**, whowill appear on Monday, July 13th, in the great drama of **THE GREEN BUSHES**,and **THE FRENCH LADY'S MAID**.**BIRTH.**

On the 6th inst., Mrs. John Macfarren, of a daughter.

DEATH.

W. Avery Bushnell, Esq. (husband of Catherine Hayes), on the 2nd inst., at Biarritz.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 10th, 1858.

SATISFYING as was in very many respects the "Grand Choral Demonstration," which took place on Friday week in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, and excellent as was the performance on the whole, it gave birth to certain strictures which cannot be set aside as altogether unfounded. Every lover of sacred music, as well as every well-wisher to the Crystal Palace, and every real friend of the Sacred Harmonic Society, looks forward with unfeigned interest to the grand festival which is to take place next year in commemoration of the centenary of Handel's death. What was called the Handel Festival last year (as the projectors caudally stated from the first) was, after all, only a preliminary to the great event which is expected in an equal measure to surprise and delight the musical world of Europe sometime in June, 1859.* Nothing but Handel's music was performed, and as no one expected, or had a right to expect anything else, no one complained. Had the music of any other composer been introduced, indeed, there would have been good reason to condemn the whole affair as a mere pretext for gaining money, with the name of Handel as the tempting bait of the advertisements. But, whatever the authorities of the Crystal Palace might have felt disposed to venture for such

* Why not commence on the 13th of April, the day on which the illustrious composer died?

an object, the Sacred Harmonic Society was not likely to lend itself to anything of the sort; and accordingly the programme of each of the three days' performance was devoted to an oratorio by Handel, which was given entire. The success passed expectation; and though it was pretty well known that this was not intended as the *bona fide* Handel Festival, so unprecedented was the effect, and so wonderful the excitement, that it is likely to be remembered as "the Handel Festival" during the life-time of the present generation. Honour accrued to every one concerned in the celebration, and none who took part in it would willingly have been absent. The "Great Handel Festival" in short (or the preliminary to the "Great Handel Festival"—it little matters which) was not only the prominent incident of the musical season of 1857, but an event which interested the community at large to so unexampled an extent, that it occupies a conspicuous place *quand même* among the *memorabilia* of that year. We believe we may state with confidence that not one person who assisted at any of the performances is likely to forget the occasion during the term of his natural life. So brilliant a triumph—for it was nothing short of a triumph of music over apparently insurmountable obstacles—made people altogether overlook the fact that it was less directly an act of homage to Handel than a joint speculation of the Crystal Palace Company and Sacred Harmonic Society. Handel's music was executed so finely, and on so prodigal a scale of magnificence, that, whether speculation or homage was intended, the result could not be otherwise regarded than as highly creditable. A more splendid demonstration had never been made; and at the end of that memorable day on which *Israel in Egypt* was performed, people went away saying "How wonderful!", and "We shall never hear anything like it again!", almost in a breath.

Wonders, however, are not seemingly destined to cease in this century of centuries; and among other wonders the prophecy of "The Great Handel Centenary Festival" is to be fulfilled. It will take place in 1859 at the Crystal Palace, while the little town of Halle (in such close approximation with the Jesuits of Leipsic and the demagogues of Weimar) is struggling to make some little demonstration in honour of the man who, 173 years ago, first saw the light of heaven within its walls. The little town of Halle will break its little egg, while the big Crystal Palace carves its gigantic turkey. The Crystal Palace, by the way, could contain within its windows the whole population of Halle, without disturbing the statues, or depriving Herr Manns of a single square foot of his importance. How many Englishmen, Handelians even to the core, are likely to make the journey to Halle, when they can witness so much more vast and imposing a ceremony at Sydenham, remains to be seen. Moreover, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony have been so apathetic in the cause of Handel's monument, that we can't see why the English, among whom Handel lived, wrote, died, was buried and honoured, should concern themselves in the matter. If Sir G. Smart and Professor Bennett, who (as co-representing music in this country) are at the head of the London-Halle Committee, or Mr. Henry Leslie, in whose person is concentrated the very essence of our musical amateurship, can supply us with cogent reasons, we will go to Halle, nevertheless, and leave the Crystal Palace and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. Grove, Mr. Bowley and Mr. Costa, to get on as well as they may without us; but in default of such reasons, we shall stay at home and be satisfied with what we can obtain near Forest Hill.

But to quit episode, abandon conjecture, and return to our "strictures." We are to have the real Handel Festival in 1859, and this real Handel Festival is to surpass the great event of 1858, just as Sir William Don, the diverting comedian, exceeds General Tom Thumb in stature. That this is no chimera may be gathered from the fact that not only the London contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus, under Mr. Costa, but the various provincial contingents, under local directors, have been kept in constant practice ever since last autumn. We, in the Metropolis, have had frequent occasion to hear the rehearsals at Exeter Hall, and frequent occasion to inquire why (being held with a view to the Great Handel Festival) they should not have been confined to Handel's music. Many surmises have arisen, without any satisfactory conclusion. At length a "Grand Choral Demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir" was announced to take place in the Crystal Palace, the object of which may be best explained by the following extracts from a circular issued by the Crystal Palace Company and the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society:—

"The performance of this day (July 2), has a peculiar importance in reviving the impressions of the Handel Festival held in the Crystal Palace in the month of June, 1857, and in its anticipation of the Great Handel Commemoration, which is to take place next year."

"The present performance is intended, as a demonstration of the perfection to which, by the unwearied patience and attention of Mr. Costa and his provincial condutors, during the past year, the band and chorus, especially the latter, have been brought. The same vigilant superintendence and the same continuous rehearsals will be kept up until the time of the Great Handel Festival, which is intended to be far more imposing and complete in its effect than either this day's performance or those of 1857."

A perusal of the above extracts naturally led to the conclusion that the "Grand Choral Demonstration" would consist of one of Handel's oratorios entire (by far the most appropriate offering), or at least, of a selection from the works of Handel. Otherwise, what possible bearing could it have on the Handel Festival past, the Handel Festival to come—or on Handel, *ex cathedra*, anyhow! Nothing of the kind, however; the programme comprised three pieces by Handel out of a selection of sixteen—the rest consisting of excerpts from Tallis, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Mendelssohn, and Costa, with the "Old 100th" to begin, and the National Anthem to finish.

Now this was surely not a programme to offer the public in connection with the name of Handel, and more especially in professed anticipation of a festival to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Handel's death. It was just such a programme as might have been presented by Mr. Benedict's Vocal Association, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, or the Bradford Festival Choral Society, on any ordinary occasion. We have not a word to say against the execution, nor a hint to prefer against the general conduct of the Handel Festival scheme, which we devoutly hope may prove successful beyond expectation. But we wish to convey our impression (doubtless the impression of many besides ourselves) that such a performance as that of Friday week had nothing whatever to do with Handel, and should not therefore have been put forth under the shadow of his name. The "Grand Choral Demonstration" has, we know, been the subject of very general comment; and it is with sincere good will towards all who are and have been officially concerned in the Handel Festival, that we venture on this protest. Let us hope that what we have said will be understood as it was intended.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

The last of Mr. Hallé's "Classical Chamber-music" concerts, on Thursday afternoon, in Willis's Rooms, attracted an enormous audience, and brought the concert-season to an end with the utmost brilliancy. The following was the programme:—

Grand Trio, in C minor, Op. 66 ... Mendelssohn.
 Sonata, pianoforte in G minor, Op. 34 (No. 2) ... Clementi.
 Solo, violoncello, "L'Abbandono," melodia ... Piatii.
 Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in G, Op. 96 ... Beethoven.
 Concerto for two pianofortes, with orchestral accompaniments, in E flat ... Mozart.
 Executants, Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainston, Sig. Piatti, and Mr. C. Hallé. Conductor of orchestra, M. Sainston.

The trio is one of Mr. Hallé's "*chevaux de bataille*," and with two such condutors as M. Sainston and Sig. Piatti, it could not fail to go well. The solo sonata of Clementi was the same which was introduced at the first of the seven of *matinees* held by Mr. Hallé at his own residence, and which created so vivid an impression both on account of its own intrinsic worth as a composition, and the performance of Mr. Hallé. Sig. Piatti's solo was the perfection of violoncello playing, whether as regards tone, phrasing or execution. Beethoven's sonata, one of the most fanciful of his later works, was marvellously well given by Mr. Hallé and M. Sainston. The highly-finished mechanism and vigorous unaffected style of the admirable French violinist, legitimate representative of the school of Baillet, were the theme of general admiration. With Mr. Hallé he was well matched, and the *ensemble* was irreplaceable.

The most interesting feature of the concert, for more reasons than one, was Mozart's concerto for two pianofortes and orchestra. The revival of this fine, fresh, and vigorous composition ("brave music," as poor Mendelssohn would have called it) was creditable both to the research and to the spirit of Mr. Hallé, who deserved no less praise for the means he took to ensure such a performance as was most likely to elicit the admiration which is its due. In selecting Miss Arabella Goddard for his partner, Mr. Hallé associated himself with the most accomplished pianist of the country which he has adopted for his residence. The execution was just what might have been anticipated from such a union of talents, faultless in every respect. Never was performance listened to from one end to the other with an interest more intense, or a gratification more unqualified. The orchestra—excellent, though small, and ably conducted by M. Sainston—did full justice to the accompaniments, while Hummel's ingenious *cadenza*,* interpolated in the last movement, was played by Miss Goddard and Mr. Hallé with such extraordinary precision and accuracy that the two instruments sounded like one. The applause at the conclusion of this very exciting display was enthusiastic. Everybody was enchanted, and no wonder. This was the first time Miss Goddard and Mr. Hallé had ever performed together in public; but after such a triumph, it is not, we think, likely to be the last. There is a double concerto of Dusek, for example.

HEAR REINHARTZ has returned to MOSCOW.

SIGNOR JEAN CHIAMPPO, first trombone at the Theatre Royal, Turin, gave a concert at the Hanover Rooms on Monday. Sig. Chiamppo played a solo on the trombone with considerable effect. The most attractive vocal pieces were the air, "Deh vieni," charmingly given by Mad. Liza Haynes, and Venzano's valse, brilliantly sung by Mad. Rudersdorff.

* Originally allotted to one performer, but re-arranged by Mr. Hallé for this particular occasion.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The tenth and last concert of the season took place at St. Martin's Hall on Friday evening in last week. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Part-song, "Oh! who will o'er the downs so free"—Fensall, Madrigal, "Flow, O my tears"—J. Bennett, A.D. 1699. Song to May Morning—Henry Leslie, Madrigal, "In going to my lovely bed"—Edwardes, A.D. 1560. Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Sterdale Bennett. Part-song, "Orpheus with his lute"—G. A. Macfarren. Trio, "O happy fair"—Shield, A.D. 1785. Part-song for male voices, "When evening's twilight"—Hutton. Part-song, "The Golden age"—Bartholomew. Role Britannia—Dr. Arne. Part-song, "The Swan song"—Willyes, A.D. 1601. Part-song, "The dawn of day"—W. Rey. Romance, for Violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Henry Leslie. Part-song, "Ave Maria"—Henry Smart. Glee, by the Choir, "The mighty conqueror"—Webbe. Madrigal, "My bonny lass she smileth"—Morley, A.D. 1595. Part-song, "The cloud-capt towers"—Sterdale. God save the Queen—Hull.

That the last concert would prove unusually attractive, was no more than what might have been expected. There was, however, an after attraction, of which the public were unaware. Mr. Leslie had invited the Bradford Choir to hear his Choir, and the Bradford chorists had offered to sing one or two of their own pieces in return. St. Martin's Hall was crowded in every part, and hundreds were refused admission.

The instrumental pieces were found an agreeable relief. Sterdale Bennett's fine sonata, magnificently played by Miss Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti, was loudly applauded, and the two were unanimously encored in Mr. Henry Leslie's graceful romance. At the end of the Concert the Bradford Choir, under the direction of their indefatigable conductor, Mr. Jackson, sang several part-songs, which were received with rapturous applause; and then Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Leslie's pianist for the evening, performed "Hemo, sweet home," with variations (Wallace's).

This treat was all the more delightful since it was totally unexpected. When the young pianist made her appearance in the orchestra, she was welcomed with thunders of applause, both from the Bradford Choir and the members of Mr. Leslie's Choir; and at the end of her performance (the merits of which we need not describe,) the hall rang for several seconds with hoarse cheers, such as could only have proceeded from lungs freshened and invigorated by the keen breezes that sweep over the Yorkshire hills. "Three cheers," from the body of the hall, for the Bradford Choir; some part songs, the composition of Mr. Jackson,—sung by his own men and women; and, lastly, "three" counter "cheers" from the orchestra, for Mr. Leslie's Choir, brought this exciting evening to a close in an exciting manner.

Mr. Leslie and his singers will now, no doubt, not repose upon their laurels, but earnestly pursue their studies until Autumn leaves descend, when they will again ascend the platform in the great hall of Mr. Hullah's harmonious castle.

MADAME SZARVADY'S THIRD MATINEE was given on Friday, the 25th ult., at the Hanover-square rooms. The following was the programme:

Sonata in G, pianoforte and violin, Madame Szarvady and Herr Molique—Mozart. Suite de pièces, No. 5—Sterdale Bennett; Ronde, *Les Vendangeuses*—F. Couperin (le grand); and Lied ohne Worte, *Falkelind*, pianoforte, Mad. Szarvady—Mendelssohn. Grand trio, in B flat, op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Madame Szarvady, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti—Beethoven. Sonata, in C sharp minor, op. 27, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Beethoven. Recitativo—Chopin; Air—Pergolesi; and Capriccio, *La Zaira*, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Stephen Heller.

The room was very full, and the performances of the fair Bohemian pianist were received throughout with the most flattering demonstrations of approval. We have already announced her departure for Paris.

MAD. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT gave a party at Roehampton, on Monday evening, when the Swedish singers now in London serenaded their fair countrywoman with a selection of national melodies.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, the *Inguenote* was given, with the quarrel scene from *La Sonnambula*. The Queen was again present, Madlle. Titieni, denbless, being the attraction, although, by express desire, the scene from the ballet was performed between the acts of the opera to afford Her Majesty an opportunity of seeing it. The illustrious lady and the royal party appeared infinitely amused with the plesantries, and enchanted with the dancing of Madlle. Pochini and Mad. Rosati. The engagement of both these eminent dancers, we are sorry to say, is drawing to a close. On Tuesday, Madlle. Pochini makes her last appearance, and on Saturday Mad. Rosati bids us far-well. The vaueum left will be filled up by Madlle. Boschetti, who created so favourable an impression last year and the year previously. The subscription season, too, is approaching its termination, Saturday being the last night. A series of extra performances at reduced prices is announced, and *La Traviata* will usher in the supplementary season on the 20th.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was repeated, and appears to have lost none of its attraction. The opera was followed by the *divertissement* from *La Sonnambula*. Next season, we think, Mr. Lamley would find it advantageous to give the whole of this ballet.

To-night, *La Zingara* (*The Bohemian Girl*), will be given, with Albion (and a new cavatina) as the Gipsy Queen, her first appearance in the part. Such an addition to the cast will greatly enhance the attraction.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of *Martha* on Saturday, has not altered our opinion of the music. That the opera is likely to achieve a continuous run we are inclined to think; but, when we consider the excellence of the cast, the splendour and completeness of the getting up, and the novelty of hearing one of our most popular national melodies sung by so great a foreign artist as Madame Bosio, such a result is not surprising.

Il Trovatore was given on Monday evening for the second "extra night." The house was not crowded, but the opera obtained the usual success, thanks to the splendid acting and singing of Grisai and Mario, as Leonora and Manrico. Madame Nautier-Didié was Azucena; Sig. Graziani, Count Luna, and Sig. Tagliacosa, Ferrando. Sig. Graziani obtained the stereotyped "encore" in "Il balen," a similar compliment was paid to Grisai and Marie in the "Miserere," and Mario was recalled with acclamations after "Di quella pira."

Nello, on Tuesday night, was a still greater success than on the previous Saturday. The house was one of the most crowded and brilliant of the season, and the aristocratic audience seemed really to appreciate Rosini's splendid music. The general performance, too, was even better than on the first night—Grisai, Tamberlik, and Ronconi sharing the honours among them. The fact that *Nello* is announced for repetition this evening is significant of its genuine success.

Martha was given for the third time on Thursday. On Monday, *Fra Diavolo*, for the third "extra night."

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

THE latest novelties have been *La Sonnambula* and *Don Pasquale*. In the former Madame Viardot appeared as Amina; in the latter, Madame Persiani as Norina. Madame Viardot's acting in Bellini's heroine is remarkable for its elaboration and finish; while her singing is characterised by intense expression and wonderful skill. Few Aminas have been received with greater enthusiasm in any theatre, and no success could be more decided. Amina, it may be remembered, was the part in which Madame Viardot made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. A Signora Naudin was better as Elvino than as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, or Arturo in *I Puritani*, but still not satisfying. We cannot say much for Signor Mattioli's Rodolfo. Why should not Signor Badiali have undertaken a part which Tamburini did not consider beneath his dignity? Mad. Persiani's Norina both surprised

and delighted us. It was not perfect, but the vocalisation was occasionally so brilliant, the embellishments were so ingenious, and the character was so well conceived, that we could not help acknowledging the presence of a great artist. Sig. Rovero—one of the old Covent Garden company, in the days before the fire—made his first appearance as Don Pasquale. His humour is natural, but dry, and he rather offends respect for his talent than excites laughter. Signor Badiali's Malatesta, so far as the singing was concerned, was admirable. Signor Badiali, however, has little humour, and humour is what the character chiefly requires. Signor Naudin sang the music of Ernesto obtrusively, and obtained an encore to match, in the familiar serenade. Why did Madame Persiani introduce Signor Alary's polka from the *Tre Nozze*, instead of Donizetti's own *finale*? The change was not for the better.

MR. ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

On Tuesday, Mr. Ella's concert, called "The Musical Union," came to an end;—now is the time, therefore, to give our reason for abstaining from all report of them during their course. The Director prefaced his prospectus for the past season by declaring "that no anonymous critics were admitted to his concerts,"—a somewhat startling statement, even had he not pleased to follow it by publishing a string of anonymous laudations which have appeared during ten years past in the journals, and before this a list of the names of the persons by whom he assumes the paragraphs to have been written—everything like animadversion of course being carefully suppressed. It is useless to reason with one so perversely ignorant of the rules regulating intercourse, so resolute to make laws for himself. But, for principle's sake, and in support of the honour of the press, it may be well to remind all concerned that such unauthorised parade of names is equivalent to the behaviour of one who plucks off another man's mask at a masquerade because he conceives that he knows the face beneath. Among gentlemen this has been always considered a mortal offence. The person committing it, however, is the only sufferer in social esteem. That Mr. Ella's position in the world of art and of artists is not what it was, every one is aware; and his own consciousness of this will not be mended by the fact that its decline has not come on him without his being warned again and again. In the future interests of Mr. Ella's private speculation—for his "Musical Union," stripped of all pretexts, is nothing else—he would have done well to have been less liberal of praise to himself, and more considerate of the courtesies of common life.

MISS KEMBLE'S MORNING CONCERT was given at Bridgewater House, the residence of the Earl of Ellesmere, on Wednesday, the 30th ult. Madame Viardot, Mr. Santley, and Signor Mario assisted the young lady as vocalists, and Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Sig. Piatti, as instrumentalists. The concert commenced with a very fine performance of Beethoven's sonata in G, op. 30, for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Joachim. Miss Kemble contributed two *lieder*—"Trochne Blumen," by Schubert, and "Frühlingsslied," by Mendelssohn; two songs from Shakespeare, "Orpheus with his lute," by Miss Gabriel, and Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks," besides joining Sig. Mario and Mr. Santley in two duets. Miss Kemble's nervousness has not yet left her, and is especially observable in her solos; but that she has the right stuff in her we have little doubt. Mario sang the romance, "Angiol d'amore," from the *Favorita*, most exquisitely. The other points of the concert were Herr Joachim's "Le Songe du Diable," two solos on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé, and Pacini's aria, "Il soave bel contento," by Madame Viardot—a splendid example of florid

vocalisation. Nor must we omit Mr. Patey, who has a good bass voice, and deserved the encore he obtained in an air by *Halley*. A duet by Dussek for harp and piano, capably played by Mr. H. J. Trust and Miss Marian Prescott, was one of the instrumental features of the concert.

MAD. SALLA'S CONCERT.—This annual entertainment took place in Willis's Rooms, on the afternoon of the 30th ult., and was not only under distinguished patronage, but attended by numerous and fashionable audiences. The vocalists who assisted Mad. Sala were, Misses Louisa and Susan Pyné; Mesdames Weisa, F. Penny and Guerrabella; Messrs. Charles Brahm, G. Perren, F. Penny, and Weisa. The instrumentalists were, Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Saindon, and M. Paque. The conductors were, M. Francesco Berger, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. Calcott. The programme included a well-varied selection from the works of Rossini, Donizetti, Mozart, Verdi, Pacini, Schubert, Balfe, Wallace, and composers of less note, which afforded the utmost satisfaction to the assembly. It is unnecessary to enter into detailed criticism of such well-known pieces, sung by such well-known artists; but as Mad. Guerrabella may be regarded almost in the light of a stranger, having previously, on one occasion only, sang before a London audience, we must make an exception in her favour, and state that she possesses a remarkably fine mezzo-soprano voice, that she sings with fluency, taste, and expression, and is an acquisition to the concert room. Madame Guerrabella sang Pacini's air, "I tuoi frequenti palpiti," a national Russian song, and joined Mr. G. Perren in the duet "Parigi, o Cara," from the *Traviata*. The great sensation of the Concert was made by Miss Arabella Goddard in Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair," which was received with such plaudits and so pertinaciously re-demanded, that the fair artist, however averse, was fain obliged to acquiesce, and accordingly returned to the piano and played "Home, sweet home," with equal brilliancy and grace. Between the parts Mr. Albert Smith sang one of his pleasant comic songs. The room (Willis's) was full, and the audience departed highly gratified with the ample treat provided for them by Mad. Sala.

HERE S. LEHMAYER gave a morning concert, on Monday, the 5th inst., at Mrs. Chapman's residence, in Cleveland-square, Hyde-park. He was assisted by the Messrs Mahlah Homer, E. Gresham, Mille, Marie de Villar, Herren Richard Deck, Adolf Kempen, and M. Jules Lefort, as vocalists, and Herr C. Goffrie, Messrs. A. Kettnerus, Paque, Boleyn Reeves, G. Regondi, &c., as instrumentalists. The rooms were crowded, and the audience highly pleased. Among the pieces most applauded were a pianoforte solo, "Impromptu," Polka de la Bohême, by the *beneficiaire*; Lehmyer's song "Ave Marie," and Haydn's canonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," by Miss Emily Gresham, both charmingly sung; and fantasia on the concertina by Signor Regondi, splendidly executed.

MISS MARIAN PRESCOTT'S CONCERT.—This concert, which took place at St. Martin's Hall on Monday evening, was given by the Lyceum Operatic Company;—Miss Louisa Pyné, Miss Susan Pyné, Miss Marian Prescott, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Ferdinand Glover. Miss Marian Prescott is a sister of the Misses Pyné, and has no reason to be ashamed of her patronymic. To the above were added Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Messrs. Regaldi, Patey, and Edward Murray, vocalists; and Mr. H. J. Trust (harp), Herr Emil Bohm (flute), and Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), instrumentalists. At the last moment it was given out that Mr. W. Harrison had broken a blood vessel and could not sing, and Mr. Donald King was substituted. The concert opened with a selection from the *Zemlinische Gift*, conducted by Mr. Balfe. The band might have been more perfect as the execution of the overture at once declared, but the audience were expectant rather than critical, and seemed to wait impatiently for the vocal music. Miss Louisa Pyné was encored in "I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls," and Mr. Donald King in "When other lips." There were eight pieces, in all, from the opera, and the old familiar tunes were all received with favour. The most acceptable performances in the rest of the concert, were Mr. Benedict's "Skylark," given with great brilliancy by Miss Louisa Pyné; the old ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," sung with perfect taste and expression

by Miss Emily Gresham; the *Carnaval de Venise*, on the violin, by Mr. Viotti Collins, and the Irish ballad, "The meeting of the waters," by Miss Rebecca Isaacs, which was complimented with an encore. Mr. Edward Murray, too, deserves a word of praise for his singing of Benedict's "Alma adorata." This gentleman has a pleasing tenor voice, and is making steady progress.

BRADFORD FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The members of this famous band of chorists gave a concert in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, June the 29th. It was their first appearance in London, and we are sure to say they were welcomed by no very crowded assembly. The choir numbers 210 voices, and we need not remind those who have read our reports of the Bradford Festivals how fine in quality and perfectly trained these voices are. The selection was good, but might have been better. The performances, however, were beyond all praise. Finer choral singing we have rarely heard than in Ford's part-song, "Since first I saw your face," Pearsall's madrigal, "I saw lovely Phillis," and Benedict's part-song, "The Wreath." The choral pieces were varied by performances on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé, and on the violin by Herr Joachim. The Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven, which employed the talents of both these great artists, was a treat of the highest order. Herr Joachim also played Beethoven's rhapsody for the violin in G major, and Bach's saraband, borroé, and double; Mr. Hallé a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, Heller's *Vandersteden*, No. 2, and Chopin's valse in A flat, Op. 34. Mr. J. Burton, too, the accompanist to the choir, performed (or attempted to perform) a fragment of *Don Pasquale*. Mr. William Jackson, director of the choir, conducted.

BERWICK.—Mr. George Wilson, of Dalkeith, gave a concert in the new Court Exchange on Wednesday evening—1,500 persons being present—perhaps ever assembled in Berwick at an in-door celebration. There was large infusion of Scotch music, a little operatic, and one "classical" piece—part of one of Haydn's quartets. With the exception of Mr. Wilson himself, and Mr. R. B. Stewart, none of the performers have appeared in Berwick before. The concert commenced with an overture composed by the late Mr. Dewar on Scottish airs. Mr. Wilson followed with the song, "The rose of Tralee," in which the effect was somewhat impaired at first by nervousness, but as he advanced he gathered confidence, and finished amid a round of applause. The duet, "The Syren and Fish," was sung by Mrs. Howard and Herr Kuchler. Mrs. Howard's voice is of sweet and pleasing quality; she sings with great taste in all styles, and is equally *au fait* in English ballads, Verdi's *scenas*, and Scotch songs. The duet was followed by a fantasia on the violin on Scottish airs, the composition of Mr. W. Howard, and performed by himself. As a soloist Mr. Howard has no equal north of the Tweed. The position he has attained, as the leader of orchestral music in Scotland, is one of responsibility, and affords many opportunities for the advancement of the national taste in music, which we are confident he will use worthily. The fantasia was played with infinite skill; the air "Auld Robin Gray," particularly, was a model of tender expression. It met with thunders of applause. Spohr's song, "The Huntsman," followed, which gave an opportunity to Herr Kuchler of showing his familiarity with the vocal style of his country, and to M. Allard, who accompanied, of exhibiting his mastery over his own instrument, the violoncello. Verdi's aria, from the *Traviata*, "Ah! fors'è lui," was rendered by Mrs. Howard with admirable effect, and was encored. M. Allard executed a solo on Russian airs. Mr. Wilson sang the "Death of Nelson," and gave evident satisfaction to the audience. A spirited set of waltzes, the "Marguerite," the composition of Mr. Howard, brought the first part to a close. The second part commenced with Boieldieu's overture to *La Dame Blanche*. Herr Kuchler sang "Kitty Tyrrell," and Mr. Harper gave a solo on the cornet-a-piston, on airs from *Norma*. Mrs. Howard also sang "My bonny Yammie." Mr. Howard then gave the "Carnaval de Venise," with variations composed by himself. A couple of songs by Mr. Wilson, and a set of quadrilles by the band, brought the concert to a close.—*Condensed from the Berwick Warbler.*

CLOSE OF MONT BLANC.

AFTER a run of two thousand nights—an accomplishment unprecedented in the history of entertainments—Mr. Albert Smith's Mont Blanc was brought to a termination on Tuesday evening. Our readers have been for some time made acquainted with the fact of the intended close of Mont Blanc, and of Mr. Albert Smith's determination to proceed to China to collect materials for a new entertainment. Whatever the public really thought, doubtless Mr. Albert Smith thought that the public thought the famous mountain of his predilection was growing hoary in more senses than one—in short, that he was getting antiquated, and that a more juvenile recreation would worthily fill his place. Not that the success of the "Mountain" had abated in the least; but that a little novelty might be welcome, and that other localities would present even more interest and instruction than the big Swiss hill with the white night-cap.

On Tuesday, then, the last performance was given, and, we need hardly state, the Egyptian Hall was crowded to suffocation. At the end Mr. Albert Smith came forward, and the uproarious cheers with which he was received having subsided, delivered with infinite unctio the following address:—

"MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN.—The period having arrived, when you require some relaxation from the incessant labour and fatigue you must have undergone during the last seven years, from hearing me tell the same long story over and over again, I feel a few words are due to you, as well as to me, not only respecting the present but the future. The time has come—I can scarcely believe it—for me to say "Good-bye" to Mont Blanc; and there are so many old friends connected with it, that to me, it is rather like taking leave of a neighbourhood than a subject. For since you were first convened, in the spring of 1852, the numerous tourists I have presented to you have come to be so entirely a part and parcel of my own existence, that at last I have actually believed in them as my approaching realities. It would not in the least astonish me, on my approaching voyage, to find my old friend, Mrs. Seymour, at Suez, in great distress because the transit camels had left her unfortunate black box behind at Cairo; or to meet the three Simmons Girls, still unmarried, going to India in the hopes of finding and catching that confounding bear, believing in tea, shirt-buttons, and partaken sorrow, whom they sought in vain in England—not simply nailing, but clenching, that sympathetic Nabob, with whom they might shake the pagoda tree, and collecting its golden fruit, retire to enjoy it in the lively circles of Leamington, Bath, and Cheltenham. One thing I have been told in confidence. Brown started from Southampton last Sunday, in the *Pera*, and I shall meet him at Malta, and so on; and I only received the information yesterday that my old friend Edwards had been appointed engineer to H. M. steam-ting *Cracker*, on the Canton river. So I may, perhaps, once more come across him.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE AREA AND GALLEY.—I have directed supplies of fresh seats to be laid under you before we next meet. Consider that the absolute comfort of this public is the very first thing that ought to be attended to, and the very first thing managers think about in any resort intended for, and supported by, them, without the compulsion of an extra payment—that the miserable system of extorting every extractable sixpence from the audience, by the combined agencies of box-keepers, box-book-keepers, bill-sellers, and ushers-keepers (in whose toils our managers appear to be so hopelessly entangled), is a shame and a disgrace to our public places of amusement—considering this, I shall still endeavour to improve your condition and prospects; your condition, as far as your individual ease is concerned; your prospects, as may relate to a clear, comfortable view of everything that is going on. As heretofore, every reasonable complaint or suggestion will receive my best and readiest attention; and as heretofore, the price of admission will include every possible auxiliary to comfort and accommodation that the room, or the attendants, can offer.

"MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN.—Having had the honour of telling you the same story in this room two thousand times up to this evening, I will not venture to refer to it, for you must know it almost as well as I do. But you must permit me to add, that I now release you from my deterring attention until December. As next I can calculate, leaving Marselles on Saturday, in the *Postier*, I shall meet the *Pera* from Southampton, at Malta, to-morrow week, and go on in her to Alexandria, which I shall reach on the 17th. Two days is now enough for crossing the desert to Suez. I start from that place on the 19th; and, after six days of the most intense heat in

the world, in the tropic of Cancer, on the Red Sea, I shall arrive at Aden on the 25th. On the 5th of August I touch at Point de Galle, Ceylon; and I hope to land at Hong Kong, and pass my first night in China on the 24th. Whilst thus able to fix those dates with such comparative certainty, from the admirable management of the service, let me publicly express my warm thanks to the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the exceeding kindness, liberality, and attention they have already shown me."

"My return may be calculated inversely, leaving China early in October. It is impossible to fix it precisely, but I hope to be with you all again, with the Cattle Show and the Pantomimes. And, until that time, wishing you every possible enjoyment and happiness, that you most desire yourselves, I bid you, very gratefully, Good Bye."

That John Chinaman may send back Albert Smith unscathed and full of matter is the anxious prayer of universal London.

TWO GREAT ARTISTS—GROS AND WEBER.

(From *Le Guide Musical*.)

ONE morning, Baron Gros had just entered the Pantheon in Paris, and was about to ascend the five hundred steps of scaffolding which led to the eulpa, when he heard a somewhat lively discussion between the porter, whose task it was to keep the door conducting into the interior of the works, and a stranger, rather shabbily dressed. The latter was very eager to obtain permission to visit the admirable but still unfinished frescoes, of which all Paris was then talking. The doorkeeper said he could not disobey his orders, and was all the more obstinate in his resistance, as the young German had got only a franc-piece in his hand. Besides, the presence of Gros rendered it impossible for the Cerberus to yield to the temptation of taking even this trifle. The painter listened for a few instants to the dispute, for there was a naive and impassioned expression in the stranger's solicitations and regret, while his manner, moreover, possessed that kind of distinction which arises less from contact with the world than from continued intimacy with elevated ideas and intellectual labour.

"Let the gentleman go up," said the painter to the doorkeeper. With these words, Gros himself ascended the staircase, as if to show the stranger the road he had to take, and which, although free from danger, could not fail to excite unusual emotion. At every step, the visitor perceived, through some hole in the open stairs, the immense height he had to ascend, and no one could have coldly looked down without affright at the formidable depth he left beneath him, as he went up the aerial staircase. Thanks to the practice he had in this kind of exercise, Gros ascended rapidly, but the young man, on the contrary, who was following him, was obliged to stop several times, in order not to be overcome by giddiness. His respiration, too, had become painful and difficult, and it seemed, every instant, as though his breath would altogether desert him. When, at last, after several halts, he reached the platform which constituted the artist's studio, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and his lips were wet with blood.

Approaching his companion, Gros offered his services with an amount of interest for which the stranger thanked him by a silent gesture, for his diffidence of breathing was still too great for him to speak. A silence of a few minutes succeeded these marks of kindness, and, during this period, the two men, who were mutual strangers, looked at each other with curiosity.

In fact, if it was impossible to view with indifference, and without recognising a great artist, the noble though rustic head of Gros, his somewhat rough manners, and his walk, characterised by an awkwardness full of pride, the melancholy and no less elevated, the stranger's features revealed a nature of the time, he wore long, encircled his pale face, and harmonised marvellously with his eyes, which were lighted up with feverish brilliancy. Grief and sickness, too, had prematurely furrowed his high forehead, to which he kept continually carrying his hand, with a gesture of pain.

The violent attack by which he had been so suddenly seized passed off gradually, and he was enabled to examine the fresco he had so eagerly desired to see. He began by contemplating it in silence, and then warmly expressed the feeling of admiration

with which it inspired him. He did so, however, not like a man who abandons himself to inconsiderate enthusiasm, but like one who judges art as an artist and intelligent connoisseur. The painter enjoyed his *incognito*, and listened with sweet satisfaction to the praises the stranger bestowed on his work.

"Germany has nothing to oppose to this masterpiece," said the stranger, sighing, as, worn out with fatigue, he came and seated himself near Gros.

"Germany possesses many other glorious things we envy her; Germany is the country of Spohr, and of Beethoven, a young man who is the author of an opera, entitled *Il Crociato*, which is going to be played at the Théâtre Italien."

"Giacomo Meyerbeer is in one of my dearest friends! Ah! if Gros were only in Paris!" the stranger murmured, with a distressing sigh.

"Well, the Théâtre de l'Odéon (you can see its strangely arranged roof from where we are) owes its fortune to the most celebrated of your composers, namely, Weber."

"But, on the other hand, it has not made his," answered the stranger, bitterly. "The music of *Der Freischütz* has met with hospitality in France, but this has not been the case with its composer. He has not been able to obtain, in spite of his prayers (and you may judge what it cost him to formulate them), the least share of the money gained by his work! I doubt very much whether he will even obtain the benefit he solicits as a charity from those he has enriched. Oh! if Giacomo Meyerbeer were but here, Weber would never have appealed to these speculators, who are indifferent to the prayer an artist addresses to them, with a face crimsoned with shame: Weber would not have begged!"

"Do you know Weber, then?"

"Yes, sir, I do; I have known him from his infancy: I am acquainted with each separate sorrow of his existence, which is stamped with fatality! Of his existence of doubt and grief, in which there have only been some few lightning-flashes of glory, in order that the night might be more sombre and disastrous. You yourself shall say whether I am not right, sir."

"Would not Carl Maria Weber, a poor boy, born in Holstein, have been a hundred times more happy had he led a quiet life of poverty like the rest of his family, instead of leaving his mother—his dear, sainted mother—and, when nine years old, following to Vienna a Danish professor named Heuschkel! The latter was, at any rate, good and affectionate. He occasionally manifested some little tenderness towards his pupil, but the two were soon obliged to part. The boy was compelled to leave him, and take his place among Michael Haydn's pupils! Haydn was an austere master, without pity for infancy, without forgiveness for a culprit of thirteen."

"Threats and punishment always accompanied him, and were not long in producing a feeling of such deep discouragement in Weber, that, one evening, the poor boy ran away from Haydn's house, and walked, alone, the distance which separated him from Munich. The fugitive's father wanted to send him back to Vienna, but his mother interceded for him, and his musical education was confided to Kalcher and to Valesi, an Italian. How he suffered! Merciful Heaven! he who was so gentle, and who cherished his mother so devotedly! Oh! how he suffered at being thus passed from hand to hand! treated like some inanimate thing, finding everywhere knowledge but never a care, or a friendly hand to wipe away the tears wrung from him by the difficulties which beset his studies, the anguish of discouragement, and his doubts as to his vocation!"

"In this manner he passed his childhood; in this manner he saw his youth glide past. He then wrote a score to a most mediocre *libretto*, entitled *Die Macht der Liebe* (the Power of Love). The score was bad, and, when he read it to his masters, they shrugged their shoulders and said 'You will never be even a passable composer.' And yet, to become one, he had spent his boyhood far away from his mother! He had mournfully consumed his youth in the midst of ceaseless labour! You may fancy his despair! You may fancy his tears and prostration of spirit! For a whole year he did not produce one musical phrase, wrote a single note, or open a single score."

(To be continued.)

resided in Berlin, and is now Hof-Capellmeister in Stuttgart. In Hanover, his active love of art revived as fresh as ever, and Edward Wenzel, who still fills the place of court pianist, was chosen for his master in pianoforte playing and composition. This highly educated musician, born on the 28th July, 1805, at Wunstorf, diligently proceeded with all the subjects the Prince had previously studied, especially the principles of composition, of which the Prince became fonder and fonder every day, and in which he exercised himself with great zeal. During the first period of his studies, he composed and edited principally works for the piano, though he wrote generally a great deal, to exercise himself in form. In his eighteenth year a partiality for vocal composition was predominantly manifested in him, and he now produced a long series of vocal works for one or more voices, of which a great many have been published, and afford most satisfactory and speaking evidence of this noble prince's great and rare artistic zeal, talent, and varied æsthetic education. A small work, *Ideen und Betrachtungen über Musik*, proves, more especially, his Majesty's varied, scientific, and æsthetic studies, which are, moreover, evident to every one who enjoys the favour of talking with him on artistic subjects. His Majesty possesses, also, the rare gift of being able to impart his knowledge in a clear and beautiful manner. It is, further, very evident from the little work we have mentioned, that he lays down as the cardinal point of all artistic efforts, the close connection of art with religion, which, indeed, has been the principal aim of his whole life, a high and noble theory, wherein he has constantly found both the purest artistic enjoyment as well as the most complete consolation and greatest zest. The uninterrupted and brilliant progress of all matters connected with art in Hanover is the most convincing proof how indefatigably the distinguished composer is to elevate and spread his dearly-beloved art throughout his kingdom, and play the part of a Mæceneas, as gracious as munificent, always mindful of the sentiments bequeathed us by the great reformer, Dr. Martin Luther, in praise of *Frau Musica*, and her influence on the souls of men.*

REFLECTIONS ON MR. SIMS REEVES, &c.

(From the *Morning Advertiser*.)

ESTABLISHING profound regard for Mr. Sims Reeves as a musical declaimer, in which character he originally achieved fame, no stinted praise is due to him in a more popular and pleasing branch of the "divine art"—we refer to his delivery of the simple strains of ballad music. Our English tenor is equally captivating with the sphere-harmony of Handel as he is with the *lilt* of the ballad. Though this was not so conspicuously the case last night as on some former occasions, when the artist had committed to him the melodies of Ireland and Scotland, yet his triumph was complete in Beethoven's famed song, "Adelaide; a new lullad," "I have not gold, I have not gems," by Mr. Peed; and in Hatton's clever song, "Phoebe, dearest." The new ballad is another addition to our musical ephemera—pretty and grammatical enough. The composer, however, is indebted to the singer, who gained for it an enthusiastic encore, an honour also conferred on Mr. Hatton's composition. A word or two of eulogy is certainly due to the Orchestral Choir, the members of which acquitted themselves with much obedience and openness; perhaps they approached their subjects with too much familiarity, the result, no doubt, of their chief practice being in their assembly rooms among themselves.

"Sphere harmony" is good; "the *lilt* of the ballad" is good; "pretty and grammatical enough" is better; "much obedience and openness" is still better; "too much familiarity" is best of all. There is nothing "perfunctory" in any of the above. On the contrary, the writer has "achieved the simbus"—of absurdity.—Ed.]

* For the materials of this biographical sketch we are indebted to Herr K. Bani, of Minden. They were originally intended for Gatty's *Tonkünstler-Lexicon*, the new edition of which has been stopt by the author's death.—Ed. N. M. Z.

SINGING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.—It was the opinion of Dr. Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many kinds of healthful exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant-schools for children of three or four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.—*New York Musical World*.

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<i>Sung by Mad. Nautier Didice.</i>		
M'APPARI TUTT'AMOR, <i>Cavatina</i>	1	0
<i>Sung by Sig. Mario.</i>		
CHI MI DIRA DI CHE IL BRICCHIER, <i>Canzone</i>	2	6
<i>Sung by Sig. Graziani.</i>		
QUI SOLA, VERGIN ROSA, Romanza in F and D	1	0
<i>Sung by Mad. Bosis and Sig. Mario.</i>		
LO SO BEN, <i>Duet</i>	3	0
<i>Sung by Mad. Nautier Didice and Sig. Graziani.</i>		
CHE VUOL DIR CHIO, <i>Quartetto</i>	5	0

IN ENGLISH.

DEAREST, DEAREST, THOU HAST LEFT ME (<i>M'appari tutt' amor</i>)	2	0
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The Musical World.

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VOL. 36.—No. 31.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL, Monday, August 2nd, Afternoon at three, Evening at eight. **THE ORHENT'S MINSTRELS LAST TWO CONCERTS** will take place at St. James's Hall, on Monday, August 2nd, 1858, Morning at 3; Evening at 8. Harmony and Melody (sung and strictly reserved), 5s.; Aria, 6s.; Unreserved Melody, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, the principal libraries and music warehouses, the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly entrance, and of Messrs. Keith and Brown, Chesham, City.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—PROVINCIAL TOUR.
Brighton, led to 7th August; Hastings, 9th August; Reading, 10th August. The future dates will be duly announced. All communications must be addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, London, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA CONCERTS.—THE LAST CONCERT of the Season will take place on Friday next the 5th August. The following artists will sing on the above occasion.

Messrs. BOSIO,
Messrs. DIDIER,
Madlle MARRA,
Signor ROTONDI,
Madame BRILL,
Signor GRAZIANI,
Signor TAGLIAFLO,
Signor NERI BARALDI,
Messieur ZELGER,
Signor MARIO.

Doors open at 1 o'clock. Concert at 3 o'clock.—Admission, 7s. 6d. each; children under 12 years, 3s. 6d.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d. extra. Tickets may be had at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall, at the usual agents, and at the Box Office of the Royal Italian Opera.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—5,000 CHILDREN OF THE METROPOLITAN CHARITY SCHOOL, as at St. Paul's, will sing at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday next, August 4th. Doors open at 12. Performance at 2. Admission One Shilling. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. extra, which may be secured at the Crystal Palace, or at 2, Exeter Hall.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

In aid of the Funds of the General Infirmary at Leeds, to be held in the New Town Hall, on THURSDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, September 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1858.

FACEDRAL PRIZES.—Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Sunderland, Madame Wess, Miss Whitson, Miss Helen Walker, and Madlle. Picoconini. Miss Dilly, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Freeman, Miss Cranston, and Madame A. Bond. Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Internal, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Signor Olighini. Mr. Wess, Mr. Sautley, Mr. Wain, Mr. Hinchliffe, Signor Rossi, and Signor Varetti.—Solo Prizes.—Miss Arabella Goddard. ORGANISTS.—Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. Wm. Spark. CHORAL ARTISTS.—Mr. R. S. Burt.

CONDUCTOR.—Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. Cantab.
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The order of seats for ticket-holders who make application on or before August 7th, will be regulated by ballot, which will take place on the 9th August. Programmes and forms of application for serial tickets may be obtained personally at the Committee Rooms, or by letter, addressed to Mr. Fred Spack, Secretary to the Festival Committee, 7, Gresh-street, Park-row, Leeds.

By order of the Committee,
ROBERT BARR,
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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

On AUGUST 1st, SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. 1858.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Mad. CLARA NOVELLO,
Mad. VICTOIRE BALFE,
Mad. CASTELLAN,
Mad. ALBONI, Miss DOLBY,
Mad. VIARDOT GARCIA.

Mr. SIMS REEVES, Signor RONCONI,
Mr. MONTM SMITH, Mr. WEISS,
Signor TAMBERLIK, Signor BELLETTI,
Organist Mr. SIMPSON.
Conductor Mr. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

Tuesday Morning. MENDELSSOHN.
ELIJAH
WEDNESDAY MORNING. COSTA.
ELI
THURSDAY MORNING. HANDEL.
MESSIAH
FRIDAY MORNING. HENRY LESLIE.
JUDITH (A New Oratorio) MENDELSSOHN.
LAUDA SION
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Tuesday evening—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

COMPRISING

OVERTURE (Siege of Corinth) ROSSINI.
ACIS & GALATEA (With additional Accompaniments
by Costa) HANDEL.

OVERTURE (Der Freischütz) WEBER.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c. AUBER.

OVERTURE (Fra Diavolo) AUBER.

Wednesday Evening—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

COMPRISING

SYMPHONY (Zampa) HEROLD.

CANTATA (To the Song of Aet) MOZART.

OVERTURE (Guillaume Tell) ROSSINI.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c. HENOLD.

OVERTURE (Zampa) HEROLD.

Thursday Evening—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

COMPRISING

THE SCOTCH SYMPHONY (in A minor) MENDELSSOHN.

SERENATA (Composed for the occasion of the
Marriage of the Princess Royal) COSTA.

OVERTURE (Alchymist) SPORR.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c. WEBER.

OVERTURE (Euryantle) WEBER.

FRIDAY EVENING—A FULL DRESS BALL.

Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the Performances may have them forwarded by post; or may obtain them on or after the 20th July (with any other information desired), on application to Mr. HENRY HOWELL, Secretary to the Committee, 34, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham.

J. F. LEDSAM, Chairman.

BOOSEY'S 100 DANCES FOR THE VIOLIN, 1s.

100 Ballads for the Violin, 1s.; 100 Operatic Airs for the Flute, by Pratten, 1s. 6d.; 100 Melodies for the Concertina, by Case, 1s.; 100 Sacred Melodies for the Concertina, by Case, 1s. 6d.; 11 Travaux for the Violin, 1s.; La Traviata ditto, 1s.; Rigoletto, 1s.; The Bohemian Girl ditto, 1s.; Mariata ditto, 1s.; &c. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

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The same with Italian words, 20s. Mario's favourite song from "Martha," "My sweet little snow" 1s., or in English, Operatic Airs for the Flute, by Pratten, 1s. 6d.; 100 Melodies for the Concertina, by Case, 1s.; Madame Ourry's Fantaisie on Martha, &c. Laurini's Martha Valse, 2s.; Martha Quadrille, 2s. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, Holles-street.

SACRED SONGS FOR SUNDAY HOURS.—No. 1.

—God is love, No. 2.—How vain a thought is bliss below, No. 3.—The child of sorrow's home, No. 4.—God of Heaven that lov'st the lowly, No. 5.—We are on our journey home, No. 6.—The star of the east. Edited by R. Andrews, names may be received on or before the 12th August.—A dress, 81, Oxford-street, Manchester.

BOOSEY AND SONS' LIST OF NEW SONGS.—

"Phoebe, dearest," composed for Emma Reeves by J. L. Hatton, 2s. 6d. "Scenes of Home," by Balfe, 2s. "The Arrow and the Song," by Longfellow and Balfe, 2s. "I do not watch alone," by Miss Anne Fricker, 2s. "Spontic gently," by Wrighton (new edition), 2s. "Thou dear old times," by Faithful (sung by Miss Dolby), 2s. 6d. "I stood on the beach," by J. L. Hatton, 2s. "Foe, foe," by Pratten (sung by Miss Vinburgh), 2s. "The moonlit sea," by Frost, 2s. "When the moon on the lake is loathing," (a popular American ballad), by Massey, 2s. "Come into the garden, Maud," by Blake (sixth edition), 2s. "Who shall be feared," by Frank Mori (third edition), 2s. 6d. "Good night, beloved," by Balfe (third edition), 2s. 6d. "The Noodle," by Nordmann, 2s. 6d. Any of the above post-free. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

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13 are Published.

BOOSEY and SONS, Musical Library, 23, Holles-street.

REVIEW.

"L'ENGELKE'S GUIDE FOR COMPOSERS OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC."

This work, as elaborately projected as it is simple in arrangement, has been drawn up in the form of a Table or Chart by Mr. Engelke, whose long and intimate connection with bands and orchestras of every description, and whose experience in instrumental arrangements fully qualified him for the task. The *Guide* offers to composers of every grade, as well as to amateurs and students of composition or orchestration, a means which will enable them, at once, to write for every instrument at present used in orchestras and military bands. The table indicates the relative position of the sounds or notes produced by the different instruments as compared with the piano scale, extending over seven octaves, and in a manner sufficiently simple to be understood by the youngest student of music. It shows the compass of all these instruments according to the latest improvements, and, with regard to the trombone, explains, in an extra scale, the principle of the slide-divisions, which enables the composer, in writing for the instrument, to consult the advantage of the performer.

The value of this *Guide* may be inferred from the many instances in which composers, even of repute, have been at a loss to write a melody for *E♭ piccolo*, *flauto terzo*, and some clarinets. Others again, who attempt writing for horns and trumpets, completely fail, merely from want of knowing the relative position of those instruments with regard to the general scale and to each other.

To all such, and in fact to every one who wishes to compose or arrange for small or large bands, Mr. Engelke's *Guide* acts as a dictionary. The general scale at the head of the tabling understood by everybody, the corresponding columns supply the desired knowledge.

It is this peculiarity, and the facility it affords to composers to write for every instrument with effect, which the *Guide* has a just right to claim. Its arrangement is altogether so unartificial and clearly defined, that it is quite as valuable to musical composers as a well-ordered map of London must be to foreigners.

THE ORGAN OF ST. JOHN'S, HACKNEY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The *Musical World* of the 10th ult. presents a letter, signed "Diapason," referring to an article on the Tenison's Chapel Organ, which you had printed the previous week—my communication. The part of "Diapason's" letter which questions the identity of the name of Snetzler with any portion of the existing organ of St. John's, Hackney, I propose here to reply to, by furnishing you with the history of that instrument, as I have got it in my collection, and then stating the source whence the information was derived. And if you think the matter possesses sufficient of public interest to be worth a place in your interesting periodical, perhaps you will print it when you can spare a column for such purpose.

"ST. JOHN'S, HACKNEY."

"This organ was built by Snetzler, A.D. 1768, for the old Hackney church, where it originally stood. It was then of three rows of keys; the great and choir organs being on the G short octave principle, and the swell down to *fifths* G, the box opening on the sliding ash plan. When the new church was finished the organ was taken down and removed thither, and the instrument underwent an extensive repair by Mr. England in 1796. The compass of the instrument was then extended by making it long octave, and another open diapason was added to the great organ, with the addition of a tierce, and also new sound-boards to the great and choral organs, and an entire remodelling of the whole instrument, with a case of mahogany. This repair, which was executed in an excellent and workmanlike manner, placed the instrument on a level with the best then in London. When the church was beautified in 1828, the organ underwent another extensive repair and improvement, consisting of the addition of a set of open diapason pedal pipes, from C to C two, then made in the choir, and in the place of the vox-humanae, which latter had become imperfect; two complex stops, to unite the swell and choir organs to the great organ; three composition pedals to the great organ; the swell extended from *fifths*

G to C in the tenor, with a Venetian swelling front, a new pair of horizontal bellows, and an octave-and-half of German pedals.

This is still a very fine organ, and has the advantage of standing in a good situation, and in a church favourable to sound; and those connoisseurs who are capable of judging and appreciating the beauty of Snetzler's voicing, will perceive at once that the original quality is still preserved. The quality of tone of the instrument is great throughout. The voicing of the open diapason, by England, is excellent both in quality and quantity. The old open diapason by Snetzler is also of superior tone. The stopped diapason of the great organ and swell are of metal from middle C, and in three tunes are very pure; the flute, also, in the choir organ, is of metal and equally good; and the reed stops throughout the instrument are still spouted, crisp, and rich, and all mix well together, giving a grandeur and majesty of sound much superior to many modern instruments of greater magnitude. Its contents are as follows:—

GREAT ORGAN.		CHOIR ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
COMPASS—GO TO F IN ALT.		COMPASS—GO TO F IN ALT.		COMPASS—TENSOR C TO F IN ALT.	
1. Open Diapason.	2. Open Diapason.	1. Stopped Diapason.	2. Flute.	1. Open Diapason.	2. Stopped Diapason:
3. <i>Non</i> Diapason.	4. Principal.	3. Principal.	4. Twelfth.	3. Principal.	4. <i>Terce</i> —3 ranks.
5. Twelfth.	6. Fifteenth.	5. Bassoon.	6. Dulciana.	5. Trumpet.	6. Trombone.
7. Tenor.	8. Vox-humana.			7. Hautboy.	7. Flauto.
9. Clarinet.	10. Trumpet.				
11. Mounted Cornets to C					
—3 ranks.					

Pedal Pipes, CC to CC. Four Complexes. Three Composition Pedals."

The foregoing history was drawn from a critique on the instrument, which appeared, I think, in the *Christian Remembrancer* about 15 years ago. And my belief in the correctness of the statements then made receives a sort of confirmation in the circumstance of Messrs. Rimbault and Hopkins having adapted the same article, appending it to their synopsis of the instrument in their admirable book of 1855. And I think the inference to be drawn from that article—as regards the records—the matter now more particularly in question—is, that the original ones by Snetzler were not removed from the instrument when Mr. England executed his work on it in 1796, and therefore that the present records are the same.

St. John's, Hackney, is the mother-church of a great suburban parish of the same name lying northward of the City. It stands in a well-stocked burial-ground of some five acres in extent, on the right-hand side of the more easterly of the two main roads that diverge from Shoreditch, and about two miles from the City boundary. It was built between the years 1791 and 1797, at a cost of £28,000, replacing a large irregular Gothic structure of fourteenth century work, partly rebuilt in the sixteenth; the old tower, still left standing at some three hundred yards to the south-west, being of the former date. In history, the church is known only by the name of St. Augustine; the dedication having been changed to that of St. John at the consecration of the new building July 15, 1797. This is a large substantial brick edifice, cruciform in plan, with steeple rising out at its southern end, built of stone, and presenting a somewhat singular fœnal. Interiorly the edifice is nearly equilateral; has no columns (except those that carry the galleries) the roof being of a single span, and presents little of the ecclesiastical appearance—it is the huge meeting-house rather than the church—affording a fair example on a large scale of the style of church-building that distinguishes the period of the reign of George III. However, it is pre-eminent as possessing the capacity of accommodating the largest congregation (it is said about 2,700) of any church in London, with the unusual advantage too, of all being enabled to see and distinctly hear the preacher. And it is, doubtless, the effect occasioned by the absence of columns, arches, secondary walls, &c., that gives to this organ the position "favourable to sound," noticed by the writer of the before-quoted article.

The organ stands in the western gallery; the design of the case presents a front of four towers of gill diapasons, the two to the sides receding considerably; there were formerly projecting wings on either side, but they were removed some years ago, in

order to increase the accommodation in the gallery for school children, an alteration not advantageous to the appearance of the organ, since its width now looks diminutive in comparison with the vastness of the proportions of the church itself.

The organ which Snetzler's instrument replaced in St. Augustine's Church, Hackney, in 1758, was erected there in 1665 by Dallans. It was of two rows of keys—with great organ nine stops, in the choir four. Fine oak case and diapered pipes, the diapering of the pipes is recorded to have cost £78 12s. 6d., a sum perhaps, equal to £200 of the present day. The organ is now at Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

55, Regent Street.

F. C.

THE LEEDS ORGAN.

The following description of the contents of the Great Organ, for the New Town Hall, Leeds, built by Messrs. Gray and Davison, and designed by Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. William Spark, will be read with interest by all who interest themselves in organ matters.

This fine instrument possesses four manual claviers—comprised each from CC to C in altissimo—61 notes; and a pedal clavier extending from CCC to F, or a compass of 30 notes. The Orchestral Solo Organ (uppermost clavier) contains the following stops:—

BY PIPES OR SOUND BOARDS.

1. Bourdon (wood) ... 8 feet.
2. Concert Flute Harmonic (to fiddle G) 8 "
3. Piccolo Harmonic (to tenor C) ... 4 "
4. Ottavina Harmonic 2 "
5. Clarinet ... 8 "
6. Oboe (to tenor C) 8 "
7. Cor. Anglais and Bassoon (free reed) 8 "
8. Tromba ... 8 "
9. Opiclide ... 8 "

The Swell-Organ (second clavier) contains the following

1. Bourdon (wood) ... 16 feet.
2. Open Diapason ... 8 "
3. Stopped Diapason (treble to tenor C) —wood ... 8 "
4. Ditto ditto, Bass—(wood) ... 8 "
5. Keraulophon (to tenor C) ... 8 "
6. Harmonic Flute (to fiddle G) ... 8 "
7. Octave ... 4 "
8. Gemshorn ... 4 "

The Great Organ (third clavier) contains, in reality, two complete and distinct organs, of different powers and qualities. One, called the "front great organ," contains the following

1. Double Diapason (open metal) ... 16 feet.
2. Open Diapason ... 8 "
3. Spitz Gamba ... 8 "
4. Stopped Diapason (wood) ... 8 "
5. Octave (metal) ... 4 "

The contents of the "back great organ" are as follows:—

13. Bourdon—Wood ... 16 feet.
14. Flute à Pavillon ... 8 "
15. Viola ... 8 "
16. Harmonic Flute (to Fiddle G, continued to the bottom in open wooden pipes) ... 8 "
17. Quint ... 6 "
18. Octave ... 4 "
9. Wood Flute ... 4 feet.
10. Twelfth ... 3 "
11. Fifteenth ... 3 "
12. Piccolo (wood) ... 2 "
13. Sesquialtra ... 5 ranks.
14. Mixture ... 3 "
15. Contra Fagotto ... 16 feet.
16. Trumpet ... 8 "
17. Cornopsea ... 8 "
18. Oboe ... 8 "
19. Vox Humana ... 8 "
20. Clarion ... 4 "
6. Wald Flöte ... 4 feet.
7. Twelfth ... 3 "
8. Fifteenth ... 3 "
9. Quint Mixture ... 5 ranks.
10. Tierce Mixture ... 5 "
11. Trumpet ... 8 feet.
12. Clarion ... 4 "
19. Harmonic Flute (to Gemut G), small open ... 4 feet.
20. Harmonic Flute ... 2 "
21. Cymbal ... 2 ranks.
22. Furniture ... 2 "
23. Contra Trombone ... 16 feet.
24. Trombone ... 8 "
25. Harmonic Trumpet 8 "
26. Tenor Trombones ... 4 "

In the Choir Organ (lowermost clavier), are the following stops:—

1. Sub-dulciana (open metal to Tenor C and stopped wood to the bottom) ... 16 feet.
2. Open Diapason ... 8 "
3. Stopped Diapason, (treble to Tenor C (metal) ... 8 "
4. Stopped Diapason, Bass (wood) ... 8 "
5. Salscional ... 8 "
6. Viol da Gamba (to Tenor C) ... 8 "
7. Octave ... 4 feet.
8. Subse Flute, to Tenor C (wood) ... 4 "
9. Harmonic Flute (to Tenor C) ... 4 "
10. Twelfth ... 3 "
11. Fifteenth ... 2 "
12. Ottavina (wood) ... 2 "
13. Dulciana mixture ... 5 ranks.
14. Euphone (free reed) 16 feet.
15. Trumpet ... 8 "
16. Clarion ... 4 "

The Pedal Organ contains the following stops:—

1. Sub-Bass (open metal) 32 feet.
2. Contra Bourdon (wood) ... 32 "
3. Open Diapason (metal) ... 16 "
4. Open Diapason (wood) ... 16 "
5. Violon (wood) ... 16 "
6. Bourdon (wood) ... 16 "
7. Quint (open wood) 13 "
8. Octave ... 8 feet.
9. Stopped Flute ... 8 "
10. Twelfth ... 6 "
11. Fifteenth ... 4 "
12. Mixture ... 5 ranks.
13. Contra Bombard (free reed) ... 32 feet.
14. Bombard ... 16 "
15. Fagotto (free reed) 16 "
16. Clarion ... 8 "

The "Coupling Stops" are as follows:—

1. Solo Organ to Great Clavier.
2. Great to Solo.
3. Solo Organ Super Octave (on its own Clavier).
4. Solo Organ Sub Octave (on its own Clavier).
5. Swell Organ to Great Super Octave.
6. Swell Organ to Great Super Unison.
7. Swell Organ to Great, Sub Octave.
8. Swell Organ to Choir Clavier.
9. Choir Organ to Great, Unison.
10. Swell Organ to Pedal Clavier.
11. Choir Organ to ditto.
12. Great Organ to ditto.
13. Full Pedal Organ.
14. Solo Organ to Pedals.

There are, also, eleven pedals "for various purposes of mechanical adjustment," arranged as follows:—

1. Swell Pedal. (6.)
2. Swell Pedal for Solo Organ. (6.)
3. Tremulant Pedal. (7.)
4. Pedal admitting wind to the back Great Organ. (9.)
5. Pedal coupling the back Great Organ to Swell Clavier. (11.)
7. Composition Pedals. (7.)
10. Crescendo Pedal. (11.)
11. Diminuendo Pedal. (11.)

As this large instrument contains many peculiarities not at once to be perceived from a mere inspection of its contents as above recited, we point out a few of the more remarkable. First in order, as, perhaps, in novelty, comes the Solo-Organ. No stop belonging to this clavier has any reference to those massive or "full" effects, which properly are the province of the other portions of the instrument. Every stop (except the "Bourdon," to be used with the reeds), is simply what it pretends to be—a solo stop—having the nearest attainable relation with its orchestral prototype. Further to increase the practical usefulness of this relation, all the stops (except the Bourdon aforesaid) are placed horizontally—a position which, by careful experiment, has been found to add between twenty and thirty per cent. to their ordinary intensity of tone, and to meet this unusual position the sound-boards are placed vertically instead of horizontally. Furthermore, the first eight stops in the list are supplied with a high pressure of wind (six inches for the brass and tenor, and seven inches for the middle and treble portions of their compass), and are enclosed in two swell-boxes, having Venetian shutters above, below, and in front. The ninth stop (opicleideic) stands, or rather lies, below the rest of the solo-organ, and is supplied with twelve-inches air pressure throughout. The great peculiarity of this solo-organ, however, is found in the stops numbered from 10 to 16, which, by means of a number of mechanical contrivances (simple in themselves, but almost impossible to describe clearly without the aid of diagrams), enable the performer to play ear-

tain of the stops in octaves to each other, while merely touching single notes on the clavier. Thus, for example, on drawing the stop (No. 13) labelled "flute, clarinet, and bassoon, in double octaves," and pressing down the middle C of the solo clavier the result will be, the tenor C of the *Cor Anglais*,* the middle C of the *Clarinet*, and C above the 8-foot *Flute Harmonique*, sounding simultaneously. Similarly, any of the stops numbered from 10 to 16 will place at the performer's disposal the combinations with which they are labelled. The operation of these stops for "mechanical combination," it will be perceived, is totally different to that of any "movement" whereby ordinary stops of *different pitch* are drawn together. For example, the effect produced by combining the 4-foot flute and the 4-foot cremona of an ordinary choir-organ, will no more resemble that resulting from the stop No. 10 (which places the middle C of the 8-foot clarinet, and the C above of the 8-foot flute on the same key of the clavier), than will the effect of the *sounding octave* resulting from the combination of an open diapason and principal, compare with that of an octave actually played on the open diapason alone. By these contrivances, then, a very accurate imitation of almost all the ordinary wind-combinations of an orchestra is placed easily within grasp of one of the performer's hands, leaving the other free for any of these purposes of florid accompaniment in which the modern race of players are so proficient. By the use, again, of Nos. 3 and 4 of the "coupling stops," a different class of effects is presented. A melody, for example, played unisonally on the "Obbligato," can be accompanied in the octave above and below it by any or all of the other stops of the Solo-Organ, and this merely by playing single notes on the clavier. On the whole, it may be said that this Solo Organ more nearly fulfils the objects implied in its title than any yet constructed.

In the Great Organ there are some very noteworthy features of arrangement. The idea of dividing the Great Organ into two distinct masses is certainly not altogether novel; a similar distribution has been at least hinted at in two or three continental examples. In the present instance, however, the principle has been developed, and the various resources it affords have been made available to a far greater extent than appears to have been contemplated in any other case. The twelve stops placed on the "front" sound-boards are calculated to form a comparatively *light*, though powerful and brilliant organ, while the remaining fourteen stops placed on the "back" sound-boards, comprising some of the strongest members of the flue-work—the flute & pavillon,† the viola, and the harmonic series of 8, 4, and 2 feet pitch, together with the quint, the large mixtures, and the heavy reeds, will form a "band" entirely different to the foregoing in amount and quality of force. There is a pedal, numbered "4" in the list of pedals for "mechanical adjustment," which operates on stop-valves placed in the wind-trunks of the "back" sound-boards, or, in other words, discharges the functions of what the Dutch and German builders call a "wind-coupler." So long as this pedal remains "hitched down," all the twenty-six stops are at the performer's disposal on the Great Organ clavier; while the act of releasing this pedal instantaneously cuts off the wind-supply from the stops of the "back" sound-boards, and thus severs them from the control of the keys. Hence, then, by the use of this pedal, all or any of the stops of the "back" sound-boards may be instantaneously added to the whole or any part of the "front" Great Organ: thus providing—(besides numerous other effects depending on the stops at the moment in use)—the most rapid and perfect *sfornando* possible. There is, besides, another pedal, numbered "5" in the same list, the operation of which, on being "hitched down," is to disconnect the stops of the "back" sound-boards from the great, and couple them to the swell clavier,—thus rendering the two portions of the Great Organ separately disposable on different claviers, and suggesting a host

* The best imitative bassoon, when properly made, that organ-building skill has ever arrived at.

† The stop is of French origin, and its name has once or twice been Englished into "Bell diapason." It is one of the most powerful members of the flue tribe.

of novel combinations, of which the modern race of organists will not be slow to avail themselves. We may close this account of the mechanical arrangements of the Great Organ by stating that its twenty-six stops are disposed on nine sound-boards of ample dimensions; and that the air with which they are supplied is increased in pressure *twice* in the range of the compass—namely, at fiddle G sharp, and again at D sharp, the twelfth above; while the air supplied to the four reed stops of the "back" sound-boards, increasing at the same points, has a higher initial pressure than that allotted to the flue-work.

The tone-composition of this Great Organ is also worthy of remark. Taking the proportions of the flue-stops alone, they stand thus:—two stops of 16 feet, six of 8 feet, one of 6 feet, four of 4 feet, one of 3 feet, two of 2 feet, and eighteen ranks of mixtures. To this add the reeds, namely:—one of 16 feet, three of 8 feet, and two of 4 feet; and the total statement will be, three stops of 16 feet, nine of 8 feet, one of 6 feet, six of 4 feet, one of 3 feet, two of 2 feet, and, as before, eighteen ranks of mixtures. Throughout all this there are no "vain repetitions" of similar scales and qualities. For example, the six stops which compose the 8-foot pitch of the flue-work are an open diapason (of the Old English breed), a *gamba* (of the conical description), a *bourdon*, a *flute à pavillon* (previously described), a *viola* (the largest and most powerful of the German tribe known as "string-toned stops"), and a *flute harmonique*. The same care is exercised throughout the remainder of the flue-work,—not omitting the four mixture stops, the scales and compositions of which are studiously varied with reference to the particular part contemplated for each in the general effect. In the reed-work, also, of this manual, a similar rule of variety is observed. The *trumpet* and *clarion* of the "front" Great Organ are intended to follow, as nearly as possible, the model of that brilliant, elegant, description of reeds which Bysfield made so deservedly famous—a quality, by the way, far too much neglected of late years in this country; while, in the "back" Great Organ, the modern English style of reed-work will be adopted for the *contra trombone*, *trombone*, and *tenor trombone*; and the most successful achievement of the French school will have its representative in the *harmonic trumpet*. Under all these circumstances, then of quantity and variety, there can be no doubt that, as a single manual, this Great Organ will have very few rivals in Europe.

Having gone somewhat into detail in describing the Great Organ, it is needless—beyond stating that similar principles are to be observed throughout the instrument—to do more with respect to the Swell and Choir Organs than refer to the list of their registers as amply representing the qualities of these manuals respectively. In one respect, however, the arrangements of the Swell Organ differ from those usually adopted. Having its twenty stops disposed on four sound-boards, the two front ones, containing all the reed-work, are supplied with air at one inch heavier pressure than that allotted to the others.

The adherents of the old-fashioned English "large peddle" school will, doubtless, be greatly scandalised by the absence of a 32-foot open wood-stop from the Pedal Organ. When, however, it is remembered that the 16-foot pitch should always represent the real eight of a Pedal Organ, that in the present scheme there are already *three* 32-foot stops—namely, a *metal* open, a *bourdon*, and a reed—and that an immensely large majority of the finest Continental examples authorise this proportion, there can be no question of its sufficiency and completeness. There is a convenient mechanical arrangement in this Pedal Organ which obviates most of the difficulty sometimes complained of in manipulating a large number of pedal stops. Next to the coupler "Great Organ to Pedals" is placed a draw-stop, which controls the admission of wind to all the Pedal Organ, except only the *violon* and *bourdon*. As both these stops can be easily drawn or retired simultaneously, the full Pedal Organ may be reduced to two soft 16-foot stops by the same action which detaches the Great Organ keys from the pedals.

In order as little as possible to perplex the operations of the performer, there are but four composition pedals for the whole instrument. These, however, by an instantaneous adjustment, act, as the player requires, on the swell organ alone, or on the

swell, great, and pedal organs simultaneously, or on the two latter only. Furthermore, each of these four composition pedals is capable of affecting three different combinations (the changes extending, as before mentioned, to the swell, great, and pedal organs, or either of them); the *modus operandi*, so far as the performer is concerned, being simply the setting of an index (one of which appertains to each of the composition pedals) to the number indicating the required combination.

The *crescendo* and *diminuendo* pedals, with which the list of "mechanical adjustments" terminates, act on the swell and great organ combined, or on each separately, in the same manner as mentioned of the composition pedals; and in all these cases the necessary movements are imparted to the slides of the sound-boards by the agency of the pneumatic apparatus, whereby the space passed through by the pedal, and the pressure of the foot required to produce its motion, will both be reduced to a minimum.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, HUNSLLET.—There was a special service in St. Jude's Church, Pottery Field, Hunsllet, in connection with the opening of a new organ which has been erected in that church. The instrument was built by Mr. Booth, of Wakefield, and cost about £154. The money was principally contributed by the members of the congregation. There has hitherto been no musical instrument in the church. At the service on Thursday, there was a large congregation, including a good proportion of the poorer inhabitants of the district. Several clergymen from neighbouring parishes were also present. Full choral service was performed by the choir, assisted by some of the members of the choir of the Leeds Parish Church, and other churches. Mr. Lancaster was the organist. A sermon was preached by the Rev. C. H. Collier, incumbent of St. Luke's, who selected as his text a portion of the 18th verse of the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. John—"Whosoever is born of God sinneth not." A collection was afterwards made, amounting to £6 17s. 5½d., in aid of the organ fund. Special sermons will be preached in the church on Sunday, and collections made in aid of the organ fund, there being still a deficiency of about £40.

FIRTH.—Friedrich Liszt is engaged to write a religious composition in honour of Saint Elizabeth, to be executed by the Stephan Society.

ASSEMBLY OF THE WELSH BARDS, &c.—We learn from a printed circular, that "under the protection of God and his power, will be held on Alban Elfed (September 21, A.D. 1858, at Llanoelltyd, in North Wales, the National Gorsedd of British Bards; and with it the Royal Chair of Powys, accompanied by a Grand Eisteddfod, which will be extended over four successive days, viz. September 21, 22, 23, 24, and at which, through the generosity of the British public, prizes to the amount of £400 will be awarded to the successful candidates. The Gorsedd dates as far back as the time of Prydain ab Iddid Mawr, about 1000 years before the Christian era. The Chair of Powys was founded by the three royal bards, Llywarch Hân, Brochwel Ysgythrog, and Gwron ab Cynfarch, in the sixth century. The Eisteddfod dates its origin from the time of Owain ab Mæten Wledig (Maximus the Emperor), and marks the era of Britain's freedom from the Roman yoke, and the restoration of the supremacy of the British language. The object of the Eisteddfod is, in the first place, to promote the study and cultivation of the poetry, music, and general literature of the Cymry,—to preserve the Welsh language,—to encourage native arts and manufactures,—and to rescue from neglect and oblivion the national usages of the Principality. In the second place, its object is to promote a spirit of loyalty and patriotism among the people,—of mutual confidence and intercourse between rich and poor,—and of social harmony among all classes. Such are the objects which the promoters of the forthcoming Eisteddfod have in view—an Eisteddfod which they will strenuously endeavor to conduct, as far as circumstances permit, in strict accordance with the forms and usages of ancient times." We have also seen the programme of this national event. Under the head of "Prose" there are five prizes; "Oratory," 1; "Poetry," 17; "Music," 12; "Heraldry," 1; "Art," 7; and "Miscellaneous," 8. We observe that the Rev. J. Hughes, Meltham Parsonage, Huddersfield, is one of the honorary secretaries.—Leeds Intelligence.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 480.)

AFTER having been in California about a year, during which period we met with continuous success in our concert speculation, I began to think of returning to New York, for my homesickness was getting almost too much to bear. But Fate decreed otherwise. Miss Catherine Hayes made her appearance one fine day in the early spring of 1853, and created a new *furor*, and as the party I was with left for Lima and Valparaiso, I willingly accepted an engagement as her conductor.

She arrived at a happy period. Trade, which for the last year had been seriously depressed, was now active; real estate had gone, and was going up (a healthy sign). Miss Hayes's success was unequivocal, and the fickle San Franciscoites soon forgot the song of the American Thrush in the notes of the Swan of Erin; a most abominable appellation, as I take it, for swans only make a horrid noise like the trial of a bad bassoon-reed; and even geese have no claim to belong to a musical family, except when, as described by a facetious cook, "you roast him alive," (which process is ingeniously described in an old work much antecedent to Mrs. Glasse,) and when the living bird is brought to table, and you proceed to carve him, "he maketh a right pleasant noise, which is myghty agreeable." Money now tumbled in fast upon me, for the *Swan* had brought no opera scores, and she wished to give operatic scenes in costume, so that I had plenty of work to do in arranging and scoring, which labour brought a liberal return upon the lady's part. I therefore made up my mind to settle permanently in California, and having already assisted much in the elevation of orchestral music in New York, was not at all disinclined to become the pioneer of good music upon the shores of the North Pacific. Miss Hayes, after a most triumphant reception and tour through the State, left for South America in May, 1853. Another celebrity arrived in this month; Mrs. Catherine N. Sinclair, a lady who from her great talent as an actress, and capacity as a manager, was admirably fitted to lead the theatrical taste of the community. A superb theatre was erected for her (the Metropolitan, lately destroyed by fire), and having opened the San Francisco Hall, during the building of the Metropolitan, the company was formed, engagements were made with foreign artists, and the Metropolitan was opened on December 24th, 1853, with a fine company, Mrs. Sinclair, manager; Mr. J. B. Booth, stage manager; Mr. Fairchild, scenic artist; and your humble servant, as musical director. My orchestra was small, but efficient; and upon Madame Anna Thillon's arrival in January, 1854, her operas were exceedingly well done, although she cut the score to ribands. The opera company consisted of Thillon, Miss Julia Gould, Messrs. Hudson and Bentler, tenors; and Messrs. Leach and Stadfeldt, basses; the chorus (most excellent) by a German society. Madam Thillon's success, both in an artistic and pecuniary sense, must have been very gratifying.

The next musical arrival was Madame Anna Bishop, who, during her stay, did the work of about twenty *prima donnas*, but, I regret to say, without the pecuniary reward that her great talents, both as a singer and actress, entitled her to, not from want of appreciation or support upon the part of the people, but from the injudicious speculations of her manager, Boehms, and the general commercial ruin that enveloped the state during a great portion of her stay. Miss Hayes returned from South America in May, 1854, but from the latter cause, this time did not make money; and she sailed for Australia in August, where she made a large fortune, which I sincerely wish she may live long to enjoy. An Italian Opera Company arrived in November, 1854, consisting of Madame Barili Thorn and Madame Bedi, prime donna, Mrs. Voorhees, contralto; Signor Scola, tenore, Signor Lonzoni, baritone, and one of the best artists and good men I ever knew; Signor Leonardi as basso. The operas produced were *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *Nabuco* (with military band on the stage, and grand ballet), *I Lombardi*, *Norma*, *Luceria*, *Sonnambula*, *Favorita*, *Il Barbiere*, and others, as the people say, "too tedious to mention." Verdi was, of course,

the favourite, and when I used to see that poor little Berill tearing herself to pieces in his demoniac service (causing her death not long afterwards) I used to long for a "Society for the prevention of cruelty to singers." But things had now taken a turn, business was bad, and the opera season was a failure, and with the exception of a slight change in affairs upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, who were amazingly successful, Mrs. Sinclair's term of management expired with severe pecuniary loss to herself, a comical horse and still more comical dog, and waited with much anxiety the arrival of the steamer which contained all I held most dear on earth. I used to while away the time by "pottering" about the house, and wondering how my darling would be pleased with my endeavours to make her a happy and comfortable home, till, as the time grew near, I got into a perfect nervous fever, and used to pass my spare time upon Telegraph Hill, in company with many other anxious hearts which awaited their dear ones' arrival. On Sunday morning I had watched until nearly three o'clock, when a heavy fog from the sea obscured the bay, and I thought of turning in for a short snooze, but could not have been asleep an hour, when I was awakened by my brother-in-law, with the horrid intelligence that the Tennessee had in the fog gone ashore nine miles or so to the north of the Heads, and that the news had been brought to the city by some sailors, who had escaped from the wreck in a whale boat, and found their way, by miracle, into the Bay. I tore distractedly into the streets, and soon found one of the sailors, "Are Mrs. L—, and the children on board?" "They are, sir, safe and well; the passengers are being landed, and no lives are lost." I cannot describe the unutterable feeling of thankfulness to God that I experienced, nor the longing desire I had to be with them. A large party of husbands, brothers, and friends, was soon collected, and the steamship company having placed a steamer at our disposal at nine at night we crossed the Bay to Scauncillo, and from thence were to make our way, as best we could, on foot to the wreck, which was reported as being somewhere up the coast. Jolly old Jack Martin, the marine reporter, headed the party, and I am ashamed to say that several of the husbands felt their courage ooze away as we landed in utter darkness upon the shore, and they declined the perilous enterprise. Old Jack had provided himself with a lantern and a bottle of brandy. Away we plunged, sixteen in all, "through bog, fen, flat," up mountains, down precipices, every now and then coming across herds of wild mustangs, who, with a sound between a shriek and a snort, rushed across our path like a torrent. Our only hope was to keep our faces to the wind, for the sky was elevated, and no friend's star aided us. We did not know where the wreck lay, and when at length half dead with fatigue from scrambling among the rocks, and soaked with perspiration, we arrived at the head of a ravine of about a mile in length, we could scarcely believe our senses as we saw upon the shore an encampment of tents, and the huge rolling bulk of the devoted vessel heaving and tossing in the surf, and made visible by the height of enormous fires that the men had made from the ribs of stout vessels lost upon the beach. We descended the ravine, and shall I ever forget the joy of that wild reunion? My dear one safe and well, and my boys so grown, and nothing lost, not even a shoe yet! How we laughed and cried, as I heard how the little one had kept watch on a peak of rock looking for his Father, who he said "was sure to come and fetch him;" and how

my wife had philosophically calmed the terrors of the other ladies by the cheering idea that "if they were worth seeking, their husbands would be sure to find them;" and had very coolly turned into bed in the sand, where they looked like a lot of sardines in a box.

Was the joy of this meeting so soon to be turned into sorrow I can scarcely write it, but from that time my dear one drooped. The slow but sure disease, consumption, had already set his seal upon her loved and loving form, and as I watched her daily sinking, and in agonies of pain—for over a year her torture never ceasing—while she bore her misery with a resignation and a courage that were marvellous to behold, I felt that if I could have poured my heart's blood at her feet to give her one moment's ease, how freely I would have done it. I need write no more. I soon was alone. Alone in this great world, with all its loneliness, but I was like a living corpse upon the earth; my heart was buried with her in that narrow grave, and I was desolate.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.

[THE subjoined account of this admirable institution merits attention.—*Ed. M. W.*]

For upwards of three-quarters of a century this noble Institution has annually ministered to the medical and surgical requirements of the necessitous poor seated in the midland counties of England, and so important has been the relief administered by this excellent charity, that, from the opening of the Hospital, in the year 1779, up to the end of June, 1857, no less than 424,605 patients have benefited by its existence, and of that number 96,442 have been admitted as in-patients within its walls.

During the last twenty years, Birmingham and the immediately adjacent districts have doubled their inhabitants—new and extensive factories have been established within the town and its vicinity—a network of railways, stimulating intercourse with the midland metropolis, has been laid down—and, as a consequent result, a teeming population, engaged in manufacturing pursuits, often rendered hazardous from the machinery employed, has been brought into contact with the charity, upon the resources of which increasing numbers are annually becoming claimants. To meet the increased demands of the hospital thus arisen, it has been found necessary to erect an additional wing to the building, thereby providing another ward, containing twenty beds for in-patients, and affording also the means of supplying better accommodation for the treatment and relief of the numerous out-patients who daily attend to have their ailments relieved by the skillful medical and surgical staff of the institution.

The hospital derives its revenues from endowments, subscriptions, donations, legacies, and the profits arising from the celebration of the Triennial Musical Festivals. During the year ending Midsummer, 1857, *nineteen thousand and forty-five patients*, of whom two thousand five hundred and twenty-five were in-patients, received the benefits of the institution, and the total outlay during that period amounted to £7,424 12s. 10d.

Notwithstanding the acceptable pecuniary aid received from another source since the festival of 1855, which has mainly enabled the accomplishment of the enlargement and improvements referred to, the expenditure of the hospital, with every proper regard to economy, continues to exceed the fixed income, in a manner which creates an anxious feeling as to the possibility of keeping up the existing usefulness of the institution. The treasurer's account is overdrawn nearly five thousand pounds, and the payments for the current quarter have to be provided for. Under such circumstances the Festival Committee appeal to the benevolent, the philanthropic, and the public generally, to assist the cause of charity, by granting a generous support to the forthcoming festival. If the pecuniary result of the twenty-seventh triennial celebration should be such as to preclude the necessity of curtailing during the next three years the inestimable advantages at present secured to the sick and afflicted poor, it will be a matter of sincere congratulation, as any diminution in the means of extensive efficiency of the institution cannot fail to be otherwise than severely felt by numbers who, from accident or disease, might find themselves deprived in their hour of need, of the incalculable blessings of such a charity as the Birmingham General Hospital.

J. F. LEDBAM,
July, 1858.

Chairman of the Festival Committee.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—TITIENS,

Alboni, and Piccolini; Belletti, Bonaventura, Volanti, Rossi, Aldighieri, and Giuglioli. Final Performances.—Reduced prices.

To-morrow, Monday, August 2, LUCREZIA BORGIA, (last time, and last appearance but one of Madlle. Borgia.)

Tuesday, August 3, IL TROVATORE, (last appearance of Madlle. Titiena.)

Wednesday, August 4, (last night in three), a variety of entertainments, in which Madlle. Piccolini, Mad. Alboni, and Sig. Giuglioli will appear.

Thursday, August 5, (last night but two), LA ZINGARA.

Friday, August 6, (last night but one), LA FIGLIA DEL ROGGIANTO, and other entertainments.

Saturday, August 7, (the last night), LA TRAVIATA. On each occasion, a Divertissement, in which Madlle. Rossetti will appear.

Applications to be made at the Box-office.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the new Farce, entitled DYING FOR LOVE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, July 31, the performance will commence with LEADING STROYAL AFTER WHICH BOOTS AT THE SWAN. To coincide with A HANDSOME HUSBAND. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

In consequence of the enormous success, and the crowded state of the theatre, Mr. Douglas has prevailed upon those great artists of the Adelphi Company, viz., Mr. B. Webster, Madame Colate, Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Keeley, to play six nights longer, which positively must be the last, in consequence of Madame Colate's contractual term. THE GREEN BUSHES every evening, with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID. On Monday, August 2, and during the week, to commence with THE GREEN BUSHES, in which Madame Colate will appear, supported by the Adelphi favourites. To coincide with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID, in which Mr. B. Webster and Madame Colate will perform. No advance in the prices.

JUSTIFICATION OF M. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I did not think it *de rigueur* to state that my article on *Guillemo Tell* was a *traduzione* of the article of "A. B." inserted in the *Armonica di Firenze*, since the *direzione* of that *giornale* was *politico*, which draws its inspirazioni from the Po, has frequently appropriated my labours without *ricompensamento*—a *portamento*, which, to say the *minimo*, is *inammabile*.

I am—*stimatissimo* Sir—your servant,

DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

[At the most, then, M. D'Engelure has been perfunctory.—Ed. M. W.]

DEATH.

On Saturday, the 24th inst., in London, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Taylor, Charles Danvers Hackett, Mus. Bac., Oxon., in his forty-first year, son of the late Captain Philip J. D. Hackett, of the Priory, Hammarsh, Yorks.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 31st, 1858.

The music meetings promise well this year—at least in many respects. To Leeds we have more than once alluded, and shall allude again. Of the three Choirs at Hereford we shall probably speak next week. Meanwhile, our present business is with the Birmingham Festival, which deservedly ranks as the first and most important, not only in England, but in Europe. The prospectus, with full details, having already been issued, there is enough and to spare for comment.

The 27th triennial celebration commences on Tuesday morning, August 31st, with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. No Birmingham Festival would be regarded as complete without this oratorio, which, as all our readers are doubtless aware, was composed expressly for Birmingham, and first performed in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1846, under the direction of Mendelssohn himself.

The inhabitants of this great emporium of industry and commerce are justly proud of the honour thus conferred upon them, and, moreover, have good reason to remember with satisfaction that to their own spirit of honourable enterprise was due the suggestion that first originated so great a masterpiece. On Wednesday morning Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, which obtained so great a success at the meeting of 1856, for which it was expressly written, is to be repeated. On Thursday morning, *The Messiah*—as a matter of course, a *Messiah*-less festival being almost unprecedented. On Friday morning, the performances are to commence with Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio of *Judith*, composed, like *Elijah* and *Eli*, expressly for the Birmingham Festival. Of this new work, about which so much curiosity is excited, and which we trust may, by its merits, sustain the reputation of the English school, we ourselves know nothing. A contemporary, however—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*—is evidently better informed; and from the pages of that journal a notice of *Judith* has been transferred to another column of our this day's impression. From this notice it will appear that the writer has had the privilege of examining the score, or of attending some private performance, since his description of the work is accompanied by strongly expressed opinions of its musical merits. *Judith* being, we presume, a short oratorio (in which it resembles Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*), Mendelssohn's *Lauda Ston*, and Beethoven's *Mass** in C, are further included in Friday's programme, which will, under the circumstances, be quite as lengthy as the variety of its contents is likely to render it attractive. The principal singers engaged in the performances of sacred music are Mesdames Castellani, Clara Novello, and Viardot Garcia, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, and Sig. Belletti. In looking over the distribution of the pieces allotted to each of these performers, we remark that a practice which has lately prevailed, and of which we cannot approve, is largely resorted to—we mean that of dividing each of the principal voice-parts between two singers, and thus weakening the effect of the performance for the sake of the attraction of an additional name in the bills. For example—in *Elijah* and the *Messiah* the soprano music of the first part is allotted to Madame Castellani, and of the second part to Madame Novello, while the contralto music is similarly shared between Madame Viardot Garcia and Miss Dolby. Mr. Costa is to make use to allow the effect of his own oratorio to be thus endangered; and thus, in *Eli*, we find the four principal parts uniformly sustained by Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti.

The miscellaneous concerts are capably made out, and in every respect attractive. Besides the well-known singers already named, Madame Alboni, Madlle. Victorie Balfe, Signors Tamberik and Ronconi lend their assistance, and every evening presents some special feature of interest in the shape of an important work. On Tuesday evening, for instance, there will be Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with additional accompaniments by Mr. Costa. This may possibly lead to some inquiries about the additional accompaniments of Mozart, which were used several years since at Exeter Hall, when *Acis and Galatea* was performed by the Harmonic Union, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. If these were found satisfactory,

* We see no reason for investing a Roman Catholic mass with the Protestant title of "service"—more especially since the Latin text is to be sung, and the arena of performance is not a church, but a municipal hall.

why were new ones considered necessary? No doubt of Mr. Costa's thorough competence for the task he has undertaken is involved in this query, since that—if proof were wanting from so accomplished a musician—has been proved in *Samson* and *Judas Maccabæus*; but the rejection of Mozart's accompaniments throws a doubt upon their genuineness, which we should like to have explained. At the first evening concert there will be no symphony, but the second (Wednesday) commences auspiciously with the magnificent *Jupiter* of Mozart. On this occasion the prominent novel feature is to be Mendelssohn's *Cantata*, "To the Sons of Art," for solo quartet, chorus of male voices and accompaniments of brass instruments—originally composed for an out-door festival at Cologne, and executed in the open air by 2,500 voices and instruments. At the third concert (Thursday evening) there is also a symphony—Mendelssohn's in A minor—and on this occasion Mr. Costa's *serenata*, composed for the marriage of the Princess Royal, and entitled *The Dream*, will be performed for the first time in public, the vocal solos being allotted to Mad. Novello, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss. The miscellaneous selections will derive great interest from the number of distinguished vocalists, foreign and native, who take part in them; but they would be better if they were not so long, and more generally attractive for the intermixture of one or two instrumental solos, without which such a quantity of vocal pieces, in all styles, becomes in the end somewhat wearisome. Leeds has been wiser than either Birmingham or Hereford in this respect.

The band and chorus will be on the scale of splendour and completeness to which we have been long accustomed at the Birmingham Festival, and which it is the pride of Mr. Costa, the conductor, and in a great measure the care of his indefatigable "right hand," Mr. J. O. Mason (orchestral steward), to maintain. The president this year is the Earl of Dartmouth, who we earnestly trust may not give encouragement to the system of "encoring" pieces at the morning performances of sacred music. The meeting winds up, as usual, with a grand dress ball, in the Town Hall, on Friday evening. The prospects are cheering, and it is hoped that the funds of the General Hospital,† one of the noblest charities in Great Britain, may derive material assistance from the surplus, after payment of all the enormous expenses inseparable from so vast an undertaking.

We didn't go to St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday last to hear Mr. Abel Matthews perform his "great feat from memory," neither will we go if he announces a repetition of the same feat on Tuesday next.

The feat consists in the recital, from memory alone, of the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which, according to Mr. Abel Matthews, contains 10,565 lines. We have no doubt that these figures are right, and whether they are or not, we shall not put ourselves in a position to correct them by counting the lines. We are content to

receive the Miltonian statistics with faith and gratitude. In return for the useful information diffused by means of his placards and advertisements, let us hope that Mr. Abel Matthews will find an adequate reward. May he meet with a friend, who will tell him how many whitebait there were in the last dish consumed at the "Trafalgar," and, after that, may he meet another who will count out a plate of green peas before his eyes. The rich man who paid Correggio a large sum of money in copper coin, and thereby occasioned the death of the painter, is handed down to us as a monster of cruelty, which, considering there is not a word of truth in the story, is somewhat unfair. To Mr. Abel Matthews this Dives—this *mauvais riche*—would have been a positive benefactor. What a luxury to ascertain by actual manipulation the number of farthings contained in a good round sum of pounds sterling!

We are pleased that we know the number of lines in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and if we so far forget all self-respect as to perpetrate a vile pun, we should say, that we *cocker'd* ourselves up on the strength of our arithmetical enlightenment. But having learned all we want to learn from Mr. Abel Matthews, we shrink from St. Martin's Hall. Whether he can say the whole 10,565 lines without stumble or boggie, or whether he is apt to break down at the end of the first five, we do not care a jot.

And why should we care? What the — does it matter to us whether Mr. Abel Matthews has a good memory or not? We don't want to know whether he prefers beef to mutton, or whether he thinks a checked trouser superior to a stripe. Neither do we want to know the extent of his mnemonic powers.

If Mr. Abel Matthews had told us that he intended to illustrate the national epic by the force of his elocution, and we had nothing else to do, we might possibly have dropped in upon his exhibition. But he simply informed the world that he designed to show his own ability to have 10,565 lines by heart. And about his possession of this faculty we care nothing;—no, not the faintest shadow of the thinnest farthing.

If Mr. Abel Matthews had offered to jump through 10,565 hoops in succession without stopping, we would have gone to witness the exploit, even if we had broken an engagement to dine off minced veal; for Mr. Abel Matthews jumping through 10,565 hoops would have been a funny spectacle. We should not have become wiser by ascertaining the gymnastic talent of Mr. Abel Matthews—still we should have been amused.

But we could have derived neither amusement nor instruction from hearing a dreary delivery of furlongs of blank verse. We could not have turned the knowledge thus painfully acquired to any practical account.

Far be it from us to offend Mr. Abel Matthews. Indeed, it would be the height of imprudence to affront a gentleman of so terribly long a memory, for though he might forgive in the most Christian spirit, we are certain that he would never forget. Far be it from us to damp the curiosity of any person who wishes to know whether Mr. Abel Matthews has actually learned twelve books of *Paradise Lost* by heart, and is willing to take a reserved seat for the gratification of that passion which, as Mr. Abel Matthews can tell us (without book), came in with "Mar's first diobedience and the fruit, &c." We merely say that we do not participate in the anxiety (doubtless general), to know whether Mr. Abel Matthews has a tenacious memory or not.

* In the catalogue of Mozart's compositions for November, 1788—the year during which the three great symphonies in E flat, G minor, and C major (*Jupiter*) were produced—we find "*Acis and Galatea* of Handel, *retiravailé*."

† This vigorous composition has been performed at the Philharmonic Concerts in London, and was recently introduced by Mr. Benedict, at his first "Festival Concert" in the Crystal Palace.

‡ Of which an account will be found in another column.

We fear we are growing obtuse and egotistical. What has the world to do with our private tastes and predilections, that we should thus indecently parade them? Why, jesting apart, the world cares just as much for our private tastes as it cares for Mr. Abel Matthew's memory; y neither more nor less.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.

F. B. Jewson, Esq.

(To be continued in our next.)

METZGER'S NEW COMIC OPERA.—The *Révue et Gazette Musicale* is indignant that the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* should question its assertion that Meyerbeer's new opera was never promised to M. Carvalho. The *Révue* positively denies that there was ever any treaty between composer and manager about the production of the work at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

WHAT changes were made by Donzelli, Braham, and the rest, we have no means of ascertaining, but if as many as Signor Alary finds necessary for Signor Mario, it must have been a sad thing for *Don Giovanni*. We feel convinced that 100 per cent. less meddling with (and muddling) the music of Mozart, would have suited Signor Mario infinitely better. There is no reason why the whole of the introduction should not be sung in the same key—whether that key be F, the original, or a note higher, in which latter case Mad. Grisi would be obliged to strain a point or two. Anything would be better than the introduction "after Signor Alary"—anything would be better than the transposition of the last ten bars in the overture, the rush (or rather tumble) back into the right key, after "Notte e giorno" has been sung in G—than the clambering (or scrambling) a note higher, when Signor Alary is desirous of once more finding himself at G (minor) in the trio for basses—than these and other such barbarities. Anything would be better. A passage or so out of *Nina*, *Luise Miller*, or the *Tro Nove* would be better. But then Sig. Alary would not have touched £300—and Sig. Alary would have been worse, not better, for that. These are indeed commercial times. Money can command anything, even to the mutilation of a *chef-d'œuvre* that has been honoured and revered for well nigh three-quarters of a century. Sig. Alary, however, has acted magnanimously in signing his handy work, which otherwise might have been attributed to Mr. Costa—no, not to Mr. Costa—to Mr. Alfred Mellon—no, not to Mr. Alfred Mellon, but to Mr. Horton, an unoffending gentleman whose worst crime was that of copying out the parts—Sig. Alary's parts—and sticking them into the music books for the orchestra.

"Transpositions were indispensable." Good—but surely not so many. "Alterations were inevitable." True—but surely not such alterations as those which disfigure the quartet in B flat (Act I.), and the trio in A (Act II.). About the recitatives there may be conflicting opinions. Ours is, that for the most part they have been awkwardly accommodated to the voice of Sig. Mario, who is often restrained by them where fluency is most desirable.

To leave this part of the subject however (which we shall reconsider on a future occasion), and to be purely and briefly

historical—*Don Giovanni* was presented on Thursday (and will be repeated to-night) with the following cast:—

Don Giovanni (<i>first time</i>)	Sig. Mario.
Leporello (<i>first time</i>)	Sig. Ronconi.
Zerlina	Mad. Bosio.
Donna Anna	Mad. Grisi.
Donna Elvira	Madlle. Marai.
Don Ottavio	Sig. Tambrlik.
Masetto	Sig. Polonini.
Commendatore	Sig. Tagliafico.

The house was crammed to the ceiling—as might, indeed, have been anticipated. The excitement was very great, and augmented as the opera went on. There were six encores:—"La ei darem" (Bosio and Mario), "Batti batti" (Bosio), the trio of masks (Grisi, Marai, and Bosio), "Deh vieni alla finestra" (Mario), "Vedrai carino" (Bosio), and "Il mio tesoro" (Tambrlik).

For the present we would rather suspend our opinion of the new *Don Giovanni* and the new *Leporello*, both of whom must get accustomed to their parts before they can do full justice to themselves, to the music, and to the drama; but we are very much mistaken if Sig. Mario and Sig. Ronconi do not in the end far more than realise all that was expected of them. The other characters were unexceptionable. Mad. Bosio sang deliciously, Madlle. Marai very cleverly, and Signor Tambrlik, superbly. Sig. Tagliafico and Sig. Polonini should have medals struck in their honour, as the very *acmé* of perfection in their respective characters of the Commandant and Masetto. Mad. Grisi's Donna Anna, (although, unfortunately, "Or sai chi l'onore" was transposed a tone) could hardly be surpassed in grandeur. The orchestra was magnificent (in spite of the brass and the cymbals); and the chorus everything that could possibly be desired. But why not Mozart's score, instead of three trombones at the "wings," in the scene of the cemetery! And where was the chorus of demons, when *Don Giovanni* is dragged away to punishment!

To-night will, in a great measure, decide what Thursday has left undecided. To-night will either fulfil or disappoint expectation. To-night will show whether (thanks to Sig. Mario) Sig. Alary's *Don Giovanni* is to become a fixture in the repertory, or to be abandoned as "perfunctory." But of that, the general "getting up" of the opera, and several other matters connected with it, more—much more—in our next.

On Saturday a new *divertissement*, entitled *L'Amour d'une Rose*, with music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, was produced for Madlle. Zina Richard. The *divertissement* is of the slightest possible structure, or, more properly, no structure, and its meaning, if it have any, is not transparent. The scene, after some preliminaries, is made to represent a brilliant flower-garden, in which Madlle. Zina Richard dances some novel steps with remarkable ease and vigour, and which provides some very effective groupings and some striking changes. The music is so tuneful and lively, that Mr. Alfred Mellon must be induced to try his hand upon a subject more worthy of his talents. In the final *pas*, when the flowers and flower-pots move about with celerity, and at every motion seem to throw obstacles in the way of the dancer, Madlle. Zina Richard was no less remarkable for the quickness and precision with which she avoided all the impediments that sprung up before her as if by enchantment, than for the charming ease and infinite grace preserved in the midst of the highest bounds and most rapid evolutions. The applause was loud and frequent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The performances of the past week present no novel feature. The operas were—on Saturday, *Lucreria Borgia*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore*; Thursday, *Lucreria Borgia* and *La Scera Padrona*; and last night, the *Barbiers* and the finale scene from *I Martiri*. To-night, *Don Giovanni*.

The theatre will be open every night next week. The following arrangements have been made:—Monday, *Lucreria Borgia*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore* (Madlle. Titiens's last appearance); Wednesday, *Don Pasquale*, with the last scene from *Cenerentola*, for Alboni; Friday, *La Zingara*; and Saturday, *La Traviata*. Madlle. Boschetti will appear in a *divertissement* every evening.

THE "DON GIOVANNI" CONTROVERSY.

We may as well call it so, for controversy it is sure to be. All who swear by Her Majesty's Theatre will be deeply offended at the liberties taken with Mozart's text by the singers of the Royal Italian Opera. A classic fit will seize on everybody, from Mad. Puzzi to Mr. Fish. And so it should be. What we hope from the result is, that the indignation hurled against the murderers of Mozart will have not only the effect of purifying Mr. Gye, but that Mr. Lumley himself may profit by it—since he also has a murder or so to answer for.

The press has not yet—with the exception of the *Advertiser* and the *Telegraph*, the first of which is cautiously, the other furiously "classic"—declared itself in full. The rigid *Post*, however, and the bending *Herald* have issued short paragraphs, which are so strongly opposed that we cite them both, as signs—not of the "Times," but of the "Post" and "Herald."

POST.

"Last evening the opera of *Don Giovanni*, with Mozart's music altered and arranged by Signor Alary, was performed at the above theatre.

"The transpositions of key were as under:—'La ci darem,' from A to C. 'Or sus chi l'onore,' from D to C. 'Fin ch' un dal vino,' from B flat to D. 'Deh vieni alla finestra,' from D to G (only a fourth).—'O statua gentilissima,' from E to G. To the overture two horns, three trombones, and an ophicleide were added. To the *finale* to the original first act the same instruments, invigorated by the *gracchiette* and cymbals. Where the keys of *Don Giovanni's* music were not altered the notes were. The opera was also divided into four acts, another entirely novel arrangement. To compensate, however, for additions, several pieces, namely, 'Ho capito,' 'Dalle sue pace,' and 'Non mi dir,' were omitted. The *encores*, notwithstanding, were numerous, and the applause throughout warm, if not violently enthusiastic."

The *Post*, in the fulness of its classicality, might have added "Notte e giorno" (from F to G), and the trio for Giovanni, Leporello and the moribund (from F minor to G minor), to the transpositions.

The *Advertiser* is, as usual, a model, *sui generis*. Annoyed, as an amateur so keenly alive to the gradations of tone would

HERALD.

"The production of *Don Giovanni*, with Signor Mario, in the character of the dauntless libertine, and Signor Ronconi in that of his faithful attendant, has been long looked forward to as an event of unusual interest, and its fulfillment last night, was witnessed by the most crowded audience that has been seen within the walls of the new theatre. For the present we can but record the complete success of the performance. Those who expected to see in Signor Mario a Don Giovanni unprecedentedly handsome and gallant, and noble in bearing, were not disappointed; and those who anticipated a want of due effect in the music, through the changes necessitated in order to de-hyponize the part, were mistaken in their provisions. The usual *encores* occurred in the usual places, and the reception of Signor Mario, who was called forward between the sets and at the fall of the curtain, was most enthusiastic."

naturally be, the critic, nevertheless, resigns himself (after declaring that "the overture was the perfection of instrumentation") to the deacration of Mozart, on the following philosophic grounds:—

"The first scene, with its 'Notte e giorno,' convinced us, and every subsequent one confirmed the conviction, that we must content ourselves with a compromise, and give up the music and the base-ground of the concerted pieces, *vis à vis* an extra-comic reading and an exuberance of humour—in voice, manner, and gesture—in the representative of Leporello. Those not present who have heard *Don Giovanni's* 'Largo al factotum,' can imagine 'Notte e giorno,' which was its counterpart."

The startling information of "Notte e giorno" being a counterpart of "Largo al factotum" is succeeded by an equally philosophic apology for Signor Mario:—

"Mario's entrance was greeted, despite the incongruity of the scene with such an interpolation. He played admirably in the brief contest, and delivered the lines, 'Ah! gia cado il sciagurato,' with a clear ring that, for an instant, reconciled us to a tenor *Don Juan*."

Remark that neither "incongruity" nor "interpolation" has been hinted at before. The "clear ring," however, may reconcile us to that seeming in consequence. Madlle. Mari is praised for her singing "to the asides of Mario and Ronconi," and the latter for his "very curious version of 'Madamina,'"—the curiosity of which escaped us, since he sang every note of it, and in the right key. The following is not less "perfunctory":—

"'Viva la liberta' was certainly not above average, and the finale to the act was better historically than musically; that is to say, more justice was done to Lorenzo da Ponte than to Wolfgang Mozart."

The truth is that the first *finale* was never more magnificently executed; but the *Advertiser* has evidently been used to the political version of "Viva la liberta'," in which (for the sake of an *encore*) the singers vociferated "Pray make yourself at home" as if it was a revolutionary poem. Sig. "Tamberlik sang 'Terzi il ciglio' earnestly." What—may we ask—is "Terzi il ciglio"! To have done, however, here is the summing-up of our conscientious and much-perplexed contemporary:—

"We should like to witness, at least once again, this version of the greatest opera extant. Our veneration for Mozart renders us tenacious of this return to a system of dealing with the works of great composers, which we had hoped had passed away. We are bound, however, to admit, that, compared with the eccentricities of "adaptation," as it was called, perpetrated by Bishop, M. Alary has held his hand remarkably. The Covent Garden Opera has too great resources, and Mario and Ronconi too high a reputation, to necessitate such a mode of dealing with the great works of great authors. So much of the opera was rendered in a manner to do honour to any stage, that it is with regret we record our unfavourable impression of the effect of this change in the vocal proportions of the opera, as it came in its perfection from the hands of its composer."

This is, at least, courteous, and for one of such fierce classical prejudices, conciliating.

The *Telegraph* is savage beyond measure, besides being wholly forgetful that sad short-comings have been visited with urbane indulgence—not to say downright eulogy—in another place.

We shall return next week to the subject, which will doubtless supply abundant room for comment up to the end of the season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—(Communicated).—Madlle. Titiens will leave London for Vienna on Wednesday next, Tuesday being her last appearance. The theatre finally closes on Saturday next the 7th August, with *La Traviata*; Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini leaving London on the Monday following for Dublin, where they have been announced to appear in a series of representations.

MADAME OURY'S MATINEE.

A CROWDED and fashionable assembly attended Mad. Oury's concert on Friday morning, the 23rd instant, at the residence of the fair pianiste, in Argyle-street. The programme aimed exclusively at pleasing the patrons of Madame Oury. For this purpose a fitter selection could hardly have been made. The light and agreeable compositions of Madame Oury, at the same time showy and well-written, could not fail to captivate the fashionable amateurs of the pianoforte who were present. Moreover, the pianiste has always been admired for her neat and graceful style, and both of these qualities were abundantly evidenced in her numerous performances on Friday. Madame Oury's share in the selection comprised the following new compositions of her own—"Souvenir d'Ecosse," "Fantasia on *Luisa Miller*, Solos," "When other lips," and "Oberon Polka de Salon,"—and Romances Françaises, "L'Enfant de Chour," by Clapison, and "Le Chardonneret de Rose," by Henriot; all of which seemed to afford the highest gratification. Madame Oury also took part in Osborne and de Beriot's Duo Concertante, for pianoforte and violin, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, with Madlle. Humler, a lady of some pretensions as a fiddler. Songs, duos, and trios were contributed by Madlle. Colmache, Mad. Rieder, Signora Naudin and Giabatta. Signor Varn conducted.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE BARTLEY.

Few men have quitted the stage of life with a fairer and more honourable character than George Bartley, the much-respected and popular actor, whose death took place on Thursday afternoon, at his residence, in Woburn-square. We have heard that Mr. Bartley, accompanied by his veteran associate, Mr. Farley, the father of the English stage, on the Saturday preceding his death, was about to visit the Christy Minstrel, and had got to as far as the entrance to the Polygraphic Hall, when he was seized with paralysis, and fell, without uttering a word, into the arms of his venerable friend. He was immediately conveyed home, but never rallied until his death. The only sign of consciousness he exhibited, was when he was informed that Her Majesty had sent to inquire after his health. According to the most authentic accounts, Mr. Bartley was born near London, in 1782; he was, consequently, 76 at the time of his death. His first regular engagement, after he had tried his wings in a few amateur flights, was at Margate, where the young actor was seen by Mrs. Jordan, who recommended him to the Drury Lane management, by whom he was engaged at a salary of £4 per week, and made his first appearance on the metropolitan stage in the character of Orlando, in "As You Like It." In 1804, Bartley, disgusted with the treatment he received at Drury Lane, went to the Haymarket, where he proved himself a most efficient adjunct to the company. After quitting the Haymarket, he provincialised for some years, advancing steadily in the knowledge and practice of his profession, till his marriage with Miss Smith—the successor of Mrs. Siddons—brought him again to the metropolis, where his *début* in Falstaff (Henry IV.) established him a co-mate, and, on their withdrawal, a worthy successor, of Dwyer, the theatrical epoch. Munden, and other celebrities of a remarkable theatrical epoch. On the death of Emery, the Covent Garden proprietors secured the services of Mr. Bartley, who made his appearance there on the 1st of October, 1822, as Sir Toby Belch, in *Twelfth Night*. Since that period, his connection with that theatre, under the various dynasties who have held sway there, has been almost without interruption, up to the close of the Vestrie management. Mr. Bartley's singular talent as a reader, second only to that of his wife, led to his being frequently honoured, as well as her, with commands from royalty, both in the time of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and, more recently, from our present gracious Sovereign, to read at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace to a select circle. It should not be forgotten, in connection with his performance before the Court, that when Mr. Macready declined Her Majesty's invitation to recite *Antigone*, at Windsor Castle, Mr. Bartley was selected for that honour. His declining years were saddened by the loss of wife and children, with whose remains his own will be deposited in

the churchyard of St. Mary's Oxford, to which church he had presented two windows of stained glass, as a memorial of his only son and daughter, and as a mark of gratitude for the sympathy he had experienced from the collegiate authorities, on his son's sudden demise at Exeter College, where he had been entered as student. As a man, Mr. Bartley had acquired the respect and esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. His heart and hand were alike open; and, to those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, few have left more genial recollections, or a fairer memory. Mr. Bartley retired from the stage at the Princess's Theatre, in 1853, Her Majesty honouring the occasion with her patronage. Mrs. Bartley died on the 14th January, 1850, aged 65.

M. JULLIEN.—All musical London will be pleased to hear that M. Julien will give his concerts, in the winter season, at the Lyceum Theatre, the scene of his earliest triumphs.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL give their comic and musical entertainment, "Patchwork," at the Egyptian Hall next week.

VIVIER left Plumbridge on Tuesday to play at Ems, from which place he proceeds to Baden.

HOW TO HEAL MARIO.—Unheel him. (*Rejected by Mr. Punch*.)

SOPHIE CRUVELLI AND AHMED PASHA.—The story of the "brilliant actress" bequeathed to the Bessene Vigier (late Sophie Cruvelli) by the late Ahmed Pasha (whom but now the Rhine swallowed), is nothing better than a *canard*. Our penny-liners are becoming "perfunctory."

WEIMAR.—The Grand-Ducal Theatre, which closed on the 1st of July, will open on the 3rd of October with Gluck's *Alceste*. Director, Friar Liszt.

VIENNA.—On the 18th of July a service for the end of the year was celebrated in commemoration of the late Czerny, on which occasion only compositions by the deceased were performed.

FOREIGN INSTRUMENTAL BANDS.—According to statistics furnished by the *Ministère*, the four most renowned corps of music in Europe, attached to regiments, are maintained at the following cost:—The Guides de Paris, 50,000 fr.; the Guides de Bruxelles, 40,000 fr.; the Mariniers de Trieste, 7,000 florins; the Grenadiers of the Hague, 6,000 florins.

NEW YORK.—A second German theatre was inaugurated on the 25th of June, under the direction of M. Otto Horn. The number of small theatres in the capital of the United States is now considerable.

PADUA.—The Italian journals are unanimous in praise of the new opera, *Jone*, recently produced here, from the pen of Signor Petrella, and which has achieved a most legitimate success. Signor Negrali was recalled several times after the first performance; and Signors Bendazzi, Corsi, and Selva, came in for a share of the honours of the evening.—[Where was the *prima donna*? Ed.]

CANARD.—(*From the New York Musical World*).—*Appropos* of Joachim; we recollect his advent in London in 1844, when a mere boy of some thirteen summers, and shortly afterwards being present at a rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society, when he had to play Mendelssohn's concerto. It was the last rehearsal previous to performance; and, turning to Signor Costa, who was conducting, he asked his advice as to the propriety of introducing a *cadenza* in a certain portion of the work. Costa, believing it to be a boyish freak, opposed his wish, with some remark about his interpolating Mendelssohn's music with his own composition, whereupon the boy-artist took up his violin, and commenced a long *cadenza*, formed entirely on various phrases from the *maestro's* greatest work—so carefully united, as to form a continuous and rhythmical succession of ideas; while not a note of his own could be brought against him. Need we say, that when he had ended, the entire orchestra rose to applaud him, including Costa, who was probably the most enthusiastic of them all. ALLA BREVE.

[Unfortunately, Mr. Costa was not the Philharmonic conductor in 1844; nor did Her Joachim ever introduce a *cadenza* in Mendelssohn's concerto. "Alla Breve's" memory is capricious.—Ed. M. W.]

MR. LESLIE'S "JUDITH."

(From *Aria's Birmingham Gazette*, July 26th.)

THIS work, which we have reason to expect will be a highly interesting feature of our approaching Festival, is from the pen of a young composer, Mr. Henry Leslie, who, though educated as an amateur, has gained a distinguished position among the musical artists of the day. His reputation for several years has been gradually rising. His oratorio of *Immanuel* has been received as the first-fruits of a genuine destined to high achievements; and his second work of the same class, about to see the light in the Town Hall of Birmingham, will, we doubt not, more than fulfil the promise given by the first.

Having had the opportunity of examining the score of this oratorio, we feel ourselves entitled to speak with some confidence of its merits and probable success.

In respect to subject, *Judith* has greatly the advantage of its predecessor, *Immanuel*, which, with all its musical merit, creates an impression of heaviness; being too much of the nature of an exposition of abstract religious truths. *Judith* is a dramatic poem, full of stirring incidents, calculated to excite strong interest, and affording ample room for music's expression and effect. The story of the score is the old by-gone title; for who does not know the Jewish heroine, whose arm, by a single blow, delivered her country from the Assyrian yoke? The subject, strictly speaking, can scarcely be termed sacred, as the Apocryphal books are not admitted by our Church into the canon of Scripture. Yet, though we deny their claim to inspiration, we receive them as trustworthy portions of Jewish history; and history contains few things grander than the gallant deed and noble death of the Jewish people, under the Maccabees and their other heroic leaders, against the gathering storms which surrounded them on every side, and at length swept them from among the nations.

The poem is by Henry F. Chorley, a gentleman of well-known literary ability. In constructing it he has adopted the language of the original narrative, intermixed with appropriate passages from other parts of Scripture.

It is in three parts, or scenes. The first, entitled "The beleaguered City," paints the internal condition of Bethulia when Holofernes and the Assyrian host sit down before its walls. While the people are distracted by fear and disunion, Judith appears among them, rebukes them for their want of confidence in the Most High, announces her design to attempt their deliverance, and departs, followed by the prayers and blessings of the priests and people. At length she calls "The Camp the Assyrians," describes the arrival of Judith and her attendant in the camp; her introduction to the Assyrian chief; the blandishments wherewith she captivates him; and banquet to which he invites her; and the organ in which she pretends to join, while she watches for the moment when she may strike the blow. In the third part, "Night and Daybreak," we have the completion of the enterprise, and the deliverance of the city, celebrated by songs of praise and thanksgiving.

We may now point out a few remarkable passages in the music. An instrumental introduction, well calculated to awaken attention, is followed by a chorus of the people of the beleaguered city, in the gloomy key of F minor, commencing in a suppressed and scarcely audible murmur, indicative of dismay, but gradually rising to an expression of firmness and resolution. This chorus at once shows the facility and clearness with which the composer manages large masses of harmony. It leads to a duet for a soprano and tenor voices, "Spare Thy people, O Lord," remarkable for the graceful flow of the solo parts, and the soft, subdued harmony of the accompanying chorus. A brief recitative describes the sufferings of the besieged people, dying of famine. They rise in their despair, and clamour violently for peace. This scene is graphically represented by a succession of brief impetuous choruses of the people, mingled with the replies of Oria, the chief of the city, who endeavours to calm and encourage the multitude. Suddenly Judith appears among them, and in a recitative of great energy reproves their violence, and exhorts them to trust in the Almighty. They answer in one voice, "Pray for us, for thou art a godly woman!" The prayer of Judith, in answer to this appeal, is an air of great beauty and deep solemnity, which, as delivered by Madame Viardot, will be one of the most impressive passages in the oratorio. A brief chorus of the people concludes the first part.

The scene now changes to the besiegers' camp, and the second part opens with a monologue of Holofernes—an air in a pompous and grandiose style, characteristic of the leader of the Assyrian host, and admirably calculated to display the powers of a fine baritone voice. Judith and her attendant appear in the camp, and are surrounded by the soldiers, whose hasty questions, with her brief replies, are treated in that terse and dramatic manner of which we find such remarkable instances

in *St. Paul* and *Kiljah*. The soldiers escort her to the general's tent, and while she is waiting for admission, her attendant, Amital, addresses her in words of counsel and encouragement; a situation which introduces a magnificent air by the principal soprano (Judith's part being a contralto). The Lord prescribes all then to leave Holofernes. It is the hero's own plea of a major, and full of brilliant passages demanding a voice of great power, compass, and flexibility. They are then admitted into the presence of Holofernes, and the interview assumes the form of a trio between the general and the two females,—a concerted piece equally dramatic and beautiful, in which the characters of the different persons are finely discriminated and sustained. It is elaborated with mastery skill, and contains several striking effects of modulation, especially by transition from the principal key of C, almost to E flat. This trio will be among the most remarkable features of the oratorio. The finale to this part is a remarkable piece of sound-painting. The shouts of Holofernes and his joyous company, "Come, drink, and be merry with us!" the gay rhythm of the music, accompanied by the barbaric clang of brazen instruments, suggesting the idea of martial pomp mingled with songs and dances—while the two Jewish women, apart from the rest, are heard from time to time to utter ominous words to each other: all these things unite to form a picture which brings, as it were, the whole scene before our eyes.

In the third part, the sounds of the revel continue to be heard, but they are waxing low. The feasters are still singing their bacchanalian chorus, but in faint and drowsy murmurs, while the two Jewish women are repeating to each other the legend of Joel and Sisera, their suppressed voices mingling with the dying chorus. At length Holofernes in a drowsy posture lies motionless on the ground. She explores the living secret in a short air or cavatine, for the composer appears to have wisely judged that this situation could not be projected; but the air is beautiful and full of the deepest expression. The deed of blood, rendered heroic by patriotism, is narrated in recitative, accompanied by the orchestra in agitated chords and modulations. The recitative goes on to relate the escape of Judith, and her return to the gates of Bethulia. He then says "Open your gates, O God, open your gates, O God, is with us!" is a grand piece of musical declamation, quite suited to the great performer to whom it is destined. The gates are opened, and the heroine enters amid *fanfares* of trumpets. She is welcomed by Oria, the chief of the city, in a great and highly-wrought air, full of energy, and demanding a tenor singer of the very highest order. Then follows a trio for Amal, Judith, and Oria (soprano, contralto, and tenor), which leads with introduction to the final great chorus, the three solo voices being continued to the end. It is a strain of joy and thanksgiving, in which the composer has put forth all his contrapuntal strength. We observe that he, like Mendelssohn in his latest works, does not adhere to the scholastic form of fugue-writing. His counterpoint is free and unencumbered by those technical restraints, while it is strengthened by all the legitimate resources of art. The different parts are of the most skilful and masterly nature, while the solo voices, with which the masses of harmony are blended, stand out in bold and brilliant relief from the choral background. This noble chorus, in short, is a climax worthy of the great work which it brings to a close.

PRAGUE.—The performance of Louis Spohr's *Jessonda* at the Jubilee, under the personal and admirably energetic direction of the talented composer, proved in a truly enthusiastic manner how much Prague appreciates and honours him. Immediately he took his place at his desk, which was adorned with laurel, in the midst of the members of the orchestra, all in full dress to do honour to the occasion, a thousand welcomes and huzzas broke out in the house, which was crowded to suffocation. Every opportunity, however slight, that the performer offered was seized on with the greatest avidity to express the extraordinary sympathy of the audience for this father of German music. After almost every scene Spohr's name was heard. The Selam duet had to be repeated, and from that point the enthusiasm increased. After the second act the composer was called forward, and was also obliged to appear at the conclusion of the opera, in obedience to a summons which lasted several minutes. The oration reached its culminating point when Herr Thomé advanced and placed a wreath of laurels on the composer's head. The opera was given in its entirety, and the management is deserving of all praise for having done everything to ensure a satisfactory *nice-en-soi*.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—(From a Correspondent).—The first concert of vocal and instrumental music for the bathing season, at the Establishment des Bains, took place on Monday evening, before a select audience of bathers, and passed off with decided success. As a specimen of the sort of entertainment provided on these occasions, I subjoin a programme:—

PREMIÈRE PARTIE.—Air Varié duo (piano et violoncello), exécuté par M. Kùbe et Piatti—Mendelssohn. Ricchiatif et Romance, "In terra Solis" (Don Sebastian), chanté par M. Reichardt—Mozzatti. Souvenir de "Lucia di Lammermoor, composé et exécuté par M. Piatti. Romance, "Fage, Ecyner, Capitaine," chanté par M. J. Lefort—Membrié. "La Mia Letizia," "Marche triomphale," exécutés par M. Kùbe—Oury and Kùbe. Air, "Casta Diva" (Norma), chanté par Mlle. Colmache de Vanerroy—Bellini. Duo, "Veramente mi del Vino," chanté par M. Reichardt et Jules Lefort—Schira.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.—Trio, "Treno nicht das Band der Liebe," chanté par Mlle. Colmache de Vanerroy, M. Reichardt et Lefort—Kreutzer. "Au bord d'un Lac," "Grand Galop," exécutés par M. W. Kùbe—Kùbe and Wallenhaupt. Romance, "Thou art so near and yet so far," composée et chantée par M. Reichardt. "Litania," "Danza Bergamesca," exécuté par M. A. Piatti—Schubert et Piatti. "L'Inconnue," chantée par M. Jules Lefort—Nadaud. "L'Enfant de Chœur," "Le Charbonnet de Rose," mélodies chantées par Mlle. Colmache de Vanerroy—Clapiand and Herrion. Trio, "Zitti, Zitti," (Barbier de Seville), chanté par Mlle. Colmache de Vanerroy, M. Reichardt et J. Lefort—Rossini.

Le Piano, tenu par M. de Grua, sort des ateliers de Mad. Vour Erard. Prix d'entrée:—Pour les abonnés, 3 francs; pour les non-abonnés, 5 francs.

The singing of Herr Reichardt, the German tenor—a great favourite here—was *fort goute*. His own beautiful song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," was the vocal gem of the concert. Piatti was, as usual, incomparable; Herr Kùbe played his best; and a young vocalist, Mlle. Colmache de Vanerroy, made a highly favourable impression.

At the next concert, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton are engaged.

TRAVELING FROM BERLIN.—The expenses of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, are so enormous, that, in spite of its being well attended, it is not doing well in a pecuniary sense. The salaries of the artists for the entire season amount to £26,000, the rent (the ground on which the theatre stands—as well as half London—belongs to the Duke of Bedford) is £6,000; the orchestra costs £7,000; gas, chorus, and current expenses, £13,800; and extra expenses, £3,000. This makes a grand total, for the sixty-six representations which can be given in the season, of £55,800, or of £845 for each performance.—*Berlin Musik-Zeitung*.

HENRI HEMPEL.—Miss Hales, the pianist, gave a concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. She was assisted by Madame Lisa Haynes, M. Paget, Mr. Paget, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, as vocalists, and Mr. George Case, as instrumentalist. Miss Hales's performances comprised a duet for pianoforte and concertina on airs from the *Fille du Regiment*, with Mr. George Case; Liszt's "Patineurs;" and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." The singing of Madame Lisa Haynes and Mr. Wilbye Cooper was much admired. The lady, among other songs, gave the air "Qui sola," from *Martha*. The English words ("The last rose of summer") would have suited the audience better. Mr. Wilbye Cooper has a very pleasing voice. He may be called a *tenorino* in place of a tenor. He sang the ballad "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee" very sweetly.

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Prithee tell me, gentle sir,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily archer's bow,
His arrows cannot hurt me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

"QUICK ARISE, MAIDEN MINE."

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Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Goats o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tru la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

"MY MARY."

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On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

"OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

Composed by

M. W. BALFE.

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Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."

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One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright colored things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To call the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshared was her guileless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewn path, it is said,
Hath flowers for all who cull them.

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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who?*"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the dæmon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

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Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tru la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Goats o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tru la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tru la la, &c.

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On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm.
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

"OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

Composed by

M. W. BALFE.

Poetry by JESSICA BARKIN. Price 2s.

Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."

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[DR. JAMES PECH.

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One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright colored things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To cull the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's gloe,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshared was her guileless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewed path, it is said
Hath flowers for all who call them.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 487.)

It may well be conceived, that after my affliction, I could bear no very good feeling towards a country which had so cruelly repaid my admiration of its beauties. I positively loathed the place; even my pretty house, that I had taken such pride in, was to me but a remembrancer of grief, and pain, and long night watches, uncheered by the faintest ray of hope. I found that, under these feelings, not only my bodily, but my mental health was suffering, and that if I remained I should become a madman. I therefore girded up my loins for another departure, and wishing much to see England, to which I had only paid a flying visit the year our good little Queen was crowned, thought I would take Australia on my way, and thus finish my tour of the New World before I began to rummage the old. But, as it is not very polite to leave a friend's house without a good-bye, I must just say a few words, if only to give some of my readers a proper idea of what sort of a place California really is. Truly the ignorances of people in England generally about even the very geographical position of this new land has been to me since my return perfectly incomprehensible. They go poking about up the Rhine and sweating through Egypt; they rummage nasty mummy pits and get troubled by insects in Alexandria; they air their excretingly domestic French at Paris, and talk flippantly when they return of Rue this and Rue that, and think themselves so knowing, while they cannot tell whether a new nation destined about some future period to play a noble part in the world's history, is upon the Atlantic or the Pacific, or have the remotest notion of its natural products or political position. They know that gold comes from there, because they see it in the papers; but sir, they have sealed the Pyramids (and of course out their d—l names there), they have become intimately acquainted with the dirty German gambling courts, and the filthy stews of Paris, and much good it has done them. Let any sensible man who has taken the beaten paths of tourists upon the Continent (in the way tours are generally taken), tell me truly if the only feeling he has upon his return is not that of *ennui*, perhaps combined with the pleasing sensation of having spent a great deal of money to very little purpose. Well, then, as to position, California, that is the centre of the state, is about the latitude of Florence, and has a most lovely and healthful climate, never overpoweringly hot, and free from frost and snow, except in the mountains, free also from electric phenomena and epidemic diseases; the soil is of unparalleled fertility, and its natural productions various and valuable. This fine land, since its first visit by Sir Francis Drake, and its settlement by the Jesuit missionaries, was sparsely inhabited by Spaniards, Mexicans, and their descendants, who employed their time in raising cattle, for the purpose of denuding them of their outer covering, which was sold to the hide drogers of Russia, America, and England. (I may mention, *en passant*, that a very interesting description of the place at this period can be found in Dana's *Three Years before the Mast*, which is well worthy perusal.) At last the grand discovery of gold at Captain Sutter's Mill at Coloma gave at once an impetus to emigration, and proved the opening wedge to the future prosperity of the country, but it was but the wedge, and the wealth of the land lies in her crops of "w-a-a-a-v-y corn" (as Dr. Boyce hath it), in her cool mines, her leather, her wool, her timber, her salted meats, her tobacco, her quicksilver, and last, not least, her wines; of which, believe my prophetic words, this country eventually will be the queen, as many German and French wine growers have, at great trouble and expense, imported the vines fitted for the various soils and differences of climate, and are already making most exquisite wines, which though now too new to arrive at perfection, give ample promise of future excellence in their richness of flavour, and exquisite bouquet. It may readily be imagined that the first immigration would not be of the most steady or puritanical description; men with broken fortunes, broken hearts, but yet with some hope left, men of bad principle, men of no principle at all, men of energy, men of vice,

men of blood, and the floating scum or riff-ruff of the American and European large cities, socked here on *masse*, and the consequences might readily have been foreseen.

A large party of ruffians, who rejoiced in the pleasing application of "the bounds," spread dismay among the peaceably disposed by robbing their tents, and maltreating and murdering all who were disposed to object to their delicate attentions. This state of things could not last long, and the respectable inhabitants banded together, and after some hard fighting succeeded in dispersing this horde of ruffians. The place for a time was peaceable and thriving, and a city sprang up as if by magic; but as fast as built settlements devoted to destruction. Five times was the infant settlement afflicted with the horrors of a conflagration, until the inhabitants were almost in despair, until the reason was discovered—these fires were the acts of incendiaries.

To the horror of the people it was discovered that a regular gang of robbers and incendiaries existed in their midst. The sheriff of the county, a pugilist named Belcher Kaye, was the Grindoff of these "Miller's men," and he was the master spirit who enrolled all their operations; at length one of the gang was detected in the act of robbery, and then sprung up that famous league of men, "The Vigilance Committee," whose acts and motives have been so thoroughly misunderstood, particularly in this country, where it is too much the fashion to look with a jaundiced and prejudiced eye upon the proceedings of other nations, whose motives of action do not exactly square with our notions of strict propriety.

This committee was composed of the men of peace of all nations, merchants, lawyers, doctors, professional men, and even clergymen. The law was powerless, for the officers of the law were in the pay of the thieves, and any attempt at legal proceedings was not only worse than useless, but entailed upon the unfortunate complainant the vengeance of the band of ruffians. This committee bound themselves by oath to administer justice without fear or favour, and they did it. They solemnly tried and executed two men who were escaped convicts from Van Dieman's land; they expelled all who by the confessions of the executed men were mixed up in their nefarious projects. Belcher Kaye escaped to Callas, and for four years and upwards the State was purged, and the administration of the law went on in its usual and legitimate channels; but the supineness of the people in general in non-attending to their political duties (a serious fault in a Republic), again caused trouble. State, county, and municipal offices got into the hands of needy and desperate adventurers; the ballot-boxes were stuffed, that is filled with false votes, to ensure the election of some creature of their own, and to such an extent was this practice carried, that, during my stay at an election, the ballot box of the eighth ward was found to contain four hundred more votes than there were inhabitants, women and children included. This state of things could not last; and it was some few weeks after my departure that the storm burst. A murderer, one Cora, had been paroled a wilful and deliberate murder by the Governor (it was rumoured upon political grounds), and a near neighbour of mine, Mr. James King, the Editor of the *Bulletin*, was deliberately assassinated in broad daylight by a man named Casey. This was the last feather that broke the camel's back, the Vigilance Committee (ever disbanded), again sprung into being, and in a week ten thousand men armed and equipped with rifles, muskets, pistols, and artillery, commenced a thorough purgation of the State; the Governor asked the assistance of General Wool to assist him with the Congressional troops, which the General wisely declined, as no overt act had been committed against the general government, and he dared not interfere in their domestic quarrels. So they, the committee tried and hung Cora and Casey, expelled the scoundrels who had been a curse to the State so long (one of whom, a fighter named Yankee Sullivan, was so frightened at the idea of being returned to Van Dieman's land, that he committed suicide), and at the close of their labours deliberately resigned their self constituted powers into the hands of the authorities.

These troubles, though they look very shocking upon paper, never interfered in the slightest degree with the spread of

civilization. A magnificent catholic chapel was built, churches of every denomination sprung into being, and all were furnished with good choirs, the masses being often performed with full orchestra, while a very good choral society was formed, and despite the eruption of the political volcano, society could with ease be found in which all the graces of the most cultivated city in Europe or America were practised.

And so with my parting benediction I prepared to leave a land in which I had gained so much—and lost so much. So farewell California—it may be but for awhile; and my next chapter will find me again upon the wide Pacific en route for the great English colonies.

(To be continued.)

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Boston.)

II.—THE PIANOFORTE VIRTUOSO.

Paris, March 25, 1848.

This reigning bourgeoisie have, for their sins, not only to stand old classical tragedies and trilogies, which are not classical; the heavenly powers have bestowed on them a yet more terrible artistic pleasure: namely, that pianoforte, which one can nowhere now escape; you hear it ring in every house, in every company, both day and night. Yes, pianoforte is the name of that instrument of martyrdom with which the fine society of these days so bravely racked and tortured for all its variations. How only the innocent had not to suffer with the guilty! This everlasting piano-thrumming is no more to be endured! (Ah! my fair next-door neighbours, those young daughters of Albion, are this very moment playing a brilliant *morceux* for two left hands.) These hard, tinkling tones, with no natural dying away—these heartless whirling sounds—this arch-piano rattling and picking, this forte-piano kills all our thought and feeling, and we become stupid, dull and imbecile. This ascendancy of piano-playing, and indeed these triumphal processions of piano virtuosos are characteristic of our times, and proclaim the victory of machine-life over the spirit. The technical facility, the precision of an automaton, the identification of self with wood and wire, the sounding transformation of the man into an instrument, is praised and celebrated as the highest. Like swarms of locusts come the piano virtuosos every winter to Paris, less to earn money than to make themselves here a name, whereby to reap a richer harvest in other countries.

Paris serves them as a sort of bulletin board, whereon their glory may be read in colossal letters; for it is the Parisian press that proclaims them to the credulous world, and these virtuosos show their shrewdest virtuosity in managing the journals and the journalists. They know how to reach even the most hard of hearing, for men are always men, are susceptible to flattery, love dearly, too, to play the protector's part; and one hand washes the other; the least dean, however, is seldom that of the journalist, and even the cheap retailer of praises is at the same time a deceived blockhead, who gets half his pay in wheedling caresses. People talk of the venality of the press; they are much mistaken. On the contrary, the press is usually duped, and this is particularly the case with it in regard to celebrated virtuosos. For celebrated are they all; that is to say in the puff which they in person, or through a brother, or through their lady mother, offer to be printed. You can scarcely believe how abjectly they beg in the newspaper bureau for the smallest alms of praise, how they cringe and how they fawn.

When I still stood in great favour with the Director of the *Gazette Musicale*—(ah! by my youthful levity I have joked it away)—I had a chance to see with my own eyes how subject-like those famous ones lay with their feet and craved the wages they take before him, and they might be praised a bit in the columns of his journal; and of one of our highly celebrated virtuosos, who, like conquering princes, accept no wage in all the capitals of Europe, one might well say in the manner of Beranger, that the dust of Moritz Böhlesinger's boots is yet visible upon their laurel crowns. One has no idea how these people speculate upon our credulity, if one has not seen their impudently bare on the spot.

In the bureau of the above-named musical journal I met once a tattered old man, who announced himself as the father of a famous virtuoso, and begged the editors of the journal to print a *résumé*, in which some noble traits out of his son's artist life were brought to the knowledge of the public. The famous youth, it seems, had somewhere in the southern part of France given a concert, with colossal success, and with the proceeds had supported an old Gothic church

that threatened to tumble into ruin; on another occasion he had played for a widow who had been flooded out, or for a seventy-year old schoolmaster, who had lost his only cow, and so on. After longer conversation with the father of that benefactor of mankind, the old man quite frankly confessed, that his distinguished son did not do so much for him as he might do, and that he often suffered him to starve a little bit. I might advise the celebrated person to give a concert some day for the dissipated trowers of his poor old father.

When one has seen this pitiable sight, he cannot feel indignant at the Swedish students, who expressed themselves rather too strongly against this nuisance of virtuoso-concerts, as they are called. I recall, however, one of the famous Old Bull when he arrived in Upsala. The honored hero thought indeed, that they were going to unharass his horses, and was reckoning with composure upon torch-light procession and flowery crowns, when he met a most unexpected good sound honorary cudgelling—a real northern surprise.

The mastadors of this present season were MM. Sivori and Dreychock. The first is a fiddler, and as such I place him above the latter, the terrible piano-smiter. With the violinist virtuosity is not entirely the result of mechanical finger facility and mere technique, as with the pianist. The violin is an instrument which has almost human humour, and stands in sympathetic relation with the mood of the player, so to say; the least shade of unhappiness, the slightest commotion of the spirit, a mere breath of feeling, finds here an immediate echo; and that comes from the fact, that the violin, being pressed so very closely to our breast, preserves our very heart-beat. This is only the case, however, here in fact a soul. The empier and more heartless the violin-player, the more uniform will always be his execution, and he can count on the obedience of his fiddle, at all hours, in all places. But this much-praised certainty is after all but the result of intellectual limitation, and the greatest masters have been they, whose playing was not seldom dependent upon outward and inward influences. I have heard no one play better, and also at times the same, than the Paganini; and I may say the same thing of Ernst. This latter, Ernst, perhaps the greatest violinist of our day, resembles Paganini in his faults, as well as in his genius. Ernst's absence was much lamented here this winter. Signor Sivori was a very tame substitute, yet we have heard him with great satisfaction. Because he was born in Genoa, and perhaps as a child occasionally met Paganini in the narrow streets of his native city, where, it is said, he was possible to turn out of his way, he has been proclaimed here as his pupil. No, Paganini never had a pupil; could not have one, for the best that he knew, that which is the highest in Art, can neither be taught nor learned.

What is the highest in Art? That which in all other manifestations of life also is the highest: the self-conscious freedom of the soul. Not only a piece of music, composed in the fulness of that self-consciousness, but also the mere delivery of the same can be regarded as artistically the highest, if it only breathes over us that wonderful breath of infinity, which instantly announces that the executive stands on the same free spirit's height with the composer,—that he also is a free man. Nay, this consciousness of freedom in Art reveals itself especially through form, through treatment; is no case through the subject matter; on the contrary, we may maintain that artists, who have chosen freedom itself and the struggle for freedom as their end, are commonly men of limited and fettered soul, are actually not free.

March 26, 1848.

As the most remarkable appearances, of the present season I have named MM. Sivori and Dreychock. The latter has reaped the greatest applause, and I may truly record, that public opinion has proclaimed him one of the greatest piano virtuosos and pianist here on a level with the most famous of his way. It is true, however, that you seem to hear not one pianist, Dreychock, but *drei* Sokol, three score, pianists. As the wind by the evening of his concert was south-westerly, you might perhaps be conscious of the powerful tones in Augsburg; at such a distance their effect is certainly agreeable. But here, in the department of the Seine, one's tympanum may easily burst when this piano-smiter thunders. Hang thyself, Franz List, thou art but a common-wind; in comparison with me thou art a mere breeze, as the storms together like a birchen rod, and therewith scourges the sea. The older pianists sink more and more into the shade, and these poor, old-lived Invalids of fame must suffer for it now severely, that they were over-estimated in their youth. Kalkbrenner alone maintains himself a little while. He has publicly appeared this winter, in the concert of a lady-pupil; upon his lips still shines that embalmed smile, which we have lately remarked also on one of the

Egyptian Pharaohs, when his mummy was unwound here in the museum.

A contemporary of Kalkbrenner is Herr Pixis, and although he is of a subordinate rank, yet we will mention him here as a curiosity. But is Herr Pixis really still living? He maintains so, appealing at the same time to the testimony of Herr Sine, the famous watering-place visitor of Boulogne, who has been commended as a model Sine. We will put confidence in this brave were-compeller, although many evil tongues assure us that Herr Pixis never really existed. No, the latter is a man who actually lives; I say a man, although a zoologist would give him a more long-tailed name. Herr Pixis came to Paris at the time of the invasion, in the moment when the Apollo Belvidere was restored to the Romans and had to leave Paris. The admission of Herr Pixis must have been some compensation to the French. He played piano, composed, too, very neatly, and his little musical pieces were particularly valued by the bird-sellers, who teach canary-birds to sing on hand-organs. They have only to hum over a composition of Herr Pixis once to these little yellow creatures, and they catch it on the spot, and twitter it over after, till you are delighted and even give applause—*Pixisisme!* Since the old Bourbons have left the field, there is no more singing *Pixisisme*; the new-singing birds demand new melodies, with his outward appearance the physical man, Herr Pixis still passes for somewhat; he has, in fact, the biggest nose in the musical world, and to make this specially the more strikingly noticeable, he often shows himself in the company of a composer of Romances, who has no nose at all, and who on that account has recently received the order of the Legion of Honour; for certainly it was not for his music that M. Passeron was decorated, but for the way in which he is to be named director of the Grand-Opéra, because he is the only man of whom it is not to be feared that maestro Giacomo Meyerbeer will lead him by the nose.

Herr Herz belongs, like Kalkbrenner and Pixis, to the mummies; he shines now only through his beautiful concert hall; he died long ago, and lately, too, he married. Among the resident pianists here he has the most distinguished name, and that is why the name of the latter will we take special notice, since he is also distinguished as a composer. Edward Wolf is fruitful and full of verse. Stephen Heller is more composer than virtuoso, although he is also highly honored for his piano playing. His musical productions all bear the stamp of a distinguished talent, and he belongs already to the great masters. He is a true artist, without affectation, without extravagance; romantic feeling in classical form. The sweet has been in Paris these two months, but will give no concert himself; he will only play in public in the concert of one of his friends. This artist distinguishes himself to advantage from his pianist colleagues, by I might almost say, his musical department. As in his life, so also in his art, Thalberg shows an innate tact; his delivery is so *gentleman-like*, so well-to-do, so respectable, so wholly without grimace, so wholly without any forced air of genius, so wholly without that halting showiness which ill hides inward timidity. Healthily comes like him. Since ladies are not less gracious to him, although he does not claim their sympathy by epileptic onslaughts on the piano, although he does not speculate upon their over-sensitive tender nerves, although he neither electrifies nor galvanizes them: negative, but fine peculiarities. There is but one whom I prefer to him, and that is Chopin, who is, however, far more a composer than a virtuoso. With Chopin I forget entirely the mastery of piano playing, and sink into the abysses of his music, into the melancholy loneliness of his no less deep than tender creations. Chopin is the great, genial tone-poet, who should properly be mentioned only in the company of Mozart, or Beethoven, or Rossini.

MADAME CHARTON DEMERÉ has been engaged for two years by the director of the Grand Opéra at Vienna. The accomplished *cantatrice* is at present performing at Pesh with the greatest success.

THE AUTHOR'S RIGHTS IN "ÉBERTANTIE."—It is Weber's son, not his nephew, who has been appointed director of the royal railways of Saxony, and to whom the author's rights in *Eurymache* have been ceded by the Society of Dramatic Authors.

MEDAL TO SIVORI.—The Imperial Lyceum Louis-le-Grand has just struck a silver medal in honour of Signor Sivori, to commemorate a concert given by the Society on the 8th of July, at which this celebrated artist assisted. The inscription was as follows:—*The Imperial Lyceum Louis-le-Grand to Monsieur C. Sivori. Concert of the 8th July, 1858.*

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

ADDRESS TO DR. MARK.

Extract from the "Liverpool Mercury," July 20.

The juvenile concert yesterday afternoon (the 28th inst.) was more crowded than that of Tuesday, and there was a large attendance in the evening, when the programme was the same as at the concert given by Dr. Mark and his "Little Men" before the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, in February last. Last evening, during the interval, a deputation of teachers waited upon Dr. Mark in the ante-room, and expressed their desire to present him with an address; and accordingly, after the selection with which the second part of the concert opened, the deputation ascended the orchestra, and was introduced by Mr. John White, of the Crescent Chapel Schools, who said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, we appear before you this evening as a deputation from the teachers of public schools in Liverpool, to express in a few words our appreciation of the kindness of Dr. Mark, in permitting this hall to be filled both yesterday and to-day with a vast concourse of children assembled to hear the delightful music of his band. My friend Mr. Andrews will read an address which has been prepared for Dr. Mark's acceptance." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Robert Andrews, of the St. Thomas's School, Toxteth-park, then read the following "Testimonial, presented to Dr. Mark by the superintendents and teachers of the day and Sunday schools in Liverpool."—

"Dear Sir,—We cannot allow you to leave Liverpool without some slight acknowledgment on our part of the great gratification which you have afforded to the many thousands who have attended the Grand Juvenile Concerts which you have just given in St. George's Hall. Permit us, therefore, to present you with this testimonial as a sincere mark of respect, and likewise to show you the estimation in which your efforts are held by the superintendents and teachers of the day and Sunday schools in Liverpool. We feel that you are entitled to every encouragement in your noble enterprise of disseminating a love for music amongst the young. We offer you our warmest thanks for the liberality you have shown in not only admitting the children of our public schools at a mere nominal charge, but all charitable institutions free. You have established in our hearts the most happy recollections, and, whilst we wish you every success, we also hope that the time is not far distant when Her Majesty's Government will reward your labours, and that the Council of Education will recognise your efforts, and adopt your simple and admirable plan as a branch of national education. We fully acquiesce in your remarks that the wholesome influences of music form one of the most important elements in domestic and social education. In conclusion, we heartily wish you every success, and under the blessing of the Divine Providence both you and your Little Men may witness a series of such triumphs as you have now won in Liverpool."

The address was signed by the members of the deputation, and the sentiments it contained were cheered by the audience.

Dr. Mark responded by saying:—

"If anything could have added to the happiness he had experienced in connection with this musical jubilee, it was the pleasure he now felt in receiving the address containing the expression of their approbation, and an acknowledgment of the pleasure which had been afforded to the little children. Especially did he appreciate the address because it emanated from a body of gentlemen who were well aware what the anxieties of a teacher must be with such a charge as his. (Laughter and applause.) It was a great gratification to him that the little children had been pleased by the performance of his Little Men. When he considered that, by the exertions of his indefatigable agent Mr. Dibb, there had been gathered upwards of 25,000 children and adults in the Hall during the two days, he felt that he had achieved a great triumph in Liverpool. In regard to the liberality to which the address alluded in having admitted charity children free, he could only tell them that his anxiety was to promote music, not only amongst wealthy, but at the humblest firesides in the kingdom. (Applause.) In expressing his sincere thanks for their acknowledgments, he said he considered their body quite in fellowship with himself in the field of education. (Heard, hear, and applause.) Therefore he knew they would accept his thanks in the warmest manner possible, and this he would convey to the little children in his next letter and in his next concert, to express their encouragement and approbation." (Loud applause.)

We add our wishes for the success of Dr. Mark's scheme in the broadest sense—that of giving an efficient impetus to national education in music.

THE BLACK OPERA.

(From the *New York Tribune*, June 30, 1855.)

In the lyricism of *Stersichorus* or of *Anacreon* be regarded as an embodiment of the characteristic sentiments of the ancients; if the genius of *Alceus* and of *Sappho* perpetuated the mysterious music of the olden fane, unvoiced before—why may not the banjoism of a Congo, an Ethiopian or a George Christy, aspire to an equality with the musical and poetical delicacies of all nations? It may indeed be urged that the banjo is not as classical an instrument as the lyre of the ancients—that the metrical compositions of the coloured race and their imitators fall a trifle beneath the standard of excellence at which custom has rated the poets of antiquity—that the use of the jaw-bone and bellows of *Mechanics' Hall* notoriety, cannot be countenanced by the votaries of æsthetic pursuits. All this may be urged by the erudite stickler for conventionalities and accepted by others of his class, but the world will go on believing, as it now believes, that truthfulness to nature is the vitality of Art; that music is only true to its high mission when it expounds the subtle philosophy of the soul, the language of the heart, the mystery of the senses, with the infinite emotions, passions, thoughts, which constitute the nature of man; and that whether the instrument which subverses this purpose chances to be a lyre or a banjo, or whether the people whose lives and emotions are thus perpetuated be the highest or the lowest type of the human family, the result is still the same, differing only in the standard of its influence and the character which that influence assumes. Absurd as may seem negro minstrelsy to the refined musician, it is nevertheless beyond doubt that it expresses the peculiar characteristics of the negro as truly as the great masters of Italy represent their more spiritual and profound nationality. And though the melody of "Long-tailed Blue" may possess the intellectual properties of an *aria* by *Bellini*, yet it will contain as much truth to the humanity of which it assumes to be the exponent, and quite as much enthusiasm will be manifested by its listeners.

Whether the black opera originated in *Numidia*, or on the banks of the Nile, history nor tradition saith not. Its first appearance in "good society" may be set down to 1822, when in a drama produced at *Drury-Lane Theatre*, in London, *Dibdin* introduced the character of a negro, who, in the course of the piece, sang a ballad, of which we give one stanza:—

"Ribal King he make great strife,
Gumbo dad, him life to save,
Sell pickaniny, crown and wife,
And poor Gumbo for a slave!
Crawl ting of dam ole King,
But Gumbo dry him tear, and sing
Dingle, jiggle, tangaro."

The "dingle, jiggle, tangaro" is the only portion of this composition which marks of originality; the rest was tame and vapid, but suited to the auditors for which it was intended. About the same time *O'Keefe*, in the operetta of *Pawl and Fering*, borrowed the idea of a coloured solo, and gave a very pleasing and characteristic melody. Subsequently, *Carney Burns*, the clown of a circus company performing at the *Park Theatre*, sang, between the acts, a composition which he termed "Gumbo Chaff." Its popularity was immediate, and the eccentric *Carney* instantly became an object of considerable importance; but the appearance, during the same season, of an illustrious competitor for the palm of negro lyricism caused his star to fade and gradually disappear. It was at this epoch that *Mr. T. D. Rice* made his debut in a dramatic sketch entitled "Jim Crow," and from that moment everybody was "doing just so," and continued "doing just so" for months, and even years afterward. Never was there such an excitement in the musical or dramatic world; nothing was talked of, nothing written of, nothing dreamed of, but "Jim Crow." The most sober citizens began to "wheel about, and turn about, and jump Jim Crow." It seemed as though the entire population had been bitten by the tarantula; in the parlour, in the kitchen, in the shop, and in the street, *Jim Crow* monopolised public

attention. It must have been a species of insanity, though of a gentle and pleasing kind, for it made hearts lighter, and merrier, and happier: it smoothed away frowns and wrinkles, and replaced them with smiles. Its effects were visible alike on youth and age.

The success of *Mr. Rice* called out numerous imitators. "Sittin' on a rail," "Getting up stairs," "Long-tailed blue," "Zip Coon," &c., succeeded each other rapidly, and for the time being, *Negro Minstrelsy* was the ruling power. "Goosey Gander," and "Old Dan Tucker" came afterward—and who is there that cannot recollect the enthusiasm with which the first appearance of "Dandy Jim" was hailed! How often that coloured gentleman came from "Carolina," it would be impossible to estimate, but we suppose it would bear comparison with the number of occasions on which the ancient and venerable darkey was made to sing "Carry me back to old Virginia." The homeliness, the truthfulness of these compositions, established their popularity. There was nothing factitious in them; they filled a void in public amusement, which was beginning to be sensibly experienced, and from their very naturalness appealed to the sympathy of the multitude. Particularly was this the case with the younger portion of our population, most of whom have grown up to be men and women since then. For if the songs were of a humorous character, it was humour of a positive, gushing kind—boisterous fun, just suited to the nature of youth, and not without its effect upon the risibilities of the oldest; or if the air was a saddened one, there was a pathos in its mournful simplicity, quite as impressive as any waves of melody which ever gushed from the soul of a composer. Who has not often observed the tear of sensibility moistening the cheek of youth, while listening to the primitive strains of "Uncle Ned"—that poor old coloured gentleman, who has gone "where the good darkeys go!" Ah, those tears constituted one of the blessings of that youth, which has now departed. Sorrow and disappointment have doubtless weighed heavily upon many a heart since that spring of life passed away, with its smiles and tears. We can no longer smile at "Lucy Neal," nor weep at the pathetic story of "Uncle Edward." And, in the meantime, has there been no change in the feelings of the true originators of this music—the negroes themselves! Are the great mass of those held to labour on Southern plantations the same careless, brutalised race they were twenty years ago? We believe not. Let the Southern traveller to-day compare notes with one who went over the ground even ten years ago, and he will find a striking change in the mental characteristics of this unhappy people. The gay laugh and cheerful song are not heard with former frequency; there is less of that noisy exuberance which not long since was regarded as a trait in the African disposition. The old, unmeaning compositions of the plantation have fallen into disuse, and if they sing now there is memory in their songs. Plaintive and slow, the sad soul of the slave throws into its music all that gushing anguish of spirit which he dare not otherwise express. And yet the careless reviewer of events, observing not the cause or consequences, mourns what he terms the decadence of national negro minstrelsy!

The "Virginia Minstrels" was the first organised band of performers that appeared in public. This comprised the following individuals, who have since enjoyed considerable notoriety in their vocation: *Dan Emmett*, *Whitlock*, *Pelham*, *Frank Brower*, *E. P. Christy* and *George Christy*. The company afterwards changed their appellation to "Christy's Minstrels." The first performance they gave was in *Water-street*, *Buffalo*, 1842. Being very successful in the new experiment, they travelled through the west and south, where *George Christy* acquired that intimate knowledge of negro character which has since made his performances so acceptable. It was in *Lexington, Kentucky*, that he first saw the jaw-bone and bellows accompaniment introduced by a juvenile specimen of the African race, and he was the first who used these doubtfully melodious instruments in the concert-room. *E. P. Christy* was among the first to harmonise songs for public performance. We can well remember when the well-known ditty of "Lucy Long" made its appearance, and with what so-

cess its author, night after night, informed the audience that he had—

—Just come out afore you
To sing a little song
I plays it on the banjo.
And they call it Lucy Long."

Among the most successful writers of Negro songs may be mentioned Mr. Silas Steele, Cool White, Stephen C. Foster, and George Washington Dixon. The last-named individual is well known to Gothamites, both for his musical and literary proclivities. He was one of the earliest votaries of the coloured opera, and his muse was among the first employed in its behalf. While performing at the Park Theatre he introduced the "Ching-a-ring Chaw," which afterwards became so popular:

"Broder, let us leebe Buera land for Heite,
Dar we be receive gran as Le Fayet-te;
Make a mighty show, when we land from steamship,
I he like Munro, you like Louis Phillippe.
On dat equal sod, who no want to goe,
Dar we feel no rod, dar we hab no foe,
Dar wa lib so fine, wid our coach and hoe-se,
And every time we dine, hab one, two, tree, four coe-se.
Ching-a-rings, ring, ching, ching,
Ho a-ding, a-ding, kum darkee,
Chinger ringer, sing ching chaw,
Ho, ah, ding kum darkee."

This has the ringing sound of true metal. A long residence in the South doubtless furnished the material for many of the productions of the erratic Dixon, whose life was so checkered and full of incident. The "Coal Black Rose" was another of his popular melodies:

"Lubly Rose, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear the banjo—tum, tum, tum,
Lubly Rose, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear the banjo—tum, tum, tum,
Oh, Rose, de coal-black Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't like Rose."
Oh, Rose, &c."

This was a duet, sung by the author and a Mr. Leicester, and always with the most happy effect. Christy composed the next musical popularity, "The Yaller Girls," which was followed by Charley White's "Bowery Girls." The rivalry existing between these musical belles was excessive; but the public finally decided in favour of the "Bowery Girls," and from that time forth the number of occasions upon which they were asked if they pursued "coming out to-night" would be impossible to enumerate.

The first company of Minstrels established in this city was that under the management of Mr. E. P. Christy, in 1846. Their performances were given at Falmo's Opera House—now Burton's Theatre. Finding their popularity on the increase, and seeing a prospect of establishing themselves permanently in the Metropolis, they shortly afterwards removed to Mechanics' Hall, which they have since occupied. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the success which attended the experiment. In the year 1852 the number of concerts given by this company was sixty-nine, and the receipts amounted to 1,848 dollars; in 1853, the number of concerts given was 312, and the amount of receipts was 47,972 dollars. The intermediate years corresponded in success with the last. Mr. E. P. Christy retired from the business in the possession of a fortune, leaving it to be carried on by George Christy in connection with Mr. Henry Wood. George had long been popular with the New York public, and his career bids fair to be as successful, in a financial point of view, as that of his predecessor.

The Buckley family were among the pioneers of negro minstrelsy. Their first appearance was in the Tremont Temple, Boston, 1842, under the name of "Congo Melodists," and proved immensely successful. Subsequently they travelled through the south and west, and in 1846 visited England, where they performed successively at Drury-lane and the Princess's Theatres. Returning to New York, they located themselves in the Chinese Assembly Rooms, where they have since continued to produce burlesque operas, and become very popular with our citizens. The Buckleys consist of James Buckley, the father, and three sons—Richard, George Swaine, and Frederick. Winsmore was formerly a member of this company, and early

contributed to its success. They are at present assisted by persons of considerable taste and skill, and the entertainments which they nightly present attract numerous and respectable audiences.

There are at present a great many companies of negro minstrels performing through the country, the most celebrated of which are Christy's, Buckley's, White's, Ordway's, Campbell's, Peel's, Kunkle's, and the Empire Band. In fact, minstrelsy has become a permanent institution in our society, and will undoubtedly maintain its position for many years to come. There is some truth in the assertion that the music has deteriorated. We find that Miss Nancysism of vulgarity assuming a place in the concert-room among the votaries of burnt cork, bones, and banjos. The sickly sentimentality which has of late characterised the productions of the majority of these companies, as well as the wholesale plagiarism of music now systematically pursued, has had the effect of injuring the claims of minstrelsy to originality. Let us hope that this will not be longer tolerated by the directors of the coloured opera. Instead of adopting trashy words to some defect Scotch or German melody, let the aspirants after this species of lyric fame mingle with its originators and draw inspiration from a tour through the South and West. There is plenty of material to work upon; and there is certainly no scarcity of room for improvement.

IRELAND'S WELCOME! TO DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN!

(Extract from *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, Saturday, July 80.)

Ten thousand echoes ring around
Hibernia's sunny land;
To welcome to our native shores
This really splendid Band!
From stately halls, to lowliest cots,
From mountain, glen, and park,
Does Ireland welcome nobly, now,
The worthy Doctor Mark!
Ten thousand welcomes ring around
From every trusty heart;
And shall the *Harp of Erin* fail
To do its glorious part?
No! strike the chords—let dulcet notes
Arise from Music's spark;
For now a welcome Guest arrives,
The worthy Doctor Mark!
Up! then, with laurels bright and green,
Pluck'd from our *Emerald Isle*;
And give them with a generous hand
And with a loving smile;
Ye! rally round his welcome form,
And snugly do it, then,
A kindly greeting give to all
His Clever Little Men!
From childhood's stage to youth's fair form
His little Band appear;
And is not Ireland proudly bent
To welcome them when here?
Ye! splendid cities, busy towns,
And one and all will rise,
To aid the efforts that he makes,
And crown his enterprise!
All cares and troubles he would root
From off this baneful earth;
All discord he would banish too,
And harmony bring forth:
His *Little Men* and he unite
To brighten what is dark;
Thus we will welcome joyously,
The worthy Doctor Mark!
Ten thousand echoes ring around
Hibernia's sunny land,
To welcome to our native shores
This really splendid band.
From stately halls to lowliest cots,
From mountain, glen, and park,
Does Ireland welcome nobly, now,
The worthy Doctor Mark!

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Proceeded by the new Farce, entitled *DYING FOR LOVE*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, August 7, the performance will commence with *LEADING STRINGS*. After which *BOOTS AT THE EWAN*. To conclude with *A DOUBTFUL VICTORY*. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The excitement still continues.—Re-engagement of the popular actor Mr. B. Webster. First appearance at this theatre of Miss Woolgar, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Selby and Miss Mary Keeley, the great artists of the Adelphi Company. First night of *JANET FRIDE*, with all the original effects. On Monday, and during the week, the performance will commence with the Adelphi drama of *JANET FRIDE*. Richard Price (his original character), Mr. B. Webster, supported by Mr. Charles Selby, Mr. Bruce Norton, Miss Mary Keeley, and the whole strength of the company. To conclude on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday with the screaming farce of *GOOD FOR NOTHING*, in which the celebrated Miss Woolgar will appear. To conclude on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, with the favourite burletta of *THE QUEENSBERRY PETE*, in which Mr. B. Webster and Miss Woolgar will perform.—No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR has forgot to send his card.

CANIS.—"Semper damnosi substituit canes."

FELIX.—De triplici timore.

REMINGTON.—Mendelssohn performed his second pianoforte concerto (in D minor) first at the Birmingham Festival—of 1849, if we are not mistaken.

INQUIRER.—Mozart was seven years older than Shelley when he died. Shelley was drowned in his 30th year.

STY.—"Jacta alea est" (Cæsar's words when he had passed the Rubicon) would be an excellent motto.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7TH, 1858.

FROM Birmingham to Hereford is but a step. Those who love scenery, English landscape-scenery, should take it *per coach*, by which conveyance nothing escapes them, instead of *per rail*, by which conveyance—besides that it is not half so agreeable, in fine sunny August-weather—almost everything escapes them. We are forgetting, by the way, that the Hereford Festival comes *before*, not after, the Birmingham Festival. *N'importe*. To approach Leeds pleasantly, rather than quickly, you must get somehow or other to Birmingham; and this from Hereford can best be done by crossing the Malvern Hills. Without stopping for the water cure—or for anything but a glass of old Malvern ale (which is the beer-cure), a lung-full of the breeze, and a peep at the valley on either side from the highest peak of the clump of hills (which is not very high)—take Worcester (as Miss Arabella Goddard, according to Mr. Punch, took *Ne Plus Ultra*), for your half-way house. Worcester is worth a day, and its cathedral by the Severn a peep by moonlight. From Worcester to Birmingham, by coach, is another charming ride—which having accomplished, on arriving at the commercial metropolis of Warwickshire, you will find you have come sixty miles out of your way, and been well repaid for your trouble.

And now at Birmingham, we must begin again at the beginning (which comes of giving the biggest Festival precedence), and get back to Hereford—since our business is not with Birmingham and Mr. Costa, but with the "Three Choirs" and Mr. Townshend Smith. A glance at the programme will show that the Hereford Festival is to be what it has been time out of mind—a little Festival. True

there are the oratorios in the cathedral, which are invariably delightful; but in revenge there are those interminable evening concerts in the Shire Hall, which are always a bore.

Going straight to the cathedral, we first learn that the usual service on the Tuesday morning is preliminary to all the rest, and that on the present occasion a sermon on behalf of the widows and orphans will be preached by the Venerable Archdeacon Waring, whose eloquence we earnestly trust may prove as persuasive as that of "Gandelyn of the golden tongue." The musical part of the service, however, more immediately concerns ourselves; and this begins with Spohr's overture to *The Last Judgment*—the first, we presume. Then of course we have Tallis's *Suffrages*, and the Hereford organist's chant to the Psalms. Afterwards follows the Dettingen "Te Deum" of Handel, which, though fine, is somewhat worn; while for "Jubilate" we are advised of a new composition by Mr. Townshend Smith. The anthem after the third collect is borrowed from Spohr's *Last Judgment*; before the sermon we are to have Mendelssohn's setting of the 42nd Psalm ("As the heart pants"); and after the sermon a new anthem by Precentor the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Oxford Musical Professor. On the whole the selection is promising.

On Wednesday morning the oratorio is *Elijah*, with the *contralto* part absurdly divided between Miss Lacelles and Madame Viardot. Happily the parts for soprano, tenor, and bass, are pretty nearly engrossed by Madame Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Miss Louise Vining, Madame Weiss, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas, it is true, come in for a little bit here and there; but the only important pieces not allotted to the principal singers are the two quartets, "Cast thy burden" before the Lord, and "O come every one that thirsteth."

On Thursday morning the programme is out of all reasonable proportion. Fancy, reader, a selection from Mendelssohn's *Athaliah*, the whole of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*—at a sitting! We strongly recommend that the plates be tendered at the conclusion of the *Stabat Mater*. Otherwise the charity may suffer—since, after listening to Mendelssohn and Rossini, a considerable number of persons may think they have heard enough, and so decide upon killing two birds with one stone, shirking Papa Haydn and the ladies of the "quintet" at one and the same time.

On Friday the *Messiah* brings the musical part of the festival to a close.

The programmes of the evening concerts are of that desultory character which foreshadows rather an infliction than a pleasure for musical amateurs. At the first concert, on Tuesday, the *Jupiter* symphony and a selection from *La Clemenza di Tito* are the principal features; at the second, on Wednesday, a selection from *Lucrezia Borgia* (Madame Viardot to sing "Il segreto"), and at the third, on Thursday, a selection from *Semiramide* and the symphony in C minor will be the consolations. All the rest is made up of odds and ends, just as at the benefit concerts with which this Metropolis is deluged in the musical season. Mozart and Linley, Mendelssohn and Williams (not "*Le grand Williams*"), Beethoven and Smith (not Albert Smith), are packed nose to nose—the whole presenting an incoherent jumble quite as anti-musical as it must be prolix and tiresome. How such entertainments can be reconciled with the objects and pretensions of great music-meetings, we are at a loss to discover.

We have named all the singers in the course of the fore-

going remarks, and it will be perceived there is only one alien (Mad. Viardot), among the number. How far this may suit "the *élite* of the cider counties," who are as fond of Italian music, and with about as good reason, as the Welsh landlords of *Pemilhon*, remains to be proved.

The band, too (Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Willy first and second leaders), is "British" to a man—which, however, as the list for the most part shows excellent names, will be of less material consequence. The posts of conductor, organist, and pianoforte accompanist, are, as usual, to be distributed among the three cathedral organists—Messrs. Smith, Amott, and Done ("Arnott" and "Dove," as the *Morning Post* composers insist upon typically representing them). Thus our minds are set at rest about the manner in which these important offices will be filled. The Festival begins on Tuesday, August 24, and terminates on Friday, Aug. 27, with a dress ball in the Shire Hall, according to custom immemorial. Head's Library will, as before, constitute head quarters for inquiries. Such of our readers, therefore, as wish to know more about the Hereford Festival for 1858, may on that head be referred to Mr. Head.

If any one of our readers addicted to the foul and detestable vice of smoking, he has assuredly, in the course of his debased life, been troubled by a contumacious cigar. Having smoked this cigar in the street on his road to the domicile of a maiden aunt, who loathes tobacco (and all vegetable produce by which it is imitated), and being, moreover, of an economical turn, he tries to extinguish the instrument of his mean delight, that he may put it in his waistcoat with a view to future enjoyment. He thrusts it against the door-post, at every variety of angle from bold 90 to insidious 45. But the bright spark that illumines its life will not be extinguished, repeated collisions seeming rather to increase the brightness of its glow.

There are human beings whose nature is closely akin to that of the contumacious cigar. Whatever befalls them, they are determined that their little spark of notoriety shall not be put out. Demosthenes may thunder against them, Heraclitus may weep over them, Democritus may laugh at them, but when the thunder has died away, the tear has dried up, and the laugh has subsided, their existence will still be manifest in the shape of—one word more.

Sensible persons, who treasure up in their memories every word that appears in the *Musical World*, as so much intellectual gold, will recollect the avowal made in our last number, that we had not been to hear one Mr. Abel Matthews repeat *Paradise Lost* from memory, on the preceding Tuesday, and the declaration that nothing should ever make us submit to an infliction so terrible. But though we escaped the impending calamity, we perceive, by the daily papers, that some of our contemporaries, urged by a sense of duty worthy of the late Duke of Wellington, were not equally blessed. Several unhappy persons connected with the public journals actually *did* hear the delivery of *Paradise Lost*, and by them the world is informed that the dulness endured was even greater than the dulness anticipated, and that the assembled audience was scanty beyond precedent. We must add that our contemporaries, not maintaining that uniform gravity by which we are distinguished, have consoled themselves for the Miltonian torture by making the whole exhibition a subject for pleasantry.

Now, nine men out of ten on finding that their efforts to

attract the public had proved utterly abortive, and that the only fame consequent on their exertions arose from the mirth created at their expense, would have quietly retired, and given their thoughts a new direction. Not so Mr. Abel Matthews. Finding himself famous somehow or other, he is determined to remain so, and he accordingly writes a letter to the *Times*, in reply to the statement of facts, that appear in that journal.

That the audience was "absurdly small" he does not deny; but he complains that no mention is made of the "heavy and ceaseless rain and reverberating echoes of the spacious hall."

Now don't drain yourself, good Mr. Abel Matthews. Rain will, of course, have its effect in thinning an audience, but to that effect there is a limit, and no theory of "cat-and-dog" showers will account for the exceeding scantiness of your hearers on that luckless Tuesday. There may, possibly, be something in the "reverberating echoes" for echoes repeat the utterances of the human voice, and even the most courageous would shrink from the prospect of hearing half-a-dozen *Lost Paradises** all at once. Such a frightful combination would recall to mind that fabulous 9th of November, recorded in an old comic song, when there were "Four and twenty Lord Mayors" shows all of a row."

A certain melancholy in the countenance of Mr. Abel Matthews was noted by the *Times*, and kindly interpreted as the indication of a be-Miltoned mind. But Mr. Abel Matthews explains that the huge load upon his memory is by no means the result of painful labour, but, on the contrary, was brought together in the course of light and agreeable recreation. "An hour nightly for nine months (amid numerous avocations) easily sufficed him to master this poem."

Good heavens!—how minute and sudden is our information on the subject of Mr. Abel Matthews. Three weeks ago we had never heard of Mr. Abel Matthews, and now we know how that gentleman has spent his evenings for nine whole months. We actually know more about Mr. Abel Matthews than about ourselves. How have we passed our evenings during any successive nine months since our first birthday? Really we can't say, and yet "Mason on Self-knowledge" is our favourite work.

Mr. Abel Matthews concludes his epistle with a challenge to any fellow-enthusiast, to test his proficiency, not only in *Paradise Lost*, but also in Cowper's *Exposition*. The party who accepts the challenge is to read lines singly and at random from the poems in question, and Mr. Abel Matthews will, from memory alone, continually follow on, without pause or hesitation. "Now, if any of your criticising friends will cap this, I will hide my diminished head." Thus says Mr. Abel Matthews to the *Times*.

Any one would imagine from this that the "criticising friends" had doubted Mr. Abel Matthews's power of memory, and that he had therefore hit upon a new expedient for resolving their doubts. "Will any cap this?" says he. Nobody wants to cap it, though some persons, no doubt, would have no objection to bonnet it. The critics simply hinted that the manner in which Mr. Abel Matthews displays his memory, renders the gift a tremendous "bore." By showing that he knows Cowper as well as Milton, he only proves that his power of "boredom" is greater than had been imagined.

* The critical reader will excuse this inversion. One cannot say *Paradise Lost*.—Ed. M. W.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.
F. B. Jewson, Esq.
G. E. Griffin, Esq.

(To be continued in our next.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

On Saturday *Don Giovanni* was given for the last time this season.

On Monday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and on Tuesday, *Il Trovatore*. Madlle. Titiens made her last appearance on Tuesday, and was feted with more than the usual honours.

On Wednesday, *Don Pasquale*, with the last scene from *Cenerentola*. Albani singing the *largo* and *rondo* from Rossini's opera magnificently.

On Thursday, *La Zingara*, with the last scene from *I Martiri* for Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini.

Last night, *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Madlle. Boschetti has appeared every evening.

To-night *La Traviata* will bring the extra season to a termination.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

HEROLD's *Zampa* is not likely to prove an acquisition to the repertory of the Royal Italian Opera. Although brought out with extreme carefulness and splendour, its success on the first night, Thursday, was by no means decided. The solitary encore of the evening was bestowed on the overture, after which there was but little applause for the music, and there were no recalls. The performance, indeed, can hardly be termed a *fiasco*; but the opera certainly created no excitement, and the general impression at the conclusion was one of disappointment. It was hardly wise to produce *Zampa* directly in the wake of *Don Giovanni*. Comparisons are inevitable, and which of the two operas suffers it is needless to insist. *Zampa*, in fact, is a sort of parody of *Don Juan*, and, like the original, with a stone statue for his Nemesis. The subjects of the two operas are differently treated, but the heroes of both are reckless and daring, submitted to supernatural influences, and brought to perdition by the same means. There is no ghost-music in *Zampa*, since the statue does not speak, and the incidental music, when the statue appears or makes a motion, is of the pure melodramatic order. Hérold was most happy when attempting least. His natural flight was that of the thrush; when he endeavours to rise with the lark, or soar with the eagle, his pinions droop and he falls to the ground. The lighter portions of the music of *Zampa* are melodious and graceful, and in several instances original and beautiful. At present, however, we must confine such brief remarks as space will allow to the performance—observing, *en passant*, that *Zampa* is not a new opera, but one which for nearly thirty years has been stamped with the approving verdict of musical Europe.*

* With this in view, it is curious (to say the least) to find a contemporary thus summarily disposing of *Zampa*, as though it were an opera by Mr. Hérold, or some living and active composer, now produced for the first time:

"The music is entirely in the modern French style, containing some dramatic and effective concerted pieces and a few graceful and melodious airs; but the orchestral accompaniments are so noisy that the ear is absolutely stunned with the incessant beating of the great drum, clashing of cymbals, and braying of ophicleides and trombones; and the airs, whatever may be their subjects, are in such dancing measures that they are like the music of a ballet rather than of an opera. This in a short, whether we regard its subject or its music, is far from an work of distinguished merit; but still (as we have said) we have seen worse things better received."

[Luis Miller, half a dozen other operas of Signor Verdi, and Herr Flotow's *Martha* to wit.]

The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was as follows:—

Camilla	Madlle. Parepa.
Rita	Mad. Didié.
<i>Zampa</i>	Sig. Tamberlik.
Alphonso	Sig. Baraldi.
Dandolo	Sig. Ronconi.
Daniel	Sig. Tagliafico.
Chief Corsair	Sig. Pierini.

Madlle. Parepa appeared last season as Elvira in the *Puritani*, without producing any effect. Her second essay on the present occasion was not happier. There is nothing to say against her voice, and but little against her singing; but the misfortune is that neither leaves any impression. Madlle. Parepa, as visitors to the Crystal Palace know, is a very good concert-singer; but on the stage she is a nonentity. The music of *Zampa* does not suit Sig. Tamberlik so well as that of the great opera seria of his country, in which he is so accomplished a proficient. It is arduous and fatiguing, without often being effective. Nevertheless Sig. Tamberlik, who looked and acted the part of the libertine corsair capitally, exhibited his accustomed zeal, and in the *scena* where he recounts his amours, in the two barcaroles, and in several other instances, his singing was admirable. Sig. Neri Baraldi, in Alphonso, displayed the same qualities as Sig. Neri Baraldi in Lorenzo, and Sig. Neri Baraldi in Gennaro. Mad. Nantier-Didié's Rita (Camilla's attendant) was perfect. Sig. Tagliafico's Daniel (Rita's husband and *Zampa*'s confidant), unique, and Sig. Ronconi's Dandolo (the bellman), incomparable. The comic trio and duet *cres trio* (Acts 1 and 2), in which these three heroes were engaged, charmed alike by the beauty of the music and the exquisite humour of the performers. Ronconi's assumption of fright in the first *scena*, when Dandolo has encountered *Zampa*, was in his raciest manner; and the florid execution of Mad. Didié, in the trio above-mentioned, was so excellent as to make us long to hear her sing the music of Isabella, in Rossini's *Italiana*. It is our conviction that only half the talent possessed by this lady is recognised by the public.

The "triumph" of the evening, as we have hinted, was gained by the band, in the overture, which was never more superbly executed. It is not original, but the orchestra snatches laurels from the vocalists; but, for once, Mr. Costa's pet regiment carried everything before it; and this supremacy the instrumental performers seemed desirous of maintaining all the evening, for at times they played so loud (Hérold having supplied them with ample opportunities), that, although the lips of the singers were seen to move, and their mouths to open, not a sound they uttered could be distinguished. It should be remembered that *Zampa* was composed for the Opéra-Comique, and that the band of the Opéra-Comique is not the band of the Royal Italian Opera.

The *mise-en-scène* was complete and splendid; but there was only one new *tableau*—that of the second act, in which Mount Etna rears its smoking crest from the other side of the sea-shore. This one, however, was "beautiful exceedingly"—a host in itself. The costumes were all that could be wished; but the incidental ballet might have been both graced and improved by the presence of Madlle. Zina Richard.

On Saturday, *Don Giovanni* was given for the second, and on Tuesday for the third time. *Zampa* was produced on Thursday.

To-night, *Martha* will be repeated, and on Monday *Don Giovanni* for the last extra performance—*à propos* of which occasion we shall have some further remarks to offer about the performance of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* at the Royal Italian Opera.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL opened their clever entertainment, "Patchwork," on Monday last, at the Egyptian Hall. The houses have been excellent during the week, and, judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, we have no doubt but when the weather is cooler and the nights draw in, "Patchwork" will be one of the fashionable amusements of the metropolis.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The second of Mr. Benedict's "Festival Concerts" took place on Friday, the 30th ult., and attracted an immense concourse. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (Guillaume Tell)—Rossini. Motet, "Salvum fac Regem"—Dr. Loewe. Aria, "Doro sono," Madame Weiss—Mozart. Martin Luther's Hymn, Mr. Sims Reeves and Chorus. Air (The Crown Diamond), Miss Louisa Pyne—Auber. Choral Fantasia, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Beethoven. Ballad, "Who shall be fairest?" Mr. Sims Reeves—Frank Mori. Quartet, "Alizim gli erivras" (Egyrath), Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Stabback, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Weiss—C. M. von Weber. The Music to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, solos Miss Stabback, Madame Weiss, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Weiss—Matthew Locke.

PART II.—Triumphal March (*Macbeth*)—Benedict. Air, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Madame Rudersdorf—Meyerbeer. Duet, with chorus, "To arms," Britons strike home," Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss—Purcell. Prayer (Mose)—Rossini. Song, "Where the bee sucks," Miss Stabback—Arns. Air, "Rage thou angry storm," Mr. Weiss—Benedict. Duet on Theme from the *Huguenots*, two pianofortes, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Benedict—Oborn. Serenade, "Blest be the home"—Benedict. Hebrew Morning Hymn—Médail.

The chorus and band, as before, numbered nearly one thousand singers and players. To those in the immediate neighbourhood of the orchestra the performance of Rossini's overture seemed extremely brilliant. To those on the verge of the reserve seats it was less effective; and to the mere auditors, beyond the magic circle, the effect was lessened in the direct ratio of the distance. The central transept, as at present constituted, is much too large for any musical exhibition. If too spacious for Mr. Costa and his three thousand, much more for Mr. Benedict and his one thousand. Little need be said of Dr. Loewe's motet, and little of the air from *Figaro*, which, no fault of Madame Weiss, was hardly audible beyond the reserved seats. Martin Luther's Hymn farced better. The Hymn, or Choral, was arranged as a solo and chorus; the solo taken by Mr. Sims Reeves; Mr. Best at the organ. The tempo was far too slow. Mr. Sims Reeves would have preferred Exter Hall for his arena. Nevertheless, his voice penetrated even beyond the central transept, more especially when he sang the high A, which is not set down. The *Choral Fantasia* suffered from one or two evitable causes. The chorus was not steady, nor the band either. Those, however, near enough to hear the pianoforte were in raptures with Miss Arabella Goddard's performance. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in Mr. Frank Mori's very engaging ballad "Who shall be fairest?" An encore was also awarded to the prayer from *Mosé in Egypt*, which was extremely well sung. The music from *Macbeth* was, on the whole, admirably given. The pianoforte duets, although scarcely suitable to such an arena as the Handel Festival Orchestra, was so brilliantly executed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Benedict, as to elicit enthusiastic plaudits. In a concert-room of more modest proportions it would have created a *furor*, as an intelligent contemporary justly remarks.

The whole performance was admirably conducted by Mr. Benedict, who, by the way, exhibited unwarrantable reserve with regard to his own contributions to the programme, the charming serenade from the *Gipsy's Warning*, the vigorous air from the same opera, and the characteristic march from *Macbeth*, being by no means enough to satisfy the admirers of his talent as a composer.

On Wednesday the children of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, to the number of 4,600, assembled in the "Handel Festival Orchestra," and gave a performance *sui generis*. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Voluntary on the Organ. Old 100th Psalm—Martin Luther. 113th Psalm (Anniversary)—Gantshay. Choral (Luther's Hymn)—Trumpet obligato, Mr. Haupt—Luther.

PART II.—Voluntary on the Organ. 119th Psalm—"London New"—Dr. Croft. 104th Psalm ("Hanover")—Handel or Croft. The National Anthem, John Bull.

The singing was, for the most part, admirable, the precision and unanimity of the children being extraordinary. A note ap-

pended to the programme advised the audience that "the singing of the children was not intended as a musical display, but rather as a performance of simple psalmody." No such extension, however, was necessary. The voices of the youthful chorists sounded clear, fresh, and powerful. Nothing, in short, could be more agreeable to the ear.

The National Anthem was encored in a tumult of applause, and repeated. The emphatic manner in which the lines—

"Scatter her enemies
And make them fall!"

were given, created an immense effect. Mr. George Cooper played "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*, on the organ, magnificently, besides accompanying all the Psalms in a masterly manner. On the whole, the concert was in the highest degree satisfactory, the only fault found being the extreme brevity of the selection—the first time, we believe, such a charge was ever brought against a musical entertainment. The success of this meeting was not inferior to that of the meeting of the National Schools, or that of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. Such exhibitions are peculiarly suited to the Crystal Palace. The number assembled on Wednesday amounted to upwards of 27,000.

To Mr. Bowley, the general manager, the highest credit is due for the admirable manner in which all the arrangements were carried out.

PEL FAUSTISSIMO GIORNO ONOMASTICO
DI
MARIO.
BRIDDELL.

QUELLA che m' agita	Nell' onda semina
Non è follia,	Tempo e parole,
Ma è lama eterea	Chi crede aggiungere
Che Apol m' invia.	Splendore al Sole.
Afin che tessere	Quindi la Cetera
Al Dio del canto,	Che il merito canta,
Giulivo un Brindisi	Di suoi rimangati,
I m' abba il tanto.	O rada infranta.
All' alma angelica	Sol voti ferridi
E nobil core,	Di lode invec,
Al genio Italico	Al ciel vo' porgere
Dell' arte onore :	Con umil prece.
Al Cigno armonico,	Onde un sol giulibo
Che quel Sirena,	Tua vis sia,
Inebbia d' estasi	Dell' alma GUTLEA
Se appare in scena :	In compagnia.
All' Uom magnanimo	La figlia angeliche
Che un Dio simiglia,	Col lor sorriso,
Ment' è del secolo	Le gioje d'anti
La maraviglia :	Dal paradiso.
All' Angiol prodigo	Il nappo or colmasi
Beneaiutor,	Di buon liquore,
Di affitti e poveri	E A GIANNI libbisi
Consolatore.	Con vivo amore.
Ben' arduo incarico	Di evviva l' Etere
Io sosterrei,	Pocsa si assordi :
Se d' Easo i meriti	E con melodiei
P'inger vorrei :	Festanti accordi,
Ma fama intendere	In dolo mormoro
Ch' è sù fatti...	Del caro spoco,
Si nome MARIO	Gentile il Brindisi
E ciò vi basti.	Ripeta l' Eeo.

In segno di affettuosa stima,
Londra, li 24 Giugno, 1858. LORENZO MONTERRA.

Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S "JUDITH."—A full band rehearsal of Mr. Henry Leslie's new oratorio, *Judith*, will take place on Monday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on which occasion, we understand, Mr. Costa's new *serenata*, *The Dream*, will also be tried.

STOCKHOLM.—A new symphony by Lindblatt was performed a short time since, and it is expected that another composition by the same master, entitled *The Dreamer*, will be produced before the end of the season.

DEATH OF M. ALEXIS SOYER.

A REAL benefactor to the human race has passed away Alexis Soyer, the most celebrated gastronomist and *cuisinier* of this or any age, has quitted the scene almost without a warning. He expired at his residence, at St. John's Wood, on Thursday, after a few hours' illness. M. Soyer will be universally regretted. No man without his own circle was ever more esteemed and respected; no man within it more beloved. In his public relations his place can hardly be filled. He was the true political economist who practically showed how, by the aid of science, an immense saving might be effected in the most important branch of military expenditure. It is well to know that such a man has not bequeathed a name merely to posterity. The fruits of his discoveries and investigations have not departed with him. His system of gastronomy will prove more beneficial to mankind than many a deeper science or more brilliant art, and perhaps the name of Alexis Soyer will find a place, not unworthily, in the roll of fame with the Harveys and Jenners of modern time.

THE DIAPASON.

THE Minister of State, in France, has just issued the following notice:—

"Whereas the continually increasing elevation of the diapason is attended with many inconveniences affecting equally musical composers, artists, and manufacturers of musical instruments;

"And whereas the difference existing between the diapasons of different countries, musical establishments, and factories of musical instruments, is a constant source of embarrassment for concerted music, and of difficulties in commercial transactions;

"On the report of the Minister-General, it is resolved.—Article 1. That a Commission be appointed by the Ministry of State to determine the means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason, of selecting some sonorous standard which may serve as an invariable type, and of pointing out the measures to be taken for assuring its adoption and preservation.

"Article 2. That this Commission be composed of the gentlemen whose names follow.—M. Pelletier, Secretary General in the Ministry of State, president; Auber, director of the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Declamation, and Member of the Institute; Berlioz, Member of the Institute; Desprez, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and Professor of Physics in the Faculty of Sciences; Doucet (Camille), Chief of the Department of Theatres; Halévy (E.), Member of the Institute, and Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts; Lissajous, Professor of Physics in the Lycée Saint-Louis, and Member of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry; Méline, General of Division, charged with the organization of military bands; Meyerbeer, Member of the Institute; Monnais (Edouard), Imperial Commissioner, attached to the Lyrical Theatres and the Conservatory; Rossini, Member of the Institute; Thomas (Ambrose), Member of the Institute.

"Article 3. That M. Edouard Monnais shall discharge the duties of Secretary to the Commission.

"Article 4. That the Secretary General be charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Paris, the 17th July, 1858."

"We have perfectly concurred," says *La Révue et Gazette Musicale*, "in the decision just taken by his Excellency the Minister of State, and the utility of which cannot be seriously contested by any one. All the questions relating to the diapason have been amply discussed in our columns. In 1853, the year of the Great French Exhibition, when a paper by M. Lissajous called the attention of artists, scholars, and amateurs to the subject, we were among the first to discuss it in an article entitled, *La Diapason normal et les Inconvénients*, pointing out what, in our opinion, were the strong and weak points of the learned professor's doctrine. In 1856, we returned to the subject, and dwelt upon the inconvenience of a variety of diapasons for every one endeavouring to combine large masses of instrumentalists. Lastly, in the course of the same year, M. Adrien

de la Fage published in our columns his remarkable series of articles, *De l'unité tonique, ou de la Fixation d'un diapason universel*. Our opinion is, therefore, well known, and we have, at present, nothing to add to the consideration on which it is founded. We shall be happy to chronicle the results obtained by the Commission just named. It has already met twice, to arrange its plan of action, which the holidays will soon oblige it to suspend; but, in the interim, useful information will be collected in France and abroad, so that the problem may be solved with as little delay as possible.

"This high Commission, let us hope," says *La Ménestrel*, "will not be called on to discuss the maintenance of the present diapason, which is about to be put on its trial, but to come to some understanding as to the reasonable basis by which it must be regulated, in order to render the voice its former longevity, without interfering too much with the existing sonority of instruments. With regard to the latter point, it is to be regretted that some musical instrument makers and instrumentalists of merit, as well as several of the oldest members of the lyric stages, such as M.M. Duprez and Levasseur, were not called upon to give their opinions on the projected reform. It is to be regretted also, if we may be allowed to revert to our idea of a European congress, that the Commission charged with the task of judging and reforming the diapason, has not been endowed with a semi-national character. Representatives of Germany, Italy, and England, such as M. Fétis for Belgium, would have consolidated the work of regeneration by generalising it a little everywhere; this is a most important matter, for our singers, like those of Italy, are spread, so to say, over the whole surface of the globe. Now let us take the case of a tenor and bass, accustomed to sing in France, half-a-tone lower: 'Les chevaliers de ma patrie,' or, 'Simon la mort.' On crossing the Rhine or the Straits of Dover, they find themselves struggling with an orchestra which employs a system of sonority completely strange to them, with a diapason which has become an impossibility for their voices: Robert can no longer reach the height of his 'patrie,' while Bertram meets death half a tone too soon!"

"If we are well-informed, the Minister of State has already directed his attention to this primordial difficulty, and it is said he intends communicating officially with the musical celebrities of neighbouring countries. But why should this first step prevent the personal attendance in the Diapason Commission of M. Mercadante, for instance, as the representative of musical Italy, in his capacity of director of the Conservatory of Naples; of M. Benedicli, in nearly the same character, for England; of M.M. Marchetti and Liszt, as representing Germany with our celebrated master, Meyerbeer; of M. Fétis, already mentioned, for Belgium, and lastly, of General Andrew Sabouroff, the successor of M. Guddonoff, who would represent the imperial theatres of Russia, as General Mellinet does the military bands of France! All this is a mere oration which we submit to the enlightened solicitude of the Minister of State, who, we repeat, has taken with regard to the diapason a step for which the whole musical world ought to thank him.

"In fact there is a greater scarcity of vocalists with voices in our theatres every day. It was time to put a stop to this state of things. It has been demonstrated that the diapason of Guck was nearly a tone lower than that of the present day. Our illustrious *maestro*, Rossini, told us, a few days since, that since 1823, the diapason had been raised half-a-tone, so that he himself could not tell in what key his works are now executed.

"It is not long since, in France, the diapason of the Salle Feydeau was believed to be higher than that of the Grand-Opéra, which exerted itself to the utmost to surpass its rival. We know that certain instruments have a great deal to do with this ambition of the diapason to rise—no matter at what sacrifice. The piano, for instance, gains greatly in sonority from being tuned at the highest diapason. What is the general consequence of this in our saloons? A great many singers refuse to be accompanied on a piano called a 'piano d'exécution,' while, in other cases, instrumentalists cannot manage with accompanying-pianos. As we perceive, this is an important question, not only of sonority, but, also, of manufacture, for most of our orchestral instruments would have to be reconstructed on a new plan. It

is for this reason that it would be useful to nominate some of our principal musical instrument-makers to the Diapason Commission.

"Besides, when we have arrived at a cordial understanding as to the number of vibrations allowed for the standard diapason, we must proceed to the manufacture of the diapason itself, and, on this head, we express a wish that, like the money struck in the name of the State, the diapason, in its modest sphere, should be established and manufactured under the auspices of the Conservatory. Without this, there will be no unity of vibrations, both on account of bad metal, and want of finish in the work. Left to competition, the same will be true of the diapason as of the metronome; it will always be faulty. Both of these regulating instruments ought to be issued officially from the Conservatory, if not remain its exclusive property: they would thus be established on the best foundation, under circumstances which would render them most accessible to all. The Conservatory might find in this plan a perfectly natural *subvention*, which would assist in founding new scholarships, or, at least, in ameliorating its annual income. This is another suggestion which we submit to the consideration of the Minister of State, under whose direct control our Imperial Conservatory of Musical Declamation stands.

"We cannot terminate without addressing an humble petition to the celebrated composers summoned to take part in the Diapason Committee. It depends more particularly on them whether the diapason is reduced to its starting point, not only *materially*, but *practically*, by the manner in which they write their future compositions. Even if the Commission were to lower the diapason a tone, nothing would be gained, if our composers perpetuated their present mode of writing. It is they, perhaps, more than the instruments, who have contributed to raise the diapason. If singers' voices are not more seriously considered by the very persons who obtain their efforts from them; if our lyric musicians cannot, by a greater vocal superabundance, and a deeper study of the capacities of voices, insert the new, we mean the old, diapason, the Commission will have lost its time. This would be a most deplorable fact. In the name, therefore, of the vocal art, the last vestiges of which threaten to disappear, we call upon composers to render the certified diapason an actual truth."

CHURCH MUSIC.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

THE old question, what is the best use to be made of music as an element in public worship, still comes back upon us. We have several times endeavoured to convey our ideas, and have given hints which we thought practical. If there is truth in them, they will bear repeating; and we will endeavour briefly to re-state them now. We limit the problem, for the present, to the prevailing so-called Congregational modes of worship, leaving aside those forms and "services" of music which are dictated by the peculiar creed and discipline of sects. The present evil lies in the overwhelming deluge of stale, soulless and unprofitable psalmody: in the perpetual multiplication of new psalm-tunes, a multiplication yielding no new fruit, no live additions to our stock of sacred song, but only everlasting variations, purely mechanical, upon one short form, whose capabilities were long ago exhausted. The cause lies in the two demands, for simplicity and for novelty. Now we believe in an immense reduction and thinning out, instead of the further multiplication, of these monstrous and absurd crops of weeds. We think a few plain old tunes, or chorals, of the most solid, time-tried and familiar, such as *all*, or nearly *all*, may learn to sing, to be far more edifying than this perpetual striving after variety and novelty, and never finding it. Three things seem to us to include what is really practicable and really desirable for music in most of our worshipping assemblies.

1. As the simplest thing, and the foundation of the whole, and as a direct act of religious utterance through music in which *all* may take part, we would have in every service at least one plain Choral,—simple, grand, time-hallowed, familiar, sung in unison or harmony by *all* of the congregation who can sing. These should be few; since repetition here is no monotony; a worshipping assembly joins in "Old Hundred" with the same fervour and fervour, that a social circle breaks up with the joining hands and "Auld Lang Syne." Musical novelty or variety is not the object here; but the renewal of an inspiring and

time-hallowed custom. Hence we have said that a dozen good old tunes are better than hock-full of new psalmody; not meaning to condemn *all* the new things in this shape, of course; but simply to suggest that an essential charm and virtue of this branch of religious music resides in the very fact that the tunes sung are few, familiar, oft-repeated, and fraught with venerable associations. The older these chorals be the better; for then the sound thereof links us present with the earliest century of Christianitv and inspires a feeling of the identity and oneness of humanity throughout all the stages of its development in history. In the simplicity and grandeur of the thing would consist its ever-renewed novelty.

2. Music of a more artistic quality, designed to influence our hearts and minds, to meet and sympathize with our bolier aspirations and emotions, and conspire with our good thoughts as Nature's beauty and sublimity conspire with them; music in which the unskilled may cannot take part, as a direct and outward act, but in which competent persons minister to deep and real wants of *all*. First, under this head, comes singing by a small trained choir, of *artists*—artists at least in spirit and in feeling, in general culture and refinement,—of pieces of a more artistic character, whose beauty and deep sentiment should penetrate the souls of listeners. For this what better than extracts from the masses of Mozart and others? We might also mention many admirable motets, hymns by Marcello, quartets, trios, &c., from Mendelssohn's *Eliza*, or *St. Paul*, or from his admirable psalms—much of the old Church of England service, &c. There is no lack of good compositions for the purpose, if choirs will but cultivate acquaintance with them, instead of ringing everlasting changes on the short form of a psalm-tune. Psalm-tunes and waltzes are subject to the same fatality in regard to indefinite multiplication as the chorals. We might also mention the chorals of Bach. These unite the soul and essence of the plain-song of the people, with the perfection of artistic treatment. Bach has so admirably harmonised these old tunes for four voices, that they have, when well performed, a beauty and a meaning that is inexhaustible and always fresh. These should be sung by a trained choir, the larger the better; but their beauty is intrinsic, in the harmony, not dependent upon the number of voices, so that a simple quartet choir may sing them to advantage.

3. Organ voluntaries, fugues, &c. of the highest and noblest kind—music, which shall pervade the place as with a holier atmosphere, mingling with the soul's silent, heavenly occupation, charming the thoughts upward, as by a sort of spiral Jacob's Ladder of the Fugue, to heaven and purer states, to rest and full communion with the Infinite. This, if it be *free* organ music, ministers to the religious sentiment in the same way that the choir does; and better, since such music is more impersonal, less narrowed by the idea of persons singing; or of thoughts and statements sung. Pure instrumental music always gains upon the preferences of those in whom a real love of music is awakened. Of course an orchestra might render a like service, were it not attended with such difficulties as to make it impracticable, except in the case of great religious festivals; of which our oratorio suggest a type.

A FEMALE VIOLINIST.—(From *Punch*).—(We have heard Madlle. Humler. She plays on the violin with a most charming grace. We split a spotless pair of gloves (attendr—&c. 3d.) in applauding her. It was more than we could do to keep our hands quiet; and yet it is not once in a hundred weeks that we do applaud. The temptation occurs so seldom. Madlle. Humler must send us the address of her *passer fer*, listing to her we beseeching word. She is an instrument of work; just as sweetly with her fiddlestick, that seems to have a voice in it. We heard Mr. Distin (a great trumpet in his way) loudly apostrophise her as a "female Paganini." More than Paganini, she pleases as well as astonishes. With her it is not merely *lours de force*, but *lours de plaisir, d'extase, de larmes, de delire, de Septieme Paradis*,—so to speak, in a *musico-fanatico* style. On most occasions we would rather walk over several steady crossings to see her playing the violin than to see our eccentric ear cherabes a most hearty tread. But to hear Madlle. Humler, we would wade any day through a Novemberiad depth of mud to pay usual homage to the eloquent music she has the power of extracting from that instrument of torture.

PARIS.—At the Opéra-Comique, Grétry's comic opera, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance*, has been revived. This *comédie d'ariettes*, as it is entitled by the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, was brought out at Fontainebleau, before the Court, November 7th, 1786, and was introduced to the Parisian public on the 10th of the same month. It was very favourably received. Six years later, in 1792, when public opinion had declared in strong terms that the incidents of the libretto were not well adapted to music, the *Méprises par Ressemblance* was translated from an opera into a comedy, and produced at the Théâtre du Marais, and subsequently at the Théâtre Montansier, under the name of *Les Deux Grenadiers; ou les Quiproquos*. This version of the original work held possession of the stage for more than thirty years. The Opéra-Comique restored the music in 1832, since which time it has not been performed in Paris. Its present production, if not likely to make the fortune of the theatre, will serve in the character of a novelty, of which the Opéra-Comique stands in great need just now. Although Grétry was in the zenith of his fame and powers when he composed the *Méprises par Ressemblance*, that work does not exhibit the same grace and facility as his *Richard* and the *Troisiers Parisiens*.—At the Grand-Opéra M. Gounod's *Supplico* has been reproduced, "revised, corrected, and considerably diminished." The three acts have been condensed into two. The principal parts were sustained by Médelle, Artot, Ribault, Sapin, and M. Aymé. We cannot see anything in this to justify the tone of triumph assumed by certain critics who regard M. Gounod as a genius of the first water. If *Supplico* in its original form had been good, it would never have been degraded into a "*lever de rideau*."

VIENNA.—On the 37th June, after having been closed for a long period, the Casino on the Kazenberg was re-opened. In it is the well-known Mozart-Room, which, for many years, was totally neglected, but has now been restored. The entrance is remarkable for the inscription, "Mozart-Zimmer, 1763" (Mozart-Room, 1763). The room contains three portraits, namely: those of Mozart, the Emperor Joseph, and the Empress Maria Theresa, and a great many statues, among which are those of Mozart, Handel, Glück, Weber, Beethoven, Donizetti, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Van Dyck, Rafael, Titian, Gothe, Pilgram, etc. The furniture is in the *rococo* style, probably in accordance with the fashion of 1783. There is a small table which Mozart himself is said to have used, and on it a Strangers' Book. It is gratifying to find on the first page several groups of names, some of the writers subscribing themselves expressly "admirers of Mozart."

LIVERPOOL.—The second concert of the "Pyne and Harrison" troupe took place in St. George's Hall on Saturday evening last. The attraction being great, and the prices low, an audience that completely filled the Hall was the result, and many persons were unable to obtain admittance. The programme consisted chiefly of selections from the *Trovatore* and the *Rose of Castille*. Herr Wilhelm Gaus performed, during the course of the evening, "Home, Sweet Home" (Wallace's!), and a *mazurka* ("Souvenir de West") of his own composition, with great success. Mr. Reynolds, the inaugurator in Liverpool of these cheap "concerts for the people," is likely to reap a good harvest.

LEEDS.—On Wednesday last two rehearsals of the Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Dewsbury sections of the chorus engaged for the forthcoming festival took place in the Music Hall, Leeds. The first, in the afternoon, was under the direction of the choral master, Mr. R. S. Burton, organist of Leeds Parish Church; the second, in the evening, was under the guidance of Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, to whom the "conducting" of the whole of the musical portion of the Festival has been entrusted. On both occasions a number of musical amateurs and patrons of music in this borough were admitted to hear not only the choral efforts of the performers, but also the instructions and corrections of the two masters—Professor Bennett and Mr. Burton. Of course no person went to be "over critical," and all submitted with excellent grace to any little annoyance which such a musical practice was sure to produce. But the amount of annoyance was much less than might have been expected. Indeed, the rehearsals were of a highly satisfactory character

and may be taken as earnest of the success of the choral part of the festival. We were glad to hear Professor Bennett, at the close of several of the choruses, say to the performers, "That is very well done," an announcement which the critics among the audience unhesitatingly endorsed. There were altogether about 170 choral singers present, and the volume of tone was very powerful, indeed, too much so for the pleasure of the very thin assembly in the afternoon. The performances were confined, we believe, to selections from Haydn's *Sonatas*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Bach's *Passions-Music*, and Handel's *Jeruel in Egypt*.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Festival Choral Society were on Monday evening welcomed back to Bradford by an ovation in St. George's Hall; nearly 4,900 persons of all ranks crowding the Hall to hear a vocal concert, given by the society on the express requisition of a large number of influential gentlemen in the district. Rank, fashion, and beauty united on this occasion to do honour to "whom honour is due." The demonstration was complete. The talented teacher and conductor, Mr. William Jackson, and the clever accompanist, Mr. J. Burton, received marked and special favour. The whole orchestra in turn were loudly applauded. The concert given was a choice selection of part-songs, madrigals, &c. and was well sustained throughout, with one exception to which we direct the attention of the vocalists. They use the letter "h" a great deal too much, and it was really miserable to hear Festa's fine madrigal spoiled by the last line being sung thus: "But if thy purse be empty," &c. We could easily point out several other instances of this kind, but *verbum sup.* The encores were numerous, and the applause at the end of each part was most enthusiastic. The concert closed with the National Anthem.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

OPENING OF THE CHURCH ORGAN AT SHIPSTON-ON-STOVR.—Some short time since, the church in this town was razed to the ground, with the exception of the tower, and entirely rebuilt. It says much for the zeal of the rector, the Rev. W. Evans, that the work was begun and consummated in an unusually brief period. Since completion, it has been determined to have a new organ for the church, and the work was entrusted to Mr. Thomas Hewins, of Stratford-upon-Avon. The result has been the production of an instrument worthy of the purpose and highly creditable to the builder. The formal opening was fixed for Wednesday last, and the occasion seemed to awaken lively interest, the church being densely thronged both at morning and evening service. The services were full choral, under the direction of the organist, Mr. H. Mathews, who tested the qualities of the instrument at intervals in the service. The preacher in the morning was the Rev. Henry Farr, late of Taunton, Somerset, and in the evening, the Rev. Julian C. Young, Rector of Ilminster. The sum collected after the services amounted to nearly £40. The organ contains twenty-six speaking pipes, with an ultra marine ground diaphragm in silver. The case is of Riga oak, carved in a style harmonising with the screen and choir stalls. It contains the following stops:—**GREAT ORGAN:** double diapason, open diapason, stop diapason, gamba, daraballa, principal, flute, super octave, sesquialtra, three ranks; cornet, three ranks. **SMALL ORGAN:** double dulciana, open diapason, principal, fifteenth, octavo. **PEDAL ORGAN:** great diapason, sixteen feet, open, two octaves (octatonic). **ACCOMPANY MOVEMENTS:** swell to great, great to pedal, three combination pedals.

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| 9. Di Prorenna il mar | 27. Come vinti di stan- | 42. Chacun lo dice | 57. Oh quando pungi | 77. Bella figlia dell'amore | 93. Oh! pianto, pianto |
| 10. Sempre libera | 28. Che chiedi in mio favore | 43. Convien partir | 58. Mal riprendo | 78. O fortuna, a ten | 94. Il Zeffiro legger |
| 11. Ah per sempre | 29. Verranno a te sul auro | 44. Da quel lontano | 59. Perigliati ancor lan- | 79. caprice | 95. Infelice! i tu credeti |
| 12. Sorgia la notte folida | 30. La ci darem la mano | 45. Dal sur tuo via | 60. grande | 80. Quando je quittata | 96. La mia letitia |
| 13. Then la notte plights | 31. Adiam, adiam | 46. Meco all'altar di venere | 61. Un momento poi | 81. Ballata | 97. Oh non far segno |
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| 15. Abbedti Zingara | 33. Mi tradi | 48. Tutto t'agregio | 63. Giorni poveri vira | 83. Ama tu madre | 99. Pianto, rispetto, core |
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rian dance
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The reder
Sweet bird of summer
Oh! blame me not for loving
him
Sings ancora—Roman air
This summer bloom hath
passed
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Spanish air
Mousselmah's first violet
A. J. Madian, adiam
From the Alps the horn
resounding
Famous little Jack
Matrasa—Spanish air
Russian air
Soutomas
See the conquering hero
comes</p> <p>No. 3.
O cease your fanning, Be-
gat's Opera
Jolly young waterman
Paris waltz
French march
Fasfare militaire
Pas redouble
Waltz and galop
Found the bugle out
The streamlet
To the forest, my trin-
built wherry
The sun sets in night
If the heart of a man
Sally to our airy
Let's have a dance (from
leech)
How sweet in the wood-
lands
Peaceful shimmering
Ocean, ruse Norma
The Harmonious Black-
smiths
Blow, blow, thou winter
wind
Distress me with these
tears no more
Twas in the good ship
Rever</p> | <p>Green sleeves (Old Melody)
The Lincolshire Poacher
The Bird of Summer
Now is the month of May-
ing
Huck-eye! Susan
The meadows look cheerful
When the rosy morn
Leaves
In infancy our hopes and
fears
Honey Nurse
Early one morning
Faded and strong the breeze
is blowing</p> <p>No. 4.
The Lass of Richmond Hill
The Dutch Grenadiers
The Girl I left behind me
Huntin' the Hare
Brittona, wricks home
Wind, gentle Evergreen
Hear me entreat
When forced from dear Hebe
to go
The Boat-Boat of Old
England
Fair Hebe I left
Woe may the cool rose
infuse ditty
Fellow's Gavek
Dunsmuir and Berlioz
blushpiper, I have lost my
love
Where I followed a lass
When William at eve
The maid of the mill for me
Woe may the cool rose
The ash grove
Ta man
Peaceful shimmering
Ocean, ruse Norma
Pensio-tu-que-son-ti (alter
Bertho, la Russo
Les Chœurs blancs
Le Bouton d'Orange
Les Petits Sabots
Cora toubi
Le Bouquet de Bal
La Belle Jeanne-Marie
Vive Heart Quatre</p> | <p><i>Airs from Bellini's</i>
Sonnambula.
Viva Amore
Souds so joyful
Chorus
No. 5.
<i>Airs from Bellini's Sonnambula</i>
(continued).
O Love, I'll not be true
While this heart's thy joy
revealing
Twas no idle ring
Oh! I cannot give expression
As I view those scenes so
charming
Maid, those bright eyes
When dusky night-fall
I see those beams of innocent
oblivion
See, by that joyful populace
He obeyant
Tis a falsehood!
Hear me entreat
Bush return for love accord-
ing
Will the sun-sheltering
canopy
Through Helvetia
Hear me entreat
All is lost</p> <p>No. 6.
<i>Airs from Bellini's Sonnambula</i>
(continued).
Viva his Lordship
Hear me entreat
Liss in chains
Oh! moment of pleasure
Liss, look at I was
Sincerely could I believe
I'm
Do not mingle
<i>Airs from Donizetti's</i>
Linda.
O luce di quel' anima
Amo nat
Faccian saligi
Cora toubi
Di tu pane
Da quel di che</p> | <p>Quel dover color
Ah! I consolar
Per sua madre
Questa lieta
La figlia mia
Enamored in the potesans
Se tanto in ira
Ah! I dimmi, dimmi
No. 7.
<i>Airs from Donizetti's Linda</i>
(continued).
Oh! i vanna, o cara
E la voce
No non e vero
Ah! bel destin
Ma vestrate
<i>Airs from Verdi's</i>
Ernani.
Oh! di verdi anni
Ervis beriam
Come rapigia
O tu che Palma adora
I miei lamenti
Galop
Ora, quant cor
No vendetta
Ernani! involami
Tutto sprezo
Infelice! i tu creduti
In tu fidi
Vivi d'occi altro
Lo vedremo
Pena d'anni
March
The summer
<i>Airs from Bellini's</i>
Norma.
Del'aur
Ma proteage
No. 8.
<i>Airs from Bellini's Norma</i>
(continued).
Ah! bello a me ritorno
The minstrel
Va crudel
Vieni in Roma
O di di quel sei
Guerra! guerra!</p> | <p>In mia man
A bello a me ritorno
Viva Norma, Donzetti's
Elisire d'Amora.
Obligato—Ah! se
Oh! doctor
Pih tempo, oh! Dio
La, la, la
Ora, che la barbara
Una Tenora
In suo ricco
Oh! vanna, o cara
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The summer
O'er my soul there bound
The Maid of Judah
Obligat art, gone, my Mary
dear?
Love's young dream
The minstrel
My lodging is on the cold
ground
The minstrel
Farewell! but whenever
you awaken the hour
Penny Couser
Penny Dawn
Has sorrow thy young days
shaded!</p> |
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- Mad. VICTOIRE BALFE,
- Mad. CASTELLAN,
- Mad. ALBONI,
- Mad. VIARDOT GARCIA,
- Miss DOLBY,
- Signor RONCONI,
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Prithoo tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily archer's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know not"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

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Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Hine is the sky and clear,
Ghosts o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

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On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

"OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

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Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so lightly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."

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One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took

To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted,
And as he went,
He shook his wings

And from them fell in showers
Bright colored things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oh roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.

Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To call the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Came there in youth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshared was her gaitious pleasure.
Oh walked the youth
With sorrowful tread,

When a warning voice steered about them,
Life, like the fairy-straw path, it is said
Hath flowers for all who call them.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 500.)

I HAVE no doubt but that, after the last chapter, my readers will be as glad as I was to leave California, and take passage with me to the Southern Dorado. And so imagine yourself upon a fine ship, well appointed, a fast sailer originally, but commanded by a slow and sure Dutchman: it was like yoking a race-horse to the plough. Our captain, though a good and kindhearted man, had the bump of caution so tremendously developed, that I verily believe, if it had not been for our continually bullying him to make sail, we should have been to this day knocking about the Pacific like a modern Vanderdecken. I have since been *ass* enough to sail with another native of the land of fog and herrings for a commander, but if ever I do again, I'm a Dutchman myself. In twenty-four hours from our departure, we struck the north-east trade winds, which bowled us along merrily down to three degrees to the south of the equator, which distance we made in fifteen days, and should undoubtedly have had a very quick passage to Sydney, if our captain had the gumption to sail his vessel! But no, we were kept poking about in the South Pacific till all patience was exhausted, and we thought we should never arrive at our destination.

The voyage was pleasant enough; the sunsets were gorgeous in the extreme, and the moons unpeachable; the vessel was comfortable, the victuals excellent, and the passengers, mostly connected with the musical and dramatic profession, agreed about as well as they usually do, and we expected to make a very humdrum and stupid passage, when an incident occurred which threw a gloom over us all, and rendered the latter part of our voyage quite dreary.

Among our passengers were a gentleman and his wife, musicians, who were returning to their native land, Australia. They had a most lovely little girl of about seven months old: she was the pet of the whole ship, and in the warm tropical latitudes used to lie in a hammock on deck, and kick up her little legs, and crow with delight. We were not very far from the Navigator's Islands. It was a dead calm, and extremely hot, and all the passengers had been enjoying themselves upon the poop with song and jest, assisted by a decoction of my invention, the principal ingredients of which were Scotch whiskey, sugar, and lemon syrup; and I had retired at midnight to my virtuous pillow, when I was awakened by a friend who begged me instantly to rise, as the baby was dead or dying. We had no doctor on board, and I was generally looked up to as that functionary, and a few moments brought me on to the poop, where I found the little darling quite dead. Every effort was made to restore animation, but in vain. It seems that she had been left in the berth asleep, and the evening being so very calm no danger was apprehended, but the little pet had by some means got the pillow over her head and was smothered in her innocent sleep. But then came the awful scene. After the bustle incident upon our efforts to restore animation was over, a deathlike stillness seemed to close like a pall around us, a low convulsive sob from the agonised mother alone breaking the solemn silence, when with an awful yell like some wild beast in fearful agony, the father, who had been vacantly gazing at the corpse of his first born, sprung to the bulwarks, and had he not been restrained by the giant arm of the first mate, would have dashed himself into the sea. Those around seized him; but he was perfectly frantic, and for three hours experienced a succession of epileptic fits which were horrifying to witness. While in the paroxysms it took five strong men to hold him, although he was a very small and slight man. The convulsions were at last broken by the use of strong spirits of ammonia, and then I calmed the poor broken-hearted fellow with a strong dose of brandy and water, and an enormous pipe, and succeeded in getting him into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until noon of the next day, weak and sore from his struggles, but apparently tranquil; but for several days we never suffered him to be alone. The calm still continued, and it was impossible for us to make the Island of Eowa (the nearest land) where we wished to bury the little

innocent, and we had to resign it to the fathomless ocean; the carpenter made a little coffin, which was loaded heavily to sink it. And here I must relate a little trait of our captain, which really endeared him to us all, despite his dawdling propensities. He had some flowers in pots, which were a great delight to him and his dear little wife, and just before we closed the coffin lid, he cut up every one of his plants to decorate, in his own country's sweet and poetical custom, the sleeping infant; that man had a heart, and a good blessing and prosper him, wherever he may be.

The sad ceremony over, up sprung the wind, and until our arrival at Sydney we were favoured with squalls, which, in the Southern Ocean, blow in circles, so that a smart captain takes advantage of a lull in the wind to edge away into the outer ring of wind, and get into another erial maelstrom. But as our Batavian friend was not *au fait* to these artful dodges, our further progress was anything but satisfactory; for we were seventy-six days on a voyage that should have been accomplished at the most in fifty-five, and when we arrived in Sydney there was not a pint of water on board, and as to the grog, that had "gin out," as the Yankees say, three week before. I did endeavour to manufacture a cocktail out of spirits of wine, red pepper, and lavender water, but it was a horrid failure, and I became a son of temperance porfesso. At Sydney they have an original method of piloting vessels into the harbour, which consists of the simple plan of letting them come in themselves, and then, when you are comfortably anchored out of danger, and your fire about a dozen guns, a pilot will condescend to come on board, that is, if he is not at his dinner, or supper, or tea, or smoking a pipe, or taking a nobbler (*Anglicis*, a glass of grog). I may be wrong, but it was always my impression that pilots were required to take ships into a harbour, and no doubt the New York pilots are very wrong, too, when they come out to sea from three to four hundred miles to meet vessels. But it is like everything else in this colony, the demon of slovenliness possesses the whole land, and it is not until some fearful disaster, like the wreck of the Dunbar, occurred, that people begin to think that the harbour was not properly lit, and that if the pilots had suitable vessels they might be induced to go outside, and not be lying "under gingerbread hatches at home." It was night when we arrived and passed through the dark frowning heads, that like gigantic portals guard the enchanted gardens within. We had been lying on and off, and firing guns to rouse the pilots, but bless you, it was of no more avail than Mrs. Bond's invitation to "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed." So one of our passengers, an American captain, who had been wrecked upon one of the Pacific Islands, volunteered to take us in, which he did with the greatest ease. We then cast anchor, and the pilot came on board. "We heard ye firing outside," said he. "Then why the ——— didn't you come to me!" says we. "Oh! I was at my tea," says he; with which very satisfactory excuse we had to be content. And it's a fact he deliberately went home again, as he said his old woman (meaning, I presume, his wife) objected to sleep alone. He, however, favoured us with his company next morning at eight o'clock, and performed the difficult act of piloting by hitching on to a steamer, which towed us up a distance of seven miles to our destination alongside Finch Gut Island (that's a sweet name, delicate reader, is it not!) No description can give an adequate idea of this beautiful haven: from the sublime entrance from the sea, every movement of the vessel gives you a new phase in the landscape; the swelling hills and craggy cliffs are crowned with beautiful villas; the bays are alive with fast-sailing yachts; wherever the eye falls new beauties meet it. Hundreds of coves, where vessels of large tonnage can lie with perfect ease, trend off on every hand, and form bays and rivers of exquisite beauty, whose banks are lined with beautiful gardens, rich with the golden wealth of oranges.

Reader, if you never were out at sea for three months, you have never enjoyed the greatest luxuries that the world can give, which in my experienced opinion are mutton chops and porter. It is really worth while going round the world by way of getting up a proper appetite: as for me, I positively revelled in them. Sydney and the Australian colonies in general are much better known—through the medium of the many books that have been written for the purpose of inducing emigration,

—than the wild Pacific coast I had just quitted; and I shall content myself with merely making such observations upon music, manners, men, and manners, as appeared to me new or odd, or to counteract the too highly coloured accounts of those who had a personal and pecuniary interest in peopling the colonies;—too often, I am afraid, at the expense of the mis-directed emigrant.

Music is well and thoroughly cultivated in Sydney—indeed there are very few houses without a pianoforte; but orchestral music is at a very low ebb, and I had, after twelve-month's absence, while upon a tour in the more southerly colonies, great difficulty in procuring a perfectly efficient opera orchestra. I stayed in Sydney about six weeks, enjoying the lovely scenery around, and being perfectly enchanted with the lovely Botanical Gardens, which are in the centre of a park four miles in circumference, and with a beautiful little bay washing their green swarded shores. These gardens are public property, and are kept in most exquisite order. At the time of our arrival the winter (so called) was just over, and the blossoms of the apple, peach, and pear, mingled in strange luxuriance with the fruit of the banana and plantain, and the flowers of the orange and eucalyptus. Jamieson's Flats country also produces most exquisite native flowers, the names alone of which would fill a large volume. For example, the colony of Victoria alone possesses thirty thousand indigenous varieties of plants, some of the most curious of which are the Banksia, a gigantic kind of bottle brush, which, by-the-way, can be seen growing at Kew Gardens. The Moreton Bay fig (or crouchoo-tree) also grows in Sydney to an enormous size.

Being desirous of seeing the other colonies of Victoria, South Australia, and Van Dieman's land, I accepted an engagement with Madame Anna Bishop, and departed for Melbourne at the commencement of the Australian summer, which begins in October, at which place I hope next chapter to receive my myriad readers.

(To be continued.)

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.—Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are averse to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitudes of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with the statues of the most excellent workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and the splendour of the things which they see? But every husbandman is living in sight of the work of a divine artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression. I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wrought and refined with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when they are clothed in their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labour tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of the refinements, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.—W. E. Channing.

A STONE THROWN AT MR. GYE FROM BEHIND A WALL.

(From the *Saturday Review*.)

THE "Titens' season" of Her Majesty's Theatre came to its close on Saturday last, as far as the subscribers are concerned, and the remaining performances of the year will be for the amusement of those patrons who find an especial attraction in the announcement of reduced prices. By denoting the last three months the "Titens' season," we adopt a mode of nomenclature which may be analogically extended to the several seasons at Her Majesty's Theatre that have succeeded the re-opening in 1856. Mr. Lumley, by a happy combination of good fortune and sound judgment, has so managed the affairs of the operatic world, that, as the Roman year could be indicated by the names of the Consuls, each of the Haymarket seasons can be rubricated with the name of a leading vocalist. The first year was marked by the *début* of Madlle. Piccolomini, whose fascinating *matinée* came as a new sensation to the London public. The second year receives its distinctiveness from the first appearance of Signor Giuglini, whose exquisite organ and perfect execution became, in their turn, the themes of laudatory claps and gossip. The present season brings with it Madlle. Titens, whose natural gifts and artistic acquirements render her the most conspicuous luminary of her day. In each of his three seasons, Mr. Lumley has awakened the curiosity of the world by the announcement of a new artist. In each of the three seasons, the new artist thus announced has proved permanently attractive when the charm of novelty had passed away.

The period, then, of Mr. Lumley's management, since the opening in 1856, may be divided into three seasons, respectively named after Piccolomini, Giuglini, and Titens; but even this mode of designation is not to be employed without note or comment. Piccolomini does not depart at the approach of Giuglini; nor do either of them get out of the way to make room for Titens; but the newest person steps into a niche without encroaching on that of the previous idol, and thus the Operatic Pantheon becomes more and more densely peopled. We have a galaxy in which all the stars are fixed, but which is nevertheless susceptible of infinite additions. In 1856, Piccolomini is gathering undivided honours in *La Traviata* or in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. In 1857, Giuglini is at her side, and they warble together the duet of Lucia and Edgardo. In 1858, the stately Titens has joined the party, but without palling the earlier lights.

When we look at the position of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1858, we find more than ordinary reason for commending the untiring energy of Mr. Lumley. Closely associated with the history of music in this country, sanctified (if we may use the expression) by its connection with the name of Handel, renowned through successive generations as the only spot on which lyrical artists could attain first-class honours, the large theatre in the Haymarket had remained closed inefficiently long to allow the combination of ancient *prestige* with something of the attraction of novelty. We shall not go too far when we say that a feeling akin to loyalty was awakened when, in 1856, the *Opera-house par excellence* again revealed its magnificent dimensions, and the old *habitués* found themselves once more in their old places. At such a juncture, many a man, moderately endowed with indolence, and lacking the stimulus of a potent rival in the field, might have resigned himself to every easy mode of management, and lost his *prestige* by relying upon it too implicitly. But such a man was not Mr. Lumley. The attractions of the newly re-opened house were aided by Madlle. Piccolomini, whose power over the public might be compared to the fascination of some reigning beauty, in whose countenance every one can perhaps discern some feature not precisely regular, but whom all agree to declare a most charming person. In the following year, when the re-opening had ceased to be an exciting "fact," Giuglini was creating a new *furor*; and in 1858, when the new theatre in Covent Garden was brought into competition with Her Majesty's, a fresh *prima donna*, Madlle. Titens, kept the balance of novelty on the side of the old house. The result of Mr. Lumley's management during the last three seasons is, indeed, the history of an energy ready for any crisis—of an energy that prosperity cannot relax, nor peril subdue.

And most fortunate it is, not only for his own interests, but also for the vitality of lyrical art in this country, that Mr. Lumley has been so indefatigable in the search for novelty, and so lucky in the discovery of the desired prize. The English, as a nation, are proverbially distinguished from their Continental neighbors by their affectionate regard for established favourites, and nowhere probably can the *nomis umbra* attain such a degree of permanence as in London. But while we execrate the heartless Frenchman who flung a green wreath to Madlle. Mars as a hint that she had disqualified her for the functions of a *grande coquette*, we may be allowed the opinion that British amiability, if carried to an excess, can easily become detrimental to art, and that a manager who does not too much pamper the national benevolence deserves commendation. *The artistic body, like many others, requires a constant accession of fresh blood, or it will sink into decrepitude, and the public will find itself applauding a number of jaded celebrities, and becoming confirmed in the belief that these can have no legitimate successors.* The condition of a kingdom in which all the high offices of State are bestowed exclusively on the members of a few leading families is not inaccurately symbolized by an operatic establishment the success of which is staked solely on the reputation of two or three veterans. To estimate the deserts of Mr. Lumley, we must ask ourselves what would at this moment be the effective lyrical force of London if we had never heard the arch Piccolomini, the "golden voiced" Giuglini, or the dignified and accomplished Tietjens!

[Here follow two paragraphs about Madlle. Tietjens, or Titiens—the second of which will be found in our leading columns, the first in another page.—Ed. M. W.]

Verdi's last important work, *Luca Miller*, is not worthy the composer of *Il Trovatore*; and, therefore, Madlle. Piccolomini did not find that opportunity of distinguishing herself in a new serious part which had generally been anticipated. But the production of that pleasing little lyrical comedy, *La Serva Padrona*, showed her to such an advantage as the *soubrette* of the lighter lyrical drama, that her success will probably be the cause of the revival of several works of a similar character, which, for want of appropriate artists, have long remained in obscurity. As for Giuglini, he retains the position he gained last year—that of the first operatic tenor of his day, as Mad. Albini is the first contralto. Be it remembered, too, that neither of the three artists with whom the last three years have successively made us familiar, owed their success to a reputation acquired on the continent. To the English public, their names were comparatively unknown till the time of their several *débuts* drew near, and the approbation *universally** bestowed upon them was fairly awarded to their tested merits.

The appointment of Sig. Arditi as conductor of the orchestra has been productive of very beneficial effects. *It should be borne in mind that, according to the theory of Her Majesty's Theatre, the instrumentalists are supposed to accompany the vocalists, not to earn for themselves an independent reputation, like the performers of a symphony.*

Ballet, of course, is no longer a cause of an excitement like that which prevailed in the days of the famous *Fas de Quatre*; but the appearance of the classic Marie Taglioni, the vivacious Focchini, the intelligent Boschi, and the daring Bonchetti, in the graceful little diversions of Sig. Masset, is sufficient to prove that the now subordinate art connected with the establishment has not been overlooked by the energetic manager.

MUSIC.—We have again been delighted with Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord*. The fulness of the melody, alternating with the sustained *cantilène* passages, the piquant airs, so daintily ornamented, the concerted pieces, so delicately and clearly worked out, the characteristic and animated choruses, in which, also, the mastery instrumentation and clever employment of the resources of the orchestra stand out with such brilliancy, impart a continuous charm to this magnificent work. Madlle. Frassinii (Catharina) was greatly applauded in her part, which is adapted to her personal powers and excellent method.—*Echo*,

STRAUSS AND HIS SOPHIE WALTZ.

JOHN STRAUSS loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Italy's heavens, and softer than the light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful. He would have given worlds to win but one glance of love; but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes! "Impertinent!" said Sophie; and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely deigned him a look. Shortly afterwards Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had, indeed, as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day, when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and with burning words declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was driven to despair. But neither tears nor protestations moved her. She was as cold and unfeeling as marble. "I am an affianced bride," she said haughtily, "and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician!" She turned scornfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair.

The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the Count called Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and also to honour his bride with the composition of a new waltz. Strauss, the most miserable man in the world, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repeat her choice." He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and grief to Sophie. It should challenge, at least, her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened the window, gazed out into the cold night, improvised, and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet star above, that looked kindly down on the desolate and the heartstricken musician.

The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of soul had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes, but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre, the pure myrtle-wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant, piercing black eyes, and sharp, strongly-marked features, dressed in a suit of black—as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him—stood sad and silent in the gallery above directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding-guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes towards the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love. It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse—it was kindling love! A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to quite overwhelm and destroy her. Gladly would she have wept, but she dared not. It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie hanging on the arm of the happy bridegroom—all stood spell-bound with the wondrous, witching power of those magic sounds.

They forgot to dance, they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out his woe through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved with his heart—with his spirit. The bridegroom led off—they dance and dance—Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes and bleeding heart. They dance, and dance, and dance, without interruption. Strauss plays, and plays, and plays, with untiring

energy, this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. The dancers whirl around. He played and played. Suddenly the E of his violin snaps—and in that moment Sophie falls dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fell from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror he shrieked "Sophie!" and fell fainting to the floor. Since Sophie's death the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her until his death. He too, is now dead; but his charming "Sophie Waltz" is imperishable as his fame.

FRANZ LISZT;

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY JULIUS SCHUBERTH.*

FRANZ LISZT was born on the 22nd October, 1811, at Raiding (in the district of Oedenberg), Hungary. His father, Adam Liszt, was accountant to Prince Esterhazy, and an excellent musician on the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. Artists were fond of his society, and always welcome in his house. Among his most intimate acquaintances were Hummel, Cherubini, J. Haydn, &c. Franz was an only child, and when he was six years old, but not previously, his father began to teach him the piano. The rapid progress made by the boy was so remarkable, that, in the course of the third year, he executed with great finish the difficult concerto in E flat major, by Ferdinand Ries, at a public concert in Oedenberg, besides, at the same period, exciting astonishment by his easy *fantasies*. The pecuniary success of other concerts, together with a yearly allowance of 600 forins, given Franz by the Hungarian Counts Amadee and Szapary, for six years to advance his education, induced his father to throw up his situation in Prince Esterhazy's service, and go once more to Vienna, in 1817, where Franz zealously studied, for more than eighteen months, the piano, under Czerny, and at the same time, successfully devoted himself to composition under Salieri. These eighteen months of persevering industry did wonders for the little *virtuoso*. He felt himself strong enough to appear at a public concert, and his first performance in Vienna excited the greatest sensation. One concert followed the other, and their success, in a pecuniary sense, was most brilliant. Encouraged by this, his father resolved, in the year 1823, to make a journey with Franz to Paris, taking in his road Munich, Stuttgart, &c., in all of which places Franz played with great success. On arriving in the French capital, the twelve-year old *virtuoso* was equally successful, and played about thirty times.

Notwithstanding the fatigue consequent on this, he not only, with uninterrupted industry, continued to improve his pianoforte-playing, but, during the one year he stopped in Paris, devoted himself passionately to the study of counterpoint, even in its most intricate combinations, under the celebrated A. Reicha. He now felt an irresistible impulse for composition, both for the piano and in the operatic style. He tried his powers in the last by writing *Don Sancho, or the Castle of Love*, for which a friend furnished the libretto. His work was full of peculiarities and rich in melody, and was played five times with success in the first theatre in Paris, namely, the *Académie Royale*. A short time afterwards (in the autumn of 1826), the youthful artist was seized with a fit of religious enthusiasm, and took a dislike to music. His father, in order to give a different turn to Franz's thoughts, resolved on making a professional trip to Switzerland, and immediately carried out his determination, proceeding afterwards to England. The triumphs which Liszt everywhere achieved, especially in Drury Lane Theatre, awoke in him fresh love for art. The great fatigue, however, consequent upon the number of concerts at which he played, seriously affected his health, and his father was obliged to take him for sea-bathing to Boulogne. This speedily restored his strength, but his father died on St. Augustus' Day, 1827. Liszt now returned to his mother in Paris, and began to compose play, and give lessons assiduously; thus several years passed by, until his exertions were again interrupted by religious enthusiasm (a natural consequence of his excitable disposition), which did not, however, on this occasion, last long.

* From the MS. for the fifth edition of the author's *Musical Handbook*.

The year 1834 now approached—a year which, on account of an important fact of a private nature (namely the commencement of a love affair, although under very unfavourable circumstances), was a highly eventful one for him, and the occasion of his leaving Paris for a considerable period. He first proceeded to Switzerland, and thence to Italy. He then gave concerts all through Germany, Hungary, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, &c., being everywhere received with indescribable enthusiasm, and achieving unparalleled triumphs. Hungary more especially distinguished itself, bestowing on him the honorary freedom of two cities, Ofen and Pesth, and presenting him, in the theatre of the latter place, with a sabre of honour, &c. Liszt has received, in great profusion, everywhere he has played or shown himself, but more particularly in Berlin, Cologne, Königsberg, Hamburgh, &c., all the distinctions and marks of honour which can possibly fall to the lot of an artist. We may mention more especially, in support of this assertion, that the University of Königsberg conferred on him the title of Doctor, and that he has been named knight of several high orders by nearly all the reigning princes.

LAYS.

(From *La France Musicale*.)

We read lately in the papers the following lines:—

"His Majesty the Emperor, having heard that the daughter of Lays, of the Opéra, was in a state of the greatest poverty, ordered M. Moequet, his *chef de cabinet*, to forward her some assistance."

In a state of the greatest poverty! Poor artist! with a career of fifty years, the applause of the crowd, the ovations of enthusiastic audiences, the smiles of the ladies, and frequently their favours, often refused even to patricians, poets and scholars; with wreaths, bouquets, varses, velvet robes and tinsel, medals and diplomas, a sovereignty renewed every evening—and, the next day after all these triumphs, all this glory, and all this splendour, a poor girl dying, for want of a crust of bread, had not a price hastened to relieve her!

The existence of Lays was brilliant, and his career still more so. Our fathers still speak of his voice, and say they never heard one like it; they go into ecstasies, when recalling those enchanting evenings when the name of Lays in the bills was sufficient to fill the Grand-Opéra, and was a guarantee of success for the works in which he condescended to appear.

It is true that artists were not at that time proprietors of houses, and did not throw their money away broadcast, for they did not receive the salaries of three ministers plenipotentiary each; consequently, the legacy bequeathed by the majority of them to their children consisted only of withered wreaths, faded costumes, and poverty!

Poor Lays! It was certainly not worth his while to abandon his theological career for the purpose of studying the law, or to quit the latter in order to learn the solgello! Priest or prolate, he would not have left any children with no prospects for the future, without a dowry and without bread; barrister or magistrate, he would have been able to bequeath his daughter more than his mere artistic name, which is something moied men are not in the habit of discounting.

This patriotic tenor, this republican of the Court, was born in the very centre of Gascony; he first saw the light in the little village of Ia Barthe de Nestes. The future singer began by singing sacred hymns in the monastery of Quarison, and his first costume was that of a singing-boy.

The child grew up; the youth soon threw away his chorister's surplice, and began studying the Fathers of the Church. But the Christian philosophers were speedily not enough for him, and he ranged the pagan philosophers beside them. With the doctrines of St. Augustin and St. Thomas, he mixed up those of Aristotle and Plato. Then, when he felt his mind sufficiently saturated with wisdom, he changed his resolution, and devoured with feverish avidity Justinian and other authors.

He was already growing pale over the *Digest of Laws*, in a poor little room at Toulouse, when, on trying his voice, to see if the profession of a pleader would suit him better than that of

a preacher, he perceived that melody was far more adapted for it than making speeches.

Fortunately—or unfortunately, if you prefer it—his neighbours heard his beautiful voice, and gossiped about it. The young student was asked out to supper, and, when the cloth was removed, requested to sing a drinking song. He did so to the best of his ability, but, as he knew nothing but litanies, he sang litanies. Only he rose from the table and begged his friends to go into the next room. The singing-boy's religious scruples returned with his memory, to his credit be it spoken.

The next day the great topic of conversation was Lays's magnificent voice. A public functionary expressed a wish to hear it. He was a melomaniac—almost everyone at Toulouse is. After having been convinced that Lays would make an excellent operatic tenor, he exerted himself zealously, and wrote to the minister in Paris. The liberty of individuals was not as much respected in 1779 as it is now-a-days. A *lettre-de-cachet* immediately tore the young bachelor from his legal studies, and compelled him to go to Paris. This was a polite way of engaging singers in the good old time.

He arrived in April, and was made to study assiduously. He had innumerable lessons in singing and elocution, so that, six months afterwards, in October, the same year of grace and *lettre-de-cachet*, 1779, he made his first appearance at the Opéra.

Tenor prodigies did not then begin with a great part, as they are agreeably accustomed to do at present. Lays could try his powers only on a simple piece, an air by Berton, senr., "Sous les lois de l'Hymen." His singing was not irreproachable; far from it, but his voice was so pure, so sympathetic, and so entrancing, that the applause burst forth from all parts of the house. The *claque* did not then exist; people were so much behind the present age!

Success having been thus carried by assant, an entire part, written expressly for him, in *Le Seigneur Bienfaisant*, was entrusted to the young *débütant*. It proved a triumph, and procured for the new tenor the honour of singing at the Queen's concerts, and in the royal chapel. For ten years he was the fashionable singer in that same Paris where it is so difficult to be remarked for ten days running. For ten years he sang at the Opéra, and the concerts of the Court. He sang the music of Glück, Pizzini and Sacchini. Grötry wrote for him *Zanurog*, and was indebted to him for at least half the success he obtained. With the *Caroline* and *Anacron*, he stamped his reputation.

He had decidedly done well to leave Toulouse, and the Schools of Law.

He remained at the Opéra till 1825, and left it after forty-three years of service. Living tenors are not required to believe this.

The last time he sang was in 1825, for the benefit of one of his comrades. He was then sixty-six years of age! Not having had the pleasure of being present at the performance, I will not venture to affirm that his voice was as fresh in 1825 as in 1779. Above forty years of service may somewhat deteriorate the freshness of any man's voice.

I have spoken of Lays as a patriotic tenor and the republican of courts. Let me explain these words, which might be enigmatical to my readers.

'89 came, and Lays played at the Opéra the part of some king or other. This personage accorded but slightly with the young tenor's very advanced opinions. Throwing away his wooden sceptre, and tearing from his head his pasteboard crown, Lays hurried off to the General Council to declare his zeal and patriotism.

His meritorious fire was taken for conviction. It was thought he might render great services in the provinces, so, when '93 came, he was despatched to the south of France, which was dressed as an apostle of the Reign of Terror. To listen to him, he would have made only one mouthful of the entire Girondist party. He boasted that he had not been born for nothing on the banks of the Garonne! At bottom he was a good fellow, but, for all that, he was dreading by the *suspects* of Bordeaux. They subsequently remembered this, and gave him a proof they did so at the period of the first restoration. He was

compelled, in order not to lose his place, and perhaps his liberty, to sing, on the 10th of April, 1814, some couplets in praise of the Bourbons, before the Allied Sovereigns. It was at this peril that the authorities deigned to forget the ardent enthusiasm of the missionary of the Reign of Terror in 1793, and his position as a first singer of the chapel of Napoleon I. from 1801 to 1814. But the Hundred Days found him still faithful to the Emperor. This devotion cost him dear. At the second restoration, he lost his place as singer at the Court, and, what is more, lost it irrevocably.

He had decidedly done ill to leave Toulouse and the Schools of Law.

Worn out by long service, and with a broken heart, Lays would willingly have given up the Opéra, but he could not resign a place, which, with that of professor in the *Royal School of Singing and Declamation*, constituted his sole means of livelihood.

It was in 1822 that he left the stage, and in 1826 that he tendered his resignation—which was definitively accepted—as professor in the *Ecole Royale (Conservatory)*.

He then left Paris, and retired to live, and die in peace, to the village of Ingrandes, on the banks of the Loire, not far from Angiers.

And now let us allow the critic to take the place of the biographer. The critic is severe, very severe. We leave him the responsibility of his judgment. After all, it is he who has the care of artists' reputations.

We find the following observations in M. Fétis's book:—

"In spite of the enthusiasm he long excited among the frequenters of the Opéra, Lays was not a great singer; it may even be said that he was ignorant of the elements of the art of singing. His vocalisation was short. He had not learnt to equalize the registers of his voice, and, when he passed from the chest notes to the mixed ones, he did so by means of a sudden transition from a formidable voice to a sort of flute one (*voix flûte*), producing an impression more ridiculous than agreeable. He was very fond, however, of employing this effect, which, in his day, caused professed amateurs to go into ecstasies of delight. Most of his ornaments were old fashioned and in bad taste; but, in spite of his defects, the beauty of his voice converted nearly all his auditors into partisans, and an opera had scarcely any chance of being successful if Lays had not a part in it. He possessed, however, warmth, and could lend animation to a piece of music. His defects were those of his time, for, when he came out, there was no school of singing in France. Had he lived later, he might, with his fine voice and knowledge of singing, have become a distinguished singer."

It must be owned that an artist must have possessed a prodigious voice to excuse all these faults.

I said that the critic was severe. After all, we ought to be guided by a judge like Fétis, who heard the person judged; who has the merit of being a competent authority in the matter, and who, as Lays is dead, had no reason to spare the latter's susceptibility and *amour-propre*.

Decidedly we must die before we can know what people think of us.

A. ALDINI.

Huddersfield.—Mr. Woodin has been performing in the Gynnasium Hall.

Brighton.—After a series of six most successful performances, the "Christy's" left Brighton on Monday, to proceed on their provincial tour; and a most remunerative tour it will prove, should their reception at the several resting-places decided upon be as cordial and enthusiastic as that which greeted them in Brighton. At present it is only necessary to remark that the favourable impression which they created on Tuesday so might be heightened at every successive performance, until for their last representation on Saturday night it was found necessary to engage the large room of the Town Hall. On that occasion nearly 700 persons were present; but thanks to the admirable arrangements of Mr. Nimmo, who accompanies the *troupe* as manager, not the slightest inconvenience or discomfort was experienced. They intend, we hear on tolerable good authority, to pay us a second visit in September.—*Brighton Guardian*.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

LESSEE, MR. E. T. SMITH.

MR. E. T. SMITH has the honour of announcing to the public that the eminent and popular tragedian, MR. JAMES ANTHONY, will appear for six nights only (prior to his departure for the United States, California, New Columbia, France's River, the Sandwich Islands, and Australian Colonies) upon the boards of "Old Drury," which he has so often tried to give and triumph as much as any actor. The plays selected for this popular and actor's farewell nights are: *INGOMAR, THE LADY OF LYONS, and MACHÉTHÉ*. These dramas will be supported by the strength of all the available talent in the theatre and provinces. Monday, August 23, will be the first of the Farewell Nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KEAN.

MONDAY (for the Benefit of Mr Lambert, Treasurer), Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday will be presented the popular play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Preceded by the Farcio of *RYING FOR LOVE*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, August 11, the performance will commence with *LEADING STRINGS*. After which *BOATS AT THE SWAN*. To conclude with *A DOUBTFUL VICTORY*. Commence at half past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, MR. JOHN BURGESS.

Concentration of talent. Great hit of *JANET PRIDE*. Mr. H. We enter in two plays with Mr. Charles Balfour, Miss Kate Kelly. On Monday and during the week, the performance will commence with the great Adelphi drama of *JANET PRIDE*, to conclude with the comic drama of *WHO'S YOUR FRIEND? OR, THE QUEENSBURY PETT*, supplied by the above gems of the Adelphi Company. No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VAHAWASWATA.—"Swayanubhava."

DESIGNER, DRISONS AND YEEND.—We forget the name of the firm. Captain *Tungo* was the musical amateur. His *Adelle* was not a *Stradivarius*, although (unconsciously, no doubt) he sold it as such (for £300) to poor Colonel *Leg*. It was a sad affair, and caused much altercation at the time. Some say *Leg* broke in consequence.

TIOTH.—To the legend of the Ring and the Statue—or, more immediately, perhaps, the Introduction to The Tale of Tamlane in the second volume of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*. Moore's poem of "The Ring" is also founded on the same subject. The origin of the legend may be traced to an old German work, *Fromman upon Fascination*, book 3, part 6, chap. 18; but the author quotes from *Belucanensis*. The principal incident is not well developed in *Tampane*.

ERABTUM.—In our second leader last week, a misprint made us advise Mr. Abel Matthews, the Mæmonic Miltonian, not to "drain" himself. Such counsel was remote from our intention; which was to warn him against "deceiving" himself.

BIRTH.

On the 9th inst., at the Pavilion, Melrose, the wife of H. F. Broadwood, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On the 12th July, at Meath, by special licence, Montagu Stephen Williams, Esq., second son of J. J. Williams, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Louise Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Keeley, Esq., 10, Pelham-terrace.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1858.

Now the Operas are closed, and concerts at a discount, some of the good things of our contemporaries may not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Musical World*. There are so many opposite opinions on various subjects that if we were to take the press as a guide we should be no better off than the benighted traveller who attempted to find his way out of a thick forest by the light of a jack-a-lantern. Never-

theless it is amusing to compare the *dicta* of so many self-constituted authorities, and perhaps not altogether uninteresting. To begin with Madlle. Tietjens, whose talent is contemplated by *The Saturday Review* and *The Athenæum* from points of view so utterly at variance that it would require a Solomon or a Sancho to adjudicate between them:—

SATURDAY REVIEW.

"The triumph of Madlle. Tietjens has, indeed, been the reverse of a 'sham.' When she first surprised her audience by her performance of *Valentina* in the *Huguenots*—by no means a showy part, like some of the heroines of Italian opera—then many of those who warmly acknowledged her great qualities, and were loud in their admiration of her '*Do in the first act*,' imagined that there was a limit to her powers, and that, although she might shine in the great works of the French and Italian repertory, a gulf would still render unattainable a distinguished success in those characters which have made the fortunes of Transalpine vocalists. But this notion of an insuperable limit was completely dispelled as the seasons advanced, and the greatest triumph of Madlle. Tietjens has been achieved in that Italian opera—the *Lucia Borgia* of Donizetti."

* Qy.—German?

Now which of the two are we to believe? Each writer, by the way, supports a paradox, the more firmly to establish his position. The paradox of *The Athenæum* is that "Donna Anna is Madlle. Tietjens' least successful," whereas it is her most successful part; the paradox of *The Saturday Review* is that the lady's greatest triumph was achieved in *Lucia Borgia*, whereas it was her smallest. The article from *The Saturday Review* is curious in more than one particular; and not to spoil a good thing, we have quoted the rest of it in another column, under the head of "A Stone thrown at Mr. Gye from behind a Wall. There we may gather, from certain passages marked in italics, that the Royal Italian Opera company consists of "faded celebrities" and "two or three veterans;" that Signor Giuglini is "the first operatic tenor of his day;" and that the band under Mr. Costa (and consequently Mr. Costa himself) is not able to "accompany the vocalists"—besides other information equally useful and edifying. Now it is not our intention to enter into any polemic about the respective merits of the two Italian opera-houses; but we cannot help thinking that this sort of partizanship is extremely unwise. An advocate, endeavouring to serve his client, dwells upon strong rather than upon weak points; and in the present case, instead of dragging Signor Arditi and his followers from their well-merited obscurity, if the writer in *The Saturday Review* had pointed to Alboni—the greatest vocalist not only at Her Majesty's Theatre but, at the present time, in Europe—he would have elicited considerably more attention. But Alboni is dismissed in half a line; while Madlle. Piccolomini and her constant companion, Signor Giuglini, share the honours of the "ovation" (as they do the bouquets

* "Madame Alboni is the first *contralto*." The word "*contralto*" here is intended to convey more than appears immediately on the surface.

and "ma bravas") with Madlle. Tietjens or Titiens. The seasons since the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre (in 1856) are divided into the "Piccolomini season," the "Giugliini season," and the "Titiens season"—with the fact staring the writer in the face, that Alboni was engaged all the time, and singing all the time. Surely, in strict truth, these were "Alboni seasons," if merit should have anything to do with giving names to periods. (By the voice of public opinion, at any rate, Alboni was thrice elected "consul.") This peculiarity in *The Saturday Review* of supporting the theatre of its predilection by pooh-poohing the director's most distinguished artist is altogether inexplicable.

The description of the "three seasons," in the second paragraph of the article, is almost as good as that of the astronomical "yugs" of the Hindoos. One would imagine that Madlle. Piccolomini, Giugliini and the rest, were all Suryabans and Caudrabans, and Mad. Puzzi the dragon, Cnuphis, with power to condemn Mad. Bosio, Sig. Mario, Mr. Costa, and the other "faded celebrities"—to say nothing of the "veterans" Gardoni, Didide, Ronconi, and Tagliafico, or of the members of the orchestra, whose offence is that they can win applause for an overture (which seldom arrives to the Arditian host)—to the inferior "boobuna."

Some of our foreign contemporaries seem to have a higher opinion of Mr. Costa than *The Saturday Review*. One of them even goes so far as to attribute to him a *bon mot* :—

"*Martha* still pursues its career at Covent Garden. *Apròpos* to the most graceful *cantilène* in the opera, copied textually from 'The Last Rose of Summer,' Signor Costa said, an evening or two ago, that it was not astonishing the melody was so touching and genial. 'It is Italian,' exclaimed the great conductor. 'David Rizzio was the first to compose and breathe it in the ear of Mary Stuart, exactly three hundred years ago. Thomas Moore has done nothing more than marry it to the words of his ballad.'"

"Ma bravo!" Mr. Costa—"ma bravo!" David Rizzio. The story would be good if the tune were of Scotch origin, but unluckily it is Irish.

But to be quits at present with our home contemporaries (upon whom we purpose to keep a watchful eye) let us cite—as a poser for all who are hostile to the Covent Garden version of *Don Giovanni*—the following astounding article from last Saturday's *Atlas* :—

"The opera of *Don Giovanni*, produced at the Royal Italian Opera last week, is a great fact. It represents a classical truth, embodying art and life. The transposition of the music necessary to enable Sig. Mario to perform that which Sig. Tamburini made immortal, involved a difficulty. *Classically speaking*, this difficulty it is impossible to overcome, though *artistically* it has been arranged in perfection. The *Don Giovanni* at the Royal Italian Opera is one of those wonderful successes to criticise which seems ungenerous, if not little. The whole is so great that no one ought to disturb it. The *Zerlines* of Bosio, and the *Don* of Mario are, perhaps, unrivalled in *historic* annals. There are to be seen again before the end of the season. Oh! Londoners, let them not pass by."

Oh! Cneph—vomit thine egg! *The Saturday Review* and the "consuls," and the "rubric," and the "seasons," and the Suryabans and Chandrabans, and the "golden-voiced Giugliini" are outdone. This beats everything, in short, except the description of the story of *Zampa* in the *Morning Advertiser*, which beats it :—

"The story of the opera, all musical readers know, may be summed up in a few words. Camilla is beloved by Zampa, who has a rival in Alfonso, who turns out to be his own brother; Camilla, however, becomes the bride of the pirate, who unfortunately has been the deceiver of an unhappy maiden 'Albina di Manfredi,' who now visits the glimpses of the moon, and causes some little perturbation in the mind of the fairies Zampa, who, for his past offences, at the close of the drama, according to the *libretto*, utters a terrible lament, and dis-

appears, with the statue (Albina), who sinks enveloped in flames; a catastrophe very well managed on these boards."

To criticise the above would be "ungenerous if not little." "The whole is so great that no one ought to disturb it." An ass upon a house-ridge is not more extraordinary. The shavings of the writer's beard should be preserved in a gold box adorned with pearl, and consecrated in Grub-street. Reader—*vale!*

MR. G. A. MACFARREN, Mr. Albert Smith, and a host of artistic and ingenious gentlemen, who are united by no common tie save the interest they all take in Bürger's *Lenore*, may be thankful to learn how the Ghost of Clerk Saunders called upon May Margaret. It should be premised that the personage in question, albeit the appellation "Clerk" is prefixed to his name, was not one of those respectable but somewhat humble functionaries who read responses in the church, but that he was a wight of noble birth, being the son of an earl. However, his intimacy with May Margaret was of a nature that did not please her seven brothers, and they accordingly slew him in his sleep, thereby occasioning great distress to the enamoured lady. Her father, who was naturally a good-humoured man, tried to pacify her, by telling her that he would find her a much better match than the murdered "Clerk," but so little effect had his consolation upon the frantic May Margaret, that she shrieked out :—

Gas wed, gas wed your seven sons,
Ill-wedded may they be!
Sith they has killed my ain true love,
For wedded I ne'er shall be.

Now, a twelvemonth and a day after these sad events, May Margaret was sitting in her bower, when suddenly she heard a knock and a cry at the window. She at first suspected that the unknown visitor was a burglar or an incendiary, "seeking of a maik," which last word corresponds pretty closely to the Cockney argot "fake," but her misgivings were soon dispelled:

"I am nae my thief," he says,
"Nor do I seek a maik;
But I'm Clerk Saunders, thy ain love,
Cam here with thee to speak.
I canna rest, Margaret, he says,
Down in the grave, where I must be,
Till ye give me my faith and troth again,
I not, true love, I g'ed to thee."

The young lady refused to make the requested return, unless the deceased Clerk kissed her on the cheek and chin; but the ghost was an honest ghost, and warned her against the imprudence of such a proceeding, which he represented to be both dangerous and disagreeable:

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth
Thy days of love will not be long."

The badness of the rhyme somewhat startled May Margaret, but she recovered herself sufficiently to ask the learned Clerk what was the fate in the other world of those ladies who died in giving increase to the population, and received the satisfactory answer:

"Their beds are made in the heaven's high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel soot about wi' gillyflowers,
I wot sweet company for to see."

However, the daybreak was approaching, and Clerk Saunders was apprehensive that he might be missed. So that more time might not be lost, he observed:

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

May Margaret thereupon took a crystal wand, and handed it out of window as a sign that she returned the Clerk his faith and troth, whereupon he expressed his thanks and departed. But May Margaret was not to be left in this way, so without stopping to put on either shoe or stocking she climbed over the wall and followed her beloved ghost, whom she thus accosted :

"Is there any room at your head, Saunders?
Is there any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I would sleep."

But the ghost did not offer any encouragement. On the contrary, he replied :

"There's nae room at my head, Margaret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Among the hungry worms I sleep.

"Could mould be my covering now,
But and my winding sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Then my resting-place is wet.

"But plait a wand of the bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And gae ye hame, May Margaret,
And wish my saul gude rest."

Whether she followed this good counsel we cannot say, for the pretty story, which will remind our readers not only of "Lenore," but also of the "Pot of Basil," here comes to an abrupt close. But we have in store for them another tale, which is just as good—for it gives them three ghosts instead of one. The impious despair which Lenore felt at her lover's death is here matched by the rage of a certain "Wife of Usher's Well," who, on hearing that her three sons were lost at sea, broke out in these strong terms:—

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor freshen in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."

The imprecation of the wrathful old lady was heard but too well, for—

"It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

"It neither grew in dyke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any shugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birch grew fair enough."

The poor old dame was delighted, for she thought her three sons were all safe and sound. She made for them a large bed, and sat down at the side of it while they were sleeping, with her mantle wrapped about her shoulders. And at this point of the story occurs a passage of such exquisite pathos, that we warn our readers not to rush through it in a hurry, but to pause and ponder over it as a morsel of delicious away:—

"Up then crew the red rock cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channier's' worm doth ehile;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.
"Lie, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us, when she wakes
She'll go mad ere it be day."

So the dead brothers hung their mother's mantle on a pin and departed.

Those who like the above stories have only to purchase Professor Aytoun's edition of the "Ballads of Scotland," which is just published, and contains a vast number of others, equally good and in some cases better. Those who do not like them are so alien from our sympathies, that we desire to hold no communication with them on this or any other subject.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.
F. H. Jewson, Esq.
J. Clinton, Esq.
(To be continued.)

A MODEL PHILHARMONIC PROGRAMME.*

- PREMIÈRE PARTIE.
- Ouverture de la Prison d'Edimbourg ... Carafé.
 - Air des Mousquetaires de la Reine, chanté par M. Falkenberg ... Halévy.
 - La Traviata, pour piano, exécutée par Mlle Masson ... J. Ascher.
 - Duo de la Favorite, chanté par Mlle Artot et M. Falkenberg ... Donizetti.
 - Adagio et Ronde, du concerto de Vioutemps, exécuté par M. Maurin ... Vioutemps.
 - Variations de Rode, chantées par Mlle Artot.

- DEUXIÈME PARTIE.
- Ouverture de la Syriane ... Auber.
 - Un rayon de tes yeux, mélodie chantée par M. Falkenberg ... Stigelli.
 - Noël, cantique d'Adam, tr. p. Fulmagalli.
 - Carnaval de Vénise, exécuté par Mlle Masson et M. Falkenberg ... Vioutemps.
 - Romanço pour le violon, exécuté par M. Maurin ... Halévy.
 - Air espagnol, 'Jasmita,' chanté par M. Artot ... Yradier.

* The first concert of the Boulogne-sur-Mer Philharmonic Society, 'L'œuf d'auteurs le programme complet de cette grande soirée artistique.' Thus does our partial contemporary, *L'Impartial de Boulogne-sur-Mer*, announce the auspicious event.

M. JULLEN has gone to Belgium, *en attendant* the winter concert-season.

BERMINHAM FESTIVAL.—On Monday and Friday (yesterday) Mr. Leslie's *Judith* was rehearsed entire in the Hanover Square Rooms. On Wednesday, Mr. Costa's *serenata*, called *The Dreams*, and *Acis and Galatea* (with Mr. Costa's additional accompaniments) were tried. The entire band was present, but only a few of the chorus—the London contingency, we presume, which we thought had been abolished.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul's comic and musical "Patchwork" nightly increases in public favour. On Monday evening it had the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the American Ambassador, and a select circle of the *élite*.

AMERICAN ENGAGEMENTS.—Mallé, Piccolomini has accepted an engagement for five months to appear at New York and other cities of the United States. Madlle. Johanna Wagner has also been engaged by Mr. Ullmann, the American conductor, as well as M. and Mad. Gassier. It is said, too, that offers have been made to Madlle. Poinot, of the Paris Opéra.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The after season was brought to a termination on Saturday with *scit*, Madlle. Piccolomini sustaining her popular part of Violetta in *La Traviata*. The house was full, and the audience enthusiastic. The knowledge that Madlle. Piccolomini was about to depart for America added to the interest of the occasion. The parting, on both sides, displayed genuine feeling. Bouquets were thrown to Madlle. Piccolomini from other places besides the *Quartier des Fleurs*; and the "claque" was this time at a discount. A similar ovation was attempted to be improvised for Signor Giuglini, after "Tu m'ami," in the last scene of the *Zingara*, but the "golden-voiced" tenor was not bound for America.

Madlle. Piccolomini's departure for America will, of course, preclude any possibility of a winter season, for which we are not sorry. The hybernal performances, the preliminary, anterior, and posterior seasons, at reduced prices, deteriorate in the *prestige* of the old Opera. We have harped long enough on this string. The best of the past cheap season is that it was brief. The performances, however, for the most part, were better than on former occasions.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The closing week of the season has not presented any novelty. On Monday *Don Giovanni* was given for the last extra performance.

On Tuesday *Zampa* was repeated, and received with greater favour than at the first performance. Signor Tamberik and the principal artists were recalled after each act, and the ovation was again vociferously encored.

On Thursday the *Huguenots* attracted an overflowing house, and to-night *Marta* will bring the season to a termination.

LORD ELLERTON.

(From the *Guide Musical*.)

A MUSICAL *matinée* was lately given by Lord Ellerton, one of those patrons of art so numerous in England and Germany—but too uncommon everywhere else. Himself an artist and composer, known to all *dilettanti* by some remarkable productions, possessing several titles, and a man of talent and taste, Lord Ellerton devotes to the art of Mozart and Rossini the leisure which so many others in his place would fritter away in frivolous trifles and dissipation. He has gained by his quartets a very honorable position among the composers of salon music. We have heard two of these quartets, one in A minor and the other in D, admirably executed by Mr. Blagrove, the violinist, and three amateurs.

We may also mention a pleasing romance composed by the noble lord to the celebrated words of the King of Navarre:—

"Si j'avais pouvoir d'oublier la beauté."

It was deliciously interpreted by M. Despret, a Belgian artist, possessing a charming tenor, and exquisite musical expression. He afterwards sang, in a broad and correct style, an air by Stradella, and some melodies by Schubert.

A VERY LIKELY ANECDOTE.—The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, which turns everything to account, has had recourse to concerts. An honest gentleman present at one of these lyrical *fetes*, more deafening than harmonious, approached the orchestra during a pause, and addressing a violoncelist, spoke to him somewhat as follows:—"You make six shillings a-day, sir, and play twelve pieces; this amounts to sixpence each. The last polka pleases me very much; be kind enough to play it over again for me alone. There is sixpence, sir." "What do you mean, sir? You no doubt want to insult me." "That is my look out. Will you give me sixpenny worth of violoncello?" The indignant artist replied by the most vigorous blows ever given by a Briton's fist.—*Guide Musical*.

NEWS FOR THE "ATHENÆUM."

(From the *Saturday Review*.)

It is the last-named lady who, as we have said, gave especial significance to the season just terminated; and we may here point out what may be considered a remarkable instance of a fulfilled prediction. In the programme issued last April, Mr. Lumley thus gave his notion of an ideal *prima donna* :—

"It is seldom that nature lavishes on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to form a great soprano. A voice whose register entitles it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. The melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are scarcely more common. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation, are indispensable; and to these the *prima donna* should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice unless they are illumined by the fire of genius."

This enumeration of *desideranda* was followed by a modest hint that they would all be found in Madlle. Titiens. Now, a managerial announcement is, in general, the last place in which we should look for impartial criticism; but, in this particular case, those who have followed the season of 1858 from its commencement to its close will, we think, arrive at the conclusion that the merits of the artist were very fairly described by the gentleman who was most interested in her success. The cited paragraph virtually embodies a promise, which has been most honourably performed.

LUIA MILLER.

(From *The Leader*.)

Is anything can cure the Verdi fever now raging with unabated virulence among the operatic audiences in this metropolis, it will assuredly be the performance of *Luisa Miller*. Such unmitigated trash it has never been our fate to listen to. From the first bar to the last, not a glimpse of freshness, not a *soufflé* of melody, relieves the dreary waste of dulness and unavailing noise. "Full of sound and fury signifying nothing," is the only fitting epithet to such a production, and we may be permitted to regret that an epithet was not the first and last recognition of its birth and death. It is difficult to imagine that *Luisa Miller* can have preceded (as it did) the *Proscotore*, for while in the latter there is exceeding vigour and a constant flow of what is vulgarly called *tune*, in the former there is nothing but impotence and exhaustion. The instrumentation is enough to spoil the best orchestra in Europe by its coarseness and crudity; for ever and for ever a clash and clang of brass, a braying and a howling in vain; as to the stringed instruments, they execute all sorts of painful creakings and contortions without a single moment's respite or release. The "movements" of the music are like the movements of a man seized with nervous

(*The rest is lost*.—Ed. M. W.)

IMPORTANT TO MR. LUMLEY.—Her Majesty's Theatre, London, has, this year, accorded only a secondary place to the *ballé*. Everything has been sacrificed to Madlle. Titiens, the new singer, whose success for the present and future it was so necessary for Mr. Lumley to secure. Nothing less than the incomparable and always admired talent of Rosati could triumph over this exclusive plan, so much to be deplored for the choreographic art, already placed too much in the back ground at Covent Garden. We must, by the way, remark that the only time last season Her Majesty Queen Victoria went to Mr. Lumley's theatre, was to see Mad. Rosati in the ballet of *La Sonnambula*, which, though fearfully mutilated, afforded unbounded satisfaction. The Queen remained in her box till the end of the performance, and, at all Rosati's *pas* and dramatic scenes, testified, by her applause, the pleasure afforded her by the eminent artist. It may, therefore, be asserted that Mad. Rosati alone triumphed over the indifference evinced by the management for everything which did not tend to the obligatory success of Madlle. Titiens.—*France Musical*.

THE SWEDISH NATIONAL SINGERS.

The performances of the above *troupe* of national vocalists, in the lower room of St. James's Hall, have excited considerable sensation. The Swedish singers are nine in number. They execute, for the most part, old Swedish melodies, than which nothing, indeed, can be more original, characteristic, charming or satisfying. The voices of the singers are well balanced, and blend admirably; the *pianos* and *fortes* are managed with perfect effect; while the body of tone produced is almost unprecedented from so small a band. The Swedish minstrels came to England with recommendations from continental courts, and have performed before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and at the houses of the principal nobility. At the St. James's Hall their first series of concerts was so eminently successful, as to warrant a second. The "minstrels" have also sung in the provinces, and in every instance with the same result. They are now giving farewell performances at St. James's Hall, and we recommend all lovers of national music to pay them a visit. Their appearance in native costume is very striking.

To vary their entertainments, Madlle. Sophie Humler, a young lady-violinist of no inconsiderable pretensions, who has elicited the eulogiums of the press, and turned *Punch's* head, is engaged. Madlle. Sophie Humler is a pupil of M. Alard, of the Paris Conservatoire. She performs compositions by M. Alard, M. Viextemps, and other contributors to the violin, and displays a vigorous execution, accompanied with much taste and feeling. The instrumental department has not always been monopolised by the lady-violinist, Mr. F. Eben, a flute-player, having played on several occasions. The pianoforte accompanist is Mr. George Loder, who performs his duties irreprouchably.

Shortly after the arrival of the Swedish singers in London, Madame Bieder appeared. This lady is a florid singer, of considerable talent, and enlivens the performance with solos, in which voice and art are both conspicuous. Miss Laura Baxter, the *contralto*, has also appeared.

We append the names of the nine "minstrels," which exhibit a greater relation to the muses in number than in euphony:—S. P. Rathman (from Dalecarlia), F. A. Forsberg (from Skåne), F. A. Hvenström (from Skåne), O. T. Holmgren (from Dalecarlia), L. O. Heidenberg (from Småland), E. R. Holmberg (from Wermland), J. R. Ström (from Södermanland), A. J. Löfström (from Dalecarlia), and A. H. Nordström (from Lappland).

PARIS.—The arrangements for the Théâtre-Italien are now completed. The following are the engagements:—*Soprano*—Mesdames Grisil, Penco, Alboni, de Ruda, and St. Urbain; *prima donna comprimaria*—Madame Cambardi; *contralto*—Madame Nantier-Didié; *tenors*—Signors Mario, Tauberlik, Ludovico Graziani (brother of the *barytone*), and Galvani; *barytone*—Signors Graziani and Corsi; *primo buffo*—Signor Zucchini; *primo basso*—Signor Angelini. Director of the orchestra, Signor Bonetti. Among the new works promised are Verdi's *Macbeth*. M. Henri Litolf has passed through Paris on his way to Spa, where he goes to organise a grand musical *fête*, assisted by the Choral Society of Liège and a numerous orchestra. Signor Sivioli and other artists are engaged for the festival, which takes place on the 19th instant. The following compositions of M. Litolf will be executed:—*Overture to the Girondins*; *Chant des Quêtes*; fourth *Concerto-Symphonique*. From Spa M. Litolf proceeds to Baden.—M. Thalberg has arrived in Paris on his return from America. The celebrated pianist-composer, we are credibly informed, intends paying a flying visit only to Paris. After a tour in Germany he purposes retiring to Naples, his future residence, shutting himself out from the world of music, or, as a Parisian journalist writes, "*Join des concerts et du piano*." He is nevertheless still engaged upon his *Art du Chant*, which, it is hoped, may not be his last work. M. Viextemps has also returned to France from America. He intends passing the winter in Paris.

A FEDERICO GYE, ESQ.

PER L'APERTURA DEL TEATRO DI COVENT GARDEN.

SONETTO.

A Te di verde alloro il crin s'adorni,
 Che lode eccelsa meriti ed alto omaggio,
 Pel sommo tuo sapere ed il coraggio
 Di trarre a fin tutt' opra in brevi giorni.
 Delle Camene il Tempio ci ritorni;
 Tale che ogguri l' ammirar e preghi il Saggio;
 Iri d' Apollo i figli avran retaggio.
 E noi l' Iridea fia che il plauso storni.
 Co' secoli vivrà tuo illustre Nome,
 E plaudiranno i posteri la Fame
 Che il nido suo posò, nelle tue chiome.
 L' Artista e il mondo festi appien felice,
 Ch' il naseale Oggetto di tua brama,
 Rinscuo al par dell' Araba Fenice.

In segno di ossequio e di rispetto,

LORENZO MOSTERASI,
 Prompter of the Royal Italian Opera.

TO FREDERICK GYE, ESQ.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE COVENT GARDEN.

SONETTO.

(Translation—by the Author).

Or green laurels let thy head be adorned,
 As thou deservest high praise, and great homage,
 For thy great knowledge and courage
 Of bringing to an end such a work in a few days.
 The Temple of the Camæns thou resurrect to us;
 Such as every one admires, thou hast raised the wise man:
 There the sons of Apollo will have their heritage,
 And *Eve* may never turn aside the applause.
 With centuries will leave thy illustrious Name,
 And posterity will applaud to Fame
 That its nest placed in thy hair.
 The Artist and the world thou hast made happy,
 Because the hopes of thy Object, if thy wishes
 Reappeared like the Arabian Phoenix.

PEL FAUSTO GIORNO NATALIZIO ED
 ONOMASTICO DI GIULIA GRISIL

SONETTO.

Cantar' or' io son vo' l' alto tuo merito,
 Chè di tua gesta interio scoglio il mondo;
 Mia brama è sol (avendo Apol' secondo)
 Di lieti augurii e voti ordirti un sercio.
 Delle gioje un tesor ti serbi aperto
 Il Fato, e d' ogni ben tu sia fecondo:
 Nel seno t' erga il tron l' uor giocondo.
 E mai non fia di Pace il cor deserto.
 Quest' è il bel dì in che il ciel ti dà la vite,
 E Dea nomotti del celeste canto.
 Pel qual vien l' alma in estasi rapite.
 Quai rose fan tue forme orgio vermiglie;
 E un' Eden t'orgi Mario a Te d' accanto,
 Cogliendo baci dalle dolci figlie.

In segno di affettuosa stima e di rispetto

LORENZO MOSTERASI.

Tonbridge.—(From a Correspondent).—The music performed at the annual celebration of Tonbridge School, by the school choir, in the parish church, was as follows:—One-hundredth Psalm; Chant for the Psalms, York; Service, Dr. Wesley, in F; and the Tonbridge Dismissal Hymn. The concluding voluntary was the Triumphal March from Gilbert's *Oratorio, The Restoration of Israel*. The choir, numbering upwards of fifty voices, performed their duties exceedingly well. Mr. Gilbert, M.H., organist of the Parish Church, presided. At the conclusion of service, the masters of the school were entertained at dinner by the Worshipful Company of Skinners, the governors of the foundation.

BIRMINGHAM.—MR. BACHE'S CONCERT.—This concert, which was looked forward to with much interest, took place on Thursday last at Doe's Hotel. The room, we are glad to say, was well filled. With the exception of a trio of Mozart's, and a cabaletta of Donizetti's, the concert consisted of Mr. Bache's own compositions; and of these we shall speak more particularly, the pieces before-mentioned being too well known to require special notice. We may, however, remark that the trio (in E flat) was well performed, especially on the part of the pianist, Mr. G. Russell. The first piece of Mr. Bache's was an "Andante and Polonaise," with accompaniments for stringed instruments, the opening movement of which is exceedingly smooth and graceful, showing a refinement of taste in the violin accompaniments which immediately won the good opinion of the audience. Of the two songs, "The Wanderer's Prayer" and "Barcarola Veneziana" (both in MS.), the first-named is by far the best, the melody being very expressive and tender, yet combined with a gravity reminding us strongly of the modern German ballad style, and most admirably adapted to the English translation given of Goethe's "Wanderer's Prayer for Peace." The second song is written in the "Barcarole" style, and is piquant and lively, though without any particular claim on the score of originality. Miss Hill, to whom these songs were entrusted, was evidently suffering from nervousness, but apart from this we have rarely heard this lady in better voice, the latter part of the "Wanderer's Prayer" being sung in a manner which evinced remarkably pure feeling and good taste. In praise of the next instrumental piece, the "Morceau de Concert" (also in MS.), very much might be said. The opening, which is full and bold in conception, was performed in excellent style, and in the second movement there is an originality about both the subject and its treatment which attests that the author is not a mere imitator of better known composers. Altogether it is a production of which Mr. Bache may well be proud. The pianoforte playing of Mr. G. Russell in the concerted piece was very mastery. The last song, "Childhood's joy," was of a much lighter character than those which preceded it. The melody is graceful and pleasing, but not so much calculated for display. The concert was brought to a close by Mr. Russell's performance of a pianoforte solo, Mr. Bache's composition, descriptive of a sleighing party. This is a most charming piece, and shows imaginative and descriptive powers of a quality but rarely met with. In the hands of Mr. Russell, it produced a delightful effect. Speaking generally of Mr. Bache's compositions we may say that they occupy a position midway between the purely romantic school and the severely classical, and will be of great use in drawing people away from the lighter class of compositions towards those which are classical and lasting. It is a matter for deep regret that one so eminent and gifted should suffer from the want of the moderate physical health and power required for the study and production of works of musical art. It was announced that Mr. Bache would perform two solos of his own composition, but his feeble health prevented his friends from enjoying the pleasure of listening to him—indeed his pallid features and enfeebled frame, as he sat by the side of the pianoforte upon which his works were being rendered, painfully indicated that he was unequal to the slightest exertion.—*Arist's Gazette.*

BIRMINGHAM.—The numerous applications which it is a matter of congratulation to find are daily received from persons residing in all parts of the United Kingdom for information respecting the Festival, leads to a well-grounded hope that the approaching meeting will be more fully attended than on any previous celebration. It is evident that great interest has been excited by the publication of the detailed programme, which is now in circulation, and as it embraces full particulars of the performance and general arrangements, it is eagerly sought for in all directions. The list of vice-presidents which heads this document is unusually numerous and influential, and comprises the names of most of the nobility and gentry of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire. It is satisfactory to hear that the mansions of many of our leading county families will be well furnished with guests for the occasion. The railway companies too, we are glad to find, have behaved with a com-

mendable spirit of liberality, the published special railway arrangements showing unusual facilities for the convenience of visitors. Altogether the prospects appear most encouraging; and when we bear in mind that it is yet three weeks to the end of August, and find that public attention is already so much directed towards our Festival, there can be but little fear as to the ultimate results, which we have every confidence will be all that could be desired by the warmest friends of the General Hospital. The ballot for places for the Tuesday and Wednesday's performances takes place on Friday, the 27th of August; for those of Thursday and Friday, on Saturday, the 28th; and strangers have the pledge of the committee that they will select in every case the best places which the chances of the ballot permit. The advertisement containing other matters of detail appears in another part of our paper. We observe that there are arrangements made for special trains on the London and North Western, Great Western, North Staffordshire, Midland, Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, Stour Valley, and South Staffordshire railways. In every instance the trains arrive in time for the morning and leave Birmingham after the conclusion of the evening performances. Among the visitors to the Festival will be Herr Joseph Joachim, the celebrated violinist, who has postponed his departure from England on purpose to be present. It is also rumoured that the meeting will be graced by the presence of the Duke of Malakoff.—*Birmingham Journal.*

DISASTROUS BY FIRE OF A PIANOFORTE FACTORY.—On Friday morning, August 6th, a fire, involving the destruction of a large amount of property, broke out shortly after five o'clock, on the extensive premises of Mr. Henry Squires, pianoforte manufacturer, No. 25, Hollingworth-street, Liverpool-road, Holloway. The discovery was made by some of the neighbours, who aroused the inmates, and dispatched the police for the Society's fire escapes, which were promptly on the spot, under the direction of Inspector Baddeley, and rendered most essential service on the occasion. The brigade engines from Watling-street, Farrington-street, Jeffrey-square, Holborn, and the two powerful parish engines of Islington, followed very quickly. As to the frequently the case, there was at first a scarcity of water, and the most strenuous exertions of all present failed to make the slightest impression on the flames, which ignited the dwelling-house, which also fell a prey to the flames. A plentiful supply being now obtained, the engines were got to work in an admirable manner, but, notwithstanding great exertions, the manufactory and dwelling, with their valuable contents, were burnt out, and the adjoining houses considerably damaged. The cause of the outbreak is unknown. The loss will fall on the Phenix and other offices.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA.—(From the Monitor).—"The last competitions, both in comic opera and grand opera singing, has shown that the Imperial Conservatoire has trained some beautiful voices; a few still crude and hardly free from their native water, and others sufficiently cultivated to evoke ere long the plaudits of our leading theatres. First of all, we must congratulate Professor Révial, whose unprecedented triumph is well earned by his unremitting labour, indefatigable zeal, and unsurpassed efforts. Two first prizes, awarded unanimously, a second prize worth as much as a first one, and an *accessit*, equal to a second prize: such are the results of this glorious campaign. In the ladies' class, the first prize has been gained by Mademoiselle Augusta Thomson, whom the Opéra is sure to lose no time in securing. She has a magnificent soprano voice, of excellent tone, great flexibility, purity, and vibration. She is said to be of Scottish origin, and has studied for twenty-seven successive months in Professor Révial's class, to whom the success of this pupil is pre-eminently due. Madlle. Thomson sang, in a most admirable manner, the grand scena from the *Huguenots*, 'O beau pays de la Touraine.' In the Gentlemen's Classes, the first prize was awarded to M. Hayet, also Monsieur Révial's pupil, who gave the air of 'La Fiancée' with great expression. In the Female Classes, next to Madlle. Thomson, who *toto vertice supra est*, a second prize was divided between Madlles. Breuille and Litschener." We understand, adds the *North British Daily Mail*, that Madlle.

Thomson is the sister of Mr. James Thomson, the well-known Glasgow professor of the pianoforte, and that she has already been offered a handsome engagement at the Grand-Opéra, Paris.

BRIGNOLI AND GAZZANIGA.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

BRIGNOLI is incurable. He should be made to wear trussers full of thistles, to keep him awake. The rôle of Phao, though somewhat threadbare, is still full of dramatic interest. The rôle of Violetta is equally threadbare; but in the hands of Gazzaniga, it becomes absolutely great. Phao can be made a magnificent rôle for dramatic intensity, but Brignoli (who appears to detect the character) sings it like a stick. Where and how he will end, if he persists in pursuing this sleepy course, Heaven only knows. The aria, in the first act, was deficient in fire, and very bad in the upper notes. He has lately acquired a trick of singing high notes as if from the roof of his mouth—a mode very easy of execution, but tending in the end to what might be called insanity. Brignoli can sing divinely, if he chooses. He is enormously fat, but "with and wisdom," in his case, do not come together. His repose on the stage is death-like, and enough to throw a cold chill upon the impassioned Gazzaniga. The costume in this opera seems made up from *Norma* and *Semiramide*; and Brignoli's, in particular, is abominable.

Of Gazzaniga, what can we say? If we had swallowed forty dictionaries, in as many different languages, we should still be unable to do her justice. Her face is childlike and full of expressive simplicity, with the sweetest (looking—for we cannot, alas! vouch personally for its saccharine qualities) sort of a mouth imaginable, that utters sounds of joy or woe in the most wonderful manner. From the beginning to the end of this opera her performance was a triumph. She carried the entire weight, almost, like Atlas of old, upon her own shoulders. The duet, in the second act, with Miss Philippa, was tender and bewitching. The second act was magnificent. Madame Gazzaniga's lower notes have a wild, wailing tone about them, at times, that appeals strangely to the heart. The trio in the third act was admirably given. The nuptial song and the *finale* were truly grand. Her acting throughout was superb. This opera demands so much intense action, that we fear, in other hands, it would prove a failure. It so proved in London, when first produced there, and was withdrawn after the second representation. Here Madame Gazzaniga has made it a great success. Mr. Gye should have secured her for Covent Garden, and pitted her against the reputed formidable Piccolomini, of Lumley's troupe. London would be swept, as if by a tornado, at the rivalry of two such actresses.

WRENS.—We waked the other morning—one of those May mornings—notwithstanding our domicile is a city one, with delightful sounds coming in at the window. They were the notes of sweet-singing birds. What lovely music. It was the first of the season that had come to our ears, and it struck a chord that called to mind scenes of youth, long long ago. We hastened to the window and looked out. Ha, ha, my old wren, you cried, and I for you have come back again. It was the wren, the same ones, undoubtedly, we built a nestling-place for last year. There was one pair then, now two pair—the progeny, we suppose, of those that sung for us last year. And so, we said, you have both come for a nestling-place, have you? Well, there is the old one, but you must have another. An increasing family needs more room. You shall have it. Notwithstanding the morning was a rainy one, we fastened our pets might for neglect, and so down we went to provide for their necessities. How amply we repaid the little labour; for all the time we were engaged they were hopping about the peach limbs, picking off the insects and singing all the while most merrily. Who would not cultivate such society as this? Who would not like to have their faces protected from insects that destroy foliage and fruit? Every one, surely. Then protect the wrens, build nestling-places for them, and they will come every spring and send their sweet notes into your open window every pleasant May morning, to waken you to see the beauty of sunrise, or hurl you into dreams of the old farm-house, orchard, and singing-birds.—*Tribune*.

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Yes, for me Time's power
Is not misgiving

Quel d'over
A consolarmi affrett
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VOL. 36.—No. 34.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

MR. W. SCHULTZES, begs to announce that he has removed to 4, Alfred-place, Alexander Square, Brompton, S.W.

WANTED by a Musician in the country.—A young man of steady habits, to learn pianoforte tuning; one who can play at sight would be preferred. A small progressive salary will be given. Apply by letter, addressed, A. B., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

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ARTHUR NAPOLEON begs to announce to his numerous patrons and friends his arrival at Liverpool, from Brail and Rio de Prata. During his short stay in England, he will receive engagements (for the provinces) at No. 35, Bedford-street, Liverpool.

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WANTED immediately a **CONDUCTOR** for the **CARMARTHEN MUSICAL SOCIETY**. He must be a skilful violinist, fully competent to lead the orchestra, and to arrange and adapt the music. Salary, £50 and a Benefit Concert.
A gentleman who understands choiral teaching, and can give finishing lessons in singing will be much preferred. Address with testimonials to the Hon. Sec., Journal Office, Chesham-st.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—Positively the last five nights of the season. Introduction of four Original Characters and Songs. Every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday next (last time) at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 5s. Seals secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Crumer, Beale, and Cox's, 291, Regent-street. The Gallery to be let during Mr. and Mrs. Reed's provincial tour. Application by letter only to Mr. J. H. Fikin.

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The trial will take place on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the preceding week, immediately after Morning Service.
All applications and testimonials must be sent in, addressed to Mr. EDWARD PEAR, Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, at his office in the College, Durham, on or before Friday, the 3rd day of September next.
The travelling expenses of the Candidates, who shall be summoned to the trial, will be paid by the Dean and Chapter.
College, Durham, July 31, 1858.

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FOR many years past, manufacturers and professors have endeavoured to lessen the inconvenience arising from the collection of water in wind instruments, caused by the condensation of the breath, but all attempts have hitherto failed. Lately, a key (a very old system) has been re-introduced, by opening which the water is allowed to escape, still the water *does* collect in the instrument, and a performer must *leave off playing to get rid of it*. After a time, from constant use, the key becomes loose, and the water rots the pad of the key; in either case, the instrument cannot be air-tight, and the tone is injured in consequence.

The ordinary mode of turning the water out, by taking off the tuning slide, is still more injurious to the instrument, as the constant pulling in and out of this slide soon renders it loose. This evil is more particularly experienced in the army, where the slide is continually exposed to dust, which it readily catches. Moirato's Patent Water Reservoir entirely eradicates this evil, and by means of this simple contrivance, which requires no adjusting, and is self-acting, a person may now play any length of time without experiencing this inconvenience. The outward appearance of the Reservoir is that of an ordinary scimitar valve slide; its application is, however, quite different. The tubing of the instrument, where the Reservoir is attached, is perforated with several small holes, the slide on either side being fitted up with a sponge tightly fitted, which absorbs the moisture, and at the same time keeps the instrument air-tight. The water, after passing through the sponge, falls into the Reservoir.

PRICE OF THE RESERVOIR ATTACHED TO ANY NEW INSTRUMENT OF BOOSEY AND SONS' MAKE, FROM 15s. to 21s.
THIS PATENT IS ALSO APPLICABLE TO MOST INSTRUMENTS AT PRESENT IN USE.

A FEW OF THE MANY TESTIMONIALS ALREADY RECEIVED:

CHATHAM,
August 6, 1858.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in bearing my testimony to the efficiency and use fully so of Moirato's Patent Water Reservoir.

The evil eradicated by this simple contrivance is one of the greatest we have to contend against in military bands, and I feel convinced your patent must shortly come into general use.

Your obedient servant,

J. A. KAPPAY,
Band Master, 1st Division Royal Marines, Chatham.

FIMLING,
July 29th, 1858.

I have tried "Moirato's Reservoir" attached to a cornet, and find it answers admirably. With this attachment, an artist can perform for several hours on his instrument without drawing off the water.

1st Trumpet Player at Her Majesty's Theatre.

WOOLWICH,
26th June, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to your invention of a Reservoir attached to the cornet's piston, and I believe, applicable to all brass instruments. Having seen its capabilities fairly tested, I am bound to speak in the warmest terms of its full and complete success, and concur in your assertion that "a person may now play any length of time without the water collecting in his instrument." I trust, ere long, to see your invention attached to all brass instruments in use.

With my best wishes for your success,

I remain,
Your obedient servant,
J. SMITH,
Band Master, Royal Artillery.

To Mr. J. MOIRATO DAVIS.

114, CAMBRIDGE STREET, WARWICK SQUARE,
August 7, 1858.

I have tried in my band, Moirato's Patent Water Reservoir "attached to five or six different brass instruments," and can speak with confidence of its complete success. I am also very glad to find it does not in the least interfere with the tone of the instruments. I look upon this Water Reservoir as an invaluable addition to all brass instruments.

C. BOOSEY,
Band Master, Scots Fusilier Guards.

WIMBORNE,
August 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have duly received yours of the 6th instant, and the cornet-piston to which it has reference.

The improvement of the way to get rid of the water by means of the Reservoir is the most simple, and at the same time the most effective for the purpose I have ever seen. I am also bound to say, that it does not injure the tone or intonation of the instrument in the slightest degree.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
C. GODFREY,
Band Master, Coldstream Guards.

To Messrs. BOOSEY AND SONS.

SOLE VENDORS OF THE PATENT:

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MILITARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS,

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Proceedings will be immediately commenced against any Person infringing this Patent.

MOZART'S SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In reading your last paper my attention was drawn to the letter relating to Mozart's son, where I learnt that he was living in Milan, and suffering from poverty. Wishing to assist the son of our immortal composer, I should feel greatly obliged to you if you would favour me with the address and all the particulars relating to this interesting man.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

CARL A. LANGE, Professeur de Musique.

Place St. François, No. 13, Lausanne, July 30, 1858,
(Canton de Vaud) Switzerland.

[We regret we are unable to furnish our correspondent with any particulars whatever.—Ed.]

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your notice last week of the programme of the intended performances at the approaching celebration of this important festival, you allude to the "additional accompaniments by Mozart" to Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, used some years since at Exeter Hall.

Of the desirability of amplifying and enriching the original score of this cantata, so as to give scope to the full resources of a modern orchestra, I suppose there will hardly be a question, any more than, as you say, the competence of Mr. Costa for the task can be doubted. Still, however, the question remains to be answered—What has Mozart already done in this matter, and why are the accompaniments made use of by the Harmonic Union, if really the work of so great a man, to be now set aside? I hope some of your correspondents may be able to give a satisfactory answer to the query, or at any rate to throw some further light upon the subject by informing us of the authority for holding the arrangements in question to be the genuine work of Mozart, and further, whether the word "traveller" must be understood to mean that the band parts have been rewritten or merely adapted to an orchestra of increased power. It might also be a matter of interest to inquire whether any other of Handel's now neglected cantatas, such as the "Triumph of Time and Truth" and "Hercules," has ever been, or might be, similarly "travelléd" with advantage.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. WATER.

OPERA GLASSES.

To the Editor of the Era.

SIR,—I was at the Opera in Covent Garden on Saturday night, when an opera glass fell from one of the upper tier of boxes into the pit. Had it in its flight struck one of the audience on the head, either instantaneous death must have been the result, or such an injury as would have rendered the sufferer an idiot for life. This accident occurred from a person having placed an opera glass on the ledge of the box, and then accidentally pushing it over.

Now a light brass wire screen carried beneath the boxes would be extremely ornamental, and would be a perfect guard against such an accident, to which so many are exposed. I have seen the Queen look very forward from her box at an interesting stage of the performance—the fall of a heavy opera glass from an upper tier-box, and a whole nation might be in tears.

The managers of theatres will not, I feel certain, require more than their attention being called to this admonition.

CHRISTOPHER.

[While securing accident from the boxes, a lady complains to us of the inconvenience she experiences in the stalls, having to hold her Opera-glass the whole evening. She suggests a small shelf or pocket at the back of each chair, which could not possibly be in the way of any one.—Ed. of Era.]

EDWARD LODGE'S OPERA OF RAYMOND AND AGNES.—It is reported that Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison have accepted the above-named opera for their forthcoming season at Drury Lane Theatre. This would be infinitely preferable to an English version of Herr Flotow's *Martha*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A CALIFORNIAN.

(Continued from page 516.)

FROM Sydney to Melbourne is a sea passage of about five hundred miles to the southward, which we made in a very swift steamer, the *Telegraph*. The coast is visible the whole distance, and the two principal points, Capes Howe and Otway, stand out in bold relief against the horizon. The steamer was a very swift one (that is, swift for the colonies, where the majority of the boats are worn out old screws from the Clyde), and we arrived at Melbourne in forty-eight hours. The harbour (Port Phillip) is very large and commodious, but possesses none of the natural beauties of Port Jackson (Sydney), and the city altogether an air of *weariness* strongly resembling those extra ordinary towns in the great west of America, which spring up as if by magic. Many of the public buildings and large stores, banks, &c., &c., are noble piles, but the majority being of a dark blue stone, of volcanic origin, give the city a prison-like appearance. The streets are laid out principally at right angles, alternately wide and narrow, and named accordingly, as for example, Great Bourke-street, Little Bourke-street, Great Lonsdale-street, Little Lonsdale-street, and so on with the ditto to the end of the line (or rather municipality). Its rapid growth is of course, in a great measure, owing to the discovery of the Victoria gold fields, but has been greatly accelerated by the presence of Americans, whose go-ahead propensities have inoculated their staidier neighbours, and the consequence has been that the colony of Victoria has progressed in a much greater ratio than her sisters New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Indeed, to such an extent has the "curse of gold" infected, Midas-like, the land, that the great Australian staple, wool, was for a time neglected for its own prosperity induced by the auriferous discoveries; and while her slower sister, New South Wales, was quietly plodding along, Victoria (like California) has had to pass, and is still passing, through the period of mercantile depression consequent upon over-trading, and the neglect of the natural staple products which alone are the true wealth of a nation. And to this unpleasant condition she has been brought in a great measure by the ridiculous conduct of merchants and manufacturers at home, who would persist (spite of the entreaties of their correspondents in the colonies) in glutting the markets with every description of wearing apparel, hardware, &c., &c., which were sent on consignment; the consignees had in order to pay freight charges, &c., &c., to force goods into the market at nominal prices, and very often articles of excellent manufacture could be bought at a discount of fifty per cent. below the London manufacturer's rates. And while I was in Melbourne there must have been an impression at home that the colonists fed upon leather, for there were boots and shoes enough to give every man, woman, and child in the colony a pair daily for a twelvemonth to come. Now I think we have had quite enough of political economy (or wastefulness as the case may be), and let us indulge in a little *metric*, as a delicate gentleman of my acquaintance calls it.

The good people of Melbourne are great lovers of music, more especially when placed before them in an operatic form. They possess three theatres—the Royal, the Princesses, and the Olympic—or Coppin's Iron Pot as it is called, being built of corrugated iron, and well calculated, from its materials, during the hot summer months, to *suave* an audience. The Princesses' was originally an amphitheatre, ninety-two feet in width; and was altered into a theatre, or opera-house, for our opera season, in 1857. The Royal is a handsome theatre, of which Coppin is the lessee, but the exterior is unfinished, and as the entrance is through a large saloon used as a promenade by the vilest of the vile of both sexes, in which the most disgusting scenes continually occur, it is not to be wondered at that the theatre is not generally patronised by the *élite* of the inhabitants. Mr. Coppin is also the proprietor of Clonmore, a very pretty establishment some three miles from the city, in the district of Richmond, upon the pretty Yarra-Yarra River, and is frequented much by the same description of ladies and gentlemen as the London establishment of the same name, and the *High Jinks* carried on there upon

gala nights after midnight, beggar all description. Concerts are given in a little room, holding about four hundred people, called the Mechanic's Institute; and in the Exhibition Building, one of those glass cucumber frames called into being by Sir Joseph Paxton, and about as badly adapted for sound as the Crystal Palace, St. James's Hall, the Thames-Tunnel, or any other similar establishment in which music and poetry, like the babes in the Tower, are smothered. When will architects be convinced, by practical experience, that a segment of a circle is not the shape for the ceiling of a hall intended for musical purposes? and that a lot of kneeling, fat, indelicate cupids, the colour of dairy-fed pork (as at St. James's Hall), can by no possibility assist vibration? Rot your stencilled ceilings and Venetian red walls, say I! Give me rather a "Plain Brick Playhouse," as old Cobbett said (or rather as Horace and James Smith said for him), where you can hear a fiddle or two without swearing at the architect. Our stay at Melbourne this time was very short, as we only gave a concert in the cucumber frame for the benefit of the hospital, which, I am happy to say, was nobly responded to by the music-loving people of Melbourne. Our next destination was across the Bay to Geelong, the second city in point of population in the colony of Victoria. Here we played an opera season of a month with excellent success, much to our astonishment, for the town looks as if it had taken a spell of forty winks from Rip Van Winkle's long nap. From thence we were to penetrate "into the bowels of the land," yes, even unto Ballarat, a distance by coach of ninety miles. The coaches are square waggons of American manufacture, mounted upon leather springs, and are well adapted for the heavy work they have to undergo in travelling the exceedingly rough roads leading to the gold regions. They are owned and driven by Americans, and I have often beheld good English whips quite astonished at the apparently reckless, though really careful *Jehuism* of the drivers as they dash forward at a fearful pace through the half burnt woods and over the ragged mountain courses which are dignified with the name of roads; and there is a good story extant of a comical coon, one of the best drivers, devil-may-care, and good-hearted men in the world. His real name is Bradley, but he is generally called (as a term of endearment I presume) by the monosyllabic designations of Brads or Brad. This amiable youth once started from Ballarat at six o'clock in the morning for Geelong, at which place he was due at three in the afternoon; and some idea may be formed of the pace at which he went by the fact of his arrival at eleven o'clock, four hours in advance of his time, and with one solitary passenger (an old sailor used to holding on), having dropped all the others, nine in number, at various points along the road. Mr. Brad did not drive that line again in a hurry, but he is now comparatively steady, and is one of the most reliable drivers upon the Bendigo route. From the extreme roughness of the road, and the rate at which you are carried, by the time you arrive at your destination you feel very much as if you had been taking a night's ride with the Black Huntsman, and had lost leather in the operation; and I was really so much fatigued with being driven through the top of the wagon, and being bumped on the bottom (of it), that I respect nothing of the scenery or the approach to Ballarat, except a confused idea of trees with lead-coloured leaves and burnt trunks and branches, varied with tufts of a high rank grass that resembled stumpy palm trees. At length habitations began to take a position among the eternal stringy-bark and blue gum trees, and for miles we passed through numberless huts and tents, our coach meandering through a network of holes full of muddy water, which were the remains of trials for pay-dirt, as it is called; and at length reached the end of our journey, Ballarat Flat, much to our delight and personal comfort.

The Flat (so called in contradistinction to the Camp), which is upon a hill adjacent) is a long straggling street, macadamised with quartz, and filled with hotels, public-houses, theatres, casinos, singing-rooms, shops, restaurants, miners, horse dealers, jockies, and those hordes of lazy hangers-on that are found in every mining camp all over the world. An atmosphere of dirt pervaded everything, and during the six weeks that we remained

it rained on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and had been doing so, according to all accounts, for four months before our arrival. There are three theatres on the Flat: the Montezuma (at which we played), the Victoria, and the Charlie Napier (the two last being semi-casinos). We played operas four nights a week, sometimes in Italian, sometimes French, and once the *Sonnambula* in English, Count Zedoff by the light comedian (weighing sixteen stone) of the dramatic company, who certainly gave a new appearance, if not a new reading to the part, by sporting an exceedingly black eye, which he had obtained the night before at a ball at the Charlie Napier, the said balls at that aristocratic establishment generally winding up with a *free fight*, at which all present were expected to assist.

Our audiences were of a very heterogeneous description, with a slight sprinkling of German and French gentlemen, merchants in the place, to whom our advent was a perfect God-send, and though our operatic efforts might not bear a very critical examination (excepting, of course, the principals), nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the mass of our patrons, and the six weeks' opera season at the Ballarat Diggings was a profitable one to Madame Bishop.

(To be continued.)

DON JUAN AT THE THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

(From *The Leader*.)

THE *Festin de Pierre*, of all Molière's pieces, is perhaps the most difficult to put upon the stage. For this reason, managers from time to time make the attempt after careful study; and, whatever be the success, the event always creates a sensation in the dramatic world. We should rather say in the Paris world generally; for what member of it is not interested in theatrical matters? Who ever heard of a Parisian, between infancy and decrepitude, in whom the theatre had not been a passion at some time or other of life? Accordingly, the revival of this singular drama at the Français has been as much talked of as many of Mr. Keen's revivals at the Princess's. Its chief characteristics, however, is not its interest, but its appearance so carefully executed, nor its effects, which have been suffered to be too much trampled by tradition. The mode of the appearance of a statue, for example, except when first seen upon its pedestal, seems to us a mistake. It is too evidently a mass of plaster, with joints at its neck and knees, so that the incredulity of Don Juan appears natural and undisturbable, whilst the fright of his followers is ridiculous. Even when the *l'ibertina* goes somewhere so much before his time, dragged down by the huge puppet, instead of being awe-struck we feel as if we were the subject of a practical jest, and have no fear for the wages of Sganarelle. How different would be the effect if, instead of slavishly following the tradition of a time when stage-magic was unknown, an opening of a sombre character were managed between the banquetting-table, disclosing a vast half-lighted staircase, leading down as if to unknown depths! Up this the statue should glide, not walk; and, indeed, in all his appearances it would be perfectly possible to invest him with a special character. Then, again, the skeleton that comes in wrapped in a sheet is simply ridiculous, and inspires no more awe than a child's Old Bogie. In Molière's time this might be well enough. But now, with the means at our disposal, we should not be satisfied with such meagre arrangements. This spectre should make its appearance at the back of the stage, in such a manner as to strike awe into the soul of the spectator as well as into Don Juan. All the effect would be in the slightest degree departing from the original conception. Molière would have been delighted to have the support of such appliances. M. Empis, who has already shown so much intelligence and taste, and has succeeded in interesting the French public once more in their national theatre, should take these matters into his consideration.

In every other respect we can give almost unlimited praise to the manner in which this piece has been brought out. There is nothing to object to in Madlle. Judith's interpretation of the character of Elvire; but Madlle. Favart has since attempted a new interpretation with success. This is part of the new system of M. Empis. He sets the various members of his company to try their hands successively at the same characters, so that though a piece may remain a long time in the bills, there is constantly something new to attract, at any rate, the amateur. Mr. F. is, however, remarkably persevering in the part of Matburin; and certainly a more consistent and more interesting character with reverence be it spoken, the character itself, and the scene in which it is developed are, as Molière left them, of comparatively little value.

enthusiastically applauded, especially that of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Prince von Hohenzollern, with several members of the court, were present.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

VIENNA.—The season just concluded has again proved that Italian opera has outlived itself. Don Giovanni, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così fan Tutte*, with Rossini's best works, constituted the life and soul of the three-monthly attempt. *Il Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*, it is true, were brought out to satisfy the uneducated and badly educated portion of the public, but it was impossible to renounce out anything new in this line. Verdi's *Aroldo*, and Perelli's *Clarissa Harlowe* were two wretched failures, while *Così fan Tutte* lost a freshness and charm to the season. Where, then, is the influence of the Italian element, conjured up in vain at such an expense.

Of the 75 operatic performances, 22 were devoted to Verdi (*Il Trovatore*, 11; *Rigoletto*, 6; *Ernani*, 3; *Aroldo*, 2); 20 to Rossini (*Il Barbiere*, 10; *La Cenerentola*, 4; *Mosè*, 4; *Gli Italiani in Algeri*, 2); 16 to Mozart (*Così fan Tutte*, 6; *Figaro*, 5; *Don Giovanni*, 5); 10 to Bellini (*La Sonnambula*, 5; *Norma*, 3; *I Montecchi e Capuleti* 2); 5 to Donizetti (*Lucerna*, 4; *Don Pasquale*, 1); 2 to Ferelli (*Clarissa Harlowe*, 2). Herren Proch, Esmer, and De Barbieri concluded in turns. A total of seventeen operas by six different composers was given during the season.

Great hopes are entertained of the German operatic season. Eckert's career, although it commenced last winter, may be dated from July, 1858. He commands the good wishes of very many persons, but time alone can prove what he will and can do. There can be no doubt of the ability and intentions of the new directors of the Opera-house. The fact of Wagner's *Lohengrin* opening the season is laudable only inasmuch as that the work is by a German composer. It is to be hoped that Marschner's *Hilarene* will follow, at least, although we do not hear much about it. We have yet to learn whether we shall have *Idomeneo*, and *Tiva*, *Die Vestalin*, *Temper und Judin*, *Hans Sicking*, *Cerberus's Medea*, *Glnck's Armida*, *Iphigenia*, and *Orpheus*, which for us are nearly as good as new. It is impossible to do everything at once.

On the 29th July, the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Conservatory took place in the rooms of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*. It was preceded by a concert, opened by Robert Schumann's symphony in D, performed, under the direction of Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, with as much precision and force as could be expected from the youthful orchestra. Among the solo performances of the pupils, we may particularly mention the execution of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Herr Leopold Auer, and of the grand air from *Norma*, by Mdlle. Gabriele Kraus. Mdlle. Katharina Bauer, too, in the aria from *Fidelio*, proved she possessed a fine voice, especially in the higher notes, but that a pupil of the Conservatory should have already contracted the defect of broadly pumping out the lower notes, does not say much for the correctness or strictness of the method pursued there.

It is very satisfactory that *Geang-Verein* for full chorus—the *Singverein*, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, and the *Sing-Academie*, under that of Herr Stegmair—have at last been established again here. Neither of these associations has been able to withstand the temptation of giving a public performance only a few weeks after its foundation, a proceeding which, for two reasons, we consider premature: Firstly, because they have not acquired sufficient certainty, although they possess admirable material; and, secondly, because such haste anticipates rather more than it forwards the object of institutions of this kind, and is in only too liable to make people exert themselves more for outward show, than for a revival of a lively feeling for music and its noblest works. The able and excellent critic on sacred music in the *Wiener Monatschrift* speaks of both performances in the following terms:

"The *Singverein* of our *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* has taken its first step in the way of publicity by performing Palestrina's mass, '*Te Deum Confessor*,' composed about 1590. The selection is emphatically deserving of praise. This mass was a perfect novelty for Vienna, and, looked on from the point of view of an æsthetic church style, is a perfect gem. In the '*Et incarnatus*' the simple and lofty three-toned web soars upward even to

the level of a certain dramatic spirit. Thanks to the zealous exertions and dramatic intelligence of Professor Herbeck, the performers—although, on account of the short time the association has been in existence, somewhat premature—grasped with spirit and tolerable certainty this beautiful composition, especially as regards the devout intonation of the pure points of feeling and dramatic effect contained in it. In the '*Gloria*' and first part of the '*Credo*,' however, the chorus—which, though full and powerful enough in the higher and lower notes, is not sufficiently intense and effective, nay, not numerous enough in the middle ones—fell into the fault, unfortunately too common in this case, of merely singing the lapidary notes, beneath which, however, a profound and glowing feeling mostly slumbers. The new portions introduced by Herbeck, Pertinax, and Hauptmann, although invariably impregnated with the spirit of our own time, and, therefore, not quite adapted to the original work, stood out very favourably, partly on account of their powerful expression, and partly on account of their delicate and harmonious character. The former decidedly laudable quality belongs to the compositions of Herbeck and Pertinax, and the latter, no less effective one, to Hauptmann's wonderfully fused execution. We regret, however, its indelicately confused execution, swarming with fault of every description. We benevolent association will soon think of this composer's '*Vocal Mass*.' Herr Bibl, jun., distinguished himself as a modern organist, in Mendelssohn's style, as much as ever, but his scales, which were nearly all chromatic-enharmonic, formed the most glaring contrast to Palestrina's mass, which is treated in a strictly diatonic manner.

"The *Sing-Academie* has, also, adopted the motto: '*Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam*,' by selecting the performance of a mass as the first sign of its public existence. It has been more careful in its programme than Herr Herbeck's association. Whether it has been more artistic is another question. Following our own conviction, if we do not answer this by a complete negative, we can only give an affirmative conditionally. Friedrich Schneider's '*Vocal Mass*,' like almost everything written by its composer, who, in many respects, was a meritorious musician, belongs to that period between Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which we may justly designate as a deplorable one, destitute of godlike inspiration, and founded merely upon a sort of mechanical musical understanding, or, at most, on the period of the so-called filligree taste. With the exception of the correct '*Kyrie*' and the single ray of dramatic-musical life which flashes through the '*Crucifixus*,' Schneider's mass offers us nothing more than dry passages skilfully copied from the long naturalised masters of the South-German church style. We meet too many old acquaintances from the time of Haydn and Mozart, whose features are only too easily recognisable in spite of the borrowed mask. Schneider's work is well adapted for singing, like all the creations of his model, each of whom was so great in his own way. The effect of such music upon a certain class is unfailing. The compositions of the Dessau master—like those of the illustrious Rohrer* and Salzburg minstrel—are full of the spirit of unadorned nature. The mass in question was most carefully studied in its minutest details. With the exception of a few blunders, it went admirably. The tempo was generally good, and there was a proper distribution of light and shade. The voices were fresh and vigorous, and ennobled, moreover, by real enthusiasm. Rotter's additions, composed expressly for the occasion, and consisting of an '*Asperges*,' '*Graduale*,' and '*Offertorium*,' were remarkably effective."

PHYSIC VICE MUSIC AND VICE VERSA.—The New York journals apprise us of a celebrated American doctor of medicine, by name Standish, who has renounced his profession to appear on the stage. From the same source we learn that Dr. Ward, a medical practitioner of New York, has composed an opera, entitled, *Flora*; or the *Gipsy's Frolic*, which was performed in presence of a select auditory of artists and connoisseurs, and achieved a great success.

* Haydn.

† Mozart.

Last week but One of the Present Season, and Last Nights of the Merchant of Venice.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

TO-MORROW (Monday), and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Shylock by Mr. C. Kean; Portia, by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce, entitled, **DYING FOR LOVE**.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening August 21, a **BENEFIT**, in aid of the funds of the **DRAMATIC COLLEGE** for founding bourses for aged and infirm actors and actresses, and providing maintenance and education for the children of actors, on which occasion will be presented **A DOUBTFUL VICTORY**, **HUSH MONEY**, and **THE WANDERING MINSTREL**, with other attractions to be hereafter announced. Tickets at half-price seven.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DODDCLASS.

Another week of the **Adelphi Artists**, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Selby, Mr. Bruce Norton, Miss Kate Kelly. Mr. B. Webster will appear every evening in three pieces. On Monday and during the week to commence with the **Alcibiades** drama of **MARKS AND FACES**, supported by Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Selby, Miss Kate Kelly, and the whole strength of the Company. To be followed by the comedy of **THE WOMAN HATER**, in which Mr. B. Webster will appear. Concluding with the drama of **WIDOW'S FOUR FRIENDS**, in which Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Selby, and Miss Kelly will perform.

NOTICE.—MR. JAMES ANDERSON, the eminent tragedian, is engaged for twelve nights, and will appear on Monday the 26th. Due notice will be given of the annual visit of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORACK.—"In consequence of peculiar, private, and personal reasons, Mr. Rubinstein is unavoidably prevented fulfilling his engagement with Signori Biletta and Solieri this morning." This was the announcement. The concert was that of Signora Biletta and Solieri.

S. E. M..—"The verses are too poetical for our proxy columns. They would exactly suit the Morning Post, or the Saturday Review."

DIED.

M. BOSSIO—the well-known composer of dance-music, and chef-d'orchestre of the Cremorne Gardens for eight years—suddenly of apoplexy, on Sunday, at Paris.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1858.

AFTER Birmingham, Leeds, the Yorkshire Festivals are reviving. The moody county town, with its inharmonious clergy—who can hardly have listened at any time to the wind whistling past the corners of their big cathedral, or murmuring in the trees whose heads confront its towers—must look with envy on the commercial capitals of the West Riding. The ancient seat of music, the erewhile anti-archiepiscopacy of York, is put to shame by blackened Leeds and woolly-headed Bradford. In the vapour of these manufacturing conglomerates, nightingales sit and sing, the skylark trills, and the thrush utters its mellifluous note; while in clear-skied York only the screech owl hides, or on its grey walls some queer sparrow hops, unlike as possible to the bird of Lesbos, the chirping rill of Catullus—

"Paser delicis nec puella."
Quem plus illa oculis suis amat."

It is manifestly a disgrace that Bradford and Leeds (no offence to Leeds) should hold festivals, while the county town holds none; that Leeds and Bradford (no offence to Bradford) should be noisy with the fiddle and the drum, while York lies quiet as a stone—its silence sanctified by moonlight. Eye! old York—eye! old city—venerable but no longer venerated by the disciples of Orpheus and Amphion! For thee Hermes in vain riddled the tortoise—on thee in vain

Apollo rains his beams, since in base ingratitude thou dost despise his lyre.

But York is not wanted here. It is of the first Leeds Festival we have to speak—and that at no great length, for with most of the details our readers are already acquainted. With the inauguration of the new Town Hall by Her Majesty the Queen—on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th of September—we, simple music-chroniclers, have nothing to do, and shall therefore jump over that edifying ceremonial, and come at once to the Festival, over which is to preside Professor Sterndale Bennett, born at Sheffield, and therefore exercising his fair prerogative as conductor of a Yorkshire music-meeting.

There being no cathedral, the performances, morning and evening, will take place, as at Birmingham, in the Town Hall. By this we are spared a long sermon, and a church service, not the more enlivening for anybody "in D," or for the doubtful "intoning" of some sleepy minor canon. The Leeds virgin Festival, then, begins on Wednesday,* with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which thus, as we have previously remarked, has the honour of inaugurating all three festivals. In the distribution of parts, we are glad to find Madame Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss in possession, respectively, of the whole of the principal music for soprano, tenor, and bass; and sorry to find the contralto divided between Misses Palmer and Dolby. If this must be divided at all, the process should be effected in a wholly different manner—with reference, in short, to the meaning of the text. We shall, however, return to the subject, which, just now, we have no time to discuss. Mr. Santley sings bass in the two quartets, and Madame Weiss has to do with recitatives, and three of the most important *moreaux d'ensemble*. On Thursday morning the selection is more varied than judicious. For example, it commences with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, after which, in a sacred performance, for reasons that will at once present themselves to musical readers, nothing can be heard to advantage. But to follow up the *Stabat Mater* with selections from J. S. Bach's *Grosses Passions-Musik* makes matters worse. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, concludes this strangely constructed programme. In the *Stabat*, two of the Italians—Alboni and Giuglini—make up the quartet with Mad. Novello and Mr. Santley. In the *Passions-Musik*, Mr. Sims Reeves is to sing the fine air, "With Jesus I will watch"; and Miss Dolby, "See the Saviour." Mad. Novello, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Weiss are the singers in the oratorio of Beethoven. On Friday morning we are promised *Spring and Summer* from the *Seasons* of Haydn, and the whole of Handel's *Israel*, which last is of itself sufficiently long and important to demand no extra attraction.

On Tuesday the important organ-part in *Elijah* devolves upon Mr. W. Spark; on Thursday Mr. Henry Smart presides at the organ, as accompanist, and in revenge Mr. W. Spark plays a solo; on Friday Mr. W. Spark undertakes the very important organ part written by Mendelssohn for *Israel in Egypt*, and in revenge, Mr. Henry Smart plays a solo. Thus is the new instrument of Messrs. Gray and Davison, to be exhibited—with the addition, that on Saturday morning, when the Festival winds up with the *Messiah*, the organ-part falls to Mr. Henry Smart.

The programmes of the evening concerts are all extremely

* The day of the first performance having been changed from Tuesday to Wednesday, for the accommodation of Royalty, and to the inconvenience of the public.

long, but on the other hand they all contain (as at Birmingham) some decided points of interest. For example—the first (on Wednesday) comprises Mozart's delightful symphony in C, No. 1;* some part-songs by Mr. Henry Smart; a violin solo by M. Sainton; Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); and Professor Bennett's MS. "pastoral," entitled *The May Queen*; besides miscellaneous singing by Albani, Sims Reeves, Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, the Weisses, etc. In the programme of the second concert (on Thursday) the prominent features are the overture to *Zauberflöte*; Professor Bennett's Caprice in E (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor; J. S. Bach's overture in D major; and the overture to *Oberon*. On this occasion Madlle. Piccolomini and the "golden-voiced" Giuglini, with "et ceteras" from Her Majesty's Theatre, join Albani and the English singers already named; Miss Goddard plays "Home, sweet home," and Mr. Sims Reeves sings "Phoebe dearest"—his only contribution, by the way, to a somewhat remarkable entertainment.

The programme of the third and last evening concert (on Friday) includes the Symphony in C minor, of Beethoven; the Concert-stück, of Weber (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); the *Isles of Fingal*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Jubilee* overtures; and the second part of Beethoven's Septet, by seven of the principals of the band, led by Mr. Blagrove—the vocal pieces being shared among the singers already named, with the exception of Albani, who, after the second concert, de-Leafs's or decamps—a flight premature, to say the least of it.

On the whole, programmes far less rich in excellence and variety of material have often been lauded to the skies, and given more than satisfaction. We are quite convinced that Professor Sterndale Bennett has done everything in his power; that his presence will exercise the most beneficial influence on the entire proceedings; and that his experience as a conductor will have no small share in the success which we hope and believe awaits the first musical festival at Leeds, in aid of the funds of its General Infirmary.

"How frightfully dull it is in London about the middle of September," exclaimed a baronet, well-known and highly respected among artistic circles. "Why, then, don't you go into the country?" asked a friend. "Because the country is so much duller" was the baronet's reply.

This brilliant display of repartee occurred some years ago, which was a fortunate circumstance for its reputation; for, this present year, we have reason to anticipate a period of dulness exceeding everything hitherto known in either country or town.

The Olympic closed, the Adelphi closed, the Haymarket closed, the Lyceum closed, the only theatre regularly open at the West-end is the Princess's. A little convulsive vitality that will be exhibited next week at Drury Lane, where Mr. Anderson is to play in some of his favourite characters, will scarcely disturb the general lull. On the 10th of September, too, Mr. Charles Kean will have brought his season to a close. What is to be done then!

Talk not to us about the Adelphi. We peep through the entrance in the Strand, and see a waste of bricks and rubbish, where once Miami bounded over her bridge,

and Master Grinnidge hoped the serving-man would not be too proud to give him a *massel* of cheese. There was, we believe some ancient prophecy to the effect that the new Adelphi would open on the 1st of September; but, if so, the seer was manifestly mistaken. Unless the evidence of eyesight be altogether without value, we may as soon expect to see the Arch-Druid celebrating the rights of his church in a restored Stonehenge on the 1st of next month, as to find Mr. B. Webster summoned from the destruction of partridges by the resuscitation of his theatre.

How about the Haymarket! We can't say. That's an affair of mere painting and beautifying, and there is no peep-hole that puts us in a position to report progress.

The "entertainments" too have melted or are melting away. Albert Smith has departed sooner than usual, because he has had a long distance to travel, for the learned in geography say that China is further than Chamouni. Mr. Woodin has not favoured us with his presence at all, but left us to reap consolation from the advertising columns of the daily papers, where we read of his provincial doings. In another week or so, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed will have shut up the Gallery of Illustration.

How in the world will the large portion of London that does not go out of town fill up its idle hours? People can't go to see Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul every evening; nor is Okey's "Paris and the Parisians," delightful though it be, sufficient to supply the gap.

Come back to us, Mr. Abel Matthews. We unhappily slighted you in the days of our prosperity. Come back, we say, and repeat the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, together with the something—of Cowper, and St. Martin's Hall shall be crowded to suffocation.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.
F. B. Jewson, Esq.
J. Clinton, Esq.
Joseph Calkin, Esq.

(To be continued.)

MR. HOWELL, the eminent double-bass player, has been for the last few days confined to his room by an attack of illness. It is confidently expected, however, that he will be enabled to perform his duties at the festivals, where his presence is of such material importance.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—The orchestral parts of Professor Bennett's *May Queen* were tried yesterday, among other things, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

WIENIAWSKI.—This "*fougueux violoniste*," as the Belgian press entitles him, recently took part in a concert at Wiesbaden, at which the King of Holland and the reigning (why reigning!) Duke of Nassau were in the middle of a *salle comble au possible*. So pleased were the Dutch King and the reigning (why reigning!) Duke, that the former, *séance tenante*, promoted the "*fougueux violoniste*," Wieniawski, to the rank of Captain of the Order of the Oak Leaf Crown, personally presenting the insignia of office, and attaching the ribbon to the button-hole of the "*fougueux violoniste*," amidst the acclamations of the Rhenish and excited audience.

CASTAL PALACE.—A concert was given yesterday afternoon, at which Madame Albani sang for the first time here. It was eminently successful. The great *caustic* was encoined in all her solos ("Di piacer," "Rode's air," and "In questo semplice"), and the audience were delighted beyond measure. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Eyles, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. J. L. Hatton were the other singers. Mr. Hatton conducted Albani's pieces. The band played two overtures, and the *Athalia* march.

* Played at one of the Philharmonic concerts this season.

† The others being Messrs. Webb, Williams, Waetzig, C. Harper, Lucas and Howell.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season terminated on Saturday with *Martha*. The performance was admirable. All the principal singers were recalled at the fall of the curtain and received with enthusiasm. At the end of the opera the National Anthem was sung, Madame Bosio and Mario taking the solos.

The past season has been an eventful one. The new theatre, scarce out of the hands of the decorators, carpenters, and painters, opened on the 15th of May, the day specified in the prospectus. Mr. Gye kept faith with the public, but his exertions and anxieties brought on an attack which confined him to his house for many weeks. About the opening of the new theatre at the appointed time speculation had been busy, and hundreds of pounds changed hands on the result. How brilliant and commodious the interior was found, what pains had been taken to accommodate the occupants of every part of the house, what holes had been pricked by architectural marionettes in some of the adjustments and fittings, what faults were found with the entrances to stalls and pit, and the stair-communications between the tiers of boxes, with other points of praise and dispraise, have been too frequently dwelt upon to need recapitulation. Enough, that the new house of the Royal Italian Opera was capacious, magnificent, and admirably adapted for seeing and hearing, and that the subscribers and Mr. Costa were perfectly satisfied.

The new Covent Garden Theatre was inaugurated with the *Huguenots*. The performance was not quite up to the old mark. The absence of Herr Formes was a serious drawback; and M. Zelger did his best, with Mareil, but his singing and acting did not make the audience forget the renowned German basso. The chorus, too, was not steady. Moreover, the difficulty of setting the scenes, and managing the new machinery, protracted the performance to an unconscionable hour, and the last act had to be omitted. All these circumstances deteriorated greatly from the effect. On the other hand, the band was acknowledged to be as complete and powerful as ever; and Gris and Mario sustained their high reputations in Valentine and Raoul. The house was crowded to suffocation.

That the management was determined and full of energy, is borne out by the fact that eleven operas were produced during the season, each of which required new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The operas were the *Huguenots*, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Martha*, *Otello*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Zampa*. Of these, *Martha* and *Zampa*, according to the promise held out in the prospectus, were produced for the first time. Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* had also been promised, "should time permit," but time, on this occasion, was not condescending, and Mercadante's oft-pledged opera was once again laid on the shelf. Of the new operas, *Martha* pleased the public most. It was played eight times, while *Zampa* was only given twice. The triumph achieved by Flotow over Hérold was in no small degree to be attributed to Mario and Madame Bosio.

The production of *Don Giovanni*, however, caused the sensation of the season. We have written so much recently respecting the performance, and have given so many quotations from the public journals respecting the "controversy," that we may dispense with opinion or remark in this summary. *Don Giovanni* was represented four times, but did not improve by repetition. It is to be hoped that Mario will take into serious consideration the wisdom of perpetuating the transgressions of Signor Alary.

The addition of Signor Tamberlick to the Company was a great fact. The admirable *tenore robusto* made his first appearance in his favourite part of *Otello*, and displayed all his former excellence. He was hardly so successful in *Zampa*; the music of Hérold not suiting him quite so well as that of Rossini.

Mario, it was universally admitted, sang better throughout the season than he had done for years, and displayed all his accustomed genius as an actor.

Gris appeared in the *Huguenots*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Otello*, and *Don Giovanni*—in six operas out of the eleven. None of her performances surprised and pleased more than *Desdemona*, which was unexceptionably beautiful and passionate.

Madame Bosio exhibited delightful singing in the *Traviata*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, and *Don Giovanni*, not to mention *Il Barbiere*. As before, this charming artist was one of the mainstays of the establishment.

Signor Ronconi did admirably well by his performances in *Fra Diavolo*, *Otello*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Zampa*. In *Don Giovanni* he essayed Leporello for the first time, and won the unqualified admiration of connoisseurs. In *Zampa* he sustained the part of the bellman with irresistible effect.

A word must suffice to chronicle the services of Signor Tagliafico, (a pearl), Neri-Berald and Polonini (another pearl), and M. Zelger. Madlle. Maril did not reveal any decided improvement; she is, nevertheless, entitled to a word of praise for her careful performance of Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*. Madlle. Carepa, as Camilla in *Zampa*—her only part—did not improve the position she enjoyed last season. Mad. Nantier-Didié, on the other hand, sang and acted better than ever, more particularly in *Zampa*, in which she was admirable.

The past season has been entirely successful in a monetary point of view, and the theatre bids fair to revive the triumphs of the old.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The second grand concert held at the Etablissement des Bains, on Monday evening, though not absolutely a grand concert, there being no orchestra, was more like a grand concert than the so-called grand concert recently given by, and in the name of, the Philharmonic Society of Boulogne-sur-Mer, which you quoted last week as a "model Philharmonic."

The music-room was filled by a gay and fashionable assembly, between six hundred and seven hundred in number. The performances began, in the London style, at eight o'clock—a reasonable hour, affording time for *bons vivans* to "cave" their *Bordeaux*, before rushing into the open air, which, for invalids like myself, is a matter of weight and consequence—at the seaside, where the breeze is occasionally uncompromising, especially, "Hoe ego" (*Catulle dit—dit Januarius*)—"Hoe ego, si singula confiteri."

The first part of the entertainment was as follows:—

Grand duo de l'opéra, "Tancredi," chanté par	Mad. Nantier Didié et M. Reichardt	... Rosslé.
Solo de concert, composé et exécuté par	... M. Sainston.	
Air, "Un Aura Amoreno," chanté par M. Reichardt		Mozart.
Grand Sonate dédiée à Kreutzer, exécuté par Madl	Arabella Goddard et M. Sainston	... Beethoven.
Romance du Prophète, "Ah! mon Fils," chantée	par Mad. Nantier Didié	... Meyerbeer.

Mad. Nantier Didié was welcome to every Boulognaise, for Mad. Nantier was educated in the Paris Conservatoire; and we have all here a great respect for that institution. She was also welcome for her excellent singing, which was made apparent in the duet with our much esteemed Reichardt, who by a certain step recently taken has in a measure identified himself with this watering-place. M. Sainston, the admirable Souther, one of the most gallant artists that ever led the boom of "La Belle France," to do her honour in foreign lands, M. Sainston, too, was welcome. Prospère was welcome, indeed, as the prodigal son in the parable; and so our fatherly townsmen and motherly townswomen killed the fatted calf for him. His *Solo de Concert* was a peace-offering worthy of the man who thus tendered it eagerly to his long-abandoned country; and as such it was received. Herr Reichardt's "Aurora Amoreno" was sung in a manner which showed that he had rightly conceived the poetical spirit of Mozart. It was—to employ the English of a Boulogne journal—"pure music deliciously sung; the public hung upon every sweet and rich note from his agreeable throat." Then followed, not the whole of Beethoven's truly great sonata, as had been expected, but the last two movements only, for which we were all sorry. We of Boulogne can put up with half-a-dozen such sonatas *unsolicited*—provided only they are played as the *andante* and *finale* of Beethoven were played on this occasion. It was a magnificent

performance, and nothing less; and as proof that the audience had not heard enough, they recalled Mdlle. Arabella Goddard and M. Sainon at the end, and this, too, with honest enthusiasm. Of course there were many English in the room, who had heard both Mdlle. Goddard and M. Sainon, and these, though charmed, were not surprised; but the simple Boulogne, loving music without *arrière pensée*, was both charmed and surprised—and so wonder. The plaintive romance from the *Prophète*, uttered with true feeling by Mad. Nanter Didée, brought to an end this very agreeable first part.

Next was the second part uninteresting, as the following will show:—

Duo du <i>Trois-tour</i> , "Si la stanchessa," chanté par Mad. Nanter-Didée et M. Reichardt	Verdi.
Solo Pianoforte, "Home, sweet home," exécuté par Mdlle. Arabella Goddard	Thalberg.
Chanson nationale, chantée par M. Reichardt	"
Fantaisie sur l'opéra "Rigoletto," composée et exécutée par	M. Sainon.
Air de "Bely" chanté par Mad. Nanter-Didée	Donizetti.

The duet from the *Trois-tour* was another excellent piece of softened warbling; "Chanson nationale" was delivered with infinite gusto, and obtained for our worthy Reichardt a well-deserved encore; M. Sainon's "Rigoletto" (his own composition, like the first) was a great piece of legitimate fiddling, and produced a commendable impression; while Mad. Didée, in the *tyrolienne* of Donizetti, was encored, but instead of repeating it substituted the equally-spirited *brindisi* from the same composer's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Her success was remarkable.

The great "sensation" of the second part has, nevertheless, to be named. "Home sweet home"—that deliciously national air, which is really neither English, nor French, nor Spanish, nor German, nor Italian, nor Russian, but emphatically *national*—with variations, some say by Thalberg, others by Vincent Wallace, but which I can only believe are by Arabella Goddard herself, so entirely does she play them as if she were improvising them, with such ease, such grace, and such seemingly artless art—"simplex munditiis" (*Horace dit-dit Janinus*)—this national "Home, sweet home," thus naturally varied, enchanted every hearer, and the result was a "his," so unanimous and stoutly expressed that it was not to be denied. And so the fair English-woman (whom the *Boulogne Gazette* already claims for a St. Servan—consequently a quasi-Boulognaise) came forward in the midst of the plaudits, and performed, with admirable perfection, another brilliant *morceau*, which, on inquiry, I was told was the *Casade*, the composition of a distinguished Sclavonic prince.

A native critic ("and to the manner born") in the *Boulogne Gazette*, to which was spoken of the Kreitzer Sonata and of "Home, sweet home":—

"The clear, distinct, sparkling touch of Miss Goddard was happily responded to by Sainon. Our space forbids our saying all that we would throw off upon this exquisite music so deliciously played; there was no lightning to astonish, no thunder to confound, but limpid sounds blended together in a harmonious phrase such as we had never previously heard in Boulogne." Miss Goddard's "Home, sweet home," by Thalberg, was particularly delightful to English ears. Its execution was all that could be desired, whether the air was played by the right hand whilst the left revelled in a delightful accompaniment, or whether the left took up the air and the right struck forth a joyous dance of sparkling fairy sounds, all was sufficient to wrap the audience in an ecstasy of enjoyment."

"Mr. Wells has kindly informed us (we regret that we cannot insert his letter at full length) that Miss Goddard was born at St. Servan in January, 1836, and exhibited at four years of age an extraordinary taste for music. Kalkbrenner, in Paris, Thalberg and (some illegible) in London, were her instructors. It is needless for us to state with what result. We only hope that we shall again have the pleasure of hearing her ere she leave Boulogne."

The writer will be gratified if what I hear be true, viz.: that Madlle. Goddard is engaged to play at the second concert of the Société Philharmonique de Boulogne-sur-Mer, on Tuesday next. If the entertainment warrants, I will send you a short account of it.

CHATELAIN VICTOR MONTFAUON DE CINQUEUX.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rue Sibiennes, Aug. 19.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AFTER an unusually long musical interregnum, we had the pleasure of hearing two first-class artists at our Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday, when Bosio and Tamberlik made their first appearance in Liverpool this season. Being a subscription concert, the hall presented a very brilliant appearance, every portion being well filled. Bosio, of course, was the "bright particular star" of the evening, and never did we hear this charming artist to greater advantage. Singing as an *alto*, "Vedmi carino," from *Don Giovanni*; "the Polka," from Alary's *Tre Voci*; and "Qui sola, vergin rosa," from Flotow's *Marta*, and in each the vocal perfection of the artist, so brilliant, graceful, and expressive, created the most spontaneous and unanimous enthusiasm. All her performances were re-demanded *aux grands cris*, though Mozart's and Flotow's arias were alone repeated. The charming quality of Madame Bosio's voice, and her musical skill, were also most effectively displayed in duets with Signor Tamberlik, from *Rigoletto* and *Mosè in Egitto*. Signor Tamberlik, who had not been heard in Liverpool for three years, when he sang at the Theatre Royal with Crivelli, gave "Gentil ambasciatore," from Zampa; "Per se voi," from *Otello*; and "Il mio tenore," from *Don Giovanni*, which we have so often listened to with delight on the Liverpool and on the London stage. By Ottavio's lovely song, the audience were roused to enthusiasm.

The band, at times too noisy in the accompaniments to the vocalists, played Mozart's symphony in G minor, No. 2, with great care and precision, and in the overtures to *Jesoumd* and *Fra Diavolo* were deservedly applauded. M. Gounod's "Meditation" on a prelude of J. S. Bach, admirably played by Mr. G. W. Thomas (violin), Mr. Hirst (organ), and Mr. Toms (piano), elicited a hearty encore. The choir gave a madrigal by Orlando Gibbons, a chorus from Weber's *Preziosa*, and Henry Smart's "Ave Maria."

The Swedish Singers appeared at Reynolds's People's Concerts last Saturday, with great success; and are re-engaged for next Saturday, when Madlle. Humler, the violinist, will make her *début* in Liverpool.

Christy's Minstrels appear shortly at the Clayton Hall. Alboni, Belart, and Violette at the next Philharmonic Concert; Giuglini, Piccolomini, &c., at the Theatre Royal, in *Il Trovatore*, *La Zingara*, and *La Traviata*, early in September; Louisa Vinna and Arabella Goddard at St. George's Hall, on the 21st instant. J. N. H.

Liverpool, August 18th.

HERR REINHOLD, recently at Baden-Baden, on his way (or rather, out of his way) to Moscow, is said to have won 11,000 francs at the gaming-tables. Since then, he has passed through Leipzig, where he was not serenaded, and reached Moscow, where he was serenaded.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF MISS THOMSON.—Last week I expressed a hope that Scottish talent would carry off high honours at the Conservatoire of Music, and I have now the pleasure of informing you that the highest of these honours—the first vocal prize—was yesterday won by a young lady from Glasgow—Miss Augusta Thomson—who, after only two years' study, and in the face of most formidable competition, has thus been pronounced the "sweetest songster in the grove" of young France. The jury awarding the prizes is formed of MM. Auber, Halévy, Ambrose Thomas, Carafa, &c., assisted by M. Monnaie, the Government Commissioner. Last year the first prize was divided among three competitors, but this time the judges recognised the eminent superiority of Miss Thomson by awarding her a *sole first prize*, which I need not say was well and honourably merited. The voice of this young lady is a soprano of magnificent volume, and of unrivalled purity and flexibility. The *morceau* chosen for her trial was the beautiful scene from the *Huguenots*, "O beau pays de la Touraine." It was executed by our young Scottish woman with a brilliance and grace which called forth universal plaudits from an assembly of the keenest musical judges in Europe. The first prize for tenor was gained by another pupil of M. Bérval.—Correspondence of the *Glasgow Argus*.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, JULY 5, 1858.

CHAIRMAN—The Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.

The following resolution was put from the chair:—

"Resolved—That the accounts, as now presented, be approved."

Carried unanimously.

"That the thanks of the Society be given to Messrs. Broadwood and Co. for the generous use of their instruments during the past season."

Carried unanimously.

"That the members now going out of office be re-elected, and this meeting do express its high appreciation of the valuable services which those members have rendered to the Society during the past season."

Carried unanimously.

The Honorary Secretary informed the meeting that in consequence of Lieutenant-Colonel Parriek Paget having resigned, in January last, the Committee of Management had elected the Rev. G. Croke Rowden to serve on the Direction in his place, and that gentleman had accepted office.

"That Mr. Henry Leslie be requested to act as conductor during the ensuing season, and that the cordial and sincere thanks of this meeting be offered to him for his able and valuable services during last season."

Carried *unanimously*.

The following report of the Committee of Management was then read, and adopted, after some discussion, unanimously:—

"Your Committee have had under their anxious consideration measures for increasing the efficiency of the orchestra, and improving the concerts, and they recommend to the meeting that the Society shall, in the coming season, return to its original number of eight concerts; that there shall be two full rehearsals before each concert, and that the attendance of the members of the orchestra at both rehearsals shall be compulsory."

Proposed by Mr. C. Grainger, and seconded by Mr. A. Cohen:—

"That the attention of the Committee should be drawn to the bad effects of admitting members to the Society without ascertaining to a greater extent than is done at present their capabilities of executing orchestral music."

"That the Committee of Management may, if they think fit, use the surplus of the funds of the Society in purchasing music for the use of the Society."

Mr. Val. Morris undertook to take charge of such music.

Some conversation then arose as to the expediency of removing the Society's concerts from the Hanover-square Rooms; and after some discussion, in which several members took part, it was determined not to change, unless the Committee of Management should consider it would be beneficial.

Proposed by Mr. C. Plowden, and seconded by Mr. A. A. Pollock:—

"That the special thanks of this meeting be given to the manager of the orchestra, Mr. Val. Morris, and to the honorary secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas, for the care and trouble they have taken in each of their departments during the past season."

Proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously:—

"That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Lord Gerald Fitzgerald for his able conduct in the chair."

MUSICIANS AND REVOLUTIONISTS.—Bad embroidery and beardedness may between them play strange tricks with a party of pleasure, as this gentleman of Louvain know, if the papers tell true. The other day, at the "Procession des Miracles" at Brussels, it appears that a society, probably musical, presented itself, in Belgian fashion, to swell the procession with its own. This had the same effect on the police as the well-known scarlet rag has on the bull in the Spanish amphitheatre. The flag was red; it was surmounted with a trident, bearded, gilt head, looking perilously sinister—and the legend was thought to be "Orvink." Louvain was taken up wholesale, withdrawn from the show, and set apart for examination. It proved that the innocent and musical gentlemen of the town had wished to put themselves under the banner of an Italian, but that Italian (represented awkwardly in the whickerev' bust) turned out to be, not the prison-breaker and conspirator, but one who had nothing more to do with rebellion than by composing *Guillaume Tell*—Signor Rossini.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—There is perhaps no artist of the present day who is a greater favourite in the provinces than Madame Bosio. Her name is a sure attraction, and when she is to be heard there hundreds congregate. The announcement of a concert in which the accomplished *cantatrice* was to sing, drew a very large audience to the Music Hall on Tuesday evening. But Madame Bosio was not the only attraction. The name of the great tenor, Signor Tamberlik, was added in the bills, as was also that of the favourite barytone, or *basso-cantante*, Signor Tagliafico. A programme suited to please the unfastidious was provided, and a better selection, in all probabilities, would not have been so acceptable. The singers were well suited, and some of the vocal pieces, which during the season created the greatest sensation in London, were introduced. The concert opened with the grand duet for tenor and bass from Rossini's *Mois in Egitto*, powerfully given by Signors Tamberlik and Tagliafico, though altogether out of place in a concert-room. This was followed by Mad. Bosio with the Italian version of "The Last Rose of Summer," from *Martina*, which created a *furor*, and was unanimously encored. Signor Tamberlik succeeded (in every sense of the word) with the popular air from *Zampa*, "Toi dont la grâce s'éduisante," a noble specimen of pure chest singing, vigorous and manly in expression. In the air of Peter from *L'Étoile du Nord*, "O lieti di tra pace," Signor Tagliafico displayed the great power of his voice, and his genuine artistic style. Both these efforts were loudly applauded. The next *morceau*, the favourite trio from *I Lombardi*, delighted still more, and was redemanded with pertinacity. This closed the first part of the concert, and seldom have I witnessed greater pleasure afforded by five vocal pieces given consecutively. But there is a limit to all things, and I verily believe one more song, duet, or trio would have distressed the audience. The instrumental performance would have been a relief. Luckily, the first part concluded at the right time, and the highest gratification was the result. The second part comprised the air, "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Giovanni*, by Signor Tamberlik; Alary's Polka, by Madame Bosio; duet from *Rigoletto*, by Madame Bosio and Signor Tamberlik; the popular air from *I Lombardi*, "La mia lotizina," by Signor Tamberlik; and the drinking song of Plunket, from *Martina*, by Signor Tagliafico. Need I inform your readers how exquisitely Madame Bosio warbles the dancing measure of Alary's tune; what tenderness and passion Signor Tamberlik infuses into the song from *Don Giovanni*; or how the love-duet from Verdi's opera was executed by the accomplished soprano and tenor! The beautiful air from *I Lombardi* was rendered with irresistible taste and feeling by Signor Tamberlik; but surely a better termination for the concert could have been found than the insipid "beer-song" from *Martina*. DUBILLOU D'ÉCOLE.

[Our correspondent has forgot to mention that the concert took place, and whether there was an orchestra, or an instrumental solo performance. His predilection as a *connoisseur* appears to be exclusively in favour of vocal music.—Ed. M. W.]

BOULOGNE.—Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Bourgeois for his various attempts to make the Etablissement what it should be. Last week we had occasion to praise his taste in the embellishments lavished on the ceiling of the outward ball-room. This week we cannot praise too highly his efforts to throw comfort around all, and really make his rooms attractive by throwing up a wooden partition, where curtains formerly hung, and thus raising a stout screen between the hot dancer and the cold sea breeze. The advantage of this wooden partition was particularly felt at the concert on Monday night, when the faintest note was distinctly heard in all parts of the room. Thus it is again shown that Mr. Bourgeois is the "right man in the right place." On Monday evening came off the second concert of the season. That it was a concert it is only necessary to say that Arabella Goddard, Sainton, Reichardt, and Nantier Didies were the performers on the occasion; and the musical public of Boulogne are indebted to Mr. Bourgeois for giving them the opportunity to luxuriate in such music as Beethoven's, when struck down by such fingers as those of Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton.—

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Deight's Journal*.)

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

A tout seigneur tout honneur. We begin to-day, with Berlioz, whose first concert opened the musical season, and might be regarded as the overture thereto. The more or less new pieces that were here brought before the public met with due applause; and even the most sluggish souls were carried away by the impetus of genius that reveals itself in all the creations of the great master. Here is a flapping of wings that indicates no common song-bird; it is a colossal nightingale, of eagle's size, such as may have existed in the primeval world. Yes, the Berlioz music has for me something primeval, if not antediluvian; it reminds me of fabulous kingdoms and of monstrous ains, of high-heaped and towering impossibilities; of Babylon, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the wonder-works of Mizraim, such as we see in the pictures of the English Martin. In fact, if we look round for an analogy in the art of painting, we find remarkable resemblance and affinity between Berlioz and the mad Briton; the same feeling for the monstrous for the gigantic, for material immeasurableness. In the one, sharp effects of light and shadow; in the other, screaming instrumentation; in the one, little melody; in the other, little colour; in both, little beauty and not any soul. Their works are neither antique nor romantic; they remind you neither of Greece nor of the Catholic middle ages; but they point much further back, to the Assyrian-Babylonian-Egyptian period of architecture, and to the mere massiveness that is expressed therein.

What a regular modern man, on the contrary, is our Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, our high-honoured countryman, whom we mention next on account of the symphony which was brought out by him in the concert hall of the Conservatoire. We owe this enjoyment to the active zeal of his friends and patrons here. Although this symphony of Mendelssohn was very frostily received in the Conservatoire, yet it deserves the recognition of all true connoisseurs in Art. It is a work of genuine beauty, one of the best of Mendelssohn. But how comes it that since the *Passus* was presented to the public here, no laurel crown will bloom on French soil for an artist so deserving and so highly gifted? How comes it that here all efforts go to wreck, and that the last desperate resource of the Odéon theatre, the performance of the choruses to *Antigone*, was followed by the same lamentable result? Mendelssohn always affords us an occasion to reflect upon the highest problems of æsthetics. Especially are we always reminded in him of the great question—What is the distinction between Art and falsehood? We admire most in this master his great talent for form, for *stylistics*, his gift for assimilating what is most extraordinary, his exquisite invoice, his fine lizard's ear, his delicate feelers, and his earnest, I might almost say passionate, indifference. If we seek in a sister art for an analogous appearance, we find it this time in poetry, and its name is Ludwig Tieck. This master, too, knew always how to reproduce what he understood how to produce the multiple and lived on in their hearts. The more gifted Mendelssohn would be more likely to succeed in creating something lasting, but not on the ground where truth and passion are the first requirements, not upon the stage; so Ludwig Tieck, in spite of his most ardent longing, never could bring it to a dramatic performance.

Besides the Mendelssohn symphony, we heard with great interest, in the Conservatoire, a symphony of the blessed Mozart, and a no less talented composition by Handel. They were received with great applause.

Our excellent countryman, Ferdinand Hiller, enjoys too great an esteem among the intelligent friends of art to make it necessary for us, great as the names are which we have just named, to mention his among the composers whose works have found deserved recognition here in the Conservatoire. Hiller is more a thinker than a feeling musician, and too great learned-

ness is even made an objection to him. Mind and science may frequently, perhaps, impart a certain coldness to the compositions of this *docteur*, yet they are always graceful, beautiful, and charming. Of wry-mouthed eccentricity there is here no trace. Hiller has an artistic affinity with his countryman, Wolfgang Goethe. Hiller, too, was born at Frankfort, where, when I last passed through, I saw his paternal house. It is called "Zum grünen Frosch," (the Green Frog,) and the image of a frog may be seen over the front door. But Hiller's compositions never remind one of such an unmusical beast, but rather of larks, nightingales, and other sorts of singing birds of spring.

There has been no lack of concert-giving pianists here this year. The Ides of March, especially, were notable days in that particular. Everything jingles away, and will be heard, if only for a show, that one may put on airs as a great celebrity beyond the barriers of Paris. These artist youths, especially in Germany, know how to speculate upon the begged or stolen rags of *feuilleton* praise; and in the newspaper puff they may read how the celebrated genius, the great Rudolph W.* has arrived—the rival of Liszt and Thalberg, the pianoforte hero, who has excited such a great regard in Paris, and has even been praised by the critic Jules Janin. Hoosanna! Now, one who has had to see such a poor fly in Paris, and who knows how little notice is here taken even of more important personages, finds the credulity of the public very entertaining, and the coarse shamelessness of the virtuosos very disgusting. But the sin lies deeper, namely, in the condition of our daily press; and, again, is only a result of worse fatalities.

I must still come back to a serious consideration, namely: three pianists who deserve a serious consideration, namely: Chopin, the gracions tone-poet, who unfortunately has been sick, and seldom visible this winter; then Thalberg, the musical gentleman, who, in fact, would have no need to play the piano in order to be greeted everywhere as a fine appearance, and who actually seems to consider his talent merely as an *apanage*; and then our Liszt, who, in spite of all his perverseness and his sharp corners, still remains our dear Liszt, and at this moment has again thrown the *beau monde* of Paris into excitement. Yes, he is here, the great agitator, our Franz Liszt, the knight-errant of all possible orders, (with the exception of the French Legion of Honour, which Louis Phillips will not grant to any virtuosos) he is here, this Hohenoller-Beckinger state councillor, this Doctor of Philosophy and miraculous Doctor of Music, this resurrected rat-catcher of Hamelin, this modern Faust, who is always followed by a poodle in the figure of Belloni, this ennobled and yet noble Franz Liszt! He is here, the modern Amphion, who, with the vibrations of his strings, set stones in motion at the building of the Cologne Cathedral, so that they fitted themselves together like the walls of Thebes! He is here, the modern Homer, whom Germany, Hungary, and France, the three greatest countries, claim as their child, whereas the minstrel of the Iliad was only claimed by seven small provincial cities. He is here, the Attila, the scourge of God to all Erard pianos, which tremble at the first news of his coming, and which now again quiver and hiss and whimper under his hand, till it becomes a fair case for the society for preventing cruelty to animals! He is here, the mad, besantons, hateful, enigmatical, fatal, and yet wretched the very childlike child of his age, the gigantic dwarf, the furious Roland with the Hungarian sabre of honour, the genial harlequin, whose mad pranks turned our own head for us, and to whom in any case, we render loyal service in here publicly reporting the great *furor* he has been exciting. We candidly confirm the fact of his immense *succès*; how we interpret this fact to our private thinking, and whether we accord or refuse our own private approval to the admired virtuosos, must be a matter of indifference to him, since our voice is only that of a single individual, and our authority in the art of music is of no especial significance.

When I heard formerly of the giddiness which broke out in Germany, and especially in Berlin, when Liszt showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders and thought: That still and

* Willmers.

sabbath-like manner will not be slow to improve the opportunity of a bit of permitted movement; it will shake its sleep-paralyzed limbs a little, and my Aberdries upon the Spree will gladly tinkle themselves into a given enthusiasm, one declaiming after the other: "Love, thou ruler of both men and gods!" Their interest at a spectacle, though I, in the spectacle itself, in the spectacle for itself, no matter what the occasion thereof may be called, whether George Herwegh, Franz Liszt, or Fanny Elslner; if Herwegh is forbidden, they will cleave to Liszt, who cannot harm or compromise them. So I thought, so I explained to myself the Liszt-omania, and I took it for a sign of the politically un-free state of things beyond the Rhine. But I was mistaken, and that I remarked some weeks since in the Italian Opera House, where Liszt gave his first concert, and, indeed, before an assemblage which one might call the flower of Parisian society. At all events they were wide-awake Parisians, men quite familiar with the highest manifestations of the present; men who, for a greater or less period, had been contemporaries of the great drama of the time; among them so many invalids to all artistic enjoyments, the weariest men of action, women equally weary, after having danced the polka all the winter through, an innumerable crowd of pre-occupied and *blasé* minds—that surely it was no German, sentimental, nor Berlin sensibility-affecting public before which Liszt played, all alone, or rather accompanied only by his genius. And yet how powerfully, how thrillingly his mere appearance operated! How impetuously all hands clapped applause! Bonquets were thrown, too, at his feet! It was a sublime moment, when this *triumphator*, with a calm soul, let the nosebags rain upon him, and at last, smiling graciously, drew a red camelia from one of the bouquets, and stuck it in his breast. And this he did in the presence of some young soldiers who had just come from Africa, where they had seen no flowers, but only leaden bullets, rain upon themselves, and had adorned their breasts with the red camelias of their own hero-blood, without attracting much notice either here or there. Strange! thought I, these Parisians, who have seen Napoleon, who had to give them battle after battle, to fix their attention—these men now go into jubilation over Franz Liszt! And what a jubilee! A kind of madness heretofore unheard of in the annals of *furor*!

But what is the ground of this phenomenon? The solution of the question belongs more, perhaps, to pathology than to aesthetics. A physician, who makes female diseases his speciality, smiled very strangely, and then said all sorts of things about magnetism, galvanism, electricity, of the contagion there is in a close room, filled with innumerable wax-lights and with some hundreds of perfumed, perspiring men, of hysteric epilepsy, of the phenomena of tickling, &c., &c. But perhaps the solution of the question does not lie so adventurously deep, but on a very prosaic surface. It will continually seem to me, that the whole witchcraft of it is explained by the fact, that no one in the world knows so well how to organize his successes, or rather the *mise-en-scène* thereof, as our Franz Liszt. In this art he is a genius, a Philadelphia, a Bosko, nay, a Meyerbeer. The most distinguished persons serve him as *compères*, and his hired enthusiasts are models in good dress. The crack of champagne bottles, and the fame of lavish generosity, trumpeted through the most reliable journals, win recruits in every city. Nevertheless, it may be that our Franz Liszt was actually by nature much inclined to spend, and free from avarice, a shabby vice, which cleaves to so many virtuosos, especially to the Italians, and which we find even in the sweet and flute-like Rubini, of whose niggardliness a very funny anecdote in all respects is told. The celebrated singer, it seems, had, in connection with Franz Liszt, undertaken an artistic tour at joint expense, and the profits of the concerts, which they were to give in various cities, were to be divided. The great pianist, who takes everywhere about with him the general-intendant of his celebrity, the before-mentioned Signor Belloni, delegated to him on this occasion all the business matters. But when Signor Belloni gave in his account after the business was closed up, Rubini, with dismay, remarked that among the common expenses also was set down a considerable sum for laurel crowns, bouquets,

eulogistic poems, and other costs of an ovation. The naive singer had imagined that these tokens of approval had been thrown to him on account of his fine voice; he fell now into a great rage, and swore he would not pay for the bouquets, in which, perhaps, the costliest camelias were found. Were I a musician, this quarrel would afford me the best subject for a comic opera.

But ah! let us not investigate too curiously the homage paid to famous virtuosos. After all, the day of their vain celebrity is short, and the hour soon strikes when the Titan of music perhaps shrivels up to a poor musician of very subordinate stature, who, in his coffee-house, tells his fellow guests, and assures them on his honour, how one bouquet was hurled at him, with the most beautiful camelias, and even how, on one occasion, two Hungarian countesses, to get his suit-box, threw each other down upon the ground, and fought till they were bloody! The ephemeral reputation of the virtuosos soon exhales and dies away, lonely and trackless as the camel's scent upon the desert.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

LESSEE, MR. E. T. SMITH.

FAREWELL NIGHTS OF MR. JAMES ANDERSON

(prior to his departure for the United States, California, New Columbia Fraser's River, the Sandwich Islands, and Australian colonies), who will appear for the first time in this city, on Monday, August 23, will be performed the much admired play of INGRAMM (by its original character) by Mr. James Anderson, and Patricia, Miss Eaworthy. To-morrow, THE LADY OF LYONS; Charles Melmoth, Mr. James Anderson, and Pauline, Miss Eaworthy. Wednesday, Shakespeare's tragedy of MACBETH; Macbeth, Mr. James Anderson; Macduff, Mr. Reynolds; Lady Macbeth, Miss Eaworthy. Saturday, August 26, for the BENEFIT of Mr. James Anderson, and last night of his appearance. Box-office open daily from 11 till 3, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton, where tickets and places can be obtained, and at the principal booksellers and libraries.

THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E.

EVANS, inventor of the English Harmonium (established in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjective testimony of Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors.—

THE LANE, KING'S ROAD, CHINA, March 18th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED MELLON.

To Mr. W. E. Evans,

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MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 53, Fleet-street, has

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Composed by
M. W. BALFE.

Poetry by JESSICA BARKIN. Price 2s. 6d.

Prithoe tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily treacher's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know who"
Were here—let 'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

QUICK ARISE, MAIDEN MINE."

Composed by
J. DESSAUER.

The English version by JOHN OXFORD, Esq. Price 2s.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tru la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Gosta o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tru la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tru la la, &c.

"MY MARY."

Composed by
M. ENDERSOHN.

Poetry by JOHN ELLISON. Price 2s.

On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

"OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

Composed by
M. W. BALFE.

Poetry by JESSICA BARKIN. Price 2s.

Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."

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DR. JAMES PECH.

Poetry by MRS. ALFRED V. NEWTON. Price 2s. 6d.

One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted,

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright coloured things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretch to
To call the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshared was her guiltless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewn path, it is mid
Hath flowers for all who cult them.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 532.)

It was at least a fortnight before I could manage to get time enough to have a look at the surrounding country, or form any idea of the size of this great mining camp, for my days were taken up with interminable rehearsals, and my evenings and nights with the performance at the theatre, and the alteration or condensation of hand-parts; but at length I did get a spare day, which I devoted to a good long wander, and was perfectly astonished at the wonderful extent of the place. The masses of huts and tents seemed perfectly incredible; and when we ascended Black Hill, where we got a good panoramic view, I can compare the sight to nothing more graphic than that fine passage in *Numbers*, in which Balaam the Prophet sends Balak the King, by blessing, instead of cursing, the hosts of Israel. As far as the eye can reach, and trending off into the numerous defiles and valleys, nothing can be seen but the white canvass of innumerable tents, diversified with gay flags of various nations, from the bi-crossed union-jack to the Chinese dragon (for these pig-eyed animals, the Chinese, infest this land in almost as great numbers as California), while the upturned earth, and the numerous whims which are called (large barrels horizontally placed upon a vertical shaft, and turned by a horse), which puddle out the pay-dirt—that is, separate the gold from the clay—give evidence of the large amount of capital employed, and the enormous number of miners who are continually risking life and limb in their search for gold. And when the reader considers that most of the shafts are over a hundred feet deep, and that Ballarat is only one of many camps equally large, he can form some idea, by looking at the official returns of the amount of gold received, of how very small is the individual profit to each worker so engaged.

The business portion of Ballarat is as great a Babel as a fashionable watering-place in the season, which I think gives the best idea of an antient pandemonium that can be conceived, with, on an average, three street bands and five public-houses continually playing together; for at Ballarat every public-house had in it either a barrel organ, or two or three Dutch girls pumping accordions and pounding tambourines, while ever and anon they accompanied these instruments of torture with their most "sweet voices," until I wished that the "Bold Privateer" was swinging at his own yard arm, and "Poor dog Tray" converted into his ultimate destination, *sauvages*. But at last, much to my delight, we left the Paradise of Pot Houses, and returned to Geelong were *en-route* for Melbourne, thence taking steamer for Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. The city of Adelaide lies about five miles inland from the port, and is supposed to be built upon an imaginary river, the Torrens, which was originally depicted in the lithographic views that were printed with the view of inducing capitalists to invest their spare cash in the land speculations of the colony, as a "bright and flowing river." It contained about enough water to rinse a moderate-sized tea cup when I went to its banks one morning in the vain hope of getting a swim. This want of navigable rivers is much felt in the four continental colonies—I mean New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Swan River. The colonists must perforce make railroads to supply the deficiency, although some grave philosophers rather scold the idea of building railroads until cities are erected in the interior; just as sensible a plan as that of the Irish architect who built his house and omitted the staircase.

The society in Adelaide is decidedly the most refined in the colonies, for the curse of conviction has never been forced upon them, nor has the lust of gold, with its gambling influences, affected the somewhat staid demeanour of its inhabitants. This valuable portion of these colonies contains immense hoards of copper, and the Burra-Burra mines are celebrated the world over. Silver is also found in considerable quantities. Added to these natural advantages, agriculture is carried on upon rational and scientific principles. Fruits of every description, including the delicious almond, are in great plenty. When the projected railroad to the river

Murray (the only large stream in the colonies) is finished, thereby avoiding the difficult navigation at the mouth of that river, there can be no doubt that Adelaide will take a high position among the Australian cities; at the present time it is one of the pleasantest places in the colonies, and I shall often remember the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants with grateful feelings.

A public spirited gentleman, Mr. White, has erected a beautiful concert-room, holding eight hundred people seated comfortably. It is admirably adapted for sound, and fitted up with great elegance. Here we gave concerts for six weeks, four concerts a week, with very great and flattering success; the audiences were of the most *recherché* and appreciative description, the Governor, Sir Richard O'Donnell and his lovely wife, being our constant patrons; and as our party was small, consisting of Madame Bishop, Mr. Giede, a very charming flutist, and myself, the profits must have been considerable. We also visited Gawler-town, a most abominable place, with a perpetual Egyptian plague of flies infesting it. I have often been well phlebotomised by mosquitos, tickled to death by fleas, and driven to desperation by barrel-organs, none of which abominations can compare with the hideous nuisance of those detestable insects; they even accompanied us back to Adelaide in swarms, until a hard shower of rain relieved us from their hospitable services, and wetted us to the skin. I was really sorry to leave this pleasant place (I don't mean Gawler-town, but Adelaide), although we had a specimen of a hot wind that was the most fearfully oppressive thing that can be imagined. I awoke one morning with a sense of suffocation, and rushed to the window for a breath of fresh air, but it was just like the blast from a hot furnace. During the whole day the streets were deserted, and I scarcely moved from the bed the whole day, but just lied and grunted. The fearful temperature continued till evening, when in an instant the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter, and in ten minutes the thermometer fell thirty-six degrees. This sudden change creates a perfect whirlwind, and those who are unfortunate enough to be caught out can do nothing but cover their eyes, and wait the cessation of the rush of cold wind, which freezes you to the very marrow. Poor Mr. Giede was caught in it, and came into the hotel looking like a miller, so thoroughly powdered was he with the whirls of dust. This is a slight specimen of the hot winds, and will give intending emigrants some idea of the trying climate, especially when they blow, as is often the case, for days together.

Our next place of visit was to the Portland, a small but thriving place about half-way between Adelaide and Melbourne. This town, and most of the surrounding country has been peopled by the best agricultural emigrants in the world, I mean the Scotch, who worthily sustain their character abroad both for thrift and hospitality. The Bay was formerly a great place of resort for whales, of which the evidences can still be seen in the numerous white rib bones which are strewn upon the surrounding beach, and the vertebra which are used as garden stools by the inhabitants. Several large vessels annually load with wool, and although the place seems dull, there is a thriving business done there, and its inhabitants have been spared the over-trading propensities of their neighbours.

We gave five concerts here with great success, and afterwards crossed the bay to Belfast, or Port Fairy as it is termed, a miserable dead-alive hole on a sand bank. From its name the reader can form some idea of the birth place of the original settlers, which will fully account for the decadence and ruin you see around.

From this place we went by coach to Warnambool through a most charming country, passing the Lakes of Kingsey, a lovely bit of mountain and lake scenery which, with a loving reminiscence of home, the emigrants (mostly Irish) have so christened.

To use an American expression, Warnambool is the "jumping off place," a perfect abode of dulness and dmnny-ness; and in this hole or cave of Trephonus we were imprisoned for over a week, waiting for a steamer to relieve us, like a lot of melancholy Andromedas waiting for a Perseus to deliver us from the

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal*.)

PARIS, APRIL 25, 1854.

THE transition from the lion to the rabbit is somewhat abrupt. Yet I must not pass unnoticed those tamer piano-players who have figured here this season. We cannot all be great prophets, and there must be also minor prophets, of whom twelve make a dozen. As the greatest among the little ones we name here Theodor Doehler. His playing is neat, fine, pretty, delicate in feeling, and he has a quite peculiar manner of stretching out his hand in a horizontal level and striking the keys only with the curved tips of the fingers. After Doehler, Hallé deserves special mention among the minor prophets; he is a Habakkuk of as modest as true merit. I cannot avoid here also mentioning Herr Schrad, who, among piano-players, takes perhaps the rank which we assign to Jousas among the prophets. May no whale swallow him!

As a conscientious reporter, who has to give account not only of new operas and concerts, but also of all other catastrophes of the musical world, I must speak also of the many marriages that have broken out, or threaten to break out therein. I speak of real life-long, highly respectable marriages, not of the wild dilettante wedlock which dispenses with the mayor in his tricoloured scarf and with the blessing of the church. *Chacun* seeks now his *Chacune*. The *messieurs* artists dance along on suitors' feet, and warble hymeneals. The violin enters into matrimonial alliance with the flute; the horn music will not be left out. One of the three most famous pianists married recently the daughter of in all respects the greatest bassist of the Italian Opera. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and intelligent. A few days since we learned that still another distinguished pianist from Warsaw had entered the holy state of wedlock; that he, too, had ventured out upon that deep sea for which no compass has ever yet been invented. *Ça va, bold sailor*; push from shore. May no storm break thy rudder! And now the report goes, that the greatest violinist whom Beethoven has sent to Paris, is on the point of marrying here; that this expert of the fiddle also has got tired of his quiet bachelorship, and means to try the fearful, unknown other side. We live in a heroic period. Just now another famous virtuoso has become engaged. Like Theseus, he has found a charming Ariadne, who will lead him through the labyrinth of this life; she will be at no loss for a clow of yarn, since she is a sempstress.

The violinists are in America, and we have had the most edifying accounts of the triumphal processions of Ole Bull, the Lafayette of the puff, the *reclame* hero of two worlds. The manager of his successes had him arrested in Philadelphia, to compel him to pay the costs of his ovations. The hero paid, and no one can now say that the blond Norman, the genial fiddler, owes anybody for his fame. Here in Paris, meanwhile, we have heard Sivori. Porthia would say: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." Another time, perhaps, I will overcome my disinclination to report upon this sizzling emetic. Alexander Batta, too, has given a fine concert this year; he still weeps out his little child-tears on the great violoncello. On this occasion I might also praise Herr Semmelman; he needs it.

Ernst was here. He is more fond of playing only at friends' houses. This artist is loved and esteemed here. He deserves it. He is the true successor of Paganini; he has inherited the magic violin, wherewith the Genoese knew how to move stones, may, even blockades. Paganini, who with a like stroke of his bow now led us to the sunniest heights, now let us look down into awful depths, possessed, to be sure, a far more demoniacal power; but his lights and shadows were at times too glaring, the contrasts too sharp, and his most grandiose sounds of nature often had to be considered as mistakes in art. Ernst is more harmonious, and the soft tints predominate with him. Yet he has a partiality for the fantastical, and even for the gro-

tesque, if not indeed the scurrilous; and many of his compositions remind us always of the legend-comedies of Goethe, of the most adventurous masquerades of the "Venetian Carnival." The piece of music which is known by this name, and which was seized upon in the most shameless way by Sivori, is a most charming *capriccio* of Ernst. This lover of the fantastical can also, if he will, be purely poetical, and I have lately heard a nocturne by him, which was, as it were, dissolved in beauty. One fancied himself transported to Italian moonlight, with still cypress alleys, shimmering white statues, and the dreamy plashing of fountains. Ernst has, as is well known, taken his dismissal at Hanover, and is no longer royal Hanoverian concert-master. That was no fit place for him. He were far more suited to conduct chamber music at the court of some fair queen, as, for example, that of Lady Morgana. Here he would find an audience that would understand him best, and among them many high and mighty personages, who are as appreciative of art as they are fabulous; for instance, King Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, Osier the Dane, &c. And what ladies would applaud him here! The bloude *Hannoerriennes* may certainly be pretty, but they are mere *head-sheep* in comparison with a fairy Melior, with the Lady Abonde, with Queen Geneva, the fair Melusina, and other famous lady personages, abiding at the court of Queen Morgana in Ayalu. At this court (and no other) we hope some day to meet the admirable artist for we, too, have the promise of an advantageous situation there.

May 1.

The Academie-Royale-de-Musique, the so-called Grand-Opéra, is found in the Rue Lepelletier, about in the middle, and exactly opposite the restaurant of Paolo Broggi. Broggi is the name of an Italian, who was once Rossini's cook. When the latter came, last year, to Paris, he visited the *trattoria* of his former servant, and after he had dined there, he stood a long time before the door, in deep reflection, gazing at the great opera building. A tear came into his eye, and when some one asked him why he seemed affected with such sadness, the great master answered, that "Paolo had served up for him his favourite dish of old times, *ravioli*, with Parmesan cheese, but that he was not in a condition to consume one half the portion, and even that oppressed him now. He, who had once possessed the stomach of an ostrich, could scarcely bear as much as a love-sick turtle-dove!"

We do not undertake to say how far the old wag mystified his indiscreet inquirer. Let it suffice to-day, that we advise every friend of music to go and eat a mess of *ravioli* at Broggi's, and then, lingering a moment before the door of the restaurant, contemplate the building of the Grand-Opéra. It is not distinguished by any brilliant luxury; it has rather the exterior of a very respectable stable, and the roof is flat. On this roof stand eight large statues, which represent the muses. The ninth is wanting, and ah! that ninth is just the muse of music. We hear the strangest explanations of the absence of this very estimable Muse. Prosodic people say, a tempestuous wind has hurled it from the roof. Minds more poetic, on the other hand, maintain that the poor Polyhymnia threw herself down, in a fit of desperation at the miserable singing of Monsieur Duprez. That is quite possible; the broken, glassy voice of Duprez has grown so discordant, that no mortal, certainly no Muse, can bear to hear it. If it goes on at this rate, all the other daughters of Mnemosyne will fling themselves down from the roof, and it will soon be dangerous passing in the evening through the Rue Lepelletier. Of the bad music which for some time has prevailed in the Grand-Opéra, I will not speak. Donizetti still remains the best, the Achilles. You may imagine, therefore, what the smaller heroes are. As I hear, too, this Achilles has retired to his tent; he is out of humour, God knows why! and he has informed the Direction that he will not furnish the five-and-twenty promised operas, since he feels disposed to rest. What twaddle! If a windmill were to say the same, we should not laugh more. Either it has wind and turns, or it has no wind and stands still. But Donizetti has an active lacker here, Signor Accursi, who always raises wind for him.

The newest artistic enjoyment which the Academy of Music has given us is the *Lazarone* of Halévy. This work had a

* Thalberg.

† Lablache.

mournful fate; it fell through with drums and cymbals. As to its worth, I refrain from all expression; I merely confirm the report of its terrible end.

Every time that an opera falls through, or a remarkable *fiasco* is made in the Academy of Music, or at the Bufo Theatre, you will remark there a mysterious, meagre figure, with pale countenance and coal-black hair—a sort of male gipsy granny, whose appearance always indicates a musical disaster. The Italians, as soon as they see him, hastily stretch out the fore and middle finger, and say, "That's the *detonator*." But the light-minded Frenchmen, who never have a superstition, merely shrug their shoulders and call that figure Monsieur Spontini. It is, in fact, our former general-director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortes*, two splendid works, which will long keep fresh in the memory of men, and will long be admired, while the composer himself atones for all the admiration, and is nothing but a faded ghost that carvically haunts the world, and frets itself about the life of the living. He can find nothing to console him for the fact that he is long since dead, and that the sceptre of his power has passed into the hands of Meyerbeer.

There has been no lack of *debutants* at the Grand-Opera this winter. A German made his *debut* as Marcel, in *La Huguenote*. In Germany, perhaps, he was only a big clown, with a *brumming* beer voice, and thought therefore he might appear as *basso* here in Paris. The fellow screams like a wild ass. Also a lady, whom I snapt to be a German, has produced herself upon the boards of the Rue Lepelletier. She is supposed to be extraordinarily virtuous, and sings very false. They do say that not only her song, but everything about her—her hair, two thirds of her teeth, &c., are all false; that there is nothing genuine but her breath, and that compels the frivolous French to keep at a respectful distance. Our *prima donna*, Madlle. Stoltz, will not be able to sustain herself much longer; the ground is undermined, and although, as a woman, she has all the cunning of her sex at her command, she will be overcome at last by the great Giacomo Machiavello, who would like to see Viardot Garcia engaged in her place, to sing the chief rôle in the *Prophete*. Madame Stoltz foresees her fate; she feels that even the partially which the director of the Opera devotes to her cannot help her in the least if the great master of the tone-art plays his cards; and she has resolved, of her own free will, to leave Paris, never to return, and end her life in foreign lands. "*Ingrata patria*," said she recently, "*ne ossa quidem mee habebis*." In fact, for some time she has actually consisted of mere skin and bone.

At the Italians, in the Opera-Bufo, there have been quite as brilliant *fascos*, the past winter, as in the Grand-Opera. There, too, there was much complaint about the singers, with the difference—that the Italians often would not sing, and the poor French song-heroes could not sing. Only that precious pair of nightingales, Signor Mario and Signora Gris, were always punctually at their post in the Salle Ventador, and trilled forth the most blooming spring, while, outside, all was snow and wind, forte-piano concerts, and Chamber of Deputies debates, and polka madness. Yes, these are charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera is the everlasting singing wood, to which I often flee when wintry gloom beclouds me, as the frosts of life become intolerable. There, in the sweet corner of some covered box, one is again warmed up most agreeably, and does not at least grow bloodless at the cold. Thus the melodious enchantment turns to poetry what was but now coarse reality; pain loses itself in flowery arabesques, and soon smiles the heart again. What rapture, when Mario sings, and in the eyes of Gris the tones of the beloved songster mirror themselves as if it were a visible echo! What delight, when Gris sings, and in her voice the tender look and blissful smile of Mario are melodiously echoed! It is a lovely pair, and the Persian poet, who has called the nightingale the rose among birds, and the rose again, the nightingale among flowers, would here find himself in a quandy, for both of this pair, Mario and Gris, are distinguished equally for beauty and for song.

Unwillingly, in spite of that charming pair, do we miss here at the Bufo, Pauline Viardot, or as we prefer to call her, the

Garcia. Her place is not supplied, and no one can supply it. This is no nightingale that merely has a *genre* talent, and sobs and trills so exquisitely of spring; nor is she a rose, either, for she is ugly, but a sort of ugliness which is noble, I might almost say beautiful, and which frequently excited the great lion-painter, Lacroix, to enthusiasm! In fact, the Garcia suggests less the civilised beauty and tamed grace of our European home, than the terrible splendour of an exotic wilderness; and in many moments of her passionate delivery, especially when she opens her great mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, too wide, and smiles so grimly sweet and gracefully grinning, then one feels as if the most monstrous kinds of vegetation and of animals of Hindostan or Africa must spring into being; one looks to see gigantic palms, all overhung with thousand-flowered lianas, shoot up; and one would not wonder, if suddenly a leopard, or a giraffe, or a herd of young elephants, should run across the scene. We hear, with great satisfaction, that this singer is again on her way to Paris.

KINGSTON (CANADA).—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have been filling the City Hall with fashionable and critical audiences. The principal pieces have been *Two oaks play at that Game*, *The screen scene from The School for Scandal*, and *Coal as a Cucumber*. In the two first Mrs. Charles Mathews delighted the audience; by her versatility. Her Mrs. Moore was a beautiful piece of acting, and her Lady Teazle exhibited the talent that has deservedly placed her at the head of her profession in the United States. Mr. Charles Mathews is unique in his line. *Le Lit Comedie* is the most difficult branch of dramatic art, but Mr. Mathews acts so naturally that it appears the easiest. The most difficult thing in art is to disguise art, and, certainly, this Indian celebrity conceals his most wonderfully. After the conclusion of their engagement here, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will "rusticate" at the seaside for a week or two, and then return to England. Since Mr. Charles Mathews arrived at New York in the summer of last year, he has performed two hundred and forty-six times, and has travelled sixteen thousand miles.—*British Whig, August 1st, 1858.*

ACTION AGAINST THE DIRECTOR OF A THEATRE.—An Italian composer, named Berettoni, on Tuesday brought an action before the Paris Tribunal of Commerce against M. Calzoldo, director of the Italian theatre, under these circumstances:—He stated that in September, 1857, they signed an agreement to the effect that he (Berettoni) should, in a fortnight, remit to M. Calzoldo an opera made up of *scenarii* taken from the various works of Rossini, entitled the *Curios Accidents*, with a libretto, and that Calzoldo should pay him 800 francs on delivery, and 500 the day after the first performance. The opera was duly delivered and 800 francs paid. It was put in rehearsal, but never produced; and the plaintiff had consequently not received the remuneration to which he was entitled, and had besides been prevented from having the opera represented in foreign and provincial theatres. He therefore claimed 10,000 francs damages, and that M. Calzoldo should be made to bring out the opera before the 1st of December next, under pain of 200 francs fine for each day's delay. In support of his action, he produced a certificate from Rossini that the opera in question was, with the exception of one cavatina, by him. M. Calzoldo contended that he had incurred no liability to the plaintiff, inasmuch as no period had been fixed for the production of the opera, and he alleged that the agreement should be declared null and void. The tribunal decided that there was no reason for declaring the agreement void; but that, no period being fixed for the production of the opera, the plaintiff was not entitled to damages. It, nevertheless, ordered that the opera should be brought out by Calzoldo before the 31st of December, 1859.

SRA.—The festival of the 19th of August brought together an unusual number of celebrities, among whom M.M. Moscheles, Sivori, Tambrlik, Litoff, may be noted as principals. Herr Litoff carried off the lion's share of the laurels. The orchestra, under his direction, executed his *Chant du Dauphin*, the *Grandias*, *Mazurka Rossignoli*, and his first concerto for orchestra and piano. The Society of "Les Amis Mécènes de Liège" sang several choruses and part-songs with great effect.

ROSSINI.

(From the German of E. M. Oettinger.)

BY JOHN C. SCHERRY.

THREE months after this joyous feast, in April of the year 1816, Signor Barbaja was awakened one night out of his bearlike sleep, to hear the dreadful news that his theatre was enveloped in flames. The fire, which spread very rapidly, transformed in fourteen hours one of the grandest edifices in Naples into a heap of ashes.

King Ferdinand took the loss of this theatre more to heart than he did formerly the loss of one half of his kingdom.† Barbaja recovered his equanimity much sooner.

"Sire," said he to the extremely good-natured monarch, "I permit your Majesty to call me a scoundrel, if in nine months the San Carlo is not rebuilt in a grander and more complete style. If your Majesty should be short of funds, I am willing, though a poor man, to advance for the present the sum of two hundred thousand scudi to the Crown, that no time may be lost in forwarding the erection of the new building."

"We accept them," said the King, who, as a Bourbon, was accustomed to accept graciously every sacrifice of his subjects.

Fortunate the prince who has such services!

"Barbaja would allow himself to be beaten to death for your Majesty."

"That is handsome and brave of you," said the king, tapping his servant kindly on his shoulders. "But tell me, good friend, do you still believe that it was set fire to?"

"Sire, I swear it!"

"And what villain do you think has played us this trick?"

"Nobody else but Tacconi."

"I bear this name to-day for the first time. Who is this man?"

"A fugitive from Genoa, who for some time has been roving about in the states of your Majesty, who appears now here and then there, having one name to-day and another to-morrow, and contriving everywhere some mischief."

"And what does my police know about it?"

"Sire, I myself have denounced the rascal—"

"And my police—my police!"

"Has either been too lazy or too stupid to seize him whilst he was in Naples. A short time ago he was in Palermo, and at present he is in Malta."

"How can he, then, have set fire to the theatre in Naples?"

"Your Majesty must be aware that every scoundrel has his assistants. This Tacconi appears to me to be the head of a carabina band, which is dispersed throughout Italy."

"And from whom have you heard that he is now in Malta?"

"He himself has written to that effect."

"To whom?"

"To Colbrand, whom he is persecuting with his declarations of love. And therefore it is my sincere belief that he, and no other, is the man who caused the theatre to be burned down."

"You are, it seems to me, somewhat jealous of this fellow. But this very day I will give the strictest orders to my minister of the police to use his best endeavours to seize the miscreant."

"Do that, Sire, but I beg and adjure you not to forget it; for your Majesty has a very good heart, but also a very bad memory."

"Barbaja!" threatened the king.

"Your Majesty need not get into a passion all at once. You must not forget, Sire, that nobody in Naples is more truly and faithfully devoted to his King than old Barbaja. I just now said it was a bad memory. I will prove to you that it is true."

"How often, Sire, have you not given me to understand that I should have one of your orders? Such a little cross or star costs your Majesty a few scudi, which my services have certainly merited long ago."

"Procure the incendiary Tacconi for us, then you shall have such a thing, as true as my name is Ferdinand, and as I love you,

* The San Carlo Theatre, built by Charles III., in 1740, was already one burnt down in 1763, but had been rebuilt.

† King Ferdinand, driven from the capital of his kingdom, by the French, lived for nine years in Sicily.

because you are a faithful, honest fellow," said the monarch, shaking the impresario by the hand. "Now go with God, old friend, and see that we do not miss our San Carlo too long."

All the members of the theatre were discharged, Colbrand alone remaining in Naples. Rossini, accompanied by his faithful pupil, Ellero, followed an advantageous invitation to Rome, there to write a new opera, *Torvaldo e Dorliaca*, for the Teatro Valle.

The splendid success of this opera induced the Impresario of the Argenta Theatre to spare no effort to persuade the maestro, who had become a great favourite in Rome, to write a new work for his house.

"Have you a good libretto?" asked Rossini.

"Ten, if you like; but I am sorry to say that our over-anxious Governor returns all libretti which are laid before him under the pretence that they contain allusions which might prove dangerous for the peace of the State."

"The old masters had reason to be satisfied; for they had a Metastasio, a da Ponte,† and a Casti.‡ At the present time we have not a single good writer of opera-libretti. Have you not any old, harmless libretto?"

"I certainly have one; but I apprehend you will not like it."

"You mean—"

"The *Barbiere di Siviglia*."

"But Paisiello has already composed that."

"And for this very reason I think it would not be a bad speculation if you would take hold of the subject yourself. Italy would then have an opportunity to make a comparison between then and now; and I, for my part, am satisfied that just such a comparison would turn out in my favour."

"Do you believe so?" asked the maestro, who felt not a little flattered by this expression.

"I am so certain of your success that I propose a wager to you—"

"A wager?"

"That your *Barber* will dismount that of Signor Paisiello."

"In four weeks you shall have an answer from me," said Rossini, and dismissed the impresario, who was very well satisfied with himself.

On the same day Rossini wrote to old Paisiello, who, since 1804, when he had left Paris with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a pension of four thousand francs, resided in Naples, as Director of the Conservatory. The old master, who thought a good deal of himself and his music, and who was by no means delighted at the increasing fame of his young rival, still possessed tact and prudence enough not to show his weak side to the eyes of the world; he replied with a great show of politeness, that he could only approve in every respect the selection of the subject, and that he was firmly persuaded that Rossini's bright genius would win new charms from the old text, on account of which he could only congratulate in advance him and all the stages of

* Pietro Bonaventura Trapani, called *Metastasio* (who was born in Assisi, on January 3rd, 1698, and died in Vienna, April 12th, 1782,) had already in his fourteenth year written an opera-libretto, *Il Giustino*. In 1724 was his first opera, *Didone Abbandonata*, with music by Domenico Sarro, produced in Naples. Besides the above, he has also written *Arcamora*, *Attilio*, *Regolo*, *Tamirato*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Alessandro nell'Indie*, and many other operas, which, collected in five volumes, were published in Paris, 1755, and dedicated to the Marquis de Pompadour.

† Lorenzo da Ponte (who was born in Anoda, 1794, and died in New York, 1836), wrote for Salieri the *Danaises*, and many other operas; for Martini, the *Tree of Diana*; and for Mozart, *Don Juan* and *Figaro's Wedding*.

‡ G. Gambistiani Casti (who was born in Montefiascone, 1721, and died in Paris, 7th February, 1803), was, after Metastasio's death, created Court-Poet by the Emperor, Joseph II., and wrote *La Grotta di Trofonio*, and *Il Re Teodoro in Venezia*, for Paisiello. As a curiosity, we ought to mention that a third comic opera, for which we are indebted to the poet of the "animali parlanti," is named *Catilina*. The hero of this tragic-comic subject is old Cicero, who, amongst other things, sings an aria *buffa*, which contains a very comic parody of his celebrated speech, "Quo usque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?"

Italy, which might anticipate a new master-work. Rossini, delighted and intoxicated with the laudations of the old master, began his new opera with fresh courage.

Nobody in all Italy was more anxious about the success of this new opera than the Knight Paisiello. He said to himself, "If his Barber pleases, then mine will be lost; does he not please, as I expect, then the descending star of my fame will flame forth with new splendour, and eclipse the new star."

But the old artist did not live long enough to see this question decided. Giovanni Paisiello died on the 5th of June, 1816,* and only three months after his death was Rossini's *Barber* performed for the first time, at the Theatre Argentina. Signora Giorgi sang the part of Rosina, Garcia that of the Count Almaviva, Zamboni that of Figaro, and Boticelli that of the Doctor Bartolo. In respect to the opera itself, which must be well known to every one of our readers, we will add only a few lines. The *Barber of Seville* is, according to the best judges, one of the finest leaves in the laurel-wreath of the "Orpheus of Pesaro," whom a German poet surnames the "Helios of Italy." The whole opera resembles a thousand-coloured Bengali-bird, which has bathed its glittering feathers in the smiling aurora and the pearly morning dew; every note is a pearl of dew, trembling on a rose-leaf. The whole score seems to be written during an inspiration produced by champagne; every number, every measure, of this opera, bubbles and rises in pearls—foams and boils like rose-coloured Oil de Perdriz. One sips down this music like a bottle of Clignot, and feels himself so intoxicated with the sharp gas of precious melodies and the pearly foam of their rhythm, that one might throw himself heels over neck into the sea of voluptuous sounds, to dabble about like a gold-fish in these sunny, blissful, crystal-clear waves, which, resounding and singing, caressing and murmuring, glide past us. If Rossini had never written anything else than this *Barber of Seville*, this one opera would be sufficient to secure him one of the first places amongst the greatest composers of all times.

And nevertheless this charming music met only with a partial success during the first performances. The public was divided into two great parties—Paisiellonists and Rossinians—which, as centuries ago, like Neri and Bianchi, or Guelphs and Ghibellins, were opposed to each other as deadly enemies. Paisiello's enemies praised Rossini up to the seventh heaven, whilst Rossini's adversaries did the same with the dead Paisiello. At that time the old and new music of Italy entered a conflict for life and death, which was only afterwards decided in Paris, and procured the living the victory over the dead. Paisiello reposed on the bosom of mother earth, and Rossini stood in the zenith of his fame, the beams of which, like the sun, traversed the whole world.

About this time Rossini wrote to Signora Colbrand, with whom he had entered into a secret correspondence.

"I wish my fair friend could now be at Rome, in order to witness my new triumphs. My Barber makes more friends from day to day, and knows how to insinuate himself into the favour of even the most bitter enemies of the new school, so that they learn to love him more and more, even against their own wishes. Almaviva's serenade is heard every night in all the streets; Figaro's great aria, 'Largo il Pastorello,' is the great favourite of all basso singers, and Rossini's exvante, 'Una voce poco fa,' the evening song with which every beauty retires, to wake up in the morning with the words: 'Lindoro mio serà.' (Yes, Lindoro will be mine!) But more than my new opera, my dear angelique, will interest you—a new salad, which I have invented a short time ago, to the great delight of all gourmands. I hasten to lay the receipt before you: Take a bowl, put into it Provençal oil, English mustard, French vinegar, a little lemon-juice, pepper and salt, mix all the ingredients as well as you can, and then flavour them with truffles, cut into small pieces. The latter gives the salad a nimbus which charms every gourmand into the greatest admiration. The Cardinal-Secretary of State, whose acquaintance I made a short time ago,

gave me his Apostle Benediction for this discovery of mine. But to return to the Barber: in the second act, which, to speak candidly, is weaker than the first, the following pieces meet with much favour: the duetto between the Count, in the disguise of a singing-teacher, and Doctor Bartolo; 'Pace e Gioia,' the aria of the old guardian 'Quando mi sei vicina,' and the finale of the terzetto between Rosina, Almaviva, and Figaro, 'Zitti, zitti, piano, piano.' The least pleasing is the quintetto, in which the fever-sick Basilio goes off and returns again. I myself must acknowledge that Paisiello's is much more simple and graceful than mine. Do not neglect, my dear angelique—the sooner the better—to convince yourself respecting the delicacy of my new salad. I am delighted to hear that you, my dear Colbrand, have taken the bride of our young friend under the wings of your protection. Master Sneezewort is well, and progresses so rapidly that you will be surprised. Taken all together, I amuse myself here tolerably well, but am almost in despair because we have very few, or scarcely any good oysters. When you, in divine Naples, luxuriate in fresh oysters, do sometimes think of me.

"P.S.—I almost forgot the most important thing: I have commenced a new opera, and hope to bring it with me to Naples. Until then, do not forget altogether, your
"G. ROSSINI."

In the beginning of January, 1819, the writer of the above letter returned to Naples, covered with glory, and loaded with gold.

HALIFAX.—A firm of pianoforte makers, carrying on their business, not on the most extensive scale, in Horton-street, under the name of Messrs. Hartley and Kitchen, on Wednesday last, brought their troubles before a jury in the Halifax County Court. The jury was composed of Messrs. T. H. Garlick, J. Stott, J. Hudson, J. Fox, and T. Newsome. It seemed that at the early part of last month, August, they agreed to dissolve partnership. The pianofortes in the workshop were sold to Messrs. Pohman, music-dealers, of Halifax. Three pianofortes belonging to the firm were exhibited for sale in the shop of Mr. Lockwood, watchmaker and jeweller, Crown-street. A fourth instrument was put on hire at the Finesse Inn. Hartley is a relative of Lockwood, and he pretended to have sold him the four pianos for £50, half of that sum being paid in money and the other in watches. Hartley having obtained these started off to the Isle of Man, Liverpool, Huddersfield, and lived "rather fast." Some doubts existed as to whether the transaction with Lockwood was honest. An action was brought against Lockwood for the value of the pianos, and the jury believing it not to have been a *bonâ fide* transaction, called upon Lockwood to pay the sum of £40 in respect of the instruments.—*Leeds Intelligence*.

BADEN-BADEN.—A grand concert was given here on the 29th of August for the benefit of the Hospitals of the town, under the direction of Hector Berlioz. The orchestra was selected from the talent of Baden, Karlsruhe and Strasbourg. Among the noticeable pieces was the symphony with chorus of M. Berlioz, entitled *Romeo et Juliette*—or, more properly, the four first parts of the symphony—and the overture to *Euryanthe*. Herr Litolff performed, with the orchestra, the *allegro, adagio* and *scherzo* of his fourth *Symphonie Concertante*. Vivier executed some new *morceaux* on the horn with irresistible effect; and Mad. Charton-Demeur added largely to the attractions by her singing. In the favourite air from the *Domino Noir*, and the beautiful song from the *Norme di Figaro*, "Deh vieni, non tardar," more especially, she was overwhelmed with plaudits.

St. PETERSBURGH.—The following is a list of the company of the Italian Opera for the forthcoming season:—soprano—Mesdames Bosio, Lotti della Santa, Bernardi, and Dotini; tenors—Sigs. Tamberlik, Mongini, Calzolari, and Alessandro Bettini; barytones—Signors Ronconi, Debassini and Everardi; *bassi profondi*—Signors Marini and Polonini. Madame Ferrara will be *primière danseuse*. Among the new operas to be produced are mentioned *La Juive*, by M. Halévy, and *Simon Boccanegra* by Signor Verdi.

* He was born in Tarant, May 9th, 1741.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON,
 AS MANAGER OF THE ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE, will commence on
 Saturday, the 2nd October next, and conclude on Saturday the 26th July.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BISHOPDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Last five nights of the eminent tragedians Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworthy. They will appear during the week in *COBOLANUS*, *MACBETH*, *OTHELLO*, &c. Opening night of Mr. Numa Reeves' Engagement, who will positively appear on Saturday next, September 18. The whole of the Band of the Princess's Theatre, conducted by Mr. Isaacson. Double Chorus, and every effect of scenery, costumes, &c. The Theatre entirely re-decorated. A new grand centre chandelier, by Messrs. Duffins and Son. The new and splendid Parisian saloon for supper and lower boxes, with its superb fittings, in itself worth a visit, will be completed for this all important occasion.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th, 1858.

MISS LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON have displayed sound judgment and good taste in denominating their new undertaking at Drury Lane simply "English Opera." With the company brought together under their joint management it would hardly have been politic to have prefixed the title of "National." A number of our most accomplished singers have been excluded from, or, more properly, have not been included in, the *troupe*, the appropriation of the latter term would not have redounded to their credit. "English opera" is a general designation, which challenges no scrutiny, and consequently, as far as regards nomenclature, the managers have forestalled animadversion. Merely as an English Operatic Company, therefore, we are to consider the new speculation at Drury Lane. The prospectus has been issued, the names of the principal artists and band supplied, the chorus indicated, and the acts, views, and intentions of the management set forth in full.

The band is unexceptionable; the efficiency of the chorus is guaranteed by being selected from the Royal Italian Opera *corps*, while the name of Mr. Alfred Mellon, as conductor and musical director, gives strength and dignity to the enterprise. In the prospectus, however, we are startled by the declaration that "Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent; and they confidently trust that the result of their endeavours will enable them to present every opera with a completeness and excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking." Now, the very highest available talent in England must be centered in the persons of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, since, besides themselves, we fail to discover a single name of any note in the list of the company—although every artist is dubbed "celebrated" in the prospectus—a stretch of the imaginative worthy of Bunn himself. This, to say the least of it, is not complimentary to native talent, while the merest tyro in musical matters must perceive at a glance that the "very highest available talent" is far from being secured. Under the circumstances, it would have been as well to have made no allusion to "excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking." In addition to being altogether chimerical, it spoils the modesty of the title.

"The ambition of the present management," we further learn, "is to establish English Opera upon a firm and permanent basis," and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison flatter themselves that the foundation is laid. Much has been effected, certainly, towards achieving so

desirable a result, but much, we maintain, has yet to be done before an English lyric theatre can be established. What would be said, we may ask, if an operatic theatre were started on the Continent, arrogating to itself the title of "National," and setting out with pretensions to a sure and permanent foundation, which could boast of one tenor and one *prima donna* only in the company? The answer is inevitable; and yet, beyond the names of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, we vainly search in the Drury Lane *troupe* for a first soprano or a first tenor. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, we need hardly say, are both excellent artists and great favourites of the public; but they cannot sing every night in every opera with impunity, and should one be taken ill the performances must be discontinued. It is a good thing to make provision for a rainy day, and, however sound and vigorous the constitution of a singer may be, he cannot for that reason claim immunity from casualty or complaint. Although Mr. W. Harrison is as strong, salubrious, and as capable of endurance as an Orkney boatman, a potty piece of orange peel in Russell-street, or an underdone cut of salmon, with or without cucumbers, may incontinently lay him supine on his couch or four-poster, to say nothing of fogs, and east winds, and infections, and colds, and catarrhs, and the villainous lumbago, foe to thin loins. Nor, by'r Lady, are ladies more exempt from disaster and disease than the rougher sex; nay, if less exposed to out-of-door mishaps, they are more subject to skyey influences and their thousand ailments, whereunto the slender texture and circumscribed limits of their apparel largely minister. So that even Miss Louisa Pyne, whom the doctors late for her invariable robust health, and to whom Fortune has always proved such a kind godmother, may fall down before the rithmatism or a sprained ankle. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison cannot be all in all in their company, and it behoves them in time to look out for "doubles," as they call them, who may fill their places at need.

The performances commence on Monday with *The Rose of Castille*, "the highly flattering run of which," we are assured, "was only interrupted by the termination of the season." Not to speak irreverently of Mr. Balfe's new opera, we dread a second inundation of this "prosperity." In the palmy days of the Bunn dynasty at Drury Lane—where, for reasons best known to manager and music-publisher, a run of some 100 nights was wont to be achieved for the smallest success—we were ever among the most strenuous opponents of a system which hood-winked the public and served to militate against the best interests of art. Let Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison set their faces against such dubious trafficking. To force an opera upon the public, however successful at first, can only result in general distaste, and can only serve to benefit the publishers, those millionaires of music, who feed fat on the brains of others, and whose interests compel them to care little or nothing whatsoever for art.

Martha—proclaimed in the prospectus "the great triumph of the last season at the Royal Italian Opera," which most decidedly it was *not*—will be produced on Thursday, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, of course, sustaining the principal parts. An opera better adapted to display our *prima donna*'s brilliant talent to advantage might easily have been found. Like Madame Bosis, Miss Pyne is essentially a *bravura* singer, and to neither the Italian nor the English *cantatrice*—we surmise the latter—is the plain music of *Martha* suited. In our next number, however, we shall be enabled to decide on this point, as far as relates to Miss Louisa Pyne.

Among the novelties promised are an opera by Mr. Balfe, composed to order, and also an original opera, entitled *Rip van Winkle*, "written expressly for the present management by Mr. George Bristow," an American composer of reputation on the other side of the Atlantic. We shall be glad to hear both works. Of Mr. Edward Loder's opera, *Agnes and Raymond*, mentioned some time since in the *Musical World*, as accepted by the management, and of Mr. Frank Morri's new work, also alluded to, the prospectus is silent. As the season extends to thirteen weeks only, we may conclude that it would be found impracticable to get ready more than two new productions.

The performances will conclude nightly with a *ballet divertissement*, for which purpose Meslites, Morlacchi and Pasquale, from Her Majesty's Theatre, and Madlle. Zilia Michelet, with a *corps de ballet* selected from Her Majesty's Theatre, and M. Petit of the old Opera as ballet-master, are engaged. In fact there appears to be no want of enterprise on the part of the management, and with so much that is good a fair amount of success must be anticipated.

We have not the slightest objection in the world to Mr. Peter Paterson, late comedian of the theatres royal and rural, writing his own life. Nine out of every ten of our acquaintance would rather talk about themselves than about any one else, and we do not see why we should except Mr. Peter Paterson from the general rule. Of his book, we know nothing, for he has not sent us a copy, and we are not sure that we should read it, if he did. Nine out of every ten of our acquaintance, with all their propensity to pour forth their own auto-biographies, would rather do anything than listen to the auto-biographies of their similarly disposed neighbours, and we do not profess to be an exception to the general rule.

However, live and let live. Let Mr. Peter Paterson live his own life, and when he fancies (wrongly we trust) that he is approaching its termination, let him write a book, and tell all about it to those who are willing to read. We have no objection, we repeat. But we do object to articles of this sort, appearing in the *Morning Post*, & *propos* of the confessions of Mr. Peter Paterson:—

"This is, we believe, the veritable history of a strolling player; and its publication, by stripping the profession of the tinsel in which it is generally dressed by the imagination, may save many a foolish youth from wrecking his prospects in life, and even life itself, by denning the sock and buskin in the fallacious hope that he will become one day a theatrical star of the first magnitude. From the confessions before us it is too clear that the life of a stroller, and almost every great actor has been at one period of his life a stroller, is a life of bitter suffering, deep mortification, occasional starvation, to be avoided only by shifts for which honesty can find no other apology than necessity—ending in utter ruin and degradation. The exceptions are not perhaps one in ten thousand; and of these exceptions many should be regarded like Cook and Edmund Kean, rather as beacons to avoid than lures to enter upon a life of vagabondism, on the very threshold of which self-respect, and too often integrity, must be wholly discarded. The work is well written, and contains a great deal of very amusing anecdotal information. It is to be hoped it may obtain a large circulation, as by baring the skeleton to the gaze of the young theatrical amateur, it may deter him from entering upon a career in which the least evil will be the ruin of all his worldly prospects."

The reasoning of the above brilliant effusion, if reduced into syllogistic form, would stand thus:

Mr. Peter Paterson, having become an actor, did not succeed;

Mr. Thespis Crichton became an actor:

Therefore, Mr. Thespis Crichton did not succeed.

The form contemplated is styled by early logicians "Barbara," but the form attained, may be by analogy termed "Birbara," a wretched word, equally horrible to lovers and to syllogists, but arising from the vicious substitution of a particular for an universal in the major premiss. [Those of our readers who do not understand this paragraph, had better pass on quickly to the next.]

There is no doubt that in the theatrical profession, as in every other, the number of blanks far exceed the number of prizes, and that he who hopes to be chief man of his day, is very likely to be disappointed. But in this passage from hope to disappointment peculiar to the theatrical profession! Surely there are many men who have been called to the bar, and who, after indulging in dreams of the woolack, now sit shivering in wretched attics, which they euphuistically term "chambers," with scarcely any prospect whatever. There are classically educated curators who do the work of a Florence Nightingale in addition to the performance of their ecclesiastical duties, for some fifty pounds. There are industrious tradesmen, who hope to retire to Blackheath, but drop unexpectedly into the *Gazette*. There are stock-jobbers who "waddle" without deserving the ignominy of the "black-board." Besides these, there is a countless mass of persons—the mass in short—who have not had so much as the luxury of a disappointed hope,—who have never had any aspirations at all. Take the whole multitude of the working-classes—the rank and file of the army—the man before the mast in the navy—and after making allowance for a few very rare exceptions—ask, to what will any of them come? Look a little higher—at the clerk-world,—at the men bound to a ledger, recording the fluctuations of property not their own, and struggling to maintain a large family and a decent appearance on the scantiest of salaries. Are we to suppose that among all these there are no Peter Patersons to be found, who, on the evidence of their own experience, could stand as so many warning spectres, and caution people to avoid the bar—the church—the shop—the stock-exchange—the counting-house—and the *atelier*!

Nevertheless, when people deplore the misconduct of some lad, who leaves a previous vocation through a passion for the stage, they generally imagine that he has wantonly leaped from Elysium into Tartarus. If they would only be pleased to consider that in many,—even bad cases—the mistaken individual simply walks from one state of misery into another they would be less profuse in their lamentations.

If Mr. Peter Paterson simply meant to teach us, that every man who comes out as *Hamlet* will not attain the professional and social position of Mr. Charles Kean, we should certainly admit that he intended to diffuse sound doctrine; and if his book sold upon the strength of it, we would write another proving that every old gentleman who wears a pig-tail (like Mr. Selby in his last new and very excellent piece) must not on that account expect to become Emperor of China. But when the *Morning Post*, perched on the shoulders of the aforesaid Paterson, begins to hint that there are no good pickings in the theatrical profession, beside the big plum on the very top of the tree, we begin to look round us, and contemplate what may be called the rank and file of the London companies.

And what do we see? Why, we see a great quantity of very mediocre talent very liberally rewarded. Mind, we are not talking of the famous men, whom friends extol, whom enemies decry, whom critics analyse, but of those who are seen night after night, without creating an emotion, and

rarely become the subject of any comment whatever. Mr. Tiffin Small, who plays secondary gentleman in comedy, and inferior lords in tragedy, would be more prosperous in a pecuniary sense, if his mighty mind were devoted to the columns of a ledger, rather than to the study of a very slight part! How much could be gained by Miss Rosetta Smirk, who smiles so prettily, and whose talent stops at that agreeable achievement, if she doffed the eternal white muslin, and devoted her energies to shirt-making!

We pass over the semi-puritanical tone which pervades the article, and would be more suitable to the columns of the *Record* than to those of the *Morning Post*; but sins against Cocker we cannot leave unnoticed.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FRIDAY, SEPT. 3.

"*Le Roi est mort!—Vive le Roi!*" Such was the cry in the times of the old French monarchy, when the Bourbons occupied the throne of France, and the *fiens-dé-là* fluttered in the wind; when, despite the names of La Belle Vallière, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon; of La Du Barry and the Parc-aux-Cerfs, it was believed that kings could do no wrong, though the most staunch royalist must allow they sometimes tried their talents in that line. "*Le Festival est mort! Vive le Festival!*"—yes—the Festival is dead! and many ardent minds are already looking forward to the next. The last strains have died away—the great conductor has vanished—the singers, male and female, having packed up their carpet-bags and corded their portmanteaus, have winged their flight, or are preparing to do so, far away, and Birmingham is left to deplore their loss or pray for their return.

The third and last miscellaneous concert—by the way, the Germans have a proverb! "*Alla gute Dinge sind drei*"—took place yesterday evening. The name of the pieces in the programme was legion. Now I have no doubt the worthy burgesses of Birmingham itself, together with the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants generally of the surrounding parts, were, as they should be, hungering after music. But it has always been held right not to give famishing people too much at one time, and I think this is a maxim which has not always been observed on the present occasion. As I have said—but I will say it again for all that—the name of the pieces in the programme was legion. It would not take me quite so long to go through them as it did take Mr. Brunel to bore under the Thames, or as it will take the Sardinian engineers to bore under the Alps. Still I must decide the task, for varied as my style may be, and, I trust, tolerably readable, I am afraid my account may be sicklier o'er with the pale cast of sameness now and then. But I can assure the courteous reader—I call him "courteous," although my last remarks may have induced him to honour me with the epithet of "vain idiot," or some other designation equally complimentary—I can assure the courteous reader this is no fault of mine. *Les programmes so souvent et se ressemblent*; "a name may be interpreted as meaning, in the present case, that some of the compositions have already been discussed, criticised, praised, or condemned in the pages of this journal. I will content myself, therefore, with merely mentioning the most distinguishing features of last night's entertainment, which opened with Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, but why, I cannot say, unless to show us how it ought not to have been played. "*Varium et variabile, musicus*" is a new reading of an old saw, which I take the liberty of suggesting for the especial behoof of the orchestral fraternity. I could hardly believe I was listening to the same performers who had so distinguished themselves on the previous days of the Festival. The less said, however, the sooner intended, and it is to be hoped the future will make reparation for the past.

"Comparisons are odorous" and, therefore, I will draw none. I will simply state that Mr. Costa's serenade, *The Dream*, composed to celebrate the nuptials of the Princess Royal, went as smoothly

as a train on the Great Western. It was executed with a precision perfectly marvellous. The great "hits" were the chorus: "Make the car of a golden king-cup," and the serenade: "Oh! the joy of truly loving!" the latter sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as though he really meant it, and for which he was loudly, enthusiastically, and unanimously encouraged. The other artists in the serenade were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. This gentleman personated Oberon, King of the Fairies, for whom, under the circumstances, I could not help thinking a good substantial gig would have been a more appropriate vehicle than a golden king-cup. Among the other component portions of Part I, were: "*Hai già vinto la causa*," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Sig. Belletti; "*Il mio tesoro*," from *Don Juan*, Sig. Tambrerik; and the quintet: "*Sento o Dio*," from *Cool fan Tutte*, Mad. Viardot, Madlle. Victoire Balfé, Messrs. Weiss, Belletti, and M. Smith. The second part—but no, I must mention one more fact, which is, that "*Non più mesta*" was sung as only one person I ever heard can sing it. Need I say that person was the entrancing, the inimitable Mad. Alboni?

Now I may remark. The second part contained two overtures, that by Spohr to the *Alchemist* and that to *Euryanthe*, by Carl Maria von Weber. The last was admirably performed by the orchestra. Madame Clara Novello gave Mendelssohn's *serena*, "Infelice," with capital effect; Madame Alboni, Rodé's variations with an ease and smoothness which caused an enthusiastic, but evidently non-artistic gentleman next me to say, "it seemed as if she was entering butter with a knife" and Madlle. Victoire Balfé, "The last rose of summer," with a winning grace that proved the "last rose" was not the last, but simply the last but one, for she had to sing it again. Indeed, the audience were so pleased that I was afraid they would not be satisfied with one encore, but insist on having a whole banquet of such roses. Mr. Macfarren, also, contributed a very pleasing ballad, "The Token," sung by Mr. Weiss with the feeling of a true artist. The concert was excellently attended. There were 1,198 persons present, and the receipts amounted to the tidy sum of £88 10s.

The performances this morning consisted of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Beethoven's Mass in C. Both were well executed. There might, perhaps, have been a little more expression, a trifle more attention to the niceties of light and shade, but there was no cause for complaint. Compositions by such masters are ticklish things for conductors, however talented, and orchestras, however practised; their efforts seldom come up to the ideal we have imagined in our own minds, just as, perhaps, no actor ever reached the standard each individual critic has set up of *Hamlet* or of *Lea*. After these *chef-d'œuvre*, we had Mr. Leslie's cantata, entitled *Judith*. I always experience so hearty a desire to foster the endeavours of any young composer of talent, and no one will deny that Mr. Leslie has a perfect right to be so considered,—that I prefer making myself better acquainted with the score of *Judith* before I venture to give a final decision as to the precise place it is destined to occupy among the works of the present day. One thing is certain: it is not what the Germans call a *Mendelssohn*, though, on the other hand, it is a praiseworthy production, and contains some highly pleasing *morceaux*. The vocal solos were confided to Messieurs Viardot Garcia, Castellán, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Monteverdi Smith, with whom the compositions have been well satisfied. The chorus and orchestra, also, worked with a will. The audience were loud in their applause, and warmly greeted Mr. Leslie, who was his own conductor, both on his appearance in the orchestra, and at the conclusion of the cantata. The proceedings terminated with the national anthem. There were 1,472 persons present, and the receipts amounted to £1,461 3s. 11d.

The Festival concludes with a full-dress ball this evening at the Town Hall.

The produce of the seven performances amounts to £10,000, being about £1,600 less than the sum realised at the Festival of 1855. I have heard some persons indulge in complaints that the inhabitants of the town did not take that interest we might suppose they would take in a Festival not only elevating and delightful in itself, but rendered subservient to that divine

virtue: Charity, which, like Mercy, "blesseth him who gives and him who takes." I think, however, that this apathy on the part of the inhabitants may be, to a great extent, accounted for by the scale of prices. I need not say, after the opinions I expressed in a former letter, I feel convinced that, now-a-days, the great secret of success consists in moderate charges combined with excellence, the one being perfectly compatible with the other. On the whole, however, this year's Festival may be regarded as a great triumph in the cause of two great principles—

—CHARITY AND MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From *Aria's Birmingham Gazette*.)

THE enormous receipts at the Festival of 1855 led the public somewhat hastily to infer that a similar degree of financial success would have been attained by the celebration which has just terminated, and because this has not been the case a few persons have expressed some dissatisfaction. A moment's reflection ought to convince those individuals that there is really no ground for lamentation. Of course we, in common with every supporter of these great meetings, regret that the receipts should not have been even much larger than those in 1855, but in reality we never expected that they would reach the sum taken in that year. Three years ago trade was in a most prosperous condition; but since that time the country has passed through a period of almost unexampled depression, the influence of which is still very painfully felt. But even for a prosperous time the returns of 1855 were unusually large, having indeed been exceeded only once since the establishment of the Festivals, namely, in 1834, when the sum received was £13,527. In other years the receipts have fluctuated very considerably. In 1837, the Festival after the great year of 1834, they fell to £11,900, at the next Festival there was a further decrease to 11,600, in 1842 they were only £8,800, in 1846 they advanced to £11,600, in 1849 there was a fall to £10,334, and in 1852 there occurred a sudden leap to £11,600. The receipts at the Festival just over have been £10,800, and there is every probability that before the books are closed £11,000 will have been received. Without taking into account any disturbing influences whatever, we are entitled to consider this result as a decided pecuniary success; but if we allow proper weight to the depression of trade, the recent expenditure on the Queen's visit, and the unaccountable apathy manifested by many of our townsmen, the inevitable deduction is that the Festival has proved satisfactory beyond all calculation. We do not pretend to be able to assign any reasonable cause for the absence of so many residents in Birmingham from the Festival performances, and particularly from the evening concerts—unless, indeed, the state of trade furnishes a sufficient excuse. If there is no other reason for this marked abstinence from attendance, we must say that the fact is highly discreditible to those who have participated in the neglect.

The Festival is conducted, at great cost and with immense labour, for the benefit of our noblest local charity, and those who, having the means of attending, nevertheless abstain from supporting the performances, and at the same time do not contribute to the funds of the charity, seem to us very seriously to neglect the duty that is plainly incumbent upon them—of assisting to the best of their power the sick and maimed amongst their poorer brethren. This is no case of speculative charity—the Hospital cannot do without the help it receives from the Festival, and every shilling not required for necessary expenses is paid over to the treasurers of the charity. On another ground those who abstain from supporting the Festivals are almost equally to blame. The musical distinction which these meetings have conferred upon Birmingham has made the town famous throughout Europe as the home of the grandest musical celebrations ever witnessed. By national consent the highest place in great musical celebrations has been conferred upon Birmingham, and more than one town, in endeavouring to deprive us of this well-earned honour, has learned to its cost its own weakness, and the inherent strength of the Birmingham

Festivals. In the good name of Birmingham as nothing in the eyes of Birmingham men! To put the matter on the lowest ground—a ground so low that we are almost ashamed to allude to it at all—as a matter of commercial gain it is the interest of Birmingham people to maintain their Festivals in the highest degree of efficiency, because the more attractive they can be rendered, the greater will be the influx of strangers into the town. That we are not speaking without reason in animadverting thus warmly on the apathy of some of our townsmen will be seen from the following statement, which shows that the falling-off in the receipts, as compared with some previous years, has occurred in connection with the evening concerts:—

		MORNINGS.			
		1855.		1858.	
Tuesday	£1,859	9 10	£2,485 8 8
Wednesday	1,497	8 8	1,222 18 0
Thursday	2,808	8 0	2,789 5 0
Friday	2,118	2 9	1,360 15 5
		£8,313	9 3		
		EVENINGS.			
		1855.		1858.	
Tuesday	£2,607	0 0	£611 12 0
Wednesday	1,077	17 0	114 18 0
Thursday	1,422	10 0	688 10 0
		£3,107	16 0		
Ball	273	17 0		
		£3,801	13 0		
Schemes	438	3 0		
		£3,791	16 0		
				£2,655	2 0

The morning performances are supported chiefly by the vice-presidents and the nobility and gentry of the district: the evening concerts and the ball depend mainly upon the townspeople. The former have done their part admirably, and to them the thanks of the friends of the General Hospital are eminently due; but the latter class, of whom more might have been expected than of strangers, have failed to render the customary measure of support. As we said before, we cannot account for this coldness, excepting on the ground of bad trade. In former years the Festivals have encountered powerful opposition from a section of the clergy, but on the present occasion, so far as we know, this hostile influence was very slightly exerted, at least publicly; and we are therefore the more at a loss to divine the reason why the evening concerts were not better attended, particularly as those concerts were far more interesting than they were in 1855.

Whatever may have been the cause of the neglect, our original position remains unassailable. If the deficiency as compared with the previous Festival was brought about by influences other than those attributable to commercial depression, the receipts prove that even without the mass of the Birmingham people a very large return can be obtained; and if, on the other hand, the diminution in the receipts arises simply from the adverse state of local trade, it needs no argument to show that the Festival must have been wonderfully attractive to have produced so gratifying a result, notwithstanding the unfavourable local conditions under which it has been held. We repeat, therefore, that from whatever point of view it may be regarded, the Festival of 1858 has been a financial success. In conformity with our custom, we present in the subjoined table a comparative statement of the receipts at the three last Festivals. We may remark in passing, that a glance at this table will show the fallacy of an opinion which has been expressed—that the diminution in the receipts at last week's Festival would have been much greater but for the unusually large amount of the donations. The inaccuracy of this statement is distinctly shown by the fact that there is scarcely any difference between the donations and collections for 1855 and the 1858; the amount received in the former year at the morning performances having been £1,475 6s. 9d., against £1,506 6s. 11d. in the latter.

	1857.		1855.		1858.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Tuesday Morning ...	2,804	11 8	1,889	0 10	2,485	0 6
" Evening ...	142	12 0	607	0 0	641	12 0
Wednesday Morning ...	1,644	16 5	1,497	8 8	1,223	18 0
" Evening ...	869	18 0	1,077	17 0	714	18 0
Thursday Morning ...	2,751	1 5	2,908	8 0	2,789	5 0
" Evening ...	992	0 0	1,422	19 0	688	10 0
Friday Morning ...	1,063	10 4	2,118	2 9	1,360	15 6
Five-Guinea Tickets...	89	5 0	115	10 0	84	0 0
Ball ...	270	12 0	273	17 0	192	18 0
Schewes ...	365	0 0	410	3 0	317	4 0
Donation received after the Festival ...	297	0 7	524	7 8	305	10 0
TOTALS ...	11,690	6 10	12,745	2 11	10,802	17 1

GLOUCESTER IN RE HEREFORD.

(From the Gloucester Chronicle.)

A STRANGER upon the point of visiting Herefordshire thought it right before setting out upon his journey to get together all the information he could with respect to its climate, its land, its productions, and the habits of its natives. Upon consulting the *Gazetteer* he found the air to be salubrious, the soil either stiff clay or light sand, boys cultivated to a large extent, orchards in every aspect and on every soil; but what struck him most in the catalogue of excellencies and peculiarities was the announcement of the extreme longevity of its inhabitants. Every parish seemed to rejoice in its centenarian, and none who escaped measles, small-pox, and hooping-cough, thought of dying before eighty. This singular fact puzzled him; how was he to account for it? Was it something peculiar in the climate, in the water, in the earth, or some wonderful organisation of the human frame. He carried this interesting problem with him by railway into the county, with a fixed determination to solve it before he left; but when he came in contact with Herefordshire society he immediately saw through the mystery. "What wonder," said he to himself, "that these people should live so long in a fat and luxuriant land when there is among them so little *tear and wear of the body by the friction of the wind!*"

Never was a fairer specimen of this *Scottish crassitude* displayed than on the occasion of the late music meeting; if the more lively and elastic spirits of the county had not bestirred themselves to save its honour and its reputation by exerting themselves far and near to avert the certainty of a miserable failure, to Hereford would have belonged the ignominious fame of having put a stop to the meeting of the Three Choirs, after a reunion annually for nearly a century and a half. As it was, indeed, true to their traditional fierceness, the Herefordshire people seem to have had great difficulty in keeping awake; a dull leaden torpor invaded the Cathedral, the County Hall, and the fingers which held the purse-strings; neither grave nor gay, neither the grand nor the solemn, neither the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, nor the still more eloquent eyes of those ladies, who, "with pity's dewy glance," beseeched aid for widows and orphans, could touch the sensibilities, much less rouse to enthusiasms, the aggregate mass of Herefordshire worthies.

"But after all, it may be believed, if the Herefordshire people had been left to themselves things would have gone smoothly and perhaps successfully. They were, however, not left to themselves, but an under-current has been at work to sap the foundations of the Triennial Meetings; the old reasons, or rather prejudices, have been paraded against their continuance; for instance, either that the cathedral is a place too holy for the most solemn passages of scripture to be musically recited within its walls, or that the excitement of the concert-room trends too hastily upon the heels of the morning's sacred employment; or that it is inexpedient to bring into the mother church of the diocese strange singing men and singing women; or that the principle is wrong to exact alms from the widows and orphans of the clergy

by means which may be open to exception, or which, at any rate, cannot be said to flow from a pure unmixed fountain of Christian benevolence. Strange to say, too, these scruples have been revived and disseminated under the auspices of the Dean and other influential clergy; nay, so vehement and assiduous is the attack, that although the blow has not prostrated the victim entirely, it has yet struck into the vitals, and on the next occasion it is anticipated the "Meeting of the Three Choirs" will give in its death-throe at Hereford, under the auspices of the Dean and his colleagues.

The real question is this: What is to become of the charity! How are three hundred pounds to be raised for the families of the poor clergy in each diocese every year if these meetings are extinguished? The opposition has not risen from the poor clergy, but from the rich, from those who are placed in high position and dowered with large incomes. The Dean and his friends may be conscientious in their scruples, and they have a right to their opinions, but it is quite another thing to undermine the props of an ancient and beneficent charity, avowedly with all the weight of authority, influence, and example, without showing us first of all what substitute they are prepared to offer. This conduct is both unjust and ungenerous. While they sleep on soft beds, let them not tear the hard mattress from under the widows and orphans of their poor brethren, and leave them upon the bare floor. Before they shut the Cathedral doors, let them tell us where the £900 or £1000 are to be raised, by what means, and by what machinery! These transactions, and the remarks, caustic and satirical, but richly earned, which have appeared in the journals of the day, will serve to rouse the spirit of Gloucestershire; we are confident no exertion will be spared to make the meeting of 1859 at Gloucester a brilliant contrast to that of 1858 at Hereford.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—(From the Constitutional Press).—The 135th anniversary of the Festival has, I am sorry to say, proved a failure in a pecuniary point of view, though to the visitors—who don't appear to be much distressed at the pecuniary liabilities of the stewards—the beautiful weather, the romantic scenery of the city and neighbourhood, and the pleasure of meeting country friends from all parts, to say nothing of the musical performances—have been sources of unmixed delight. It is painful to hear rumours current among all classes that the neglect of the cathedral chapter to support the Festival, and the indifference evinced towards it by the country gentlemen, may very probably lead to the dissociation of Hereford from the two other cities in which the Festival is held. The Bishop of Hereford, much to his credit, is understood to be warmly in favour of the continuance of the Festival, and has remained in the episcopal residence to receive a very large company, and to do,—almost alone, as far as the clergy are concerned—the honours of his cathedral city. As for the Dean, Mr. Dawes is known to be violently hostile to the meeting of the choirs in his cathedral. He coolly absented himself from the city during its continuance, and a strange rumour asserts that he took the key of the choir with him, so that visitors might be balked of one portion, at least, of their anticipated pleasure. Mr. Dawes is, I need not add, a Liberal and rank Erastian, one of *Lord John's protégés*, and a clergyman with no more churchmanship about him than Dean Close. Archdeacon Freer has also left the city in consequence of the Festival; not from any objection to it on principle, but because he has, it is said, taken offence at some of the arrangements. Lord Saye and Sele, one of the canons, is generally the leading promoter of the Festival; but he, too, is absent from some cause unknown to me. But the most singular thing is the absence of the eminent precentor, no less a person than the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., who, one would have supposed, would have been the hero of the Festival, a musical lion highly acceptable in ecclesiastical as well as fashionable circles. Where is he? every one asks. I heard that he was sulking at Tenbury, because he didn't want his anthem to be performed on Tuesday! The whole arrangements have been, therefore, left to Mr. George Townshend Smith, organist of the cathedral, who

has had to overcome prejudices, to heal jealousies, and, after the toleration of the "abominable Festival" had been "conceded" by the dignitaries, to bear the whole trouble of the musical and financial transactions. How differently they manage matters at Worcester I can speak from a most pleasant experience of last year. The Bishop patronising the Festival—the Dean heading its supporters in the most active and energetic manner—all the canons glad to have an opportunity of showing off their cathedral to the best purpose, and of exhibiting their profuse hospitality to their visitors—several country and city clergy aiding in the arrangements—daily service in the choir of the cathedral—pleasant parties in the Chapter House at the close of the day,—these have been more agreeable reminiscences. Mr. Editor, than I shall take with me from Hereford, with its "rubbish-littered" churchyard, its cathedral given up to musons, its "recusant" Dean and "malignant" Chapter, and, by consequence, its diminished number of attendants at the Festival. With the difficulties before him, Mr. Smith's success has surprised me. Nothing but genuine enthusiasm, undaunted courage, and unflagging zeal could have enabled him to overcome the hostility of blockheads and the indifference of stupid creatures, and to perfect, single-handed, all the business transactions of the Festival.

HEREFORD.—By way of conclusion to the record of the Festival doings, we may mention that at the meeting of the stewards on Saturday last, a statement of the accounts was read by the conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith, from which it appears that notwithstanding the fears entertained of the financial results of the Meeting, the adverse balance was not a hundred pounds more than that of the year 1855. At the same meeting fourteen gentlemen consented to act as stewards for the next meeting, 1861; and a confident anticipation was indulged that the list of twenty-five would be completed by the end of this week; many gentlemen interested in the continuance of the Festivals having signified their willingness to co-operate to that end, though they had not given positive authority to use their names. But a suggestion was thrown out, which we take the liberty of at once endorsing very cordially, that to secure the future stewards from greater individual responsibility than £25 each, a guarantee fund should be provided by the city. We feel confident that an arrangement so reasonable will at once meet the concurrence of the "Town and trade of Hereford." With regard to the collections for the Charity, we are happy to be able to add that the meeting has been a propitious one. In addition to the sums announced in our last, donations have been received which have swelled the total amount beyond the receipts of the last Festival. The detraction and disability under which the promoters had been so undeservedly labouring, put it into the heart of a generous and benevolent lady, Miss Wollerston of Tamworth, to send the splendid donation of £100 to the Charity funds. The interest of the "Worcester Fund" brought another £60 into the collecting-plate. In addition to this, other handsome contributions have been received by the treasurer, and we learn on enquiry to-day (Tuesday), that the gross amount credited to the use of the Charity is now £880 17s. 4d. It only remains to be added that the stewards, before separating, made fitting acknowledgments, in the way of formal "thanks," of their obligation to the Lord Bishop of Hereford, for his cordial co-operation, and to their chairman, the Rev. John Hopton, for his attendance to his duties. A resolution was also unanimously passed "That the thanks of the stewards be given to Mr. Townshend Smith for his indefatigable exertions in making the necessary arrangements for the Festival, and bringing it to a successful issue."—*Hereford Journal*.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The collection for the charity is one of the largest ever known, it amounts to £1000 17s. 4d.; and as contributions are still coming in, hopes are entertained that when the account is made up, a great addition will be made to the sum now announced. The list of Stewards for 1861 will be published as soon as complete, it is filling rapidly. At the recent meeting of stewards, thanks were voted to the Bishop, Chairman, and Conductor. (Communicated.)

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

LEEDS, Sept. 8th.

HAD Diogenes, with his proverbial lantern, visited Leeds during the last few days, I believe, from what I know of the inhabitants, he would have found an honest man a great deal sooner than a comfortable lodging, supposing, of course, that, as he came out to enjoy himself, he would not have been contented with his usual tub. The town is crammed to suffocation, for it must be remembered, not only is this the first grand Musical Festival held here, but Her Majesty yesterday opened the magnificent Town Hall in which the Festival takes place. Of the Royal lady's reception, of the frantic enthusiasm of the countless Leedsites and others who lined the streets, the windows, the roofs, and every point from which a view could be caught of the procession; of the triumphal arches, the illuminations, and the transparencies, I shall say nothing, as detailed accounts of all these tokens of the local feelings entertained by the people of Leeds towards their gracious Sovereign, will, ere this appears in print, have been circulated throughout the country from the Land's End to John o'Groat's. There is only one fact connected with this grand demonstration of free men to a constitutional queen which falls more especially within my province, and which, therefore, I am bound to mention more particularly. I allude to the vocal welcome given by the charity children as their Queen passed Woodhouse Green. Nearly 27,000 of these little creatures were located on two immense platforms, one on each side the route pursued by the royal carriage. In order to ensure uniformity with such immense numbers, the musical conductor was assisted by signal-men, provided with boards bearing various inscriptions, such as: "Prepare to cheer," "Sing," &c. At last, after the poor little things had patiently waited for some hours, the royal procession approached, and the signal-boards with the words: "Prepare to cheer!" were hoisted above their tiny heads. A few minutes afterwards, such a cheer, or series of cheers, burst out, re-echoed by the shouts of the older spectators who thronged around, that a person must have been devoid of every spark of feeling not to have been deeply moved. Hush! the conductor waves his wand, and the same little voices unite in the National Anthem. Whoever heard the sublime effect of the words: "God save the Queen," thus pealed forth, must have felt proud of being an Englishman, if he was one, or, if a foreigner, must have wished he were. Happy the Sovereign thus spontaneously and affectionately greeted. Not all the despots of the earth, with all their armies, spies, dungeons and scaffolds united, could command such a tribute! At Her Majesty's command, her carriage stopped until the conclusion of the anthem. Her Majesty is more than a queen—she is a good and fond mother, and it will be long ere she will forget the grand, impressive, thrilling sensation produced by the little choristers on Woodhouse Moor. I forgot to mention that the children were of every religion. Was not their common greeting to their Queen calculated to convey a deep and lasting lesson to their young minds? Was it not calculated to make them remember—and will it not, perhaps, do so—in after life, that, though differing in creed, Protestant, Dissenter, and Roman Catholic, may all be united by a bond of love!

I have seen the New Hall. It is a most magnificent edifice. Of course, I shall not be expected to give a detailed and architectural description of it. For that, your readers must search *The Builder*. I may mention, however, that it does the greatest credit to the architect, Mr. Brodrick, and the corporation of the town, who enabled him to realise so artistic and vast a design. The Grand Hall is 161 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 75 feet high. At the north end is the new and splendid-looking organ, built expressly for the Hall by Messrs. Gray and Davison. It was designed by Messrs. Henry Smart and W. Spark, and erected at the expense of the corporation of Leeds. The case is from the design of Mr. Brodrick, the architect of the building, and, consequently, in strict keeping with the latter. There are no galleries, if I except a small one over the end opposite the organ, a circumstance which greatly tends to lend an appearance of space and grandeur to the Hall. I am glad to say that, as far as the short experience of this morning goes, its acoustic properties are highly satisfactory.

The work selected to inaugurate this fine building was worthy of the occasion, being no less a composition than *Elijah*, and the manner in which it was executed was worthy of the work, as well as of the conductor, Professor Bennett. Every blossom of hope fostered by the appointment of this gentleman, has borne the fruit of accomplishment. I never listened to a more artistic, faithful, and comprehensive performance of this masterpiece. One great feature was the tempo, much slower than is generally adopted, and much more in keeping with the intentions of the gifted composer. The performance of the overture was a perfect gem, for which the gentlemen of the orchestra deserve the strongest eulogiums. All the principal singers, too, including Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Weisa, Misses Palmer, Helena Walker, Crosland, Freeman, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Welis, Santley, Wain, Inkersall, and Hinchcliffe, as well as the members of the chorus, tried their best, and succeeded, to prove themselves qualified for the heavy responsibility thrown upon them. Indeed, the performance was one perfect whole from beginning to end. The audience, who showed their taste by abstaining from encores, were most enthusiastic, and rewarded the artists with thunders of applause, most richly merited. Professor Bennett, also—who, by the way, is a Yorkshireman, claiming Sheffield for his birthplace—was most warmly greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra. Mr. W. Spark presided at the organ. There were 1,800 persons present.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9th.

The first miscellaneous concert last night was as successful as the oratorio had been in the morning. It opened with Mozart's symphony in C major, which was, on the whole, satisfactorily given, though, perhaps, not quite so well as could have been desired. This was followed by—"Air," "Dove Song," Madame Weisa—Mozart; Aria, Mr. Santley—Rossini; Part songs—H. Smart and J. L. Hatton; Variations, Madame Alboni—Rode; Violin solo, M. Santley; Scena, Robert, toi que j'aime, Madame C. Novello—Meyerbeer; Duet, "Morrie o colpa," Miss Palmer and Mr. Santley—Donizetti; Scena, "O, 'tis a glorious sight," Mr. Sims Reeves—Weber; Pianoforte concerto, G minor, Miss A. Goddard—Mendelssohn. All the artists sang well and were liberally applauded, especially Mad. Alboni in Rode's well-known "Variationi." One of the greatest treats of this part of the programme, however, was Miss Arabella Goddard's rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto. Never did this young and talented lady play with greater feeling and expression. Never did she play with greater technical skill—*Fingertigkeit*, as our German friends have it. She evidently wished to prove to a Leeds audience that she deserved the praises invariably accorded to her by those critics who have heard her, praises which those who have not experienced that pleasure, might, perhaps, fancy were exaggerated. And she succeeded. There was but one opinion when she quitted the piano, and that opinion was that Miss Arabella Goddard is the greatest of living pianists, both as regards deep and feeling appreciation, and wonderful manual dexterity, the latter being always made subservient by her to the former, and not employed, as is so frequently the case, merely to gratify the player's own vanity.

The great source of attraction, however, yesterday evening, was a new "Pastoral," entitled the *May Queen*, composed by Professor Bennett himself, the text, or *libretto*, being furnished by Mr. H. F. Chorley, who has performed his task in a very pleasing manner.

The story is founded on a quality destined to last "not for an age, but for all time," namely, woman's coquetry. The period of the action is May-day in the good old times. The May-queen has been long wooed by a foud and constant swain, but, like a great many others of her sex—"Bien fou qui s'y fie," as Francis the First said—has a natural taste for a little bit of flirtation. This taste she indulges with a forester called Robin Hood, who, resolving to make the best of the occasion, endeavours to embrace her. This, of course, excites the ire of her old lover, who formulates his indignation in the shape of a blow administered to his enterprising rival. As this *argumentum ad hominem* is propounded on the royal domain, the unhappy young man has rendered himself liable to have his hand chopped off. When

affairs are in this unpleasant posture, the Queen herself arrives, and, having learnt the true state of the case, and found that the offender was fully justified in what he has done, remits the penalty, with an injunction to the erring pair one to be faithful to her old love and turn a deaf ear to Robin Hood, who, after all, is not a bold forester, but a noble attached to the court, who has assumed his rustic disguise for purposes best known to himself, but which we are all, probably, able to guess.

The various *roles* were distributed as follows:—May Queen, Mad. Novello; Queen, Miss Dolby; Lover, Mr. Sims Reeves; Captain of the Foresters (as Robin Hood), Mr. Weisa.

Professor Bennett's music to this agreeable little plot is most charming—simple, unaffected, and excellent. The overture, which, by the way, is not new, being known, some years back, under the title of *Marie du Bois*, to lovers of music, is fresh and captivating. Indeed, the whole work breathes an aroma of the pure, fragrant forest-glad, green leaves, and blossoming May. It breathes, also, the true Mendelssohnian perfume, which there is no mistaking. Not that I would, for a single moment, be supposed to hint there is the slightest attempt at plagiarism. A man of Professor Bennett's powers is incapable of this vice. What I mean is, that the music, while being perfectly original, is the production of one who has evidently studied Mendelssohn, profoundly and reverentially, and learnt his language, nothing more, just as the admirer of Cervantes and Lope de Vega might acquire Spanish, and write in that idiom, without copying a single thought from those great masters. Among the pieces especially deserving commendation are: the opening chorus, "Wake with a smile, O month of May," the air, "O, meadow clad in early green," a semi-chorus, "O melancholy plight," the song, "With the carol in the tree," and the ballad, "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight." These are succeeded by the *finale*, which worthily crowns the whole. The execution of the work did not satisfy me. There were defects which ought not to have existed, and which might have been remedied. I am inclined to think, by greater care and more rehearsals. The audience, however, were delighted, and overwhelmed the composer with sincere and rapturous applause. After the "Pastoral" we had the "Tyrolienne," from *Betty*, magnificently sung, of course, by Mad. Alboni: Bishop's "Orynthia," well given by Mr. Wilby Cooper, and the overture to Dr. Spohr's *Jesonda*. Nearly 1,800 persons were present, and there can be little doubt that, if things continue to pursue the satisfactory course they have hitherto taken, the Festival will greatly benefit the Leeds General Infirmary, to which the money accruing from it will be devoted. The Hall was lighted by ten magnificent gas glass chandeliers, made expressly by Osler for it, and presented a truly splendid appearance. I must add, in justice to the audience, that they were as well-behaved as they were well-dressed, and paid due attention to the following sensible notice distributed among them:

"LEEDS MUSICAL HALL.
"The committee earnestly request that no audible expression of applause may interrupt the performance of the oratorio or other continuous works; and that no encores may be called at the evening concerts, in order that parties residing at a distance may be enabled to avail themselves of the arrangements made with the several railway companies for special trains at the conclusion of each day's performance."
This morning, the performances consisted of Rossini's *Sabat Mater*, a selection from John Sebastian Bach's *Grosse Passion Music*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. The hall was crammed, but of this more next week.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—The Haymarket re-opened for the winter season, or seasons, as it may be, on Monday evening. The interior has been renovated and part painted, and a new drop-scene supplied by Mr. William Calcott, which gives an excellent representation of Theopis in his car. The house now, indeed, wears a brilliant and elegant aspect, as becomes the home of legitimate comedy. The performances commenced with Murphy's sprightly comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, Mrs. Catherine Sinclair sustaining the character of the Widow Belmont, in which Mrs. Charles Young appeared on the closing night

of last season. Mr. Buckstone, of course, was the Sir Rashful Constant. The comedy was followed by a new Spanish ballet of action, the never-tiring Madame Yvona, Nema, achieving her customary success in some of her exciting national pae. The concluding pieces were *A Wicked Wife*, and Mr. Buckstone's farce, *A Kiss in the Dark*. A new and original comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Bayle Bernard, is announced.—At the Strand Theatre Mr. Charles Selby has appeared in a piece of his own, called *The Last of the Pigtales*, as absurd and incoherent a concoction as even he has penned, but which appears to amuse the cabiniatory and easily satisfied audiences, who attend there.—Mr. Falconer's new drama, *Extremes; or, the Men of the Day*, is running by no means a prosperous career at the Lyceum. Mrs. Alfred Mellon (late Miss Woolgar) is engaged, and will appear on Monday. This lady will be a great acquisition to the company.

MAPLESON AND CO., musical agents, 12, Haymarket, have negotiated the following engagements:—Mad. Hinderdorf, Miss Emma Haywood, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hausmann, M. Kettinger, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Hooper, &c., for the Festival at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Ruderstorf, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Thomas, M. Handegger, and Herr Mollique, for Glasgow, Doncaster, &c., &c. Mr. Miranda, New York. Sig. Chierici, Mr. St. Alban, Sig. Gabussi and Mad. Chierici, Italian Opéra at Paris. Mad. Ruderstorf, Margate. Sig. Dinelli, for Teatro St. Carlo, Lisbon. Mad. Alboni and Mad. Vaneri, for Royal Surrey Gardens. Mr. Charles Braham, Mad. Poma, Mr. Allan Irving, Mad. Vaneri, and Sig. Bucalossi, for Liverpool. Mad. Alboni, Mad. Vaneri, and Sig. Belletti, for Manchester. Madlle. Moriacci, Madlle. Paquali, and Mad. Brown, for Fyne and Harrison, Drury Lane. Sig. Pico, for Liverpool and Manchester. Mr. Charles Braham, Mad. Corelli, Mad. Vaneri, and Mr. Allan Irving, for Manchester. Sig. Deslauriers and family, for Drury Lane. Mad. Poma, for Liverpool. Sig. Mercuzzi, for Teatro St. Carlo, Lisbon. Mr. Charles Braham, for Glasgow.

THE DEAN OF CARLISLE AND THE REV. PRECATOR LIVINGSTON.—On Tuesday morning the Bishop of Carlisle, assisted by Dr. Travers Twiss, Chancellor of the diocese of London, and the Rev. C. J. Burton, Chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle, as assessors, held a Court in the Chapter-house for the purpose of hearing an appeal of the Rev. T. G. Livingston, minor canon and preceptor, arising out of a dispute which at the time created much interest in the public mind. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and Mr. Lawrie appeared for the Dean and Chapter. Mr. Temple, Q.C., represented Mr. Livingston, the defendant. Several questions were discussed as to the powers of the Court and the nature of the evidence permitted to be offered, and which was very voluminous. The nominal point at issue, and which the Bishop had to try, was the right to prescribe the selection of music to be used in the cathedral service. Mr. Livingston claimed this right under a clause which gives the preceptor the command of the minor canons, clerks, and chorists.—“*Quisquid illi legendum est concordes prescripserint precepti parere debeat.*” It was for the Bishop, as visitor, to decide whether the general authority of the Dean does not override this limited jurisdiction. The facts are these:—A draught of a selection of music for the fifth Sunday in Lent was handed to Mr. Livingston by the organist, containing an anthem from *The Messiah* to which he entertained objections. He forwarded the draught to the Dean and Chapter, with a marginal note in conformity with his own opinion suggesting, as a substitute, and received it back again, with a memorandum from the Dean dissenting from the objection. The preceptor next addressed to the Dean a letter, asking him to reconsider his judgment, but on the following day being applied to in the usual course to furnish the customary list of the next Sunday's music, he without waiting for the Dean's answer, sent and exhibited lists in conformity with his own opinion. Upon this an angry correspondence took place. The Dean prohibited Mr. Livingston from having anything further to do with the singing lists, and eventually suspended him from his office. The disputed anthem was restored to its place in the list, the Dean's name being appended to it as an authority, and that of Preceptor Livingston struck out. Upon this Mr. Livingston wrote and circulated certain charges against the Dean which he vainly endeavoured to induce the Chapter

to receive. The Dean then pronounced formal sentence upon him, a course in which he was supported by the canons residentiary of the cathedral. Against this decision Mr. Livingston appealed to the visitor. Mr. Temple opened the case, and stated the facts set out in the appellant's petition, and these, so far as they went, were not disputed. Mr. James, on behalf of the Dean and Chapter, contended that the grounds of Mr. Livingston's dismissal were not solely those alleged in the document purporting to dismiss him, and entered into a long statement, and read many letters endeavouring to show that the rev. preceptor had been willfully contumacious and disrespectful to his superiors since his appointment in 1855. At the conclusion of the learned canon's speech the Court adjourned until Wednesday, when Mr. James announced his intention of examining the Dean and Canons and the organist. There is a strong feeling in Carlisle in reference to this subject, the capital body having been for some time past very unpopular with the people of the old cathedral city.—*Times.*

PACINI VIEWED THROUGH A YANKEE MAGNIFIER.

(From a Letter addressed to "Deight's Journal" of Music.)

"It is now no news to inform you that our opera season is over, that the operatic turtle, Brigoli, is no more heard in the land. The season was short, and disastrous to those peculiarly interested, while to that part of the public which could stand such pre-ternatural hot weather it was productive of great enjoyment. Yet it must be said that the public did not exhibit such a noble, salamander-like disregard of heat as to attend in any great numbers; the dead-heads however—those musical Shadrachs, Meshachs, and Abednegos, who can endure the caloric of any fiery furnace whatever—were present in large forces and white coats, and fanned themselves with palm-leaf fans and forlids. It was my intention to write you an eighteen-pager about the new opera *Sappho*, but acting upon my great golden rule: 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow,' I procrastinated until my eyes were gladdened by an able description thereof in your journal, taken from the columns of the *Sunday Atlas*. This description will satisfy your readers better than anything I can give.

"*Sappho* is a really great opera, and why its composer is not more generally known here I cannot comprehend. His works—those at least that I have heard—are replete with luscious melody, and remarkably excellent instrumentation. Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti, sound thin and water-gruelly after listening to one of Pacini's operas; at the same time I do not see that he bears any marked resemblance to Rossini, as some critics aver. His chorus writing is rich and full, and many of the choruses in *Sappho* remind one of those in *Semiramide*, while the favourite duet for soprano and alto in the former opera undoubtedly resembles the 'Giorno d'errori' of the latter. Yet as a general thing I cannot see that Pacini's music is any more like Rossini's than Donizetti's, Verdi's, or Bellini's. The only reason one can think so, is because Rossini and Pacini are both much greater composers than the three others mentioned.

"Last winter I saw Signor Pacini at Florence. The *Teatro Palliano* was crowded to excess to witness the first production of an opera new to the Florentine public—*Eneas Velasco*. It was gloriously performed and most enthusiastically received. After the grand finale of the third act, the house resounded with loud cries for Pacini, and soon the composer appeared, led out in triumph by Carlotta Zucchi, the prima donna, and Cresci, the baritone. He is a rather elderly man, thin and gentlemanly, and nervous. He bowed a few times and walked very awkwardly across the stage, treating on the prima donna's dress and the tenor's toes. The whole audience rose to their feet as he passed before them, and made the building re-echo with their cries of 'Bravo! Bravissimo!' There was no specifying and none expected; the public seemed naturally enough to think that Pacini, the musician, had said all he had to say in the music of the opera, and for that music-speech he now received their heart-felt applause. There seems to be a difference on this point between the custom here and in Italy. Our American

public, when they call out a composer, do so not that they may thank him for the pleasure he has given them, but they may give him the honour of thanking them for allowing him to try to please. This great and mighty public is condescending. It applauds the good composer, and then expects him to come to the foot-lights and bow, and put his hand on his heart, and say that it is the happiest moment of his life, and that he only hopes and prays and asks that the favour extended to him may be a propitious augury of the spread of art in this great and glorious country. That is how they do in America. But in Italy, the composer is called out to receive a simple, child-like, grateful ovation. The people wish to thank him, and do not expect that he shall thank them.

The success of *Sappho* will, I think, induce other managers to bring out works of Pacini, and it is very likely he will take in public favour the place now occupied by Verdi—for, say what you will, Verdi is now the greatest favourite with the opera-going public, from New Orleans or Mexico to Boston or Valparaiso. There is no reason why this change in public opinion should not take place. Pacini is a greater composer than Verdi. He has nearly as great a flow of melody, while in his chorus writing and orchestration he is vastly superior. I hope he will live to hear, in his Florentine home, of the success of his works here, for he certainly deserves the gratification which honest appreciation always bestows on the *maestri*. Rossini at Paris, Pacini at Florence—the author of *Tel*, and the author of *Sappho*: they appreciate each other and are warm personal friends. The composer who has his home upon the Seine, has long been admired here, and now it is the turn for him who dwells upon the Arno, to meet a like appreciation.

"So, with this long sentence, I shall wind up and make my bow, like the infant Phenomenon, standing on my head amid a blaze of fire-works. Curtain falls."

New York.

TROVATORE.

PARIS.—On dit, the Prince Poniatowski has just finished an opera intended for the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Opéra. M. Roger's benefit at the Opéra was a bumper. Many were attracted as much by curiosity as by any other motive. Madame Ugalde sustained the part of Leonora in the *Trovatore* for the first time, and as the fair artist had undertaken to learn the music in eight hours, and as the character was entirely antagonistic to her powers and talents, her friends and admirers were anxious to see how she could get over the difficulties. Madlle. Demerio-Iablache appeared as Azzeena, and obtained the favour of the French journals, who do not lavishly on those qualities in which the lady was eminently deficient when she made her *début* at the Royal Italian Opera. Of course Roger is praised to the skies in *Manrico*, while M. Bonnehé, of course, is magnificent as the Count di Luna. Wonderful capital! where everything musical, if French, is perfect, pure, and transcendent! Miss Thompson, the young English vocalist who carried off the first prize at the late examination of the Conservatoire, has been engaged for the Grand-Opéra, and will make her *début* as Mathilde in *Guilvaume Tell* on the occasion of the *reprise* of M. Gueymard on the 1st of October—that is, if the same influence be not exerted against her as was made use of against Miss Birch some years ago—which must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Miss Thompson, however, appears "with a difference" on the French stage. Miss Birch was taught in England, where, of course, they know nothing of singing. Miss Thompson, on the other hand, is a real pupil of the Conservatoire. It is curious to perceive how the Parisian press glorifies M. Rivalin, the master, and says little of Miss Thompson, the scholar; as if teaching—French teaching—was everything, and genius, intellect, powers, accomplishments, energy, application, resolve, and bias, nothing. This is the invariable mode of criticising in the most polite capital in Europe.—Madame Lorin-Vera has signed an engagement with Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre for 1859.

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THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From Our own Correspondent.)

Sept. 10.

THE fact that, despite modern inventions, time and space are not completely annihilated, obliged me to conclude my letter last week, without giving anything like a detailed account of the performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, J. S. Bach's *Passions-Musik*, or Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. I will now endeavour to supply the omission.

It is almost like informing your readers that two and two make four, to state that the *Stabat Mater* was excellently rendered by such accomplished artists as Mesdames Albou, Clara Novello, Weiss, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley. The orchestra and chorus, too, were well up to the mark, and the whole performance was a fine specimen of execution, both vocal and instrumental. The unaccompanied quartet, "Quando corpus," was especially worthy of commendation.

In the *Passions-Musik* of J. S. Bach, the palm must certainly be accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves. This gentleman was particularly happy in the grand scene for the tenor solo, with chorus, and air, "With Jesus will I weep and pray." Vocal skill, devotional feeling and a perfect comprehension of all the beauties distinguishing the venerable composer's work were combined with a degree of delicacy, unaffected purity, and an absence of anything like effort, which left nothing to be desired. I question very much whether this music was ever better, or, indeed, so well given. The audience were loud in their applause, despite all the recommendations, nearly approaching commands, issued by the committee for the observance of silence. The two chorales: "O Lord, who dares to smite Thee," "O Lord, Thy love's unbounded; and the chorus, "In tears of grief we here repine," were wonderfully well given. Miss Dolby was very fine in the air, "See the Saviour's outstretched arm." The other artists engaged, namely, the Misses Freeman, Helena Walker, Messrs. Wilby Cooper and Hinchecliffe, exerted themselves most ably to imitate the good example set them by the great stars I have mentioned.

The next piece was an organ sonata of his own composition, played by Mr. W. Spark. This not only displayed in the best light Mr. W. Spark's talents both as an instrumentalist and a composer, but fully settled all doubts as to the quality of the new organ, which is, in every respect, a magnificent instrument, worthy the designers, the builders, and the corporation of Leeds.

With regard to the performance of the *Mount of Olives*, I hardly know what to say. I have praised so much, that it appears something like exaggeration to affirm that Beethoven's sublime work was even better executed than the composition which preceded it, and that the artists surpassed their former efforts. And yet such is the truth; the plain unvarnished truth. The execution of the "Hallelujah" chorus, and the scene in the mountain, where the Saviour is pursued by the soldiers, was something to be heard, not described. All praise to Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Madame Clara Novello, the members of the chorus and band, and, though last, not least, to Professor Bennett, for so magnificent a realization of the composer's conceptions.

The second miscellaneous concert took place yesterday evening. The hall was crowded to suffocation. I suppose it was in order that there might be enough for so large an audience that the programme was so long. However, here it is: judge for yourself.

PART I.—Overture, Zaboroffski—Mozart; Song, La Calunnia, Sig. Violetti—Rossini; Aria, Vedrai Carino, Mdle. Piccolomini—Mozart; Choral piece, Come, bounteous May—Spofforth; Aria, Della sua pace, Signor Giuglini—Mozart; Scenes, Infelice, Madame C. Novello—Mendelssohn; Caprice in E major, pianoforte (with orchestral accompaniment), Miss A. Goddard—W. S. Bennett; Cavatina, Naqui all' affane, Madame Albou—Rossini; Trio, Pappasotto, Signora Giuglini, Rossi, and Violetti—Rossini; Secus, Quando miro, Miss Dolby—Mozart; Symphony in A minor (Scotti)—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture in D major—J. S. Bach; Song, Phœbe, dearest, Mr. Sims Reeves—Hutton; Duo, Lasciami non l'ascolto, Madame C. Novello and Madame Albou—Rossini; Fantasia, pianoforte—Miss A. Goddard—Thalberg; Brindisi, Il segreto, Madame Albou—Donizetti;

Song, Mr. Weiss—Shield; Duo, Quanto amore, Mdle. Piccolomini and Signor Rossi—Donizetti; Aria, Non più andrà, Signor Violetti—Mozart; Preghiera with chorus, Dal tuo stellato (Mose in Egitto), Mdle. Piccolomini, Madams Albou, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Violetti—Rossini; Overture, Oberon—Weber.

Really, there ought to be inscribed on the walls of all music-halls the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast." The audience, however, did not appear in the least tired, but applauded enthusiastically, and were profuse in eulogies.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini was encored in "Vedrai carino," Madame Albou was encored in "Naqui all' affano;" and Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "Phœbe, dearest." The glee: "Come bounteous May," was also considered worthy the same honour. Miss Arabella Goddard again astonished the Leedsites; on this occasion by her performance of Professor Bennett's caprice in E major. I am perfectly aware to what kind of charge I am laying myself open, but I don't care. I say, boldly and fearlessly, that, last night, Miss Arabella Goddard played even better than usual. Truth is stronger than fiction, and that is the truth.

Sept. 11th.

The programme of yesterday morning's performance consisted of a selection from Haydn's *Seasons*, and of Handel's great master-piece, *Israel in Egypt*, and furnished another proof of the good taste of those who had the direction of the Festival. There is, however, no pleasing everybody, as the old man in the fable once found to his cost. The English always have been, are, and will be to the end of time, a nation of grumblers, and the people of Leeds are not whit behind the rest of their countrymen in this respect. It speaks volumes, therefore, in favour of the arrangements made by the committee and their talented conductor that the number of grumblers has, on this occasion, been very small; yet there have been a few, and amongst those few I own I must be counted. From what I have previously written, the reader will have perceived I find no fault with the manner, generally speaking, in which the various works have been executed. On the contrary, I have sometimes been at a loss how to do justice to it. But what I object to is the order observed in the programmes of yesterday and Thursday, the 9th instant. On the last-named occasion, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was placed before J. S. Bach's *Passions-Musik*, a wonderful example of miscalculation of effect; while, yesterday, Haydn's *Seasons* preceded Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, an arrangement equally open to objection. I may be considered hypercritical, but I am not the only person who entertains this opinion, and every real musician will at once perceive that it is well-grounded. I have already adverted to another objectionable feature in nearly all the programmes, and that is their great length. This is really a serious evil, which is on the increase, and which, I trust, the press will do its best to put down.

The execution of both works, the *Seasons* and *Israel in Egypt*, was magnificent. The principal solo singers in the former, were Madame Clara Novello, Weiss, Sunderland; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilby Cooper, Santley, and Weiss, who all performed the task allotted to them in the most conscientious and artistic manner. In the latter composition, we had the same artists, plus Miss Dolby, whose singing of the two airs, "Their land brought forth frogs," and "Thou shalt bring them in," caused the audience—oh! how insatiable a monster is an audience—to regret she had not sung in the previous work, at least such was the gist of the observations made by that portion of the audience who sat in my immediate vicinity. "The Lord is a man of war," was highly effective in the hands, or, rather, from the lips, of Messrs. Santley and Weiss, while "The enemy said I will pursue," was equal to anything I ever heard from Mr. Sims Reeves. I must not omit in common justice to mention Miss Palmer, who, with Mr. Wilby Cooper, gave the duet, "Thou in thy mercy," in an exceedingly commendable manner. This young lady has made rapid progress in her profession lately, and, with study, bids fair some day to become a popular favourite. The chorus were deserving of especial praise, and afforded gratifying evidence of the general spread of a love for music in Yorkshire. The execution of the grand "Hallelujah" chorus was unparalleled. It was something never to be for-

gotten, and elicited an encore that made the very roof vibrate again.

Between the first and second parts, Mr. Henry Smart extemporised on the organ with all the skill of an accomplished instrumentalist, and all the fancy of a truly poetic composer. His performance was a treat of a very high order, and was duly appreciated by the audience. The hall was crowded.

At the miscellaneous concert last night, we had Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Weber's *Concertstück* for pianoforte and orchestra, and Mendelssohn's overture of the *Iles of Fingal*, with the following vocal selection:—

Aria, "Miei Rampolli," Signor Rossi—Rossini; Aria, "Contra parte," Madlle. Piccolomini—Donizetti; Aria, "La mia canzone," Signor Giuglini—Bellini; Romanza, "Oh quanto regno," Madame Weiss—Sporh; Choral glee, "Awake, Æolian lyre"—Danby; Song, "The green trees whisper," Miss Dolby—Balfie; New song, "The beating of my own heart," Madame C. Norello—Macfarren; Duo, "Parigi o cara," Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini—Verdi; Song, "Mad Tom," Mr. Weiss—Purcell.

This constituted Part I. In the way of instrumental music, Part II. comprised the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Mr. Vincent Wallace's *fantasia* on *Robin Adair*, and the second part of Beethoven's septet in E flat, together with the following miscellaneous vocal trifles:—

Ballet, "Many a time and oft," Miss Dolby—Dugan; Aria, "Una furiva lagrima," Signor Giuglini—Donizetti; Aria, "Batti, Batti," Madlle. Piccolomini—Mozart; Solo and chorus, "Come if you dare," Mr. Sims Reeves—Purcell; Recitative and aria, "Arminius," Miss Palmer—Handel; Duet, "Non fagire," Mr. and Madame Weiss—Donizetti; Song, with Chorus, "Nazareth," Mr. Santley—Gounod; Song, "The Slave's Dream," Mr. Winn—Hatton; Duo, "Signorina in tanta fretta," Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Rossi—Donizetti.—

followed by—it is a fact, however incredible—Weber's *Jubilee Overture*.

The orchestra greatly distinguished itself in Beethoven's symphony, Mendelssohn's overture, and Weber's *Concertstück*, Miss Arabella Goddard taking the solo part. By this time, the audience had become acquainted with Miss Arabella Goddard, and of course expected something wonderful, but in the above, as well as in Wallace's *fantasia*, she took them as much by surprise as though they had never heard her before. The septet, too, was grandly given by Mr. Biagrove (violin), Mr. Webb (viola), Mr. Williams (clarinet), Mr. Wætzig (bassoon), Mr. C. Harper (horn), Mr. Lucas (violinello), and Mr. Severn (double bass). The latter gentleman replaced Mr. Howell, of the Philharmonic, who was prevented by indisposition from lending his valuable aid. The vocal selection went off smoothly, but there were no encores, with the exception of that accorded to Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini, in the duet, "Parigi, o cara," and that bestowed on the glee, "Awake, Æolian lyre," rendered with a freshness, a vigour, and a delivery which did the very highest credit to the singers of Yorkshire. The concert was not over till nearly twelve o'clock.

Sept. 12th.

The final performance took place yesterday, when Handel's *Messiah* was given, the principal singers being Messames Clara Novello, Weiss, Sunderliand, Misses Dolby, Palmer, Helena Walker, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Hinchcliffe and Winn. The execution was splendid, and the audience enthusiastic, but properly enthusiastic. They were too delighted to spoil the continuity of the work by encores. The soprano air, "If God be with us," which is nearly always omitted, was admirably given by Mrs. Sunderliand, who took, also, a prominent part in the National Anthem, with which the proceedings terminated. The audience then called for Professor Bennett, who was greeted with the warmest and, I must add, most vociferous marks of approbation from all parts of the hall. Three cheers followed for that newly-belted knight, Sir Peter Fairbairn, the mayor, and the Festival was at an end. The receipts are said to amount, *en bloc*, to somewhere near £7,500, and, after deducting all expenses, it is expected some £2,000 will be handed over to the Leeds General Infirmary.

Thus, as the reader must perceive, the first Leeds Musical Festival has been a great triumph. May the next, this time three years, prove equally successful.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From *Aria's Birmingham Gazette*.)

HAVING concluded our notices of the Hospital, we now come to the other branch of our subject—the history of those great Musical Celebrations which have from the earliest period been intimately associated with the Hospital, and have done so much to make the name of Birmingham famous throughout Europe as the cultivator and successful promoter of the musical art in its highest developments. When we peruse the records of the Birmingham Festival, we seem to be reading the History of Music for three-quarters of a century. The noblest works in every branch of the art have been produced at the Festivals as soon as they were known, and sometimes even before they became known in the metropolis itself; nay more, of the most sublime of these masterpieces several have derived their being from the Birmingham Festival. And the Festival records, in like manner, are enriched by the name of every great artist, vocal or instrumental, who has appeared in England during the whole period of their duration. The history of these celebrations naturally divides itself into three periods—the performances given during the last century; those which took place in the period between the commencement of the present century and the opening of the Town Hall; and those which have been given since that event. Of these three periods we shall treat in as many successive articles, confining ourselves for the present to the Festival given during the last century.

Hitherto it has been generally supposed that the first musical performance in aid of the Hospital took place in 1778; but in reality what was actually the first Festival was held exactly ten years earlier than that date, namely, in September, 1768. In the Hospital minute-book for that year we find that at a board-meeting held on the 3rd of May it was resolved that "a Musical Entertainment should be established," and a committee was then appointed to conduct this important undertaking. We print the name of the committee for the same reason that we published those of the first Hospital Board—because a record of the persons who commenced a work which has attained such noble proportions, cannot be uninteresting to the community which now reaps the benefit of their far-seeing labours. The committee were—Mr. John Taylor, Mr. Isaac Spooner, Mr. John Taylor, jun., Dr. Ash, Dr. Small, Mr. Henry Carver, jun., and Mr. Brooke Smith.

So far as we know, every document connected with this Festival is lost, nor do the Hospital minute-books throw any light upon it, but from the files of our own journal for the year 1768, we are enabled to supply a copy of the programme, as follows:—

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, the Oratorios of "L'Allegro," &c., "Alexander's Feast," and the "Messiah," will be performed here.

L'ALLEGRO, ED IL PENNEROSO, Will be at the Theatre in King-street, on Wednesday Evening, the 7th inst.

And ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

On Thursday Evening, the 8th.

Between the several parts of which Mr. Pinto will play a Solo; and Concertos will be introduced by the other performers on their several instruments.

On Thursday Morning, will be performed in St. Philip's Church, at Ten o'Clock, Mr. Handel's grand "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," with an Anthem of Dr. Boyce's, suitable to the occasion, and Mr. Handel's celebrated "Coronation Anthem."

And the MESSIAH, or Sacred Oratorio,

At the same place, on Friday Morning the 9th.

On the Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, after the Oratorios, will be a Ball, at Mrs. Sawyer's in the square.

The principal vocal parts will be performed by Mrs. Pinto, Mr. Norris, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Price, &c. Instrumental by Messrs. Pinto, Millar, Adeock, Jenkins, Parke, Later, Hobbes, Clark, Chew, &c., &c. The Oratorios will be conducted by Mr. Capel Bond, of Coventry.

The music at the church on Thursday morning is to be opened with a trumpet concerto by Mr. Bond.

It is further announced that "the streets will be lighted from the play-house to the ball-room." The performances, we learn

were attended by "brilliant and crowded audiences," and on the Thursday the Countesses of Dartmouth and Aylesford "very obligingly stood to receive at the church door" contributions for the benefit of the charity. The produce of the entertainments amounted to £800, of which the committee were enabled to pay over £299 7s. 4d. to the Hospital funds—a very humble beginning when compared with the magnificent returns of our later Festivals.

From another point the comparison is more favourable—as regards the quality of the music. It is very gratifying to observe that from the very first our Festivals have been marked by the selection of music of the highest class. Notwithstanding that, even at the remote period of which we are writing, Birmingham was decidedly a musical town, it still must have been a bold experiment to have offered to the public a series of musical performances, including the *Messiah* and other works, then scarcely appreciated by persons of cultivated taste; and certainly distasteful to many, if not to most, of the amateurs who had acquired a relish for the inferior and frivolous music against the popularity of which Handel found it so difficult to contend. The names of the performers above mentioned are now nearly, if not quite, forgotten, and it may therefore be interesting to remark that at least some of them were artists of note in their day. For example: the principal instrumentalist, Mr. Pinto, was a famous violinist, and was for several years leader of the band at Drury Lane Theatre. The principal vocalist, Mrs. Pinto, his wife, under her maiden name (Brent) was a celebrated singer, and a favourite pupil of Dr. Arne, who wrote expressly for her the part of Mandane, in *Artaxerxes*. Mr. Norris, the chief male vocalist, was a Bachelor of Music, settled at Oxford, and well-known both there and in the metropolis. According to a biographical notice, he was "honoured with the particular approbation" both of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Norris's name is connected with the Birmingham Festival by the melancholy circumstances of his death. Although in a feeble state of health, he insisted on fulfilling an engagement to appear at the Festival of 1790, but in his exhausted condition the effort proved too severe, and ten days after the Festival he died at Lord Dudley's seat at Hilmley, whether he had been taken in the hope that change of air might lead to the restoration of his health.

The next Festival took place in 1778, the year before the Hospital was opened, and when it stood greatly in need of an increase of its funds. At the same period the building of St. Paul's Chapel was about to be commenced, and the committee of the chapel requested the Hospital board to unite with them in "giving an oratorio" for the joint benefit of the chapel and the Hospital. The proposal was agreed to by the board, and the performance fixed for the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of September in the same year. Musical entertainments seem always to have been very popular in Birmingham and its neighbourhood. As far back as 1741 concerts were occasionally given in the town, and at the date of which we are now writing, they were established amongst the regular amusements. Side by side with the advertisements of the Festival we find announcements of other concerts, amongst which may be mentioned "a concert of vocal and instrumental music, the vocal parts by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Carleton, J. Taylor, and others. The instrumental by a select band. First violin, Mr. Alcock." This concert was given for the benefit of the waiters at Vanshall Gardens, and the tickets were sold at the very moderate price of one shilling. At Ashley-de-la-Zouch, in the same week, there was a "music meeting," at which the *Messiah* and the *Masque of Acis and Galatea* were performed, the oratorio tickets being 3s. 6d. each, and those for the concert and ball 2s. 6d. A similar concert at which the *Messiah* was given had recently taken place at Dudley. At that time Birmingham actually possessed what we may venture to call an Opera House, beside two theatres—one in King-street, and the other in New-street. The operatic performances were given in a wooden playhouse erected on the Moseley-road, and in the homely language of our ancestors called "a Concert Booth." Unluckily some malicious person set the booth on fire, and it was completely burnt down, its destruction involving also that of all the scenery, together with most part of the company's

dresses and other decorations. A writer, who signs himself "No Player," addressing "The Printer of the Birmingham Gazette," pathetically describes the straits to which the unfortunate company were reduced.

"The situation of the actors was indeed deplorable; after having taken infinite pains during the three last months—after having done all in their power to alleviate the distresses of some individuals in this town, by giving them benefits, while the miserable pitance allowed to themselves afforded them only a bare subsistence;—just as they were in expectation of the approach of their own benefits, when they might have shared a few guineas, to discharge their unavoidable debts;—at such a critical juncture, to have their fond hopes blasted at once, by a calamity so shocking as the authors of it were wiced, most deeply affect every mind not totally lost to every human feeling."

The poor singers thus burnt out appealed to the generosity of their professional brethren, and the proprietors of the New-street Theatre gave them the use of that building, where on the 19th of August, 1778, they performed Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, which had been played five times previously at the Concert Booth. The entertainment (which also included the farce of *All the World's a Stage*), appears to have been highly successful, the writer above quoted remarking that "the two plays were represented with uncommon applause, but whether the violent claps which shook the house proceeded from a sense of the performers' merit, or compassion for their distress, is difficult to determine; but probably each of these motives had its share in producing the effect." The proprietors of the King-street Theatre, not to be behind-hand with the lessee of the New-street house, gave a benefit in the following week, on behalf of Mr. Godso, "the builder and sole proprietor of the Moseley Theatre," of whom it is said in the advertisement that his loss "is to him immense, and unless he is honoured with the kind countenance of his friends, will be irreparable." This digression from our main subject, if it serve no other purpose, will at least show that Birmingham was so well supplied with musical amusements as to require that the conductors of the Festival should of necessity take a high tone in selecting the compositions for their meetings, and that to render the performances attractive they should engage the best available vocalists and instrumentalists. Accordingly we find that the following creditable programme was drawn up:—

On Wednesday morning next, the 3rd of September, at St. Philip's Church, will be performed, in the course of the service (which will begin at half-past ten precisely) the overture of "Easter" Handel's grand "Dettingen to Deum" and "Jubilate," an Organ Concerto by Mr. Harris; Dr. Boyce's "Antient;" the "Old Hundredth" Psalm accompanied; and after a Sermon to be preached by the Rev. Mr. Young, Handel's grand "Coronation Anthem." In the evening, at the theatre, in New-street, A Grand Miscellaneous Concert, consisting of select vocal and instrumental pieces, by the principal performers.

On Thursday morning the 3rd, at St. Philip's, the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus," and between the acts an Organ Concerto by Mr. Clark. In the evening at the Theatre, the serenata of "Acis and Galatea;" between the parts of which will be introduced some favourite pieces, and an "Ode to May," composed by Mr. Harris.

On Friday morning the 4th, at St. Philip's, the sacred oratorio of "Messiah." In the evening at the Theatre, a Grand Miscellaneous Concert, consisting of several capital pieces, by the principal performers.

Principal vocal performers, Miss Mahon, Miss Salmon, Messrs. Norris, Matthews, Price, Salmon, &c. &c.

Principal instrumental performers, Mr. Cramer (first violin at the Opera House), Messrs. Serrette, Park, Ashley, Storacci, Jenkins, Mahon, &c. &c. The other parts of the band, which will be very full, by the most approved performers, and the celebrated Women Chorus Singers from Lancashire.

N.B.—There will be a Ball each evening at the Hotel.

This Festival produced nearly £800, of which £170 fell to the share of the Hospital. In March, 1784, at a meeting of the Hospital Board, it was resolved "That some Musical performances be thought of, for the benefit of the charity, to take place after the meeting of the Three Choirs in Autumn." In accordance with this resolution, the Musical Committee, reinforced by new members, once more entered on their labours, and were fortunate enough to enlist the co-operation of Viscount Dudley and Ward, who

consented to act as steward, an office which seems to have then involved the selection of the music, the engagement of the principal vocalists, and, in fact, the general direction of the Festival. In consequence of music meetings at Gloucester Salisbury, and Liverpool, much difficulty was experienced in choosing a proper time for the Birmingham meeting, but ultimately the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of September were fixed upon, and preparations for ensuring its success were commenced. From the minute-book of the Festival Committee, we learn that Lord Dudley offered to place at the committee's disposal, for performance at the meeting, a new oratorio entitled *Goliath*, composed by Mr. Attenbury, a well-known writer of pari-songs. On the recommendation of so influential a patron the oratorio was accepted; and Mr. Attenbury, in addition, handsomely devoted to the Hospital the profits arising from the sale of the work.

The programme was more varied than usual, and the Festival derived additional interest from being made a Commemoration of Handel. The first day's performance, at St. Philip's Church, comprised the Occasional Overture, Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Handel's anthem, "O, come let us sing," and Handel's "Coronation Anthem." On Wednesday evening, at the New-street Theatre, the Miscellaneous Concert included "the favourite pieces performed at the Pantheon, by command of His Majesty, in commemoration of Mr. Handel." On Thursday morning, at the church, the service consisted entirely of Handel's works, the selection being the same as that "commanded by His Majesty, in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, the 3rd of June, in commemoration of Mr. Handel." Amongst the pieces were the *Dettingen Te Deum*, the Overtures to *Esther* and *Tamerlane*, the *Dead March in Saul*, several anthems, and the double chorus from *Israel in Egypt*—"The Lord shall reign." On Thursday evening, at the theatre, the usual concert was made to give place to Mr. Attenbury's Oratorio of *Goliath*; and on Friday St. Philip's again resounded to the sublime beauties of the ever-glorious *Messiah*. The Festival concluded by a miscellaneous concert at the theatre, "consisting of select pieces, by the most capital Performers." The principal vocalists were the Misses Abrams and Master Bartleman; and the chief instrumentalists were Messrs. Wilson, Ashley, Garbaldi, and Clarke. The choral and instrumental parts were very full and complete, and the latter was supported by the large double drums which were used in Westminster Abbey. The attendance at this Festival was more numerous than on any former occasion, and the newspaper of the day records the gratifying circumstance that the local nobility and gentry began to take increased interest in the celebrations. Amongst the persons specially mentioned as present, and to whom the Charity was "greatly indebted," were Lord and Lady Plymouth, Lord and Lady Ferrers, Lady Windsor, Sir Robert and Lady Lawley, Sir Edward Littleton, and others. The gross produce of the Festival was £1,325, and the profits £703.

The successful issue of preceding Festivals, and the growing importance of these meetings, encouraged the Committee to greater efforts in 1857, the date of the next celebration. At this period also, the local gentry began to take a warm interest in the Festivals, the Rev. Charles Curtis, Rector of St. Martin's, the Rev. T. Young of St. Paul's, and the Rev. J. Darwall, of St. John's, Deritend, having been added to the Committee, every meeting of which they attended. Mr. Curtis generally occupying the chair. The Rev. Spencer Madan, although not placed upon the committee, rendered the Festival essential help, by making the necessary arrangements for the musical performances in his church, and by preaching the usual sermon on the opening day. The connection of the Festival with the nobility and gentry of the district was also strengthened by the election of the Earl of Aylesford as President, and the Earl of Plymouth, Viscount Dudley and Ward, and Sir George Shuckburgh, Bart., as Stewards. The Festival commenced on Wednesday, August 22nd, in St. Philip's Church, with a morning service, in the course of which was performed a selection from the works of Handel, Purcell, and Boyce. On Thursday morning, for the first time in Birmingham, the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt* was performed, and on Friday the *Messiah*. Each evening there was a concert at the theatre, the programme containing

elections from the works of Handel, Wilby, Purcell, Corelli, and Gluck, sacred and profane music being very oddly mingled together. The celebrated Mrs. Billington, then at the commencement of her brilliant career, made her first appearance at this Festival, and enchanted all hearers by her extraordinary ability and the singular gracefulness of her style. To borrow the words of a contemporary record, she sang "with the most powerful sensibility, and failed not to excite usual admiration." So great, indeed, was the impression she created by her singing in the *Messiah*, that the public demanded a second performance of that oratorio, which was accordingly repeated on the Saturday, to an overflowing audience. The gross receipts of the Festival amounted to very nearly £2,000, and yielded to the Hospital a profit of £394.

We must not omit to mention an amusing quarrel which occurred between the committee and Mr. Yates, the manager of the theatre. The dispute is gravely recorded at full length in the Festival minute-book, from which we gather the following narrative. Mr. Yates, who considered that sufficient remuneration was not offered to him for the use of the theatre, announced a performance for the Tuesday evening, although the theatre was indispensably required for a rehearsal. Notwithstanding remonstrance, Mr. Yates persisted in his determination, and the committee commenced active measures of coercion, and threatened to take legal proceedings to close the theatre for the remainder of the season. This seems to have brought the manager to his senses, and he agreed to forgo the Tuesday's performance; but some fresh cause of offence having arisen, he again announced his intention to open on the Tuesday. A committee meeting was consequently held on the 16th of August, only a week before the Festival, and a deputation of five persons was sent to the recalcitrant manager to persuade him "to give up the idea of playing." After the lapse of some time, the deputation returned, and reported that the committee's terms were agreed to. All now seemed now plain sailing; but unhappily Mr. Yates once more changed his mind, and before the committee broke up, a messenger from him announced a demand for compensation, coupled with a threat that if not liberally dealt with he would play after all, not only on the Tuesday, but on the Friday also. The matter was regarded as too important to be decided at that sitting, and another meeting was convened for the following morning, when a letter was sent to Mr. Yates demanding a final answer. The reply was what the minutes call "a verbal message," importing that Mr. Yates would do as he pleased; whereupon the committee, now fairly enraged, sent word back that they should have no occasion for his theatre at all, and that it was their determination to prevent his theatrical performances immediately.

Accordingly Mr. Swan's amphitheatre, in Livery-street (afterwards a dissenting chapel), was engaged for the Evening Concerts; notice was given to Mr. Yates's actors that they would be prosecuted, if they should attempt to speak on the stage hereafter under Mr. Yates's management, and persons were hired to attend at the theatre in order to have proofs against those of the performers who should venture on playing. In these determined steps Mr. Yates shrewdly foresaw his ruin, and prudently digesting the affronts under which he smarted, he sent a humble apology, and offered the use of the theatre for the whole week. This act of submission took place on Sunday, the 19th, but it was considered important enough to justify the summoning of a meeting on that day, when (the whole of the clerical members being present), it was resolved to accept Mr. Yates's offer, but as a punishment for his obstinacy it was also determined that not one farthing should be paid to him for the use of either theatre or orchestra. Thus ended a dispute which at one period threatened seriously to interfere with the success of the Festival of 1857.

The next Festival, which took place on the 21st, 26th, and 27th of August, 1790, was signalled by the appearance of Madame Mara, the famous rival of Mrs. Billington, and one of the most remarkable amongst the many eminent vocalists whose names adorn the annals of art in this country. This lady, who died so lately as 1833, acquired her great reputation in Germany and France, and afterwards in Italy, which she did not visit until she

had for some years been established as a vocalist of high reputation. She came to England in 1784, with her husband, a violin-player of some note, and speedily acquired the patronage of Lord Dudley, by whom she was much esteemed, and at whose house at Hinxley she was visiting prior to her engagement at the Birmingham Festival. Her appearance here seems, indeed, to have been owing to Lord Dudley, who probably defrayed the expenses of her engagement, as the committee return his Lordship a special vote of thanks "for his generous offer of the services of Mad. Mara and her husband." The other lady vocalists were Miss Mahon and the Misses Abrams. No oratorio besides the *Messiah* was performed at this meeting, the remainder of the music, both at the church and at the evening concerts in the theatre, being a selection from the works of English and Italian composers, but chiefly from Handel, whose masterpieces from the commencement steadily retained their hold on the public mind. Amongst the instrumental performers was Mr. Charles Knyvett, the brother of the better-known William Knyvett, who afterwards became the conductor of the festivals, and whose services we shall have occasion to refer to in a future article. This Festival produced £1,965 16s., of which £958 14s. were paid to the treasurers of the Hospital.

The year 1793, when the next Festival should have been held, commenced ominously for the success of any such performances. Trade was bad, the nation was suffering heavily under the pressure of severe taxation, and the public mind was directed rather towards the stern horrors of war than attuned to the cultivation of the harmonic art. In addition to national difficulties, a local misfortune—the destruction of the theatre by fire—had deprived the committee of any suitable place for the evening concerts. Under these disastrous circumstances it was resolved that the Festival should be delayed for one year, but the postponement actually extended to three years, and it was not until 1796 that the committee were able to announce another Festival. Madame Mara was again the principal vocalist, supported by Mrs. Second, the Misses Fletcher, and Messrs. Nield, Kelly, and Bartleman, who was then just entering on his eminent professional course. Amongst the instrumentalists were the three famous Lindleys, Robert, John, and Charles, and the equally celebrated J. B. Cramer. The selection of music was not marked by any special feature. The *Messiah* was again the sole oratorio, and the evening concerts are described as being composed of "the most favourite airs, duets, trios, catches, glees, and choruses; together with solos, quartets, overtures, and concertos, by the first masters. The steward for the meeting (or the director, as he was then called) was the Earl of Aylesford. The Festival produced £2,043 18s., the profit on which amounted to £897. We are sorry to record the circumstance that the town was infested with numerous pickpockets, who came down specially for the music meetings, and of whose depredations the newspapers of the day make serious complaints. To effect their fraudulent designs the thieves made use of an ingenious device. Shoe-buckles were then going out of use amongst fashionable people, in favour of shoe-strings, and Birmingham being the great manufactory of buckles, the wearers of strings were decidedly unpopular. Taking advantage of the local feeling, the thieves hustled the wearers of shoe-strings, denounced them as unpatriotic despisers of the true old English customs, and in the tumult which naturally ensued contrived to steal the strings.

In anticipation of the next Festival, held in 1797, great efforts were made to enlist the support of the principal residents in the county as well as those of the town. The Earl of Warwick undertook the onerous post of director, and the list of patrons was enlarged by the addition of the names of Lords Hertford, Dartmouth, Aylesford, Dudley, Willoughby de Broke, Craven, Middleton, Brooks, and other persons occupying a high social position. The result of these measures was that the attendance of country gentlemen was materially increased, and the interests of the Hospital greatly promoted. By strengthening the band and chorus, as well as by engaging a larger number of principal performers, the committee laid the foundation of that eminence which the Festivals have since attained, and thus judiciously paved the way for that new and greater epoch which commenced with the advent of the present century. As regards the music,

the *Messiah* was still the chief attraction, the rest of the programme consisting of selections from Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, and other composers. For a third time Madame Mara worthily occupied the position of principal vocalist, her chief assistants being Miss Poole, Messrs. Harrison, William Knyvett, and Bartleman. Amongst the instrumentalists were the Lindleys, Holmes, Cantelo, Erskine, the Leanders, and others, with Cramer as leader of the band, and Harris as the organist. The exertions of the committee resulted in a considerable increase of the returns as compared with those of the preceding Festival, the gross sum now realised being £2,550, yielding a profit of £1,470. We may mention that, for the special benefit of the light-fingered gentry, the task of preserving order was entrusted to "The Loyal Birmingham Association of Infantry," who, notwithstanding very bad weather, manfully remained at their posts from morning until after midnight, effectually preserved order, and protected the pockets of those of His Majesty's subjects who came to attend the Festival.

(To be continued.)

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.—We believe there is but one case in America of a real incident which somewhat approximates to that of Marie in the opera by Donizetti. This is in New York, where the National Guard (one thousand strong) have a fair orphan *protégé*, familiarly designated as "The Daughter of the Regiment." The National Guard, under Colonel Duryea, is the best regulated and appointed militia company in the United States. In drill, *esprit de corps*, organization, and general appearance, it will bear close comparison with the "regulars" even of the modern military government. Some years ago an officer of the New York National Guard, so committed himself. This act, according to military discipline, is considered one of cowardice, but the deceased was well known to be one who, in active service, stood amidst the bravest of the brave. He had been through the Mexican war, and stood high in esteem as a soldier; but other matters, when quietly at home, prompted him to become a suicide. He left an orphan child—a bright and promising little daughter. She was alone in the world, and, as it were, friendless. The regiment of her father adopted her, and she became thus a "Child of the Regiment," and that regiment the gallant National Guard of New York. A tax of two dollars per annum was levied on each member for the orphan's support and education. This amounted to 2,000 dollars a-year, and what was not expended was duly put away in investment for a dowry for "The Daughter of the Regiment." The young lady, now about sixteen years old, has grown up beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, and is well off; and doubtless she looks upon her gallant guardians with all the love, honour, and enthusiasm that Marie did on the brave Salpico and the gallant 21st in the opera. Such companies as the New York National Guard reflect honour on the country.—*Savannah Daily Georgian*.

HOW CERTAIN OPERAS CAME TO BE COMPOSED.—At the time when Auber (younger than he is now) reigned almost supreme at the Grand-Opéra, Mdlle. X—— was the principal *danseuse*, the bright, particular sun, around which moved vocalists, composers, critics, &c., &c., as if living in the light of her smiles. Auber, amidst her triumphs among her devotees, had the charming *danseuse*, despite his attentions, treated him with the most marked coolness. One evening, behind the scenes, he became more urgent and pressing than ever for her favour, and she replied, "If ever you compose an opera, in which I fill the first rôle, I shall then begin to consider whether so insignificant a person as I am may be worthy the love of a great composer." Surely this was "giving the sack" in the best possible style. At least so thought the lady, for to her it seemed an impossibility that a *danseuse* could have the first rôle in an opera. But nothing seemed impossible to love and Auber. The next work produced by him was *Le Dieu et Bayadère*, and Mdlle. X—— danced the Bayadère. Whether she afterwards listened to the devoted composer's vows, we cannot say, but this is certain, that he wrote another opera, *La Muette de Portici* (Masaniello) in which she appeared as Fenella.—*New York Dispatch*.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Under the

Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Monday, September 20th, and during the week, Her Majesty's servants will perform Balfe's opera, **THE BONE OF CASTILE**. Principal characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Frenckell, Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albans, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with a grand Ballet Divertissement by Mlle. Zilia Micheli, Paquale, and Morlauch, with a numerous corps de ballet. The band of fifty performers, and the chorus of forty voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. E. Harding. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past, tickets, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First ditto, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper ditto, 6d.; Private Boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and (for two persons), 15s. 6d. Box-office opens daily from eleven to five, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON, as MANAGER of the **ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE**, will commence on Saturday, the 2nd October next, and conclude on Saturday the 26th July.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

The event of the season, the annual visit of Mr. NIMS REVES, for twelve nights only, supported by first-rate operatic artists, will commence on Monday the 8th of the Princess's Theatre, Conductor, Mr. Isaacson. On Monday after the dusk, Saturday excepted, to commence with the opera of GUY MANNERING; Henry Bertens, with the songs of "The miser, dear maid," "The Echo Duet," "My Pretty Jane," and "The Death of Nelson." Mr. Sims Reeves; Julia Mannering, Miss Fanny Ternan; Lucy, Miss Lavino; Gabriel, Mr. Charles Bernard. To conclude with the popular Ballet, "On Monday next, a Grand Opera. The Theatre re-decorated. No. Centre Chandelier on this occasion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G.—We will give the list next week.

AN OLD READER is informed that a gentleman connected with the paper would like to procure some of the numbers of '46 and the whole of '45. Correspondent is requested to state his terms.

CLEMENCE is politely answered with a negative to both her questions.
JURA.—Mr. Frank Mori's address is Somerset-street, Portman-square. Apply for the number, which we have forgotten, at Cramer, Beale and Co.'s, Regent-street. The two other questions we cannot reply to at present.

A. W. H.—A detailed description of the organ alluded to will be accepted with thanks.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1858.

NEVER, perhaps, was musical criticism in this country at so low an ebb as at the present moment. With the exception of two or three of the leading journals, the articles which proceed from the metropolitan press would reflect discredit on the smallest newspaper in the smallest provincial town in the three kingdoms. Not only do the notices of music betray no acquaintance whatsoever with the art, but they almost invariably betoken an ignorance of the commonest rules of plain writing, to say nothing of style, manner, diction, and logic. Since music is now making such rapid strides in England, and its study has become almost universal, it must not be supposed that writers cannot be found conversant with the subject, who are ready and willing to undertake the office of the critic. Is it not more likely that the proprietors of journals, through ignorance, or blindness from prejudice, or not being able to understand or appreciate the power and significance of music, should err, or be careless in the selection of those whom they would appoint to fill the special department of their paper devoted to the art? It

has been said—When a man has a high voice, he is a tenor; when he has a low voice, he is a bass; when he has no voice he is a barytone. In this manner the proprietors and managers of newspapers, anxious to oblige a friend, or provide for a *protege*, seem to reconcile, or think they reconcile, their predestination. If a man, they argue, be well read in the English language and know everything, he may be enrolled among the writers of leaders; if he be a scholar and well versed in dramatic literature, he may qualify himself for the post of theatrical critic; if he know nothing, he will do very well to write about music. That such is too frequently the case, few will be inclined to disbelieve who have perused the strictures on operas and musical entertainments which have lately appeared in various London journals. While every other article has been, to say the least of it, respectably written, the notice of music has exhibited an amount of ignorance absolutely incredible, a defiance of reasoning which would put to shame Sancho Panza or Dogberry, and an abnegation of all the graces of style hardly pardonable in the loosest and roughest penny-a-liner. Why newspaper proprietors should be so particular in the choice of their dramatic scribe, and careless about their musical critic, can only be attributed to what we have just stated—ignorance or wilful blindness. And yet their own interests might indicate to them the greater importance of musical notices in a journal, the predominance, in point of number as well as interest, of operatic entertainments over dramatic, and the more special qualifications demanded for the above reflection.

The above reflections have been called forth by two letters which were transmitted to us from different quarters, calling our attention to two articles written about music in two different papers. Our first letter, from a correspondent signing himself "H. B. V.," inclosed an article on the Birmingham Festival, from the "Own Correspondent" of the *Daily Telegraph*, suggesting that, as we had been lately "criticising the critics," it would furnish excellent matter for our animadversion. As the fine-art articles of the morning contemporary in question have been almost invariably distinguished for their clearness and good sense, if not particularly characterised by critical acumen or profundity, we were somewhat astonished at the "perfunctoryness" exhibited in the notice sent us, and can only account for it by supposing that some "new hand" had been tried for the occasion, who, having never written about art at all, was considered qualified to criticise musical performances. We are sorry our space precludes us from furnishing the article *in extenso*, since a more exquisite specimen of "perfunctoryness" our columns have not yet supplied. We will, however, give two or three extracts, from which the reader may form no rude idea of the glorious whole, and refer him for the entire article to the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, in the Birmingham Festival week. Let it be premised that the notice is a series of inconsequences, from which ratiocination is as stringently excluded as style or grammar. "We have seldom, however," writes the critic, "seen more enthusiasm excited in a concert-room than was produced by Madame Alboni in the ever-pleasing *cahnetta*." *In questo semplice!* It has been said (*per quem?*) that the great contralto has seen her best days. There was no evidences of failure last night. She was as *gifted* and *versatile* in her intonation and expression, and as brilliant in her execution, as ever." That versatility in intonation is a quality to be praised, we learn for the first time, and that Alboni's intonation should vary

and in the varying excite no feeling but that of pleasure in the audience, will astonish our readers no less than ourselves. "A rather tame trio from one of Mozart's compositions," it appears, according to our novel-gifted scribe, "sung by Madame Castellani, Madame Albini, and Mr. Weiss, did not produce much effect;" and of Madlle. Victoire Ralfe, we are informed that "the favourable impression of the merits of the young vocalist, which the Birmingham people has, from report, formed, was amply confirmed as she sung the very elaborate aria, 'Il soave o bel contento,'" (*Niobe*). We must, at all risks, find room for as much of the affirmations on *Acis and Galatea* and *Eli*, as we can possibly insert:—

"The overture from the *Siege of Coriath*, a magnificent piece of instrumentation, which concluded the miscellaneous concert, was succeeded by Handel's cantata, *Acis and Galatea*, with additional accompaniments, composed expressly for the Festival by Costa. This composition is worthy of a place in any programme. The cantata finishes with a sweet pastoral chorus, telling Galatea to dry her tears, and describing the happiness which *Acis* now enjoys. The music throughout is exceedingly good and very pleasing, and the performance of last night cannot fail to bring it into more general notice, and secure for it some of the appreciations it so richly deserves.

Higher up we are told that the air, "Love sounds the alarm," is, in Reeves's hands, worthy of Handel's fame, "and that" it is one of the most telling pieces in the whole of the Festival programme."

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is still more decided in his opinions about Mr. Costa's oratorio, and, if possible, still more "perfunctory" in his remarks:—

"*Eli* was written by Costa for the Birmingham Festival of 1855. It contains many fine points, and although not equal to *Elijah*, or to *Handel's music*, there are in it some passages which will be handed down to posterity. We allude particularly to the 'War-song' and chorus, the 'Evening prayer,' the chorus 'No evil shall befall thee,' the 'March,' and several other pieces, which will not be lost as music hath charms. The general effect of *Eli* is heavy, and some of the choruses are very difficult without being effective. The oratorio to-day went very smoothly. There were four re-demands accorded to what are decidedly the finest passages in the composition. The 'War-song' is one of the boldest martial pieces ever penned, and will last as long as there is a great tenor to sing it. It was superbly given by Mr. Sims Reeves, and most enthusiastically re-demanded. The quartet is one of the finest specimens of part-singing to which we ever listened. The 'March' has already become a favourite with every band of note in England. It was a superb piece of instrumentation. In the introductory portion of the oratorio there is a chorus and chant, in the cathedral style, in which Signor Belletti made a most effective appearance. Succeeding the duet is an extraordinary double chorus; the women—sopranos and altos—are enjoying the ungodly revel, while the priests—tenors and basses—are denouncing judgment upon them. It was powerfully and accurately sung. Signor Belletti did not acquire much credit in the heavy and unsupportable air, 'If thou shouldst mark,' although he sung it appropriately enough. The great soprano song of the work, 'I will extol Thee,' was given with great gusto by Madame Norello, of course. The first part coincides with a fine elaborate chorus, the recitatives to which were well declaimed by Mr. Price and Signor Belletti. The duet and 'March' are followed by a grand fugue chorus, very *stiffly*, yet very *supportable*, and very well sung. The choral 'March'—which is the previous 'March' repeated in chorus—has a very fine effect. Perhaps, however, the gem of the whole work is the air, 'This night I left.' Madame Viardot rendered it in a most charming manner. Why was it not re-demanded? Its effect on the audience was most palpable. The composition, in point of merit, falls short towards the conclusion, the final choruses being the most *stagnant* and *unimpressive* we have heard—*exceedingly difficult*, very noisy, and very unsupportable."

After wading through the above "perfunctoriana," our readers may peradventure exclaim, "These are most unsupportable morassaux, and hardly worth the perusal." Nevertheless, we take leave to insert them as corroborative of our preliminary observations, and as tending to show that there

is something rotten in the state of music, and to point out the whereabouts of the rottenness. Had we time and room we might be further induced to call attention to the notices on the Birmingham Festival which appeared in the pages of a morning contemporary of longer standing, loftier position, greater prestige and influence, and higher price than the *Daily Telegraph*—the *Morning Herald*—not a whit less "perfunctory" than what we have quoted. At present, however, we shall content ourselves with the inclosure, number two, which was sent us this week, and which it will be seen, reflects as severely on provincial criticism as the *excerpta* given above does on our own metropolitan:—

"What could be finer than the natural gifts brought to Tuesday night's entertainment?" writes the *Shields Gazette*, apropos of the singing at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute at North Shields. "The powerful mellow organ-like tones of Miss Masterion; the dramatic force and liquid melody of Miss Redpath; the tender sweetness and soft grace of Mrs. Lewick; or the natural beauty and bird-like cadences of Mrs. Finlney and Mrs. Carry, whilst among the male voices, there are few English singers that could have brought out more clearly the feeling and pathos of Mr. Haswell's delightful hymn than Mr. Flynn, whose noble voice seemed to ripen and mellow with the feeling that suffused the whole performance. Mr. Deakers equally supported his reputation by his delightful rendering of 'Beautiful Spring,' while Mr. Barker and Mr. Hindhaugh were equally excellent. In their sea and buff songs, we cannot help thinking that if those ladies and gentlemen will continue to sing together, in a short time they will be able to give an entertainment that would fear no comparison with any concert-room in the kingdom."

Whether the article extracted from the London journal or that from the north-country *Gazette* be most "perfunctory," we leave to the reader to determine. Our sole desire and aim is to inculcate on proprietors, managers, directors and editors of newspapers, that the talents and accomplishments required for the office of musical writer are as many and as great as those demanded for the dramatic. To criticise an opera or an oratorio is not less difficult than to criticise a tragedy or a comedy. We will not just now insist that a profounder knowledge of the subject is necessitated in one case than in the other. An equality of power and acquirements is all we contend for at present.

WHILE surveying one of the divisions of a very unpleasant place, called Malmøge, the great Dante perceived an old political adversary in an odd predicament. A snake flew at the nape of this unfortunate person's neck, bored a hole therein; and lo! and behold! Dante could not so soon say "Jack Robinson" (*Nè O si tosto mà nè I si scrisse*, as the bitten party was reduced to ashes before his eyes. However, the ashes, which were scattered about the ground, were speedily gathered together again, and Vanno Fucci, of Pistoja (the party in question), was so completely restored, that he made a tolerably long speech with a view to offend Dante, as a great member of the White faction.

This strange spectacle suggested to the mind of the illustrious Florentine the very common-place image of the Phoenix, but if we had been favoured with the same agreeable sight we should have taken the quickly broken and quickly mended man of Pistoja for a symbol of the Lyceum Theatre. Nor do we allude to the conflagration of the old house that had its facade in the Strand, and the erection in its place of the new house that thrusts its portico into Wellington-street. Managerial not physical dissolution would have been the subject of our meditation, which would not have gone back beyond the chronicles of the new house. We should have thought of the many enterprises that had been commenced in that fair edifice, of the speed with which they

proved abortive, of the rapidity with which activity brought to a stand-still has been succeeded by activity renewed.

First of all in order of time is the respectable operative monarchy of the late Mr. S. Arnold, with the *Nourjahad* of Edward Loder, and the *Mountain Symp* of John Barnett. The entertainments consist of opera, drama and farce; and opera, drama and farce are all strongly cast—everything, in fact, looks very strong and substantial. Suddenly Mr. Packer's *Sadak and Kalsarade* fixes itself upon the establishment like the snake on the neck of Vanni Fucci;—a dynasty crumbles away, a throne is vacant. Then comes a series of events more complicated than a history of South American revolutions. Actors form themselves into republics, sometimes of the aristocratic, sometimes of the democratic kind. Sometimes wisdom is in the council, and talent on the stage; sometimes talent is on the stage without wisdom in the council; sometimes the stage is as unencompassed by talent as the council by wisdom. Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics" fills sixteen very respectable octavo volumes, but he who writes a history of the Lyceum Republics will beat Sismondi's hollow in point of bulk if not in point of interest. Occasionally the phantasmagoric series of commonwealths is varied by the appearance of a very brief monarchy or dictatorship. Mr. Balfie looks as though he would achieve that great desideratum—the establishment of an English Opera-house, and *Keelants* will still be remembered as a monument of his efforts. Poor George Stevens, too, has his little Elizabethan freaks, and drops more money than he ever picks up again, by bringing out, at his own expense, his cumbersome *Martinuzzi*. At last the long line of short or weak governments, which is growing as tedious as the Tchenku, or "period of petty kings," that lasted in China from 770 to 320 B.C.,—this long line, we say, is brought to a close by the Keeleys, and in 1844 a good sound monarchy with a proper company is once more established. No undertaking could be more promising. At the moment when the Keeleys step upon the throne, a number of young wits are just beginning to put forth their energies. The Lyceum is the dramatic birth-place of Tom Taylor and Shirley Brooks, while Albert Smith and Charles Kenney became something like permanent dramatists under the general influence of the new rule. Creditable and profitable to the end was the management of the Keeleys. But why did it come to an end? This time the destructive snake took the form of an increased demand for something—we forget whether it referred to the rent, or to the gas, or to somebody's salary;—at all events the Keeleys left the spot with money in their pockets, and there was the crumbling away of another dynasty. When again united the ashes take an exceedingly vivacious form and picturesque shape. The sparkling vision of the Vestris-Mathews government adorned by the genius of Beverley is before our eyes. But sparkle as it may, this government does not look very solid. Pieces come out at a moment's notice, and with scarcely a day's preparation; reports of legal proceedings interweave themselves with reports theatrical, and though the vivacious manager is the delight of everybody who looks at him, a large multitude is not to be assembled save by the incessant production of fairy spectacles, which at last pall upon the appetite.

Of Mr. Mitchell's "Opera-buffa," of the temporary occupation of the Lyceum by French or Italian companies, we take no notice, since, to the speculator in these cases, the theatre was merely a house that happened to be vacant for the brief time they wanted them, and they no more regarded the Lyceum as a permanent residence than a man mistakes

a room in an inn for his proper house. The last dissolved government was that of Mr. Charles Dillon, which also looked showy in its day, but which also came in for the serpent's bite. As for Mr. George Webster's reign, its termination could scarcely be called the fall of a dynasty, as the functions of government, after a pause not worth mentioning, were undertaken by Mr. Falconer, whose comedy, *Extremes*, has again rendered the theatre an important establishment.

As far as we ourselves are concerned, Dante did not more heartily detest Filippo Argenti than we abominate the school to which Mr. Falconer's comedy belongs. But we admit that in the vigour of his writing he has shown himself superior to his school, and, what is more, we grant that the school itself finds many admirers amongst existing playgoers. Let us hope, while we congratulate Mr. Falconer on his well-merited success, that he has founded something like a Lyceum government, that will not fall to pieces at the first little nibble of adversity.

A GERMAN CRITIC IN LONDON.*

The fifth and last concert was far more interesting and satisfactory than the fourth. The orchestral pieces, the overtures to *Medea*, to *Ruy Blas*, and to *Oberon*, and the *Sinfonia Eroica* were really very well executed, and, above all, the names of Miss Arabella Goddard and Joachim gave especial lustre to the programme. These had both brought to light from the obscure stores of an earlier epoch the material for the display of their genius. [Fashion no doubt had its share in the resuscitation; but this is a good fashion, if not carried too far.] Bach's sonata, No. 5, with the splendid figure for the violin alone, and Dussek's concerto, No. 6, in G minor, rose from oblivion as dazzling novelties before the eyes of the astonished public. Joachim's truly marvellous rendering of Old Bach's contrapuntal masterpiece excited the most extraordinary demonstrations of applause, although it cannot be denied that the majestic tones produced by this hero of the strings, did not make us quite overlook the desolate position of a single violin in a large hall. In the second part he played the *Romanza* in F, with orchestral accompaniment by Beethoven.

Dussek's concerto for the piano was even less known than Bach's sonata for the violin. We all heard it for the first time, and very few of us could either have seen it or played it. It is a genuine concerto of its kind, with the first movement broadly designed and brilliantly worked out. The slow movement in E flat is melodious, though it displays no extraordinary invention. But the finale—a rondo in G minor, like the first movement—is a magnificent piece, composed in that characteristic, we may say genial style that distinguishes the bravuras of Dussek. The execution of this concerto is the reverse of easy; but Miss Goddard is no longer conscious of difficulties on her instrument. She is, moreover, an artist in the true sense of the word, and the extraordinary success which she has recently achieved in England is not to be ascribed to the patriotism of her countrymen. Even the severest critics among the modern Germans have awarded to her the palm among all the lady pianists of the present day, not even excepting Mad. Schumann and Mad. Szarvady-Claus.

What is effected by this young lady by dint of industry and perseverance, combined with genial intelligence and technical genius, is really incredible.

* From a series of letters under the head of "The London Musical Season" in the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.

She gave the first series of *soirées* at her own residence; for the second she selected Willis's Rooms, which on each occasion were filled with an audience comprising every one who could lay claim to any rank in the domain of music. Most justly were these *soirées* termed "classical." Neither the wishes of titled ladies, nor the homage of worshippers, can lure this, in every respect, gifted lady from the true path of art; she never stoops to the mere amusement of her hearers. Look over her programmes, and you will be astonished when I tell you that all this has been mastered by a girl in the bloom of youth. Then you will find Hummel's grand sonata in D major (Op. 106), the last that he composed for the piano solo; Beethoven's sonatas in A major (Op. 101), and B flat major (Op. 106); Wälf's sonata, *Non Plus Ultra*, in F, and Dussek's sonata, *Plus Ultra*, in A flat (Op. 71), both in one evening; C. M. von Weber's sonata in E minor (Op. 70); S. Bach's *Fuga scherzando*, fugue in A minor, fugue in G major, for the "Well-tempered Harpsichord," Scarlatti's fugue in G minor; Mozart's sonata in E flat and B flat, with violin (M. Sainton); Mendelssohn's quartets in F minor and B minor; a duet with violoncello and the fugue in D major from the "Charakter-stücke," for the pianoforte, by the same composers. Add to these several others, as for instance, Beethoven's concerto in E flat major, Dussek's concerto already mentioned, &c., and you will form some notion of Miss Goddard's studies. Those who have heard her performance of Beethoven's Op. 106 and Dussek's *Plus Ultra* can declare that there is no flattery in the title "Queen of the pianoforte." The terribly long and almost impracticable sonata (Op. 106) she first played before the public in 1853, when she was scarcely 17 years of age, and even then excited admiration. In the course of the last two seasons she has played it three times, and now, in her 22nd year, she so completely rales the spirit of the masters of all schools, that she can evoke it for our benefit from the greatest and most difficult of their works.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors have engaged Madlle. Piccolomini to sing at a concert given the day previous to her departure for America. Madlle. Piccolomini sails on Saturday, the 25th inst., so that she will make her appearance at the Crystal Palace on Friday, the 28th. A concert is announced to take place this day on behalf of the funds of the Early Closing Association, in which Madame Clara Novello and Miss Rausford are engaged to sing.

PARIS.—Madame Marie Cabel has created a great sensation at the Opéra-Comique by her performance of Carlo in Auber's *Part du Diable*, revived expressly for her. It is in contemplation to reproduce *Lentoo*, certainly one of Auber's finest works.—At the Grand-Opéra Madame Borghi-Mamo has appeared for the first time as Catharina in the *Aïné de Cypre* with success.—M. Calzado has issued his prospectus for the ensuing campaign at the Italiana. The revivals and new operas promised are *Macbeth*, by Verdi; *Anna Bolena*, *I Martiri* and *Roberto Devereux*, by Donizetti; *Il Giramento*, by Merendante, and *Zelmira*, by Rossini. The last alone will be worth all the rest. Madame Frezzolini has arrived in Paris from London, and Mr. Vincent Wallace is also in the capital of the Beaux-Arts, which was never so dull as at present, nor had least to say for itself. We are all searching the journals for news, and cannot even fight upon a stale joke of Rossini's to amuse the reader.

G. V. BROOKE.—Mr. G. V. Brooke and party arrived last evening, by the "Tasmania," having fulfilled a successful engagement at Hobart Town. The Prince of Wales Theatre will, we understand, be opened by him on Monday week.—*Sydney Herald*, July 10.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE Pyne and Harrison company has every reason to be gratified with its success in its new operatic home. The triumphant reception of the *Rose of Castille* at the Lyceum on its first production last autumn, was fully equalled by that accorded to it last Monday at Drury Lane. A more brilliant audience we have seldom seen at this period of the year in the old theatre. The appearance of the dress-boxes and stalls would almost lead to the belief that everybody was not out of London, and that some of the "light and heavy swells" of the season were really in town, alured from the breezy sea-side, or the smelling clover, where partridges may be said to hover, by the combined attractions of Balfe's music and Miss Louisa Pyne's and Mr. W. Harrison's singing. The "gods," too, instered in strong force, and the denizens of the pit, the "would-be critics and won't-be gentlemen," vied with the enperials and the "upper ten" in numbers.

Of the *Rose of Castille*, having already said so much upon so many former occasions, we do not feel ourselves called upon to say one word; nor is there anything new to preach to our readers about the performance, which, as regards the principals, more particularly in the hands of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, betokened the excellence of last year; while the band, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Malton, exhibited all its former efficiency and strength. Nor must the chorus be forgotten, which, culled from the choir of the Royal Italian Opera, were fully equal to all the demands made on their musical skill by Balfe's music.

The opera was received throughout with thunders of applause, and the encores were so numerous that they almost equalled the volley of bouquets thrown, at the fall of the curtain, at Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison—the Drury Lane audience naturally concluding that, although the fashion of flinging bundles of flowers at a male vocalist, however high he may sing, displays, to say the least of it, bad taste, they have as good a right to shower honours in this manner on their tenor, as Mr. Lumley's aristocratic assemblies on theirs. Is not Mr. Harrison as worthy of posies at Drury Lane as Signor Giuglini at Her Majesty's Theatre? For our own parts we had rather pelt oranges or rotten eggs at the best tenor in the world, than fling flowers at him under any circumstances. And so Mr. Harrison must have felt on Monday night, since he did all he could to force the multitudinous presents on Miss Louisa Pyne—an act, of course, which brought down an extra floral shower.

After the opera, the national anthem was sung, our unquiblo friend and old favourite of the public, Miss Rainford, taking the solos. The return to the stage of this talented vocalist should have been distinctly alluded to in the prospectus.

The performances concluded with a *ballad divertissement*, in which, as we anticipated last week, Mdles. Morlacchi, Pasquale, and Michelet exhibited their talents and graces to considerable advantage. Nativees, we are not of the belief that Drury Lane Theatre is the legitimate home of the ballet.

The success achieved by the *Rose of Castille* has completely set aside all idea of producing *Martha* at present.

CARMARTHEN.—We have much pleasure in recording the following resolution passed at a meeting of the Kingston Board of Guardians, held for the purpose of accepting the resignation of the Rev. John Brinley Richards, chaplain to the Union, who has been appointed to the curacy of Warham, Dorsetshire. Mr. Richards is the third son of the late Mr. H. Richards, organist of this town, and brother of Brinley Richards, Esq., of London, the accomplished pianist and composer:—

"RESOLVED,—That the Board receive, with unfeigned regret, the resignation of the Rev. J. B. Richards as chaplain to the Union House, and the guardians feel it their duty to express their entire satisfaction, not only with the way in which he discharged his ministerial duties, but also with the affectionate and zealous manner in which he imparted spiritual instruction, and afforded religious consolation to the sick and dying inmates of this house.—BEN. BODENHAM, Clerk."—*Carmarthen Journal*.

OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

We have already presented our readers with a correct description of the new organ erected by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine in the Free-trade Hall. A very numerous audience, including many persons from considerable distances, attended the morning performance on Tuesday.

Mr. Best, the eminent organist of the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, was warmly welcomed on his appearance upon the orchestra, and commenced his performances with a psalter by Bach, at the close introducing one of those pedal fugues by the same composer which are the great delight of connoisseurs of the organ. This Mr. Best played with that matchless perfection for which he is celebrated, the pedal passages telling out in a manner which proved that the builders had preserved a proper balance of power between this portion of the organ and the manuals. There was quite sufficient weight, and the tone was ponderous without being overbearing. The overture to the *Last Judgment*, by Spohr, we never heard so well played on the organ; all the points were capitally brought out, and the tremendous effect in the soft passages was most effectively introduced. Mr. Best introduced the clarinet stop in the adagio of Mendelssohn's sonata in C minor, and brought in the tubas near the close with fine effect. But it was in his own "Air with variations" that he displayed to the general audience most strikingly his unrivalled powers of execution. The variation in which he plays rapid passages, as a solo on the pedals, was interrupted by applause which would not be restrained till the close of the piece, which was a signal for renewed demonstrations, which resulted in so unmistakable an encore that Mr. Best was compelled to return; when, instead of repeating his own composition, he gave the march in the *Propheet*, by Meyerbeer, in a manner which displayed the power of the instrument to great advantage. The organ will be a great acquisition to the Hall, and will prove of the greatest possible service in concerts generally, as it is capable of many orchestral effects, but more particularly in those of sacred music, whether as the sole means of accompaniment, or as used in conjunction with the orchestra. Of course, Mr. Best was the lion of the morning, but the intervals between the organ pieces were well filled up by Miss Armstrong and Mr. Mann. Miss Armstrong pleased us most in Haydn's "Now the dancing sunbeams play," and in the Scotch song, "John Anderson, my Jo," which she rendered very beautifully. Mr. Mann also showed that he possesses good knowledge of his art, and the cold from which he was suffering did not prevent him from making it evident that he has a pleasing voice. In the duets, the voices of both the vocalists blended harmoniously; and altogether the vocal selection was very favourably received. We believe that on this occasion Mr. George Freemantle came forward, for the first time, as pianoforte accompanist at the Free-trade Hall, and we are happy to record that he occupied the post in that efficient manner which must have been anticipated by those who are familiar with his performances at the Blind Asylum.

The evening concert was extremely well attended, and the performances were equally successful with those of the morning. Mr. Best's selection comprised one of the organ concertos by Handel, now in course of publication by Mr. Best, in which Mr. Best's dexterous use of the composition pedals may be noticed; prelude and fugue, in E, by Bach; air with variations, by Mr. Hatton, in which several points of the organ were displayed; and, in answer to an encore, the air, with variations, which Mr. Best played so finely in the morning; and, lastly, Handel's splendid chorus, "Fixed on his everlasting seat," in which the rolling bass passages played on the pedals were remarkably telling. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, and Mr. Mann. The first piece, the beautiful trio "Ti Prego," was charmingly sung, and without going into further particulars, we may say that the whole selection was exceedingly satisfactory. However, we may mention that Mrs. Sunderland was eminently successful in Haydn's exquisite canonet, "My mother bids me bid my hair," and in "Eve's Lamentation," by King; that Miss Newbound was much applauded in the favourite song by

Land, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not;" and that Mr. Mann was encored in a song by Hailt. (I) Mr. Walker ably accompanied on the pianoforte.—*Manchester Times*.

WATERFORD.—Messrs. Hill and Son, of Leouen, have just erected a grand organ in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the largest instrument yet erected in Ireland. On Sunday, the 29th ult., the opening took place, when Pontifical High Mass was celebrated before an immense congregation. The organist on this occasion was Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, who fully displayed the great resources of the instrument. The organ contains 48 registers, including an admirably constructed *Vox Humana* and a pedal organ of 7 stops, including a 32 feet double diapason. The reed work of this instrument surpasses anything that this eminent firm has yet produced. The effect of the full organ (with four trumpet registers of 16, 5, and 4 feet) being truly magnificent. The following is a description in full of the new grand organ:—

3 Manuals and Pedal Organ.
Great Organ C C to F, 54 notes, contains:—1, Double diapason, metal, 12 ft.; G lower, 7 Bourbons, 16 ft.; 2, Open diapason, metal, 8 ft.; 3, Open diapason No. 2, metal, 8 ft.; 4, Viol de gamba (German), metal, 8 ft.; 5, Stopped diapason, wood, 8 ft.; 6, Quint, metal, 6 ft.; 7, Principal, metal, 4 ft.; 8, Wald flute, wood, 4 ft.; 9, Twelfth, metal, 3 ft.; 10, Fifteenth, metal, 2 ft.; 11, Sesquialtra, 3 ranks, metal, 11 ft.; 12, Mixture, 3 ranks, metal, 11 ft.; 13, Posanne, metal, 8 ft.; 14, Trumpet, metal, 8 ft.; 15, Clarion, metal, 4 ft.; 16, Trumpet, metal, 16 ft.

Choir Organ contains:—1, Cone gamba, metal, 8 ft.; 2, Keraulophon, tenor C, metal, 8 ft.; 3, Stopped diapason bass, stopped diapason treble, wood, 8 ft.; 4, Stopped flute, wood, 4 ft.; 5, Gemshorn principal, metal, 4 ft.; 6, Piccolo, wood, 2 ft.; 7, Cornmorse, metal, 8 ft.

Swell Organ C C to F, 54 notes, contains:—1, Bourdon bass and double diapason, wood and metal, 16 ft.; 2, Open diapason, wood and metal, 8 ft.; 3, Dulciana to tenor C, metal, 8 ft.; 4, Stopped diapason, bass and treble, wood, 8 ft.; 5, Principal, metal, 4 ft.; 6, Saute flute to tenor C, wood, 4 ft.; 7, Twelfth, metal, 3 ft.; 8, Fifteenth, metal, 2 ft.; 9, Sesquialtra, 3 ranks, metal, 11 ft.; 10, Cornopaeon, metal, 8 ft.; 11, Oboe, metal, 8 ft.; 12, Clarion, metal, 4 ft.; 13, Vox humana, tenor C, metal, 8 ft., tone, 16 ft.

Pedal Organ, CXC to F, 30 Notes, contains:—1, Open diapason (wood), 16 ft.; 2, Violona (wood), 16 ft.; 3, Principal, (metal), 8 ft.; 4, Fifteenth (metal), 4 ft.; 5, Sesquialtra 3 ranks (metal), 3 ft.; 6, Trombone (wood), 16 ft.; 7, Contra Bordon, 35 ft. Stops: Great organ, 10; Choir, 7; Swell, 13; Pedal, 7; Couplers, 5; Total, 48. Pipes: Great organ, 979; Choir, 354; Swell, 774; Pedal, 210; Total, 2317.

Couplers:—1, Swell to great; 2, Pedal to great; 3, Pedal to swell; 4, Pedal to choir; 5, Choir to Swell; Three Composition pedals to great organ to act also on pedal stops; Three Composition pedals to swell organ; a tremulant for swell organ; a separate bellows for pedal organ; a deal case of good design painted or stained with gilt front pipes; a pneumatic action to great organ to act also on coupler, so as to render the touch perfectly light; the whole of the mechanism, material, and voicing, to be of the very best description, and the work to be of the highest class.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Financially, as well as musically, our Festival is a great success. The receipts amount to nearly £7,500, and the expenses will not exceed £6,000. Thus there will be a very handsome surplus for the funds of the Infirmary, and a further addition will be made from the proceeds of a *cheap concert given in the Hall, and a grand ball in the same magnificent room*. It is greatly to the credit of the principal performers at this Festival that they have given very liberally towards the funds of the same excellent charity, having contributed in the aggregate, out of the money paid for their services, £150. The returns of the number of persons present at the performances are as follows:—Wednesday morning, 1,800; Thursday morning, between 1,800 and 1,900; Thursday evening, 2,000; Friday morning, 1,700; Friday evening, 2,000.

A VILE JOKE.—(Very properly rejected by Mr. Funck).—The operatic performance at Drury Lane may be entitled the desert of the musical ocean, in which the public are invited to taste several *Pines* and *A Melon*.

CATASTROPHE AT THE SURREY MUSIC HALL, SHEFFIELD.

A CALAMITY of the most fearful character, and attended with serious loss of life, occurred on Monday night at the Surrey Music Hall, Sheffield, an immense building capable of accommodating four thousand persons, and in which a variety of amusements were being carried on at the same time. A great crowd had assembled, and the entertainments were in full progress, when suddenly a report, as if from a pistol, was heard in the gallery, and the audience were filled with alarm. The proprietor, Mr. Youdan, however, instantly came on the platform, and after awhile succeeded in persuading the people to keep their seats, assuring them that no danger whatsoever was to be apprehended. A few minutes, notwithstanding, had hardly elapsed, when three or four men simultaneously rose in the gallery and cried aloud, "The place is on fire." A fearful scene then ensued. The audience, principally composed of young persons, frantically rushed to the various outlets of the building, while many jumped over the gallery front into the pit. All escaped safe from the pit, boxes, and upper gallery. In rushing from the lower gallery, one young man fell; others fell over him, and the staircase was blocked up. Three young men and one young woman were taken up dead, and two others were severely injured. Another man was killed by jumping out of a window. In the fright women were seen dropping children into the street, and jumping after them.

The cause of the accident, up to the present moment, is involved in mystery. At first it was supposed that a pistol had been fired in the gallery, and under this impression Mr. Youdan, when he came forward to allay the fears of the multitude, offered a reward of £5 for the perpetrator. The announcement that a pistol had been fired, and was the act of some scoundrel to create alarm, helped in some measure to restore quiet, and the people sat down apparently with the intention of devoting themselves to the business of the evening. They were not allowed to remain long undisturbed. On a sudden, from that part of the gallery whence the report issued, three men sprang forward to the front and simultaneously called out, "Fire! the place is on fire!" The effect on the audience was as if a thunderbolt had fallen amongst them. Screams and cries proceeded from all parts of the hall, order was at an end, and persons were seen leaping over the front of the gallery into the pit and on to the stage. Mr. Youdan ran at once to the steps leading from the gallery to the street, in order to stop the rush, and, if possible, restore confidence. He was not a little surprised to find a woman's mantle on fire. This had evidently been thrown on the steps only an instant before, and Mr. Youdan quickly trampled out the fire. All Mr. Youdan's efforts, however, to restore confidence failed, and he was pressed aside by the panic-stricken crowd. The professionals were alarmed at the presence of a large number of frantic persons running about the stage in search of a place to make their exit. A window was at last found, and the people dashed through it head foremost. Others in the top gallery made their way by getting over the front of the gallery, and descending by the pillars into the lower part of the building. The confusion and disorder, shouting and screaming, were frightful to hear, and beyond the power of describing. The crush was tremendous, and the wonder is that more accidents did not occur, and that more lives were not lost. Numbers were injured, more or less, by the compression, and others were thrown down and trampled under foot. Not until the place had become almost empty was the extent of the catastrophe known.

The coroner's inquest upon the five sufferers was opened on Tuesday evening, before Mr. Badger, coroner. From the evidence of William Henry Greaves, aged 19, it appeared that an explosion had taken place consequent on his striking a lucifer match to light a cigar. Another boy confirmed this statement, and both declared that previous to the explosion a strong smell of gas was perceptible. Here was a new light apparently thrown on the catastrophe, and the inquiry was adjourned until next Thursday, the jury directing that a close investigation

should take place regarding the escape of the gas, in order to ascertain whether the evidence of Greaves and his companion was correct. A strict examination by competent persons on Wednesday of the pipes in the neighbourhood of the place where the report was heard, showed beyond a doubt that there had been no escape of gas, and that consequently no explosion could have taken place. It remains therefore to be seen whether the two boys were framing a story, and for what purpose it was framed. It is scarcely credible that a conspiracy so horrible could have been devised. That it is a conspiracy, however, seems clear.

At the next inquiry it is to be hoped that some light may be thrown on the mystery, and that the perpetrators of so diabolical a crime may not escape detection.

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF PUBLIC PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

(From *The Times*.)

HERE is another "Surrey Music Hall" catastrophe. It is going the round of the provinces, and this time it has been reproduced, with the usual destruction of life, at Sheffield. The building was not even finished, and if there had been any wish to profit by the experience of our own "Surrey," there must have been the opportunity; but of all people in the world English architects are about the last to profit by experience. It certainly seems so in this instance. The two galleries are approached by sliding stairs, the exact construction of which does not appear. They are divided, we are told by the local journal, into successive flights of half-a-dozen steps, and this is considered a provision against the consequences of excessive pressure. The narrative of the disaster, however, shows that two young women could precipitate themselves, or be precipitated, far enough down the stairs to be killed on the spot; two young men could be killed in the struggle on the stairs, and another young man could find his chance of ordinary egress so bad that he preferred throwing himself from a window, and was killed by the fall. Considering that the place held 3,000, of whom nearly half might be in the galleries, and considering, too, that it took a full hour to clear the building, the wonder is the deaths were so few. Indeed, we are bound to say that we have lately had no such catastrophe as that where eighteen persons perished at the Adelphi about the beginning of this century, and a still greater number at an execution, not to speak of the awful and ominous loss of life at the marriage of Louis XVI. Horrible as it may seem, an utterly inadequate egress imposes limits to such a disaster. As railway directors tell us that the safest course in the end is to lock up the passengers in their carriages and deny them means of giving alarm, so, perhaps, the safest course would be to put a door to every staircase in a theatre, to lock it at the beginning of the performance, to forbid exit under any circumstances whatever, and then, perhaps, as a necessary supplement to these precautions, cage in the galleries as we have done the top of the monument and the Duke of York's column. In that case it might happen that once in five hundred years a whole audience would be burnt alive; but in the meantime we should not witness the minor calamity of half-a-dozen crushed in a staircase. It may, however, be worth considering, and the guardians of the public weal are certainly bound to consider, whether all is done that can be done to avert such horrors, whether in the gross or detail. It may not be easy to secure us altogether against the results of so mad and uncontrollable a thing as a panic, but if we cannot say what is the very best arrangements for egress from a crowded theatre, we can at least be sure that certain arrangements are insufficient and bad. The licensing magistrates, or the district surveyor where a building Act is in operation, ought to have the power to prevent any theatre or public hall from being opened till it had satisfied them in this respect.

So far from being at all surprised at the frequency of these disasters, our wonder is there are not more, and that they are not more destructive. Only think of the labyrinth of the narrow winding passages and stairs through which the greater part of the immense audiences of Exeter Hall have to accomplish their

exit. They are particularly requested not to rise before the conclusion of the performance, but from that conclusion it takes a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to get into the Strand. The first hundred would block up the exit, and the remaining three thousand would not be burnt alive, for we believe the building to be very safe from that, but they would be very uncomfortable for half-an-hour, and would probably kill at least a hundred of each other. The smaller theatres are nearly as bad. The new Italian Opera in Covent Garden appears to be an immense improvement on its predecessors, the corridors and staircases being both spacious and fire-proof. In that case there was warning. It was observed, at the destruction of the old theatre, that had the fire broken out any hour before midnight, instead of several hours after, when there remained only two or three hundreds out of as many thousands, we should have had not only such a disaster as that at Sheffield, but something like a real holocaust, so rapid was the progress of the flames. People are always told to sit still. Of course, it is their best course; at least, better than flinging themselves on a mass of people tumbling down a staircase; but the fact of such a theatre as old Covent Garden being burnt down in an hour does not encourage one to "sit still," when the fire is actually in progress. The old Olympic was a crazy fabric, chiefly composed of old ships' timbers. At seven o'clock carriages were still putting down company; at nine you could have carried in the palm of your hand, so we were told, all that remained of the inner theatre. Now, it is not everybody who can remember the exact materials or construction of an edifice burning over his head, or who can calculate to a nicety how long the flames will be reaching him, or how many degrees of Fahrenheit his constitution can bear.

Foreign architects have often observed that in our public buildings and larger private mansions, the staircase appears to have been an after-thought. In the country of Vitruvius and Palladio, and all over the Continent, the tradition of the open central atrium seems to have been kept up, so as to secure a large amount of hall and passage, and to procure breadth and effect for the staircase. An ordinary Italian hotel will often have a grander flight of stairs right to the top story than is to be found in the mansion of an English nobleman. The amphitheatres, however, are the very cases in point, and any one who has seen and inspected the Coliseum will readily believe that its 80,000 occupants could easily get safe to the street in five minutes. Round and under the seats it is all passages and stairs, and people, once under its massive archways, would feel themselves safe from every possible configuration. That was the general plan of the amphitheatre to be found in every Roman town of any size. It is the best model for the modern theatre, whether in its open design or in its fire-proof material. Just now there appears to be a very laudable passion for building large rooms for public assemblages, such as that which the Queen opened the other day at Leeds, St. George's Hall at Liverpool, and a dozen others which have lately been described in our columns. As others are likely to be built, and as economy may suggest galleries, or even raise the hall a whole story from the ground, we beg to insist on the use of ample and easy stairs. The warning is not a bit too soon. We have not yet seen the worst catastrophe we are doomed to see of this kind. It would be invidious to single out a room, or a theatre, but when we see one ordinary doorway, not wider than the door of a bedchamber, the only aperture left to several hundred occupiers of stalls in the pit of a theatre, or the area of a public room, it has occurred to us to reflect, to little purpose, "What should we do in case of a fire!" That single door is generally in a corner, at the foot of several steps, and attainable only by crossing several benches, or climbing over chairs, which, under the supposed circumstances, would be full of people in the utmost terror and confusion. In these cases a strong man, with presence of mind, might shift for himself, but what if he had women and children with him? Our assurance-offices will tell us a theatre is liable to take fire, and if it does it is not often that the great stiers is full of water, or the key can be found, or the water is of any use. Nor would it follow, even if the fire should eventually be extinguished, that the audience had not been

burnt in the meantime. As guardians of the public, we are justified in calling for more attention to this subject, even if it should cost some of that space and that money which speculators would rather spend in increasing the seats or the stage. Time will show whether the caution is superfluous. Suppose, for example, that the Music Hall at Sheffield had been really on fire, and that the fire, spreading over head, had not been found so easy to be extinguished. What would have been the fate of the 3,000 people under that burning shower? It took an hour to clear the Hall, but would not half-an-hour, or even a quarter, have settled the fate of all who had not escaped?

MR. T. H. TOMLINSON'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—(From a North London Correspondent).—This soiree took place (by kind permission) at the residence of R. Dawes, Esq., Abbey-road, St. John's-wood. The concert commenced with the overture to *Il Italiani* in *Algeri*, as a duet for pianoforte (four hands) and flute, exceedingly well performed by Mr. T. H. Tomlinson, Master Dawes, and Mr. Dawes, after which "The Queen's letter" was sung with spirit and feeling by Mr. Robinson. The "event" of the evening, however, was the performance of Griffin's first concerto by Miss Dawes, whom we cannot praise too highly. Her playing was most surprising, taking into consideration that the young lady is but ten years of age. The first movement of the concerto was played with great brilliancy; the slow movement (which contains the air "The blue bells of Scotland") with an amount of expression that evidently pleased the audience, and the *piu moto* with remarkable precision, especially those passages requiring frequent crossing of the fingers. The piano parts of the *rondo* were played with such lightness of touch, and the *forte* with so much power, that the audience were quite delighted. At the end of the concerto the young pianist was saluted with a storm of applause. Miss Dawes was then presented by Mr. Tomlinson with a handsome silver medal, on one side of which was engraved a wreath of frosted flowers (the rose, shamrock, and thistle) encircling the lyre of Apollo, resting on a music-book. On the reverse was the inscription: "Presented by Mr. T. H. Tomlinson to Miss Ellen Jane Dawes, as a mark of esteem for her musical talent in playing Griffin's first concerto at the age of Ten Years." The programme contained several other instrumental and vocal pieces, among which were "What shall my song be to-night?" (sung by a lady); Reichardt's popular *Nix*, "Thou art so near, and yet so far;" Balfe's new song, "I'm not in love, remember" (the two latter capably sung by Mr. Tomlinson); and Nicholson's *fantasia* on "Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me?" for flute and piano, played by Mr. Dawes and Mr. Tomlinson, in which the tone and execution of Mr. Dawes were heard to great advantage. The concert concluded with Mr. Hatton's popular song, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

LEICESTER.—Mr. H. Nicholson's first grand concert for the present season took place on Tuesday evening, for which the services of Madlle. Piccolomini, Signor Rossi, Violetti, and Giuglini, with Signor Arditi as conductor, were secured. A very fashionable audience filled the spacious music-hall, and the concert gave entire satisfaction to all present, Madlle. Piccolomini achieving an immense success in all her songs.

LEEDS.—PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent).—The Festival Committee most wisely determined, though late in the week, to let the "people" of Leeds hear on the Saturday night some of the music which had delighted the more aristocratic assemblies earlier in the week, and to see that noble hall which has so charmed all who are able to appreciate the grand and the beautiful. Professor Bennett conducted a solo and chorus from his *May Queen*; Mr. and Madame Weiss, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Helena Walker (the young and rising Yorkshire soprano), Miss Crosland, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Hinchcliffe, the Festival chorus (Mr. Barton, conductor), and Messrs. Henry Smart and William Spark as organists, all contributed to interpret a programme of great variety and interest to the delight of some 3,500 people who crowded the hall in every part, and were enthusiastic with everybody and everything during the whole night. We hope to hear of many more such "people's" nights, for Leeds has, indeed, the material now to give some

excellent concerts in one of the finest halls in Europe, and, we believe, with perfect success. The receipts, including Saturday night's concert, amount to £7,855 4s., and donations have been received from the following: Dr. W. S. Bennett, £20; Miss Arniella Goddard, £20; Mr. and Madame Weiss, £10 10s.; Mr. Sims Reeves, £10; Miss Dolby, £10; Mrs. Sunderland, £5 5s.; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, £5 5s.; Mr. Winn, £5 5s.; Mrs. Calverley, £10. It is calculated that £9,000 will cover all expenses, so that about £2,000 will be given to the Infirmary.

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated from *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

PARIS, MAY 1, 1844.

WHILE the Academy of Music has so sadly languished, and the Italians have dragged through their season quite as mournfully, the third lyric theatre, the Opéra-Comique, has risen to its most joyous height. Here one success has gone beyond another, and the money-box has had always a good ring. Yes, there has even been more gold than laurels reaped, which certainly were no misfortune for the Direction. The texts of the new operas, that have been given, were all of them by Scribe, the man who uttered once the great saying: "Gold is a chimera!" and who yet continually runs after this chimera. He is the man of money, of the ringing realism, who never mounts into a romantic, barren cloud-world, and who clings fast to the terrestrial reality of the marriage of reason, of industrial citizenship, and of the *tantisme*. An immense success crowns Scribe's new opera, *La Sirène*, to which Auber has written the music. Author and composer are entirely suited to each other: they have the finest sense for what is interesting; they know how to entertain us agreeably: they dazzle and captivate us, indeed, by the brilliant facilities of their wit; they possess a certain filigree talent for putting together the most charming trifles, and one forgets in them that there is such a thing as poetry. They are a sort of *Art-imités*, who laugh away all the ghost stories of the past from our memory, and with their coquetish toyings, as with peacock's fans, brush the buzzing thoughts of the future, the invisible flies, away from us. To this harmless amorous tribe belongs also Adam, who, with his *Cagliostro*, has reaped likewise very easy laurels in the Opéra-Comique. Adam is an amiable, agreeable phenomenon, and his is a talent yet capable of great development. Thomas, too, deserves an honourable mention; his operetta *Mina* has had much success.

But all these triumphs have been surpassed by the popularity of "The Deserter," an old opera by Monsigny, which the Opéra-Comique has drawn forth from the portfolio of oblivion. Here is genuine French music, the liveliest grace, a harmless sweetness, a freshness as of the smell of wood-flowers, the truth of nature, in short, poetry. Yes, the latter is not wanting, but it is a poetry without the shudder of infinity, without mysterious enchantment, without sadness, without irony, without *morbidezza*.—I might almost say, an elegant rustic poetry of health. The opera of Monsigny reminded me at once of his contemporary, Grétry, the painter. I saw here bodily, as it were, the rural scenes which he had just painted, and I seemed to hear the music that belonged to them. In listening to that opera, it became quite clear to me how the plastic and the reciting arts of the same period always breathe one and the same spirit, and their master-works reveal the most intimate affinity.

I cannot conclude this report without remarking that the musical season is not yet ended, and, this year, contrary to all custom, sounds on even into May. The most important balls and concerts are given at this moment, and the polka even rivals the piano. Feet and ears are weary, yet they cannot rest. The Spring, which this time sets in so early, makes a *fiasco*; green leaves and sunshine go unnoticed. The physicians, perhaps especially the malhouse doctors, will soon gain plenty of business, in this motley tangle, in this fever of amusement, in this singing, springing whirlpool, lurk death and insanity. The hammers of the pianoforte work frightfully upon our nerves, and this great vertigo malady, the polka, gives us the coup de grâce.

LATER NOTICE.

To the preceding communications I append, from melancholy humour, the following leaves, which belong to the summer of 1847, and which form the last act of my musical reportship. For me, all music has from that time ceased, and I little dreamed, when I sketched the sufferings of Donizetti, that a similar and far more painful visitation was approaching me. The short Art notice reads as follows:—

Since Gustavus Adolphus, of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation has made so much noise in the world as Jenny Lind. The accents of her which came to us from England, border on the incredible. The journals are all ringing with trumpet blasts and fanfares of triumph; we hear nothing but Pindaric hymns of praise. A friend told me of an English city where all the bells were rung upon the entrance of the Swedish nightingale; the bishop who resided there celebrated this event by a remarkable discourse. In his Anglican episcopal costume, he ascended the pulpit of the cathedral, and greeted the new comer as a saviour in woman's clothes, as a lady redeemer, who had come down from heaven to deliver our souls from sin and evil by her song; whereas the other *castrati* were so many female devils who would trill us into the jaws of Satan. The Italians, Grieg and Parsiani, must turn as yellow as canary birds with envy and chagrin, the while our Jenny, the Swedish nightingale, flutters from one triumph to another. I say our Jenny, for in reality the Swedish nightingale does not represent exclusively the little laud of Sweden, but she represents the whole Germanic stock, that of the Cimbric as well as that of the Teutonic; she is also a German just as much as her dull and vegetating sisters on the Elbe and on the Neckar; she belongs to Germany, as Shakespeare, too, according to Franz Horn, belongs to us, and as Spinoza likewise, in his inmost nature, can only be a German;—and we will pride call Jenny Lind our own! Slout, Uckermark, for thou also has a part in this glory! Danes, Massmann, thy fatherland's most joyous dances, for our Jenny speaks no Roman gibberish, but real, Gothic, Scandinavian, most German Guman, and thou mayest greet her as a countrywoman—only thou must wash thyself before thou offsetest her thy German hand.

Yes, Jenny Lind is a German; the very name Lind makes one think of hindens, those green cousins of our German oak. She has no black hair like the Italian *prima donna*; in her blue eyes swim northern sentiment and moonlight, and in her throat sounds purest maidenhood! That is it. "Maidenhood is in her voice,"—so said all the "old spinners" in London; all prudish ladies and pious gentlemen with upturned eyes repeated it; the all still snivling *maisonne quene* of Richardson chimed in, and all Great Britain celebrated in Jenny Lind the song of maidenhood, the maidenhood of song. We must own, this is the key to the incomprehensible riddle of the immense enthusiasm which Jenny Lind has found in England, and, between us, has known well how to profit by. She only sings, they say, in order that she may be able soon to give up worldly singing, and, provided with the necessary outfit, marry a young protestant clergyman, the pastor Swenske, who in the meantime waits for her at home in his idyllic parsonage behind Upsala, around the corner to the left. It has since been hinted that the young pastor Swenske is a myth, and that the actual betrothed of the high maiden is an old hackneyed actor of the Stockholm theatre—but this is surely slander.

The chastity of feeling of this *prima donna immaculata* reveals itself most beautifully in her shyness of Paris, the modern Sodom; this she expresses upon all occasions, to the highest edification of all the *dames patronesses* of morality beyond the channel. Jenny has most distinctly vowed never to offer her song-virginity for sale to the French public on the profane boards of the Rue Lepelletier; she has sternly refused all M. Leon Pillet's propositions. "This raw virtue startles me," the old Paulet would say. Is there any foundation in the story that the nightingale of today was once in Paris in her earlier years, and received musical instruction in the sinful Conservatoire here, like other singing birds, which since then have become loose, green-fishes? Or does Jenny fear that Parisian criticism, which criticises in a singer not the morals, but the voice, and holds the want of school to be the greatest sin? Be that as it may, our Jenny comes not

here, and will not sing the French out of their pool of iniquity. They are fallen irredeemably into eternal condemnation.

Here in the musical world of Paris all goes on in the old way. In the Academie Royale de Musique it is all the while gray, damp-cold winter, while there is May sunshine and the smell of violets without. In the vestibule stands, and as sorrowful, the statue of the divine Rossini; he is silent. It is to the honour of M. Leon Pillet that he erected a statue to this true genius during his lifetime. Nothing is funnier than to see the grimaces with which jealousy and envy look upon it. When Signor Spontini passes by, he always stumbles against this stone. Our great maestro Meyerbeer is much more prudent, and when he goes to the opera of an evening, he always carefully contrives to steer clear of this stone of stumbling; he even avoids the sight of it. In the same way the Jews at Rome, even in their most hurried business walks, go always a great way round, in order not to pass that fatal triumphal arch of Titus, which was erected in commemoration of the downfall of Jerusalem. The accounts of Donizetti's condition are every day more melancholy. While his melodies are enlivening the world, while he is trilled and warbled everywhere, he sits himself, a fearful image of imbecility, in a hospital at Paris. Only on the subject of his toilet he for some time showed a childish consciousness, and every day they had to dress him carefully, in full gala style, his frock adorned with all his orders; so he sat motionless, his hat in hand, from earliest morn till late in the evening. But that, too, has ceased; he recognises no one any more; and such is the fate of man!

CHARACTERS OF THE DIFFERENT KEYS.

(From *Deight's Journal of Music*.)

Many ingenious attempts have been made to characterize the expression of the various keys in which music is composed. They are not very satisfactory. To be sure, there are some coincidences among the witnesses. There is no mistaking the broad noon-day natural expression of the key of C major; the triumphant, martial, hallooing character of D major; the pastoral serenity of F, the sweet, unsatisfied, vague heart-yearnings (as in the "Moonlight Sonata") of E sharp minor. But what contradictory reports we get of many of the keys! What very various expressions they are all susceptible of, in various ways of using them. Here a correspondent sends us a curious conceit upon the subject, translated from the eccentric German, Schubart. The musician recognises not a little truth in what he says, and finds the whole by no means uninteresting, and quite suggestive. Yet how many of his characterisations go against all one's experience! Think, for instance, of his calling A flat major the "sepulchral key!" when in that key are written the adagio of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathetique*, the andante and variations of *Sonata Op. 26*, &c. &c.

Christiana Frederic Daniel Schulzart was born in Sambia in 1739. A child of very little promise, he suddenly developed an uncommon degree of musical talent. At Nuremberg, where he was at school, his taste for art found ample food, and somewhat later he gave up the study of theology for that of music. He led, however, so dissolute a life at that time, that the habits then formed had a ruinous effect upon his whole career. He officiated as organist in various small towns successively, married, and in 1768 was appointed director of music at Ludwigsburg, where he also delivered lectures on aesthetics. Here his life grew still more unbridled, in consequence of which his wife became deranged, and he was finally imprisoned for his immorality. Shortly after he was dismissed from his post and exiled, on account of a satirical poem on some influential person at court, and a parody on the liturgy. Subsequently he edited for some time a journal entitled *German Chronicle*, but in consequence of the liberal opinions expressed therein, was again thrown in prison, and remained in confinement ten years. Through the intervention of literary friends, he was at last liberated, and appointed director of music and the theatre at Stuttgart, in 1787. Here he published a volume of poems, "Ideas on the *Æsthetics of Tone-Art*" (from which we imagine the following curious compositions to be an extract), and several other similar works. So far as can be ascertained, he never stood remarkably high as a practical musician. He died in 1791.

(To be continued.)

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ADELAIDA. "The Cuckoo" ("Hail, beautiful stranger of the grove")	3	0	GROSVENOR (S.). "I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God," Thanksgiving Anthem for voices and organ	3	0
"Sunshine" ("I love the sunshine everywhere"—MAYE HOWER)	2	0	HALÉVY (F.). "Lord, how we are implore thee," Prayer from <i>La Juive</i>	2	0
DALFE (M. W.). "I'm not in love, remember," song with the greatest effect by Madlle. Victoire Balfe as well as by Mr. Charles Braham	2	0	"He will be here" (Hil va venir)	2	0
"Oh, take me to thy heart again"	2	0	HARGITT (G. O.). "Tomorrow" ("Oh bright and joyous were the days of olden youth")	2	6
"One of the most charming melodies Mr. Balfe has ever composed."— <i>Liverpool Mail</i> .			MACFARREN (G. A.). "Paquita" ("I love when the sun has set," sung by La Nigora Fumagalli)	2	6
BRAHAM (CHARLES). "Perseverance, or the Career of Harriock"	2	0	MEYER (J.). "I have come to love in life," Serenade for Soprano, 2 Violins, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses, without accompaniment in vocal score	4	0
BRUCE (EUGENE). "When I was young," sung by Madlle. Jetty de Treffis	2	0	Separate vocal parts each	6	0
"When first you alone bore me," sung by Madame sung by Madame Richersdorf	2	0	The Lord's Prayer (English and Latin words) for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, organ ad lib. in score	3	0
CRUWELL (GOTTLIEB). "Mournfully, sing mournfully," with violin or flute accompaniment	2	0	Separate vocal parts each	4	0
"Where is the soul," with Violoncello or tenor accompaniment	3	0	"Hark, hark on the mountain," Shepherds' song, with clarinet obbligato	6	0
DESSAUER (J.). "Quick arise, maiden mine," sung by Madlle. Jetty de Treffis	2	0	Violoncello or violin to the above each	6	0
ENDERSSON (M.). "Give a little Jenny"	2	0	"Near to thee," with Violoncello obbligato	4	0
"My Mary"	2	0	MONKE (G.). "Go sit by the summer sea"	2	0
POSTER (ALBERT). "Merrily, merrily sines the morn," The skylark's song	2	0	MOZART. "The very angels woe, dear"	3	0
GREVILLE (The Hon. Mrs.). "Oh, I would'nt wend with thee, love," Duetto as a duet for baritone and soprano	3	0	REICHARDT (A.). "Thou art so near and yet so far" (one of the most popular songs of the day)	3	0
"Quand sa ma d'america," duet for soprano and tenor	3	0	ST. LOUIS (S.). "The old willow tree"	2	0
Duetto as a Solo, with Guitar accompaniment	1	0	VIVIER (ROBERT). "The Goat herd" (<i>Le chevrier</i>)	2	6
"English War Song," "Wie ferns to die" (The words by Alfred Tenyson)	2	6	"The Kite" (<i>L'Éclair</i>)	2	0
National Anthem, "Now to Arms"	2	6	"The Fisherman's Song" (<i>Chanson du Pêcheur</i>)	2	0
"Mary O'Keane," Ballad, dedicated to Miss Howard	2	6	"Wha o'er the meadows green" (with Horn accompaniment), sung by Madame Vivier	3	0
GROSVENOR (S.). "At early day's dawning," May song	2	6	Vieloncello or violin to ditto	6	0
			YARNOLD (LOUIS). "The Troubadour's Lament"	2	6

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MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The article on musical criticism which appeared in your last week's impression is a series of misrepresentations. "Never"—you say—"was musical criticism in this country at so low an ebb as at the present moment."

The exact contrary is the truth; for, until within the last twelve or fifteen years there was no such thing at all as musical criticism. We had in its place a sort of stenographic reporting, from which the amount of information to be obtained was confined to a record of "encores."

"With the exception of two or three of the leading journals"—you continue—"the articles which proceed from the metropolitan press would reflect discredit on the smallest newspaper in the smallest provincial town in the three kingdoms."

Equally untrue. I presume by "leading journals" you mean the morning journals, which you have done well to except, seeing that, in the majority of instances, their musical notices are contributed either by professed musicians, or by men who have made music the study of their lives, and whose opinions, for that reason alone, are entitled to respect. But these gentlemen are fully able to defend themselves, if necessary, even against *The Musical World*.

Having absolved the "leading journals," generally, it would have been as well to strengthen that act of clemency by a certain observance of moderation in your censure of the rest. Accusations levelled indiscriminately, and unsupported by argument, degenerate at last into mere "billingsgate." The first paragraph of your leader may be compared to the ravings of an inebriate fish-gill, who, blind and staggering under the influence of alcohol, is unable to distinguish friend from foe, but whose vituperation falls happily just as innocuous as it is aimless and obstreperous.

What organs of public opinion, may I ask, do you include under the head of "various London journals?" Which of them in particular is amenable to the charge of "incredible ignorance," "abnegation of all the graces of style," "defiance of reasoning" (is that a grace of style!), and other offences "hardly pardonable in the loosest and roughest penny-a-liner!" Am I to assume from the preamble—in which you magnanimously spare "two or three of the leading journals"—that your diatribe is intended for the entire press of Great Britain! Am I to understand that putting aside *The Times* and *The Morning Post*—or *The Times*, *The Morning Post* and *The Daily News* ("two—or three")—every serial—daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly—is open to such wholesale condemnation as the following:—

"Not only do the notices of music betray no acquaintance whatsoever with the art, but they almost invariably betoken an ignorance of the commonest rules of plain writing, to say nothing of style, manner, diction, and logic."

Taking you *au pied de la lettre*, I presume there is no alternative; in which case I beg leave to suggest that your arrogance is only equalled by your want of perception. The great "Quarterlies" frequently contain articles on music with indications enough of "style, manner, diction, and logic," to warrant their republication in the columns of *The Musical World*. But to say nothing of these giants, I would call attention to *The Spectator*, *The Examiner*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Athenæum*, &c. (it is needless to multiply instances), from whose musical notices even yourself, Mr. Editor, might learn some of those "graces of style," the absence of which pains you so much in others.

Even supposing this were not the case, there is nothing more unbecoming in a professed journalist, no matter what his special department, than the practice of attacking journalism in print. It is befouling one's own nest. Had you performed your self imposed task in such a manner as to satisfy impartial readers of the soundness of your views, and your ability to promulgate them, you would still figure in no worthier light than that of an amateur scavenger. But you have lamentably failed in your attempt to shine at the expense of your brother-labourers in the field of periodical art-literature. After a flourish of trumpets summoning the whole of them to battle, you are compelled to fall foul of *The Shields Gazette!* Out of the mountain convulsed by your logic has issued, not a mouse, but a fly—an apt image of the greatness of your wisdom.

"Those who dwell in glass-houses should not throw stones." The old saw is well illustrated by yourself—Mr. Editor. You are merry about the "graces of style;" pray admire one or two examples of your own:—

"We must, at all risks, find room for as much of the affirmations on *Acis and Galatea*, and *Eli*, as we can possibly insert."

Here is a pretty ploncon—here a grace of style! You must, "at all risks," find room for as much as you can insert! If you had found room for more you would have been a cleverer editor than I believe you—for in my judgment you were never born to play upon the *sistra*, but rather, as a bully-gladicator, ("*quem de ruina Arena dimisit*") to fraternise with the *Amphitheatralia Pegmata*.

Another "grace":

"At present, however, we shall content ourselves with the inclosure, number two, which was sent us this week, and which it will be seen, reflects as severely on provincial criticism, as the *excerpta* given above does on our own metropolitans."

This is as much as to say that the article from *The Shields Gazette* reflects severely on *The Shields Gazette*—which, I should think, was scarcely intended by the writer.

You are fond of the word "perfunctory," and are in the habit of applying it to whatever may not happen exactly to hit your own taste. Allow me then to suggest that, under the circumstances, the concluding paragraph of your leading article is the very *beau idéal* of "perfunctory," and this notwithstanding the egotistical swagger that accompanies it. As you are evidently proud of your qualities as a "scribe" you will probably peruse it with satisfaction:—

"Our sole desire and aim is to inculcate on proprietors, managers, directors, and editors of newspapers, that the talents and accomplishments required for the office of musical writer are as many and as great as those demanded for the dramatic. To criticise an opera or an oratorio is not less difficult than to criticise a tragedy or a comedy. We will not just now insist that a profounder knowledge of the subject is necessitated in one case than in the other. An equality of power and acquirements is all we contend for at present."

No doubt—Mr. Editor—"proprietors, managers, directors, and editors of newspapers" will feel infinitely obliged for this portrayal of the qualifications of a perfect musical critic; but before you contend for their recognition in your own person—at least with any hope of success—you should study to become more familiar with the amenities of the literary calling, "to say nothing of style, manner, diction, and logic." And with this suggestion, honestly meant for your benefit, I beg to subscribe myself,

A CONTRIBUTOR TO "THE SHIELDS

Shields, Sept. 21st, 1858.

GAZETTE."

A GROWL NOT QUITE GROUNDLESS.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have commenced their second season in this large house, which was re-opened on Monday evening with *The Rose of Castille*. The cast of the principal characters was the same as at the Lyceum last winter; there was a crowded attendance, and the whole performance was honoured by unbounded applause and encoures too numerous to specify. About the opera itself—one of Mr. Balfe's weakest—and its exceedingly silly libretto, there is nothing new to say. At the same time, we may confess to some astonishment that an English audience can be found to sit through three long acts of dreary complaisance with such undisturbed equanimity, laughing at jokes of the most rapid and senseless description—*cr. gra.*, Mr. G. Honey's continual reiteration of the interrogatory, "Why didn't you say so at once!" pronounced, too, in a dialect of his own invention, which is by no means funny—and recalling the singers at the end of each act as though the latter had been a company of Marius, Bosios, Alibous, and Sims Reeveses, engaged at their best in the execution of a lyrical and dramatic masterpiece. It is impossible to imagine anything more inane than the plot of *The Rose of Castille*, unless it be the verse and prose dialogue into which it is distributed. Nor is it surprising that Mr. Balfe should have fallen short of his usual standard with such materials to work upon.

Now that the managers of the "Pyne and Harrison English Opera" have made profession of faith in a printed circular, it is time to offer a word or two of counsel, lest in the end these honest speculators, who set forth claims to consideration in many respects preposterous, should deceive both themselves and the public. The following paragraph is an example of wholly unfounded assumption:—

"The question of the popularity of English opera may now be looked upon as settled. The flattering results of last season, and the continued and undiminished success which has followed the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company ever since, throughout their long provincial tour, sufficiently prove that the British public are prepared to patronise the opera of their native land, when placed before them in a fitting manner."

The words we have italicised insinuate:—first, that English opera was never popular until Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison recrossed the Atlantic, after a long period of artistic vagabondage, to open shop in Wellington-street, Strand; and secondly, that until the glad event thus specified our British public were not inclined to patronise any enterprise with English opera for its preferred object. It is scarcely necessary to insist that both propositions are manifestly untrue. English opera was popular long before either Miss Pyne or Mr. Harrison were born, and has never failed to attract when presented in a respectable manner. The paragraph above quoted ignores, with unblushing effrontery—or, if the framers prefer it, with an ingenuousness that verges on stupidity—the entire musical history of this country, from Purcell, through Arne and Bishop, down to Barnett, Loder, Macfarren, and Balfe. Have Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison never heard of any of these composers? Have they forgotten that Mr. Balfe—upon whose *Rose of Castille* (the only work from an English pen for which the public is indebted to them) must of course be based the singular claim they set up—had already written more than a dozen operas, beginning with *The Siege of Rochelle* in 1835? We wish success to the new undertaking, but if the spirit of puffery be allowed to preside at the councils of the direction, we shall not be justified in prophesying it. And yet what but the spirit of puffery could have suggested such vain-boasting as is involved in the extract we have cited, and in the subjoined magniloquent and pretentious paragraph:—

"The sentiment of the present management has long been the establishment of English Opera upon a firm and permanent basis. They trust they may not be deemed presumptuous or premature in believing that—thanks to the liberal patronage already bestowed upon their endeavours—the foundation has been laid. Encouraged by this belief, they look forward to such a continuance of public favour as will enable them to rear the goodly edifice until it reach proportions worthy of the land which it adorns."

The plain interests of truth compel us to retort that Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison were both "presumptuous and premature," when committing such inflated twaddle to paper. "The foundation has" not "been laid." Far from it. The "firm and permanent basis" upon which to establish a national opera must be constructed of other materials than those with which the Lyceum management went to work last year. A French comic opera, a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way,* defaced by interpolations of the most heterogeneous character; a grand romantic lyric tragedy,† little short of massacred; the faded feathers of Don César de Bazan, and the tambourine of Maritana dusted and brought to light; and to conclude, a new opera,‡ set to an English "version" or rather parody, of one of the very worst specimens of Parisian manufacture, constitute the history of that first campaign which has emboldened Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison to address the public in such a strain of self-glorification and bombast.

After this sounding preamble we come to business. The pledges for the season are set forth with considerable typographical effect; and the following declaration evinces a strong determination not to misce matters:—

"For the coming season, at Drury Lane, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent; and they confidently trust that the result of their endeavours will enable them to present every opera with a completeness and excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking."

"The very highest available English Talent"—to take the managers at their word—is thus represented:

"The Operatic Company will comprise the following celebrated artistes:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Madlle. Pauline Vaneri, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, and Miss Reinfort; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. J. G. Patey (his first appearance on the English stage), Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Kirby, Mr. T. Gratton Kelly (his first appearance in England), Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albany, Mr. J. Terrott (his first appearance), and Mr. W. Harrison."

Now of all the so-called "celebrated artistes," one alone has attained eminence—Miss Louisa Pyne. The rest, setting aside that old public favourite, Miss Rainforth, are either beginners, mediocrities, or "unknowns." "The celebrated" Mr. J. Terrott (whose "first appearance," announced with such *naïveté*, would seem to leave his celebrity an open question), "the celebrated" Mr. Kirby, *idem* Messrs. J. G. Patey, and T. Gratton Kelly, the former of whom makes "his first appearance on the English stage," the latter "his first appearance in England" (a distinction without a difference, as one and all strangers to us, even by name. Madlle. Pauline Vaneri appeared during the memorable performances of Italian Opera given under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith at Drury Lane Theatre, in the summer; but she only played once (in *Lucretia Borgia*), and can hardly, on the strength of that single effort, be entitled to the epithet "celebrated." Nor would it be easy to find vouchers for the celebrity of the other "artistes" (why not artists!), unless Mr. W. Harrison's position as manager (which his rank as tenor singer does not) invests him with the privilege of being enrolled in the lists of fame as "the celebrated Mr. Harrison." But as we are neither desirous of flattering Mr. Harrison, nor of inquiring too curiously into his artistic status—

"Nil nimum studeo, Cesar, § ubi velle placere
Nec scire utrum sis silius an ster homo—"

we may pass to other matters. Amongst the pledges for the season is a new opera, written expressly for the Drury Lane management, by the most popular of living English composers, Mr. M. W. Balfe, whose *Rose of Castille* had such "a highly flattering run" (a "flattering run" is good) at the Lyceum, and to whom the prospectus thus further alludes:—

"Another triumph achieved since then by Mr. Balfe for the cause of native music, it may not be out of place to mention as a matter of

* Auber's *Dinmans de la Couronne*.

† Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*.

‡ *The Rose of Castille*.

§ Harrison.

congratulation—the successful production of his celebrated *Bohemian Girl* at Her Majesty's Theatre."

If not altogether "out of place," the above at any rate sorts inconveniently with the "firm and permanent base" upon which Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison lay claim to have established "English Opera;" and therefore had perhaps better have been left to serve for a paragraph in Mr. Lumley's next issue. The much-talked-of opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, by an American composer—Mr. George Bristow—is also to be produced; and in order that the "goody edifice" reared by the joint-managers may have every chance of "reaching proportions worthy of the land which it adorns," an English version of the masterpiece of Herr Flotow*—which, we are coolly misinformed, was "the great triumph of the last season at the Royal Italian Opera"—is in preparation. The distribution of the *dramatis personæ* in *Martha* further shows what weight should be attached to the assertion of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison that they "have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent." For Tagliani (Lord Tristan), we have Mr. George Hony; for Zelizer (Plunket), Mr. J. G. Patey; for Grazi (Sheriff), Mr. T. Gratton Kelly; for Nantier Didée (Nancy), Miss Susan Pyne; for Bosio (Martha), Miss Lonisa Pyne; and for Mario (Léon), Mr. W. Harrison.

The most unobtrusive paragraph relates to what, next to Miss Lonisa Pyne herself and Mr. Balfie's new opera, are the very strongest points of the prospectus; we mean the band, the chorus, and Mr. Alfred Mellon. The band consists of 50 performers, whose names are guarantees of efficiency; the chorus of 40 picked voices from the Royal Italian Opera. The engagement of Mr. Mellon is thus modestly proclaimed:—

"The management have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Alfred Mellon, whose acknowledged ability, and great care as conductor, contributed so greatly to the excellence of the *ensemble* last season, will maintain his position as Conductor and Musical Director for the present season."

The director of the music, we suppose, does not come within the category of celebrities—for which he is by no means to be pitted.

A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.

(From *Punch*.)

MR. HARRISON, the vocalist, writes a sensible and satisfactory letter to the papers, stating that no accident can ever occur at Drury Lane Theatre, in case of a panic, as Miss Pyne and he have ordered so many passages and doors to be opened that the house can be emptied in ten minutes. While crowded houses are drawn by Mr. Balfie's capital music, these precautions are desirable. But we think it was needless for the management further to provide for emptying the theatre by getting up *Martha*.

A STRANGE JUMBLE.

To the Editor of the Daily News.

SIR,—On Saturday evening last I went to the Surrey Music Hall, to hear that sublime oratorio, *The Messiah*. At the entrance I found it was postponed. Nevertheless, I went into the Hall, as I was told the usual concert was going on, and you may conceive the disgust I felt at witnessing a bespangled street mountebank balancing a something on his chin, and afterwards throwing up lighted torches, as they do balls, to the music of some half-dozen instruments. I felt grieved that this was substituted for *The Messiah*, and I reflected that on the very spot where stood this mountebank, in a few hours would be the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preach the Gospel. Dancing followed, which was kept up till 12 o'clock, the dawn of the sabbath; and the dust of the feet of these casino dancers was scarcely laid, and the smell of tobacco had hardly left the building, when the pulpit was placed where just before stood the mountebank. This cannot be right. I am, &c., H. P.

Sept. 20.

[The shareholders in the Surrey Gardens, like the inhabitants of the vicinity of that place of public amusement, have cause to grieve at the accession of Mr. Julien. The incident described by H. P. is only one of many others equally deplorable, which when Mr. Julien held sway were simply impossible.—Ed. M. W.]

* *Martha*.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Continued from page 599.)

THE Festival of 1802 commenced a new epoch in the history of these celebrations. Before that time the operations of the committee, though energetic and in the main well-directed, had not possessed that completeness, nor been attended by that success, which can only be given and secured by the labours of one qualified person, bent on realising in the performance of one great task the ambition of a whole life. That person was found in our lamented townsman Mr. Joseph Moore. This gentleman had rendered much assistance in planning and conducting the Festival of 1799, but it was not until 1802 that he was placed virtually at the head of the committee as their counsellor and director. From this time until the period of his death he devoted himself with unvarying assiduity to the Birmingham Musical Festivals, and from the moment he undertook their control, these meetings acquired rapidly and steadily increasing importance, both as regards their influence upon the development of Musical Art, and the assistance they afforded to the funds of the Hospital. The President for 1802 was the Earl of Dartmouth, the father of the noble Earl who has accepted the presidency of the approaching Festival, and whose family have always been ranked amongst the warmest and firmest supporters of both the Hospital and the Festival. At the meeting in 1802 (which commenced on the 2nd of September), the practice of devoting two mornings to miscellaneous concerts of sacred music was dismissed, and while as usual the *Messiah* was retained as the chief source of attraction, Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation* was performed on the Thursday for the first time in Birmingham, and, as might have been expected, it excited enthusiasm only second to that manifested for Handel's masterpiece. The remainder of the sacred music was selected exclusively from the works of Handel, and his compositions likewise furnished the chief portion of the evening concerts, at one of which was performed a selection from *Acis and Galatea*. The principal singers were Madame Dusek, Miss Tennant, Miss Mountain; Messrs. Braham, Knyvett, Elliott, and Denman. Mr. F. Cramer was the leader of the band, which was composed of the best trained performers in the kingdom, reinforced by the gentlemen of the Birmingham Private Concerts. The chorus was greatly enlarged, and was judiciously strengthened by selections from the metropolis, from the Lancashire Choral Societies, and from the Worcester and Lichfield Choirs. The whole orchestra consisted of more than one hundred performers. The gross receipts amounted to £3,829, of which the Hospital received £2,350. The pecuniary result shows at a glance the benefit derived from Mr. Moore's management, the sum received being more than £1,200 in excess of that taken on any previous occasion. One or two entries in the minutes for this year throw a curious light on the manners of our forefathers. Much care was expended by the committee in providing good eating and drinking for the persons attending the Festivals, but it was also an object to procure these necessary refreshments at a reasonable charge. Accordingly the committee agreed that ordinaries should be prepared at the two principal taverns—the Stock and the Shakerspeare—but that the charge should not exceed 6d. per head, "including malt liquor;" and it was further decided that not more than 9d. per head should be paid for tea at the hall. So determinedly indeed were the committee bent upon laying in a good stock of provender, that a month before the Festival they directed their secretary "to write to Lord Dudley's steward, to ask whether his Lordship means to send any venison against the oratorios." It is to be hoped that the secretary framed his letter in terms a little more polished than those of the resolution. From the circumstance that a similar application was made at the next Festival we infer that this was actually the case, and that the venison was duly sent and eaten. At a future period, as the attendance at the Festival became larger, the demands of the committee were extended, and the Earl of Aylesford and Mr. Hennessy Legg (of Aston Hall) were laid under contribution for a supply of the "savony meat." Following out the plan adopted in 1802, the band and chorus were still further increased at the Festival of 1803, vocalists of great renown were engaged, and the lists of composers from whose works selections

were made was extended so as to include Mozart, as well as Handel and Haydn. No oratorio besides the *Messiah* was performed, the place of a second sacred drama being supplied by a selection from the *Creation*, and the choicest *morceaux* of Handel's less known oratorios. Novelty was imparted to the performance of the *Messiah* by the introduction of Mozart's accompaniments. At this Festival the people of Birmingham had for the second time the gratification of hearing that great English singer Mrs. Billington, who was the principal vocalist. She was supported by Miss Fanny Melville and Mrs. Vaughan (the Miss Tennant whose name has been mentioned in connection with preceding Festivals). The chief male singers were Messrs. Harrison, Vaughan, W. Kayvett, and Bartleman. Efforts had been made to engage Bartleman for the preceding Festival, but he had taken offence at some fancied insult on a former visit, and in reply to the committee's application he complained that he had "been ill-used," and insinuated the propriety of an apology. The committee answered by demanding first an explanation, and then an apology from the complainant himself, but Bartleman does not appear to have given either, and the negotiation for his services dropped through. He was, however, too eminent a vocalist and too great a favourite in Birmingham to allow of his being passed over a second time, and so the "apology"—offensive to both parties—was quietly dropped, the committee probably contenting themselves with the reflection that it is in the nature of popular singers to give themselves unnecessary airs. In 1805, for the first time in the announcements of the Festivals, the name of the conductor was published—the gentleman who held that responsible post being Mr. Greatorox. The Festival commenced on the 2nd of October, under the presidency or stewardship of the Earl of Aylesford, and the patronage of all the principal nobility and gentry of the district. The proceeds were unusually large, and fully justified the liberal spirit displayed by Mr. Moore—the gross proceeds being £4,232, and yielding to the Hospital a profit of £2,202 17s. 11d. Of the gross sum not less than £1,056 was received at the performance of the *Messiah*, a circumstance which in itself sufficiently exemplifies the firm grasp that sublime work had taken on the affections of the musical public.

Gathering strength from the success of its predecessors, the Festival of 1808 excelled them all, both in its attractions and in its unprecedented pecuniary results. Like the meeting of 1805, it was not held until the beginning of October, instead of at the end of August, when it took place under the presidency of Lord Gnessmy, the present Earl of Aylesford. For a third time Mrs. Billington worthily headed the lists of vocalists, her principal supporters being Messrs. Hawkins, Master Simon Ruggins (a local musical prodigy), Mrs. Vaughan, and Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Goss, Elliott, and Sig. Naldi. The conductorship was assigned to the celebrated Dr. Crotch, one of the most remarkable musicians of the age, of whose extraordinary ability a sufficient proof is afforded by his having at the early age of twenty-one taken the degree of Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford, an honour unprecedented for so young a man. The *Messiah* and the *Creation* were the oratorios performed; the latter being compressed into two parts, in order to allow of the performance of an organ concerto by Dr. Crotch, and a selection from *Jephthah*, admirably adapted to display the special powers of Mrs. Billington and Braham. The band and chorus were increased to two hundred performers, the largest body ever previously assembled out of London. The Birmingham Oratorio Choral Society, which had been organised that year by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Moore, added greatly to the strength and efficiency of the chorus. The total receipts at this Festival were £5,411, and the profits £3,257.

The Festival of 1811 commenced on the 2nd of October, and was presided over by the Earl of Bradford, who kindly placed his services at the committee's disposal, in consequence of the Marquis of Hertford, the present of the Hospital, being unable to attend. Great difficulty was experienced in fixing a time for the meeting. The first week of October was selected, but Mr. Macready could not give up the theatre for that period, because it was the fair week, and consequently the most profitable portion of his season. Mr. Macready was too good a friend

of the Hospital to be treated as Mr. Yates had been on a former occasion, and the Festival days were changed to the last days in September. But then a new difficulty occurred. Lord Bradford could not come, because he had engaged to go to Oswestry races. The only course left was to get the time for holding the fair altered, and this having been done all parties were satisfied. Mr. Macready could play on the fair days, Lord Bradford could go to Oswestry, and the Festival could be held in October as originally arranged. Hitherto the committee had been satisfied with getting a simple rector, or at most a dean, to preach the opening sermon; but they now aspired to a higher church dignitary, and were fortunate enough to obtain the services of the Bishop of Worcester. Still more fortunate, no doubt, they contented themselves in being enabled to engage Madame Catalani, who with Madame Bianchi, Miss Melville, and Miss Jane Fletcher, headed the female vocalists; whilst the male singers included the names of Braham, William Knvyett, Vaughan, Harris, Bellamy, and Signor Tramezziani. Amongst the instrumentalists, Cramer, Exhall, Lindley, Ashley, and Madam Benschel, the accustomed places, while Dr. Crotch was succeeded as organist and conductor by Mr. Wesley. The band and chorus numbered two hundred and five performers. The *Messiah* was given on the second morning, and realised upwards of £1,600; the music for the other morning performances was selected from the oratorios of the *Redemption*, the *Creation*, *Judas Maccabaeus*, and *Israel in Egypt*. It is remarked as a feature of special interest, that "Sig. Tramezziani will sing the celebrated song that he sang at the cathedral in Lisbon, before the Court, on the day of general thanksgiving for the expulsion of the French from Portugal." The Festival was again successful beyond all precedent, the gross proceeds being £6,880, and the profits £3,629. Madame Catalani gave a donation of £23 10s., Madam Benschel of £21, and Mr. Braham of £26 5s. There can be no doubt that in great degree this success was owing to the engagement of Catalani, who was then in the full blaze of her triumphant career, and to hear whom the provincial amateurs displayed as much eagerness as had been manifested by their brethren in London.

It naturally resulted from Madame Catalani's former success that she was again engaged at the Festival of 1814, where Miss Stephens (the present Dowager Countess of Essex) made her first appearance. The difficulties attending the engagement of this lady caused the committee much anxiety, and it was not until the Marquis of Hertford exerted his personal influence that Mr. Harris, the Covent-garden manager, consented to allow Miss Stephens to appear at Birmingham. Miss Smethurst, Miss Travia, Miss Stott, Mrs. Vaughan, and Miss Russell, were the principal female singers. The male vocalists were Bartleman, Vaughan, Knvyett, Elliott, Denman, and S. Buggins, the conductor of the local Choral Society. The band was fuller than on any former occasion, and the Festival was again placed under the conductorship of Mr. Greatorox. The Earl of Plymouth was the president, and it is observed by the journals of the day, that the attendance of the nobility was much greater than at any former Festival. The music performed was the *Messiah*, part of the *Creation*, and a selection from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolesi, and other composers. The proceeds (including donations from several of the vocalists) amounted to £7,144, and the profits to £3,131.

In 1817 the Festival was deprived of Mad. Catalani's services by her absence from England; but Miss Stephens was again engaged, and was assisted by Mad. Camrose (who had acquired considerable reputation from her recent successful *debut* at the Opera House in the Haymarket), Mrs. Salmon, Miss Jane Fletcher, Mrs. Vaughan; and Messrs. Bartleman, Bellamy, Hobbs, W. Knvyett, Vaughan, and Braham. Mr. Greatorox again officiated as conductor and organist, and Mr. Weichel succeeded Mr. Cramer as leader of the band. The duties of president were undertaken by the Earl of Warwick. The performances included the *Messiah* (which produced nearly £2,000), part of Haydn's *Season*, part of Mozart's *Figaro*, and selections from Beethoven's *Mount of Olive*, &c. At one of the evening concerts was performed a scene of Mozart's opera of *Don Giovanni*, and on the same evening "concertos" were played by Drouet on the flute, Weichel on the violin, and Lindley on the violoncello.

The Festival commenced on the 1st of October. The receipts amounted to £8,746, of which the profits were £4,296. Such a result must have been eminently gratifying to the committee, inasmuch as the malicious act of a disappointed candidate for employment had nearly inflicted serious injury on the meeting. About the middle of September, when visitors were making their arrangements to come to Birmingham, a report appeared in the London papers that fever was making dreadful ravages at Birmingham. The report exercised much influence on the public mind; but happily the committee were enabled to contradict it on high medical authority, and the ill effect was happily averted. It is worthy of note, that in 1817 the patronage of the Royal family was first extended to the Birmingham Music Meeting, the Duke of Sussex having allowed the committee to use his name. His Royal Highness had, indeed, formed an intention to be present, but private circumstances hindered him from carrying his intention into effect.

With the year 1839 the Festivals took a much higher position than they had ever previously attained. On the motion of Mr. Joseph Moore, it was resolved by the committee "that the next music meeting should be conducted on the grandest possible scale, in order to afford the highest musical treat which the present state of the art in this kingdom will admit." In conformity with this resolution, Mr. Moore submitted a plan for extending the Festival from three days to four, and for holding one ball instead of three as usual. An essential portion of Mr. Moore's plan was also to engage the very highest vocal and instrumental talent, equal to the performance of the choicest masterpieces of the greatest composers. The scheme drawn up by Mr. Moore was adopted by the committee, who proceeded to enlist, so far as was possible, the support of all the influential persons whose residence in the neighbourhood or interest in the musical art rendered them accessible. The Earl of Dartmouth consented to act as president, and the Bishop of Oxford to preach the sermon, but as the Festival was fixed for the 3rd of October and following days, neither the Earl nor the Bishop were able to be present, both of them being detained in attendance at the trial of Queen Caroline, whose defence was opened by Mr. Brougham on the very day the Festival commenced. Nevertheless the interests of the Charity did not suffer, the Earl of Dartmouth manifesting his interest in it by sending a liberal donation, and by obtaining permission for several members of the King's private band to be present as performers. On Tuesday, October 3, the Festival began with full choral service at St. Philip's, the whole choir of one hundred and thirty voices assisting in the service. On Wednesday morning part of Haydn's *Seasons* was performed, with words newly-arranged by the Rev. Mr. Webb, a clergyman formerly resident in Birmingham. On Thursday the time-honoured *Messiah* was given, and on Friday a selection of sacred music, including the *Requiem* of Mozart, which it is stated in the announcements "has never yet been perfectly executed in this country, owing to the want of some wind instruments, of which, by the gracious permission of His Majesty, the managers have been allowed to avail themselves from the Royal Household Band." On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings there were miscellaneous concerts at the theatre, and on Thursday evening a dress ball took place in the same building, when nearly fifteen hundred persons were present. Not only was the cost of the Festival thus greatly extended, but the performers engaged were more numerous than usual. Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, Signora Corri, Mrs. Salmon, Miss D. Travis, Miss Fletcher, and Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, Beale, King, Evans, and Goulding, together with Signors Begrez and Ambrogetti, formed a phalanx of vocalists who could not then be exceeded.

Led by Cramer, Spagnoletti, and Mori, the instrumentalists formed an equally powerful body, including nearly every notable performer in the kingdom. The whole were placed under the conductorship of Mr. Greatorex, whose previous services appear to have secured to him the confidence of the committee. The pecuniary result amply justified the adoption of Mr. Moore's bold and liberal policy. The total proceeds were £9,483, a higher sum by £1,000 than had been previously received, and the profits were £5,000, an amount which has only twice since been exceeded.

The successful experiment of 1821 emboldened the committee to resolve that in 1833 they would "make the performances finer and more perfect than any that have taken place in the kingdom." With this view engagements were entered into with Madame Catalani, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Travis, and other less known lady vocalists; and with Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, Signor Piaci, &c. The instrumentalists included every available musician of note. The performances consisted of full choral service on the 7th of October, in which all the principal singers took part; a new sacred drama, entitled *Gideon*, selected from Winter's celebrated *Timoteo*, part of *The Seasons*, part of Mozart's *Requiem*, and selections from a Mass by Jemelli, and from the oratorios of *Judah* and *Israel in Egypt*. The *Messiah* was of course performed as usual, and as this oratorio has never been omitted at a Birmingham Festival, it should be understood, even where not mentioned by us, to have always formed the most prominent feature of each triennial miscellane. On the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings miscellaneous concerts took place; Thursday being as usual reserved for a ball. The president for this year was Earl Talbot, but owing to an unhappy circumstance the Festival was deprived of the benefit of his presence, and many other persons of rank and influence were compelled to absent themselves. The event to which we allude was the death of the Earl's daughter, the wife of the Earl of Dartmouth. This lady died at her father's seat at Ingestre on the Saturday before the Festival. Notwithstanding this drawback, and the occurrence of unfavourable weather, the performances realised the unexpended amount of £11,115, and produced to the Hospital the sum of £5,806.

(To be continued.)

MOZART'S SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MILAN, 14th Sept., 1858.

SIR,—Either I, or your printer, made a sad mistake in the letter respecting "Mozart's Son," in your journal of the 4th inst., which has only just come under my notice.

I meant to state that it was not true that he was in a state of poverty; instead of which, it stated that "it is not true that he is not suffering from poverty." The other part of my letter thus forms a complete contradiction to the first assertion, and must make your readers think "your Milan Correspondent" a very stupid person.

I might have committed such an error in my letter, from haste, but I can scarcely think I did, as, within an hour of writing it, I learnt from the very best source (viz.: the bankers who paid Carlo Mozart the money) that he has already received from Paris upwards of eight thousand francs on account of the "droits d'auteur" recently established in his favour as the son of the great composer. You arc liberty to mention this circumstance, for the correctness of which I can safely vouch; and pray also be kind enough to relieve me from the stigma I at present lie under—of contradicting my own statements in the space of half a dozen lines.

YOUR MILAN CORRESPONDENT.

YANKEE DOODLE.—The *National Intelligencer* says that the following letter has been received by a gentleman of Washington from the Secretary of Legation at Madrid:

"MADRID, June 3.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The tune 'Yankee Doodle,' from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged by persons acquainted with music to bear a strong resemblance to the popular air of Bi-csy, and yesterday, a professor from the North recognised it as being much like the ancient sword dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces, and proposes, in a couple of months, to give me the changes as they are to be found in their different towns, that the matter may be judged of and fairly understood. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenee; the first strains are identically those of the heroic *Donna Heparita*, as it was played to me, of brave old Bi-csy.

"Very truly, yours,

"BICEINGHAM SMITH."

MUSICAL JUBILEE AT COBLENTZ

(From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

A second musical festival will take place at Coblenz, on the 9th and 10th of October, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musical Institute, founded in 1808 and supported by the state. It was formerly under the direction of Herr Anschütz, but is now under that of Herr Leuz. Handel's *Sansou* is the work selected for the first day. The chorus will contain 290 persons from Coblenz alone, and this number will be increased to 500, by amateurs in the surrounding places, especially Neuwied. The orchestra will consist of 130 instrumentalists. *Sansou* will be preceded by Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The following is the programme of the second concert, on Sunday, the 10th October:—Part I.—1. Symphony No. 4, in D minor, by Robert Schumann; 2. Tenor air (not yet definitely selected); 3. Scene from the third act of Gluck's *Orpheus* (Madlle. Schreck, from Bonn); 4. *Gesangs-scene* for the violin, by L. Spohr (Herr Otto von Königslöw, from Cologne); 5. Second finale from *Don Juan*, with the concluding movements. Part II.—6. Four songs, by the Kölner Männergesang-Verein; 7. The overture to *Euryanthe*, by C. M. von Weber; 8. Tenor air (still undecided); 9. Bass air from the *Creation*; and 10. Mendelssohn's finale to *Loreley*.

The solo singers already engaged are Madlle. Shreck, named above, for the alto parts; Madlle. Augusta Brenken, for the soprano parts; Herr Ernst Koch, of Cologne, for the tenor part in *Sansou*; and Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, as bass. Madlle. Derritz, of Cologne, was also requested to lend her services, but was unable to do so in consequence of previous engagements. The assistance, likewise, of a former member of the Institution, now one of the first tenors in Germany, is expected.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—The following donations have (according to *The Musical Gazette*) been presented to the Leeds General Infirmary by artists engaged at the recent Leeds Festival:—Dr. W. S. Bennett, £20; Miss Arabella Goddard, £21; Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, £10 10s.; Mr. Sims Reeves, £10; Miss Dolly, £10; Mrs. Sunderland, £5 5s.; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, £5 5s.; Mr. Winn, £5 5s.; Mrs. Calverley, £10.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Monday, September 27th, and during the week, Her Majesty's services will perform Buller's opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILE*. Principal characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albys, Mr. George Honey; Mr. Harrison, and Mr. W. H. Harris. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with a grand Ballet Diverissement by Madlle. Zilla Michélet, Passepieds and Moricheux, with a numerous corps de ballet. The band of fifty performers, and the chorus of forty voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. Acting-managers, Mr. William Booth and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. E. Stirling. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past. Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First ditto, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper-ditto, 6d.; Private Boxes, 4s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 4s. 2s.; 4s. 1s. 6d.; 4s. 1s., and (for two persons) 10s. 6d. Box-office open daily from eleven to five, under the direction of Mr. K. Chatterton.

FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN

AS MANAGER OF THE ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THIS THEATRE will open on Saturday next, 2nd October, with the farce of *TINGO FOR LOVE*. To follow by the farce of *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, which play will be performed for a fortnight, and then withdrawn for the production of Shakespeare's historical Tragedy of *KING JOHN*, which will be revived on Monday, 13th October.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Immense attendance at the East-end in consequence of the appearance at this magnificent theatre of the greatest English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves. Crowded houses. Delighted audiences. Production of the beautiful opera of *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*, with all its original effects. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, to commence with the grand opera of *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*. The ideas, Mr. Sims Reeves; Davidsson, Mr. H. Corrie; Count, Mr. Wallworth; Arline, Miss Fanny T. Ross; Queen, Miss Letitia. On Thursday, a grand opera, in which Mr. Sims Reeves will appear. On Friday, the close of the all-absorbing engagement will be celebrated in a succession of musical novelties, in which Mr. Sims Reeves will be supported by the first vocalists of the theatre. On Saturday, Mr. Sims Reeves: The splendid Band of the Princess's. Conductor, Mr. Isaacson. To conclude with a romantic drama.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF THE *MUSICAL WORLD*.

GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to inform the readers of the *Musical World* that I am not answerable for the leading article in your last impression (on the subject of musical criticism in England), and that I totally dissent from the views it maintains. A reply has been addressed to me personally, of which, in deference to the writer, who considers himself unjustly aggrieved, I forward you a copy for publication. At the same time, it is hardly necessary for me to add, that I just as much disapprove of the tone adopted by "A Contributor to the *Shields Gazette*" as of that assumed by the author of the aggressive essay which provoked his reprisal. However good an argument may be, such a manner of enforcing it is highly objectionable.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. W. DAVISON.

Sept. 20, 1858.

THE *MUSICAL WORLD*.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1858.

In another column will be found an article, borrowed from a contemporary (*The Literary Gazette*), which embodies, perhaps in language somewhat too forcible, the opinions entertained by a great many amateurs respecting the "Pyne and Harrison" speculation at Drury Lane Theatre.

The readers of *The Musical World* need not be reminded that we are favourable to this, as we have been to all undertakings of the kind. The thing is to make English Opera a fixture in the Metropolis. When that is effected there will be time enough for criticism.

We are not prepared to dispute a single assertion of our contemporary. Nearly the whole, if not quite the whole of what he says is more or less true. But the article is certainly mistimed. Granted, that the *Rose of Castile* is not a *Bohemian Girl*, nor even a *Castle of Aymon*; granted, Mr. Harrison is not a Sims Reeves, and that the Drury Lane company, Miss Pyne excepted, presents anything rather than a brilliant catalogue of names; granted, these and a dozen propositions of the same kind, the real question at issue remains untouched. Are we to have an English opera established in London, or are we not? We sincerely hope (and willingly believe) the former; and for this reason, if for no other, feel disposed to use such influence as we possess in encouraging every attempt that may lead to something better. We do not require to be told by *The Literary Gazette* what have been the sins, whether of commission or omission, with which the Pyne and Harrison management may be justly charged; but we are convinced that to comment upon them with severity at this moment is rather to injure than to benefit the cause which every lover of music should have at heart.

Further, *The Literary Gazette*, which is beginning to acquire both circulation and importance under its new management, will do wisely not to inaugurate a fresh era of prosperity by emulating *The Athenaeum* and *The Saturday Review*. Two barking watch-dogs in the musical press are enough for all intents and purposes.

To conclude, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison

have had the example of Mr. Alfred Bunn before them, by which, if they disdain to profit, it will be at their own cost in the end. Such a "shoppy" system cannot be revived. The public has had a surfeit of it.

"WHEN I perceive a man," writes Sir W. Bridges, "incapable of deriving pleasure from more than one style of composition, and dogmatizing on its exclusive merit, I pity his weakness and despise his presumption. When he narrows his curiosity either to what is old or what is new, when he confines his praise either to the dead or to the living, though in both cases he is ridiculous, perhaps his folly is more evinced in the last." It would be curious to inquire into the origin and growth of prejudice; how it first rose in the mind; how, like a fast-growing plant, it vegetated and flourished and spread its branches and towered on high and shot downwards and became ineradicable. The metaphysician might busy himself with speculations as to whether it was the natural offspring of some peculiar mental qualification, or the adventitious consequence of independent circumstance—whether, in short, it was born with the mind, or sprung from accident. Some minds are capable of entertaining only one idea at a time. In such prejudice finds a fertile soil for its growth. Others are by nature stubborn and inflexible, and what they have once received persist in to the exclusion of every secondary consideration. These are more dangerous than the former, inasmuch as there is less to hope from contumacy than incompetence. Example is a great encourager of prejudice, since few are capable of thinking for themselves, and education too frequently confirms our weakest prepossessions. The true critic is he who can see every colour on the prismatic spectrum without being fascinated and blinded by any individual ray. Inclination or disposition may lead him to select one line before another as the object of his admiration, but he will not allow preference to merge into fanaticism.

The lover of music may congratulate himself that prejudice, that darkest foe to true appreciation, is dying a natural death in this country, and that the day is not far off when talent of every kind will meet with due acknowledgment. Time was—and that not very long since—when young England had very peculiar notions respecting the fine arts, and more particularly music; when Beethoven's later works were considered the effluences of a disordered brain, and when it was looked upon as an act of exceeding condescension to bestow praise on *Guillaume Tell*. Some members of the musical profession in London patted Rossini on the head and affirmed, that his last opera was capital, making, of course, all necessary allowance for want of learning, profundity, and sublimity. Before *Guillaume Tell* was written the author of the *Barbiers* was treated most scurvily; his very name offended the nostrils of the learned pundits, and when he was in London, his presence was avoided by them as a plague. "If certain musicians of that day," exclaims a writer of authority, "walking along Regent-street, happened to hear that Rossini was in Cramer's shop, they would have crossed to the other side." It is not many years ago, since we ourselves heard the term "disgraceful" applied to the introduction of Rossini's overture to *The Siege of Corinth* at the Old Philharmonic. No doubt this feeling against Rossini originated in prejudice. His extraordinary reputation, the reception of his works at the Opera, almost to the exclusion of every other composer, the idol worship of the aristocracy, the adulation of the public, and the infatuation of his admirers, naturally rendered him

disagreeable to a class of men, sensitive to a fault, whose works were known to be neglected, and whose persons were considered to be overlooked. That the prejudice in this instance was tinged with jealousy is more than probable.

The appreciation of the French public differs widely from that of the English. French audiences desire to be entertained merely. Let their ears be tickled and their hearts touched—*voilà tout*. They go to theatres and concerts simply for amusement, and expect neither knowledge nor teaching in places of recreation. Hence oratorios, symphonies, and other large orchestral and elaborate works, generally bore them, while such operas as *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Fidelio*, as demanding greater attention than "listening by the ears," are *carissimi* to their understandings. We doubt even if *Guillaume Tell*, although performed so frequently at the Grand-Opéra, pleases them entirely. It is too comprehensive and grave for those lovers of the brilliant and the dazzling. Fashion, however, in this instance, sways the public feeling, and an acquired love for the composer, who, by devoting the greatest effort of his genius to their national theatre, and by living among them so many years, almost naturalised, or denaturalised, himself, has exercised no little influence in recommending the work of the master. For the mere Parisian public, *La Juive*, or *La Favorite*, possesses, we are inclined to believe, as many attractions as *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Huguenots* or the *Prophète* more. There is, however, no affectation in the likings or dislikings of our lively and impressionable neighbours: what they prefer they acknowledge, and what is displeasing they do not hesitate to repudiate. The public of Paris includes to a large extent the professional body. The people and the musicians breathe together, consort together, and think together. The expression of a public opinion is almost invariably that of the artistic confraternity.

Now all this is very different in England. Musicians and the public, in many instances, as far as regards opinion, are separated as wide as the poles. Crowds rush to the theatres to hear Verdi's operas; English musicians will not tolerate *Rigoletto*, the *Traviata*, or the *Troutatore*. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* enchants the multitude and is coldly received by the *dilettanti*. If the public were allowed their choice, Verdi would reign supreme at the Italian houses; if the followers of the art had power to order matters, he would be banished altogether from the country. From this antagonism of sentiment, however, good arises. Frequent discussion and consideration compels the amateur to doubt the supremacy of his idol, and induces the connoisseur to be more generous in his strictures. Better far this clashing of impressions and judgments which leads to such important results, than that conciliating and hand-in-hand indifference, which may tend to unanimity and good fellowship, but is hardly constituted to further the interests of music. Better far prejudice with a fair prospect in view, than apathy and toleration from which no advantage is likely to follow.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

(Concluded from page 551.)

- G. F. Anderson, Esq.
 F. R. Jewson, Esq.,
 ———— Williams, Esq.,
 (Principal Clarinet to Her Majesty).
 Joseph Calkin, Esq.
 J. Clinton, Esq.
 H. J. Griebach, Esq.
 M. C. Wilson, Esq.

REVIEWS.

"TWENTY-FOUR STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE." By Charles McKorkell. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.

In his capacity of an able and useful labourer in the cause of sound musical instruction, Mr. McKorkell has, more than once, won and merited hearty commendation in these columns. The "Twenty-four Studies" before us, nevertheless, are, we think, superior to any of his previous contributions to the instrument of his choice. No young pianoforte player can study them without profit. Not only are they excellent, judged from a mechanical point of view; as musical compositions they are equally engaging. Each study, besides addressing itself to some special mechanical object, has a marked character of its own; while all are written with an elegance and correctness that betoken the practised musician, and cannot fail to elicit the sympathy of those amateurs who prefer good music to bad.

"ABSENT FRIENDS." Romance sans Paroles, for the Pianoforte. By W. H. Holmes. R. Mills.

Although "sans paroles," this graceful and highly-finished little piece speaks with an eloquence which requires no words to be understood. Its only fault is its brevity, for there is enough in the principal theme (the *moderato*—page 2) to admit of considerable development. Mr. Holmes has written nothing more charming and at the same time unpretending. The more such bagatelles the better. They not only entertain but refine the taste of the player.

"WHO CAN WE BE?" Song. Written by Thomas Moore. Composed by Walter Maynard. Cramer, Beale and Chappell.

Mr. Walter Maynard has been more than usually successful in this song. The sentiment of Moore's well-known stanzas is happily caught, and the music, without aiming at any high flight, happily steers clear of the ordinary track. The transition into A flat, on the words, "Her shape in dreams," besides being good in itself, gives a certain importance to the song without being obtrusive. The return to the original key, too, is well managed, and introduced so as to aid the expression of the poetry.

MADLE PICCOLOMINI and a troop of opera artistes have taken berths for New York on board the Vanderbilt steamer, North Star, which leaves Southampton for America on the 30th inst.

Mrs. ANNA BISHOP, after making an artistic tour which extended well nigh round the globe, has returned to London. She was last in England in 1846.

MEYERBEER has passed some days at Baden-Baden.

THE HAGUE.—At the National Fête, lately celebrated, a *cantata* by M. Gevaert, words by M. Victor Prilleux, was executed before the Royal family at the theatre.—*Le Guide Musical*.

LEEDS.—The meetings of the British Association, which are now being held in the Town Hall, have attracted large audiences. On Thursday evening a *Conversazione* took place, when the following selection of pieces were played on the organ by Mr. Sparks:—

1. Grand Offertoire.—*L'effrère* Wely. 2. Larghetto from the Symphony in D.—Beethoven. 3. *Marsia Funebre*—Ludwispainter. 4. *Pastoral*—Kullak; Fuga—Spöhr. 5. Wedding March—Mendelssohn.

RESULT OF THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.—As we stated on Saturday, the Festival has been eminently successful. No record has been kept of the precise number attending each performance, but we understand the average has been about nineteen hundred. Accommodation was provided for two thousand, and the hall was quite full on Thursday and Friday evenings, and on Saturday morning, the attendance at each of the other performances being nearly eighteen hundred. The total receipts have been about £7,500, and the expenditure is estimated at £6,000, leaving a balance of £1,500. In addition to this amount, however, several of the principal artists contributed sums amounting to £150; and the People's Festival, on Saturday evening, realised about £200 net, making a gross total of £1,850 in aid of the funds of the Infirmary.—*Leeds Mercury*.

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has arrived in Paris.

THE NEW ADELPHI will be ready for opening the first week in December. Although not to appearances progressing very rapidly, every material connected with the interior is preparing in its various department, so that when once the roof is lodged the work will proceed most magically.

THE LONDON POLYTECHNIC.—This society, established for the practice and performance of part-music by male voices, and which created considerable sensation in musical circles last season, recommenced its weekly rehearsals on Thursday, 16th instant, in the Throne Room, Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate. A proposed enlargement of the society having been made known, several gentlemen presented themselves as candidates for membership. To complete the required number the ranks will remain open for a short period. The director, Mr. William Rea, inaugurated the season with an address to the members, which was received with great applause.

TODMORDEN.—The members of the Musical Union Society gave their first concert, for the season, in the Old Fellows' Hall, Todmorden, on Monday evening week, to a numerous audience. This society has been striving for some time to introduce into our neighbourhood the highest order of musical art. The first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*, and a miscellaneous selection were performed. The principal vocalists were Miss Law-Messers, J. Lord, R. Lord, A. Wild, and J. Chadwick. Principal instrumental performers:—flute, Mr. Stanworth; oboe, Mr. Jonson; violoncello, Mr. Wadsworth. The band was efficient. Mr. Barns was the leader. On the whole, the performance, as regards native talent, was one of the most successful that has taken place at Todmorden.—*Halifax Guardian*.

ROCHESTER.—On Thursday evening week, Mr. James Townsend, late M.P. for Greenwich, having taken to the stage, made his first appearance at the theatre here, and met with a most enthusiastic reception from a very large audience. The character he chose for the occasion was that of Richard the Third. Upon his first entrance he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers and applause; the latter being frequently repeated throughout the play, at the conclusion of which he was honoured with a call before the curtain, where he met with the same enthusiastic cheering and applause as at first; in fact, we do not recollect such a demonstration of feeling in favour of an actor in this theatre. Taken as a whole, his performance was admirable. At times we thought he dropped his voice too much, rendering himself scarcely audible, but no doubt he would overcome this when he gains more confidence. It was much better in the second and third acts, and was a letter perfect throughout, having evidently well studied his part. His make-up was splendid, an amateur observing he had not seen one equal to it since he saw Edmund Keam perform Richard. At the conclusion of the play it was announced that Mr. Townsend would appear on Tuesday evening in the character of Othello, which was the signal for more cheering and applause.—*Rochester Gazette*.

GUERNSEY.—The promised concert of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the harpist, took place at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, in presence of an audience which comprised most of the connoisseurs of the island. It is needless to particularise Mr. Chatterton's performances, although were we to make a selection we should take his execution of the "Sonvenir de Bellini," which created the greatest sensation. Mr. Chatterton was assisted on this occasion by Miss Eliza Hughes, from, we believe, the Royal Academy of Music, who achieved a decided success. Miss Hughes is gifted with a voice of much richness, volume, and freshness. It has evidently been well and carefully cultivated in a good school, and consequently her singing possesses a high degree of merit.—*Guernsey Journal*.

MOSSMOUTH.—Two concerts of sacred and secular music—styled by the projectors "Grand Anglo-Italian"—were given on the morning and evening of Tuesday the 14th instant, at the Borough Court. The singers were Madame Chierici, Mrs. R. Page, Mr. Henry Morgan, Signor Chierici, and Mr. B. Paget, and Mr. S. Naylor presided at the pianoforte. The concert took place under the patronage of Colonel Vaughan and the officers of the Royal Monmouthshire Militia.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

(From *The Morning Star*.)

The brief annual engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves, the justly celebrated tenor—our English Mario (with not a little, by the way, of the vocal refinement of Rubini, united to the passionate vigour of Tamburic), and the legitimate successor of the elder Brahm—may be regarded as the East London Musical Festival, and—the enormous and universal excitement it creates taken into account—with just as much claim to notice as any of those great provincial music meetings to which our contemporaries periodically devote so many columns. Mr. John Douglass, the enterprising manager of the National Standard Theatre, if we are not misinformed, pays Mr. Sims Reeves an almost unprecedented sum for twelve performances, but that he has invariably found the speculation as profitable and lucrative as it is spirited is evident from the result. The fact that Mr. Sims Reeves is the most popular singer of the day, without excepting any one of the great foreign vocalists, is unquestionable. His name is everywhere a tower of strength. No provincial festival can dispense with his aid, for as is well known, he excels just as remarkably in sacred as in secular music at the Crystal Palace, where the musical undertakings are at times so gigantic as to approach the fabulous, Mr. Sims Reeves is always the surest attraction. At Exeter Hall, the master-works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, and, last not least, Mozart, find in him their most versatile, ready, and effective interpreter. In short, the services of this gentleman are just as well appreciated by the renowned conductor, Costa, as by the indefatigable organists who find his co-operation wholly indispensable in sustaining the position and fortunes of those yearly assemblages of the cathedral choir, which are at once a solace to charity and an advantage to art. The universality of acquiescence—the intimate knowledge of every style of music, from the sublime oratorio to the simple entertaining lyric interlude—is a peculiarity which places his talent apart from that of contemporary artists. Mr. Sims Reeves—and every Englishman who loves the divine art should be proud that such distinction can be claimed by a compatriot—can say to the foreigner what no foreigner can say to him: "I can play Elgarido, Fra Diavolo, and Florestan (*Fidelio*) as well as any of you; but not one of you can sing 'Comfort ye my people,' 'The enemy said I will pursue' (*Israel in Egypt*), and 'Love sounds the alarm' (*Acis and Galatea*), letting alone 'The Death of Nelson,' and all the incomparable ballads and sea-songs of the immortal Tom Dibdin, as well as I." He would justly say so, it is true, being to genuine an artist to boast of his achievements; but he might say so, and with none to contradict him. Another conspicuous element in the genius of our English tenor is its adaptability to delight and entrance the multitude. To the man of nerve and sinew who, thanks to the spread of musical taste all over this great empire, prefers laying out his modest spare cash at an opera or a concert, rather than waste it (and his own energies) at the tavern, the talent of Mr. Reeves is just as welcome and just as intelligible as to the wealthy aristocrat and high-born dame, who, though in their hearts affecting the alien, are, nevertheless, forced to admit the superiority of our countryman. The popular voice is above such prejudices—prejudices that, even in the time of *The Spectator*, were justly ridiculed by Addison and Steele. The popular voice is unanimous in praise of our genial and admirable native singer. The moment he appears he is recognised with a shout of delight. On Saturday night, for example, when the National Standard Theatre was absolutely crammed to suffocation, and the opera of *Guy Mannering* was given, the memorable exclamation of Edmund Kean, after one of his finest and most striking histrionic achievements, "Sir, the pit rose at me!" was forcibly recalled. When the popular favourite appeared, in the well-known costume of Henry Bertram, the pit literally rose at him—ay, and the gallery too, while the more dignified occupants of the boxes applauded with an earnestness and vigour that baffled description. Such a reception could only have been accorded to one who is unexceptionably the man of his age.

The opera was performed generally in that careful and efficient manner to which Mr. John Douglass has long accustomed his

patrons. Miss Fanny Terran was really a charming Julia Mannering, Mr. James Johnstone, a quaint and humorous Domitius Scaupson, Miss Lavinia a more than respectable Lacy Bertram, and Mr. R. Honner a picturesque and imposing Meg Merrilies. Of course, however, all attention was concentrated in the hero of the night—the joy caused by whose long-expected visit was only dashed by one shade of regret, owing to the unavoidable absence of his *cara sposa*—of Mrs. Sims Reeves, that excellent artist, whose voice has been so appropriately styled "asympatic," and whose musical abilities place her among the most finished lyric performers of the day. But as the indomitable Grial often sings and acts her very best when Mario (which occasionally happens) is "out of sorts," so Mr. Sims Reeves was evidently resolved to *détourmager* the audience for the absence of his accomplished partner. He never sang better—never with greater sweetness, power, and impassioned expression. His unequalled voice was in splendid condition, and everything he did was applauded with acclamations. The graceful ballad, "Be mine, dear maid," the engaging and melodious "Pretty Jane" (both given with exquisite feeling and touching simplicity) and the arduous and dramatic "Death of Nelson"—Mr. Reeves's delivery of which revives the traditions of Incledon and Brahm, were all rapturously received, and two of them repeated, in such a manner as to elicit renewed demonstrations of unbounded satisfaction. In short, the performance of Mr. Sims Reeves was a series of triumphs from beginning to end. The audience, jammed together closely as they were, literally "packed," seemed never tired of applauding, while the object of their enthusiasm was never tired of exerting himself, so as to merit the flattering ovations accorded him.

That the new engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves will bring with it a new lease of prosperity to the zealous and untiring director of the National Standard Theatre, is thus placed beyond the reach of doubt.

BLOOMSBURY COUNTY COURT.

INFIDENT FRAUD UPON A PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER, AND ALLEGED FORGERY.—BROWN v. HANNAUBUS.—Mr. Brown, a respectable old gentleman, who has for a great many years carried on the business of a pianoforte manufacturer, at No. 74, Great Portland-street, brought this action on Saturday last, against a lodging-house keeper, to recover £6 10s. the value of a pianoforte case, wrongfully detained by the defendant.—In the month of December, last year, a Miss Hartley, who was lodging with the defendant, called at the plaintiff's place of business in Great Portland-street, and arranged with him for the hire of a piano, at so much per month. The plaintiff made inquiries, and thought he should be safe in lending the piano, and on the 23rd of December, 1857, he sent it to the defendant's house, when a memorandum was signed, of which the following is a copy:—"I hereby engage not to detain for rent, or on any pretence whatever, the pianoforte now lent by Philip Brown, of 74, Great Portland-street, to Mr. Hartley, of 1A, Upper Cumn-street, Kentonville, residing in my house; and I undertake to deliver the same, whenever he may demand it, to Philip Brown or his order. HARRY HANNAUBUS."—This memorandum was not signed in the presence of the plaintiff's man, but was taken from him into a room, where he supposed the defendant to be, and brought back signed. Matters went on thus till the month of June, during which time the plaintiff could not get one farthing for the hire of his piano, he therefore applied to the defendant, and the defendant thereupon set up a lien upon it for rent due from the Hartleys; and one day, about that time, he, without the knowledge of the defendant, took out the whole of the inside of the piano, and let it down out of the window to one of his men. The case, valued at £6 10s., still remained. The plaintiff then made a second and formal demand for the case, which the plaintiff declined to give up, on the double ground that the signature to the memorandum referred to was not forger's, and that he had not for twelve weeks past, at 15s. per week.—After hearing the evidence embodied in the preceding statement, his honour said he was of opinion that the case, but for one circumstance, would have been one of great hardship upon the plaintiff; and it might serve as a warning to the trade generally to take care, and have such memorandums signed in the actual presence of themselves or their men. After some further remark, the judge said it was shown that at the time the demand was made by the plaintiff's man the defendant claimed to keep the piano, and at the same time. If the defendant had carried that expressed intention into effect at once it would have barred the plaintiff's claim. The fact was, how-

ever, that the distraint did not take place till three weeks ago; and it could not be tolerated, and it was not the law, that landlords should be at liberty to retain property, on the ground that they may, at some indefinite time, distraint such property for rent due to them. His verdict would, therefore, be for the plaintiff, for the full amount, with costs.

CHARACTERS OF THE DIFFERENT KEYS.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

Concluded from page 608.

C major—is entirely pure. Its character is that of innocence, simplicity, naïveté, child-language. *A minor*—pious womanliness and tenderness of character. *F major*—serenity and repose. *D minor*—melancholy womanliness, breeding spleen and vapours. *B flat major*—cheerful love, clear conscience, hope, longings for a better world. *G minor*—dissatisfaction, annoyance, worrying over a frustrated plan, fretful chafing of the bit; in a word, rancor and discontent. *E flat major*—the key of love, of devotion, of intimate communion with God; expressing, by its triple signature, the Holy Trinity. *C minor*—declaration of love, and at the same time, the lament of an unhappy love. All the yearning, languishing, sighing of the love-intoxicated soul lies in this key. *A flat major*—the sepulchral key. Death, the grave, corruption, judgment, eternal life in its compass. *F minor*—profound melancholy, funeral lamentations, the moans of deepest anguish and yearnings for the grave. *D flat major*—a squinting key, degenerating both in joy and sorrow. It can laugh, but not smile; it cannot howl, but can at least mimic weeping. It is therefore only possible to represent very unusual characters and sensations by this key. *B flat minor*—a singular fellow, clad mostly in the garment of night. He is rather sally and rarely puts on a pleasant face. Mockery towards God and the world, dissatisfaction with all and everything else, preparation for suicide resound from this key.

G flat minor—triumph in difficulties, free breathing on surmounted heights, the vibrations of a soul which has bravely struggled and finally conquered, lie in every appellation (applikator) of this key. *E flat minor*—sensations of vague terror, of the deepest oppression of the soul, of brooding despair, of the blackest melancholy, the darkest corruption, of the mind. Ever and anon, however, a gleam of cheering heart breathes from the chord of E flat minor. If ghosts could speak, they would speak in this key. *B major*—strongly coloured, expressive of wild passions, composed of the most glaring colours. Anger, rage, jealousy, fury, despair, and every freeing sensation of the heart lie within its resin. *G sharp minor*—moroseness, a heart heavy to reflection, lamentation, sighing itself out in the double sharp; violent struggles, in a word, all that coars and gross in the coloring of this key. *E major*—shouts of joy, laughing pleasure, and yet not quite the fullest enjoyment, lie in this key. *C sharp minor*—the pains of joy, intimate communion with God, our best friend, or the companion of our life; sighs of the most unsatisfied friendship and love lie in the compass of this key.

A major—the key contains declarations of innocent love, contentment with one's situation; the hope of meeting again on parting with a loved one; youthful cheerfulness and trust in God. *F sharp major*—a gloomy key; it tugs at passion like an ill-natured dog at a garment; grumbling and muttering are its language. It seems almost as if it felt uncomfortable in its situation. Hence it is ever longing for the repose of A major, or for the triumphant happiness of D major. *D major*—the cry of triumph, of hallooings, of war-cries, of shouts of victory. Hence, all inviting visions, marches, festival songs, and jubilant choruses are set in this key. *G major*, as it were, the key of quiet waiting for destiny and resignation to Divine Providence; therefore its lament is so gentle, without ever breaking out into offensive grumbling or whining. The application of this key is pretty difficult in all instruments; hence we find but few pieces which are exclusively written in it. *G major*—everything in the style of rural idylls or eulogues, every quiet and satisfied passion, all tender thanks for sincere friendship, all faithful love; in a word, every gentle and peaceful emotion of the heart can be admirably expressed in this key. It is to be regretted that, on account of its apparent facility, it is much neglected at the present day. Modern writers do not consider that, in reality, there are no difficult and easy keys; but that these apparent difficulties and facilities depend alone on the composer.

E minor—this key speaks of naïveté, feminine, innocent declarations of love; of complaints without murmuring; sighs accompanied by few tears; of hope, whose near fulfilment lies in the present time, revolving into C major. As it has, by nature, but one colour, it might be compared to a young girl, clad in white, with a bow of rose-coloured ribbon

in her bosom. From this key we once more return, with inexpressible grace, to the fundamental key of C, in which the heart and the ear find the most perfect satisfaction."

[The whole of which, we trust, the reader may estimate at its exact value.—*Ed. M. W.*]

AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.

(From the *Birmingham Journal*.)

Is the present distress of musical novelty and excitement which generally accompanies this season of the year, it is difficult to find anything wherewith to interest our musical readers. Locally we expect this dullness, on the principle of the old adage, "After a storm comes a calm." We have just had our feast, and now must be content to endure its reaction in the shape of an annual quietude. It vainly every one turns to London, where, according to general supposition, everything may be found when wanted. There things are just as flat as dust at home. The opera houses are closed; the professors are taking the ease or the hardships of a continental tour; and managers are amusing the public with a promising bill of what is to come. Fortunately, to fill up the gap, there have been a series of provincial festivals, which may be said to have kept the musical world on its axis. Hereford led off, Birmingham followed suit, and Leeds took up the key-note. Of the latter it is our purpose to speak now. Ever since the people were made to startle when there was an announcement put forth that Leeds was going to give a Festival that would eclipse anything and everything that had gone before it,—something that would annihilate Birmingham, completely shut up Bradford, and make the Three Choirs regret that they had ever given a Festival. Royalty was to inaugurate it—a new room, a new organ, new everything, were to add to its attraction—and all the most talented artists of the day were to be engaged. The meeting took place last week, and its success has astonished all moderate-minded and sensible persons. It was not to be expected that a festival could be got up by inexperienced hands without their being a little at fault somewhere. However, at Leeds everything was as complete as its best friends could have wished. It is true the programmes were not so well laid out as they might have been; a more judicious selection might have been made, and it might certainly have been better if the best of the day were made to take part in each other, while instead of heightening the effect, were from their peculiar nature and arrangement quite the reverse in their influence. Of the performances nothing short of success could be anticipated. With twenty principals, the Philharmonic band, and no less a person than Dr. Bennett for a conductor, what else could be looked forward to? Leeds has tried her best to get up a Festival that will rival or rather best Bradford, and in future it will be Bradford versus Leeds, Leeds versus Bradford; the one will try to out-do the other. Which will ultimately be the great Festival of Yorkshire, the future must determine. We have considerable sympathy with the Bradford folks. They have had some excellent music meetings, and their chorals has become celebrated. It is in this latter element that provincialists have most to do with these festivals. The band is never local, and the principal singers are the produce of the Metropolis; so the chorals is left to venerate the usual ability and taste of the place. As regards Leeds, we will get as good a choir as Bradford it is impossible to say; the voices at its command are spoken of as being of excellent quality, their only fault last week being a want of better balancing. Between the two towns, York seems likely to be forgotten. So little is said about it, and so little done at it, with its beautiful minster and grand organ, that it is a wonder the inhabitants have managed to keep it the musical capital in the country. As regards the day of the Festival, it is to be said that Leeds has snuggled into quietude, and gives way to the more enterprising spirit of its neighbours. If they mean to make the Leeds Festival periodical, Yorkshire will be well off in a musical point of view. One thing has been done which must call forth the praise of all true lovers of English music. At Leeds they brought out Dr. Bennett's new cantata, the "May Queen," which has justified the highest expectations formed of it. All who know Dr. Bennett's works will be his genuine confessor his wonderful ability, and regret that he does not write more. He is said to be quite indifferent to a composer's honours, and cares little about exercising his talent in this direction. Be this as it may, it is certain he can write if he likes, and it is a pity he does not write more. His "May Queen" is said to be the best musical composition of the day, and a work of considerable magnitude. It is full of beauty, and replete with meaning, and has raised Dr. Bennett's reputation as a composer. But as we are now of our Festival, because it has been the means of bringing to the word the greatest production of the present

age, we cannot help regretting it has not had the honour of bringing out this work of Dr. Beonet. That there was plenty of room for it there is no denying; that it would have been as attractive is likewise true. If there were any circumstance to prevent its production we are unaware of them. In times gone by, managers of concerts, and committees of festivals, were some what tardy in bringing out new works of English composers; but this feeling is happily dying away, and the effort now seems to be as to who can get the best new thing to bring out. This is a step in the right direction. It is an inducement and encouragement for those who can write to do so, and will doubtless ultimately lead to a school of English art. Hitherto our native composers have been sadly neglected, and consequently few take the trouble to write, when they are conscious the fruits of their labour will never be heard.

Mrs. HOWARD PAUL announces her benefit at the Egyptian Hall, on Thursday, Sept. 30, under distinguished patronage. Among other promised novelties Mr. Paul will give a new character, that of a vegetarian, and the fair *blancisicure* will give "Come into the garden, Maud," in imitation of a popular tenor, the likeness to whose voice is said to be extraordinary.

HALIFAX.—The first annual meeting of the Glee and Madrigal Society took place on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Mr. George Jackson occupying the chair. The accounts of the treasurer were audited, and the finances found to be in a satisfactory condition. The officers for the ensuing year were then elected, and are as follows:—President, W. I. Holdsworth, Esq.; vice-president, Mr. George Jackson; treasurer, Mr. Joseph Keighley; secretaries, Messrs. W. Foster and S. Wainhouse; conductor, Mr. R. S. Burton; committee, Messrs. S. Pollit, E. B. Keighley, E. J. Foster, W. Greenwood, J. Sunderland, W. Dennis, and J. S. Bates. Thanks were given to the gentlemen who had served in office during the first year of the society's existence, and who had been the means of establishing the society on sound and thoroughly respectable grounds. It was resolved that the practices should be resumed on Monday evening, the meeting place to be the Odd Fellows' Hall, as heretofore, the meetings to be held weekly, in order that the subscribers may be furnished with a concert next month. After business had been transacted, a number of glees were exceedingly well sung, thus rendering the whole affair one of a very gratifying character.—*Halifax Guardian*, Sept. 18.

RISTORI AND REVOLUTION.—The Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, writing on Sunday evening, says:—I spoke of Ristori's triumphant progress through Italian capitals as the representative of the heroine Judith. That progress has now been stopped by the Austrian police. Her last display was at Venice, and when she bore forth into the grand passage, "Tell your children that they inherit from us a country, and the land that God gave them let them clear of all hostile invaders!" the cries of *encore* were so terrific, and the counter-shouting of Austrian officers from the boxes, that Ristori was forced off the stage, and a serious scuffle took place between her champions and the police, which ended in a proclamation against any further revival of the widow of Bethulia who dispatched Holophernes and scattered the Assyrians.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mad. Ferraris, the celebrated *dansuse*, has taken leave of the Parisian public, and is by this time en route for St. Petersburg. She bade her adieu on Wednesday, the 15th—at the Grand-Opéra, of course—in the favorite ballet, *Sacountala*, and was fêted and applauded to the skies. Mademoiselle Zina Richard, the charming artist who has proved so acceptable a successor to Fanny Cerito at the Royal Italian Opera, will succeed Madame Ferraris in *Sacountala*. Before this reaches the eyes of your subscribers Mad. Rosati will have made her *reentrée* in the *Corsaire*. The opening of the Théâtre-Italien is announced for Saturday, the 2nd of October. The season will extend, as it did last year, to seven months, in order, it is said, to afford Sig. Tambrisk an opportunity of giving several representations after his return

from the St. Petersburg campaign. Madame Penco has arrived, and will appear on the opening night. How comes it, may I ask; that this very clever artist has not found her way to London! With deference to Messrs. Lumley and Gye, I think she might be placed in the Haymarket or Bow-street. At which of the great houses I leave the managers to settle between them. The *Tosca* has been revived at the Opéra-Comique. M. Troy succeeds M. Pateille in the character of Belfior, and Madlle. Leffebvre to Madame Ugalde in that of Coraline. The revival was successful, and the new sustainers of the parts of Belfior and Coraline were received with much favour. The triumphs of Madame Cabel, however, in *La Part du Diable* have not been interfered with. The fascinations and exquisite singing of the charming artist, coupled with Auber's sparkling music, attracts crowds to the Opéra-Comique nightly.

RICHARD WAGNER leaves Zurich, where he has hitherto resided, and proceeds to Venice, where he contemplates residing for a long period. The report that he had obtained the Emperor's permission to visit Vienna has not been confirmed.

MENDELSSOHN'S SYMPHONY IN A MINOR.

(From *The Birmingham Journal*.)

So much has been written about this admirable work, in which genius and the most accomplished musicianship have united in giving birth to a *chef d'œuvre*, that to attempt a new description of its character, a new analysis of its design, or a new panegyric of its innumerable beauties, would be altogether unnecessary. Suffice it, the symphony in A minor, about which Mendelssohn had long been engaged, was first publicly performed at the "Gewandhaus" Concerts, in Leipzig, on the 13th March, 1842, under the direction of the composer. In the summer of the same year it was played at the London Philharmonic concerts, again under the direction of the composer. On both occasions its success was triumphant. Since that time its popularity has continually augmented, and its fame has long been established, in the new as well as in the old world. This work at once placed Mendelssohn by the side of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as a composer of symphonies. His concert overtures had already shown his very high capabilities in the art of orchestral writing; but, as the symphony is the largest form, so it brings and merits the largest honours. The symphony in A minor has been named the "Scotch Symphony," because the principal ideas were first suggested to the author by the romantic scenery of Scotland, and certain incidents of Scottish life witnessed during a tour which he always remembered with delight. To the same tour we are indebted for the overture to the " Isles of Fingal." Some German critics (the late Robert Schumann among the rest) confounded the "Scotch Symphony," when first performed at Leipzig, with the symphony in A major; generally known (for reasons similar to those already stated) as the "Italian Symphony," and proclaimed that "southern influences were clearly traceable throughout."* It was well known that Mendelssohn had presented the London Philharmonic Society with a symphony in A, just after his return from Rome; and the Leipzig quidnuncs, when the symphony in A minor was first brought out, concluded that this must be the identical one; and so discovered all those "southern influences," of which Mendelssohn in his "northern" rambles has been quite unconscious. But such misconceptions are not at all singular with the "aesthetic" style of criticism that has for some time prevailed in *Vaterland*. What must the Leipzig reviewers have felt when the "A major," the genuine Italian Symphony, with its *coloured*, so instinct with Italian colour and the bustle of Italian carnivals, was first performed for their edification at the Gewandhaus! Perhaps they now revenged themselves by the discovery that northern influences were clearly traceable throughout—which would not have been a bit more absurd than the other.

* Lamperti, one of Mendelssohn's insufficient biographers, declares, with much *vaivê*, that he cannot agree in this criticism.

MUSIC FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

"POPULAR RECREATIONS FOR THE VIOLIN,"

A COLLECTION OF POPULAR OPERATIC MELODIES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

ARRANGED BY GEORGE CASE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

1. ROBERT, TOI QUE J'AIME	Robert le Diable	13. INTRODUCTION AND GALOP RIGOLETTO..	Rigoletto
2. QUAND JE REQUITAIS	ditto	14. MISERERE—AH! CHE LA MORTE	Traviata
3. NODDI EIGNI	ditto	15. IL BALEIN DEL RO	ditto
4. NO CARO EGUAL	Huguenots	16. SI LA STANGHEZZA	ditto
5. VA FENSHIRO	Nabucco	17. MERCI, JEUNES AMIES	Les Vignes Siciliennes
6. BRANSI INVOLAMI	Ernani	18. AMI LE COEUR D'ILENE	ditto
7. TUTTO E SPREZZO	ditto	19. JOUE D'IRENE	ditto
8. LA MIA LETIZIA	Lombardi	20. LIBIAMO, BRINDISI	Traviata
9. LA DONNA E MOBILE	Rigoletto	21. FARIHO O CARA	ditto
10. E IL SOL DEL ANIMA	ditto	22. MI D'IOVENZA	ditto
11. QUANTA O QUELLA	ditto	23. AH! PORRE E LUI	ditto
12. BELLA FIGLIA	ditto	24. SEMPRE LIBERA	ditto

"BOOSEY'S REPERTOIRE,"

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM MODERN OPERAS, ETC.

ARRANGED BY FRANZ BOZEN AND OTHERS.

LA SONNAMBULA:—		EHNANI:—	
1. Come o ser—Cure Campagne	a. d. 3 0	19. Ernani, Iwlam	a. d. 3 0
2. Vi navite—Tu non sai	3 0	11. Soligo erante—Justico—Viva Augusto, &c.	3 0
3. Tutto è sciolto—Ah! perche non	3 0	12. Come stupida al rispetto	3 0
4. Prendi f'asol i dono	3 0	L. GORDIOLANI:—	
5. Ah! f'asol c'io—Ah! lo giungo	3 0	15. Three selected 8-meas	3 0
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2. Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti	5. Ernani, Verdi	11. Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Rossini	17. Rigoletto, Verdi	23. L'Assiolo, Verdi
3. Norma, Bellini	7. Manon Lescaut, Auber	12. Don Juan, Mozart	18. Maria Stuart, Wagner	24. Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti
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2. Ditto L'Eclé [Laurent]	28. Ditto No. 3, "Good night, Beloved"	32. Maria Stuart, Polka - Henri Laurent	68. The Argyll Galop - Inourant	78. Richard Neuweme Valse, First Figure
3. Ditto Poale	29. Ditto No. 4, "The Village Blacksmith"	33. Villola's Vale, First Figure - Laurent	69. Ditto Poale	79. Ditto Second Figure [Laurent]
4. Ditto Trensio	30. Ditto No. 5, "The First Kiss"	34. Ditto Second Figure	70. The Garter Valse - L. Venanzo	80. The Garter Valse - L. Venanzo
5. Ditto Finsko	35. La Traviata Valse, First Figure	35. Ditto Second Figure	81. Ditto Poale	81. Ditto Poale
6. The Summer Flowers Valse - Tinney	36. La Traviata Valse, Second Figure [Montague]	36. Ditto Third Figure	82. Ditto Poale	82. Ditto Poale
7. Ditto Second Set	37. Ditto No. 1, Third Figure	37. The Queen's Scho Gigue - Dandilo	83. Ditto Poale	83. St. Patrick's Quadrille, Pantalone-L'Eclé
8. The Aurora Valse, First Figure [Laluyre]	38. Ditto Fourth Figure	38. The Queen's Scho Gigue - Dandilo	84. Ditto Poale	84. Ditto Poale
9. Ditto Second Figure [Laluyre]	39. Ditto Fifth Figure	39. The Amara Quadrille, Pantalone-L'Eclé	85. Ditto Poale	85. Ditto Poale
10. Ditto Fourth Figure	40. La Varoussia - Henri Laurent	40. Ditto Poale	86. Ditto Poale	86. Ditto Poale
11. Ditto	41. Rigolotto Quadrille, Pantalone-Tinney	41. Ditto Poale	87. Ditto Poale	87. Ditto Poale
12. The Brigiana Polka - Montague	42. Ditto L'Eclé	42. Ditto Poale	88. Ditto Poale	88. Dress on the Ocean Valse, First Figure - Gung'l
13. The Mick-O-Gill - Laurent	43. Ditto Poale	43. Ditto Poale	89. Ditto Poale	89. Ditto Second Figure
14. Linda di Chamouni Quadrille, Pantalone	44. Ditto Poale	44. Ditto Poale	90. Ditto Poale	90. Ditto Third Figure
15. Ditto L'Eclé [D'Albat]	45. Ditto Poale	45. Ditto Poale	91. Ditto Poale	91. Italle Polka - Gavroli
16. Ditto Poale	46. Ditto Poale	46. Ditto Poale	92. Ditto Poale	92. Italle Polka - Gavroli
17. Ditto Trensio	47. Ditto Poale	47. Ditto Poale	93. Ditto Poale	93. Italle Polka - Gavroli
18. Ditto Poale	48. Ditto Poale	48. Ditto Poale	94. Ditto Poale	94. Italle Polka - Gavroli
19. Fanciulla Valse, First Figure - Tinney	49. Ditto Poale	49. Ditto Poale	95. Ditto Poale	95. Italle Polka - Gavroli
20. Ditto Second Figure	50. Ditto Poale	50. Ditto Poale	96. Ditto Poale	96. Italle Polka - Gavroli
21. Despatch - Lost Valse, First Figure - Tinney	51. Ditto Poale	51. Ditto Poale	97. Ditto Poale	97. Italle Polka - Gavroli
22. Ditto Second Figure [Strasas]	52. Ditto Poale	52. Ditto Poale	98. Ditto Poale	98. Italle Polka - Gavroli
23. Ditto Third Figure	53. Ditto Poale	53. Ditto Poale	99. Ditto Poale	99. Italle Polka - Gavroli
24. Königberg Polka - C. M.	54. Ditto Poale	54. Ditto Poale	100. Ditto Poale	100. Italle Polka - Gavroli
25. Serenade Quadrille, No. 1, "Happiest Land" - Balfe	55. Ditto Poale	55. Ditto Poale		

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC AIRS FOR THE VIOLIN.

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Lilbano La Traviata Verdi	Ah! non criden Sonnambula, Bellini	Quali sei tu sfage Lucrezia Donizetti	Vedrai, carino Don Juan Mozart
Ah! non criden La Traviata Verdi	Il mio giungo Norma	Il segreto Norma	Puff! Puff! Huguenots Meyerbeer
Semplicemente La Traviata Verdi	Ah! bella mia ritornara Norma	M'odi, ah! m'odi Elisire d'Amore	Una dame noble Norma
Parigi, o car La Traviata Verdi	Non ti diti Norma	Belli eredi Elisire d'Amore	De la morte Proscrits
Non ti diti La Traviata Verdi	Mira, o Norma Norma	Essuti per la barbara Elisire d'Amore	Della morte Proscrits
Tace la notte Il Trovatore	Ri sono all'ore Norma	Io son rimo Elisire d'Amore	U tempo pih Norma
U tale amor Il Trovatore	Quanto amero Norma	Quanto amero Elisire d'Amore	Archie Norma
Peripiti tacer Il Trovatore	La luna, la luna, la stella, Puritani	Una futiva lagrima Elisire d'Amore	Marchio Trionfante Norma
Il balen Il Trovatore	Et la, o cara Puritani	Com b'gentili Don Pasquale	Horvian, che tute Norma
Et quella pira Il Trovatore	Sen vorjo Puritani	Formosa a die Don Pasquale	Turn on, old time Manfredi Wallace
Mascara, D'un alma Il Trovatore	Buoni la tomba Puritani	La morale lu tutto questo Don Pasquale	Yes! let me like a soldier Manfredi Wallace
Ah! che si urte Il Trovatore	Visti di questo broccio Puritani	Guaracha Mammillio Auber	Io happy moments Manfredi Wallace
Quanta o quilla Rigolotto	Sen vorjo Puritani	Aviva, la morte Mammillio Auber	Turn on, old time Manfredi Wallace
E' il vil dell' anima Rigolotto	Buoni la tomba Puritani	Da puvre-seud'ami fiddio Mammillio Auber	Reens that are brightest Manfredi Wallace
La donna e mobile Ernani	Verranno e s'ull'aire Puritani	Voyez du haut Mammillio Auber	(Joyful Chorus) Bohemian Girl, Balfe
Ernani! Invokando Ernani	Se non mi peto Puritani	Una voce s'addio Il Barbiere di Siviglia	Reens that are brightest Manfredi Wallace
Tutto b' spavazo Ernani	Spargi d' amore Puritani	Io sono docio Il Barbiere di Siviglia	I dream that I dweit Manfredi Wallace
Come per me Sonnambula, Bellini	Fra poco a mo Puritani	E'ati, zitti Il Barbiere di Siviglia	The heart bowed down Manfredi Wallace
Norra il sen Sonnambula, Bellini	Di non s'illucido Puritani	Finale Il Barbiere di Siviglia	When other lives Manfredi Wallace
Vi ravviso Sonnambula, Bellini	Senti, la danza Lucrezia	Glovinette, che fate Don Juan Mozart	Through the world Manfredi Wallace
Tu non sai Sonnambula, Bellini	Com b' bella Lucrezia	Et ci seram Don Juan Mozart	Happy and light of heart Manfredi Wallace
My heart's on the Rhine Sonnambula, Bellini	Il mio primio Lucrezia	Amice di del vino Don Juan Mozart	When the last of Poland Manfredi Wallace
Good night I beloved Sonnambula, Bellini	Di peccatore ignobile Lucrezia	Batti, batti Don Juan Mozart	Let not the heart Manfredi Wallace
There rain to let the Sonnambula, Bellini	Amas ton morire Lucrezia	Del vieni Don Juan Mozart	Oh! what I'd delight Manfredi Wallace

ONE HUNDRED BALLADS FOR THE VIOLIN.

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Come into the garden, Maid Balfe	Philip the Falconer Balfe	The Arrow and the Song Balfe	Sid's in our alley Carry
I remember the house Lover	Hooper and Pi-wers Balfe	Forewelly, my tris-bult wherry lilly Balfe	My loy, Tammy Verdi
Oh! love is home Masselt	The Rustic Girl Mori	The Green Bushes Scotch	For shine as the Moon Verdi
Old dog lay Craven	Tommy and the Song Mori	A Young Soldier's Love Scotch	My heart's on the Rhine Carry
Will you love mother no more Austen	I do not watch alone Fricker	Polly, w'at you try me? Oh! American	The Ant's Whisper Lover
My heart's on the Rhine Craven	The Land of the West Lover	My first love Huseli	Bravissimo, the peris of the ocean
Good night I beloved Balfe	There's a girl in the West Mori	Widow Macfarlane Huseli	When the last of Poland Masselt
There rain to let the Balfe	The Meeting of the Waters Mori	The Thron Shield	Bravissimo, dearest! tell me Hattam
Oh! in the rocky night Moore	The Moonlight Sea Mori	Bonnie Prince Charlie Scotch	Willie, we have missid you Foster
Sweet stars no more Lislely	Kept in the Trap Mori	Was she ever so Aids	Oh! Summer Night Don zetti
Who shall be the first Mori	Twas with a mello Mori	Forgive me if I forget Lover	The Standard Bearer Lippinworth
My heart's on the Rhine Craven	The First Kiss Balfe	The Boy of Boscay Tavy	When the last of the Lake Masselt
Good night I beloved Balfe	There's a girl in the West Mori	Amice di del vino Don Juan Mozart	Jack o' Hadden Scotch
There rain to let the Balfe	The winds are hushed to rest Campana	Wapping Old Stars Percy	Tris, Tris Kwezen
Oh! in the rocky night Moore	D'nying will thou gaw w'at me Carter	A Soldier's Love (Ginny) Balfe	Am I not fondly thine own Moore
Sweet stars no more Lislely	To happen to you Balfe	I dream that I dweit (do) Mori	When the bee sucks Dr Arno
Who shall be the first Mori	The Ivy Grew Mori	The heart to set down (do) Mori	I'll look for thee, Mary Masselt
My heart's on the Rhine Craven	The Boy of Boscay Tavy	When once she's in (do) Mori	My heart's on the Rhine Carry
Good night I beloved Balfe	What will you do, loy Lover	The fair land of Poland (do) Mori	Hearts of Oak Dr Arno
There rain to let the Balfe	Beautiful Star American	Yes! let me like a soldier (do) Wallace	Five years ago Carry
Oh! in the rocky night Moore	The Nun's Prayer Ob. In'tr	Io happy moments (Mantana) Mori	In the eye, the heart doth dwell (do) Wallace
Sweet stars no more Lislely		When the heart is saddest (do) Mori	The Hazel Dell Worsel
Who shall be the first Mori		When the heart is saddest (do) Mori	My heart's on the Rhine Carry
My heart's on the Rhine Craven		Too late! too late! Frizieu	Farwell, but whenever Moore

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the *London Journal*.)

This young lady, who, at the age of two-and-twenty, has gained a European reputation, and a distinguished place among the greatest pianists of the day, affords a remarkable illustration of the fact, that high genius is almost uniformly precocious. Genius, indeed, seems to be intellectual power, thrown by peculiarity of temperament, or, perhaps, external influences, into a particular channel; and, accordingly, it is not only in poetry and the fine arts that precocity of genius has been generally observed, but also in philosophy, and the most severe and abstract sciences. We have had precocious Pascals, Newtons, and Bernoullis, as well as precocious Popes, Handels, and Mozarts. It has been said, indeed, that, in music especially, great genius has been found unaccompanied with general mental power. But this we have never believed; and the citation of the case of Mozart as a proof of this assertion, is founded on a most injurious misconception of that illustrious musician's character. Absorbed in his art, he was little conversant with the business of the world; but it is impossible to read the sad and affecting history of his life, so finely told by his biographer, Holmes; or his charming letters so full of deep thought, acute remark, and pure and lofty feeling, without perceiving that his intellectual strength was not unworthy of his artistic genius. The youthful subject of this slight notice, though no one has ever been more deeply devoted to music, in (as all who know her are well aware) by no means a mere musician, but possesses a well-cultivated mind, and the talents and acquirements which bestow a grace upon society.

Miss Goddard was born in 1836, at St. Servan, in France, where her parents were then residing. When a mere infant her musical propensities excited attention, and she made such progress under the instructions of her mother, that when she was four years and a half old, she appeared at a charitable concert in the above town, and played a fantasia in a manner which created general astonishment. She afterwards received lessons from Kalkbrenner, at Paris; and, on the return from her family in London, was for some time the pupil of Mr. Anderson. Her last instructor was Thalberg,* from whom, doubtless, she acquired her exquisite beauty and delicacy of touch. But neither from him nor from any other instructor did she acquire those peculiar features of her artistic character on which her present pre-eminence is founded. It was by her native force of character, her active and inquiring mind, her indomitable energy and perseverance, that she was enabled to grasp the whole range of art, as developed in the works of the greatest masters of every age and every school.

It was in the year 1850 that Miss Goddard first appeared before the London public, at the National Concerts given at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was then only fourteen; but the remarkable brilliancy and finish of her execution were immediately noticed, and she became one of the chief attractions of those entertainments. As might be expected, her performances, on those days, consisted chiefly of the music of her principal instructor, Thalberg, and other composers of the same school; though even then she began to emancipate herself from its trammels, and by her playing some of the works of the great and almost forgotten old masters, to show the catholic spirit which she has since so strikingly displayed.

Soon after that period she made a continental journey of many months, chiefly, we believe, in Germany; in the course of which she visited the principal cities of that most musical land, eagerly profiting by all the opportunities of study and improvement which it afforded, while every one warmly welcomed the charming young Englishwoman, so eager and enthusiastic in the pursuit of her art. Her return since her return is well known to all who are acquainted with the state of music in London. From year to year her powers and her reputation have gone on increasing. Her presence at the principal concerts of the metro-

polis is deemed indispensable and essential to their success; and the same thing is becoming the case throughout the provinces. We are proud, in short, of our native artist; and the proverb that "a prophet has no honour in his own country" is reversed in the case of Arabella Goddard.

To be accomplished in any one branch of an art, it is necessary to be conversant with it in its whole extent. No mere performer was ever a great performer. To execute a sonata of Beethoven as it ought to be executed, the player must not only be animated with a spirit congenial with Beethoven's own, but must understand all those principles and rules of art employed by the composer in giving substance and form to his thoughts. This knowledge is possessed by Miss Goddard in an eminent degree; and hence she derives her wonderful faculty of identifying herself, as it were, with the musician whose conceptions she is interpreting. She utters the language of Bach, of Mozart, or of Beethoven, as Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven themselves would have uttered it. In the most severe and profound, as in the lightest and most ornate pieces, she is equally at home, but she is very far from feeling towards them equal attachment. She plays the popular music of the day as a sacrifice to fashion, but evidently as seldom as possible, her heart being with the great masters of an older time. To the study of Beethoven she has especially devoted herself; and the manner in which she has developed the profound and recondite beauties of those works of his latest days which have so long been a sealed book even to musicians, and made them as clear and bright as sunshine, even to the crowds of amateurs who flock to her performances, entitles her to the warmest gratitude of every real lover of the art.

In everything relating to the mechanism of pianoforte playing, Miss Goddard has come as near perfection as any performer has ever done. She has the rapidity of lightning; she can emulate the thunders of the full orchestra, or breathe the softest accents of the human voice. Indeed, by the exquisite pressure of her finger, she produces those sustained notes, "in linked sweetness drawn out," which seem actually beyond the capacity of an instrument of this class.

These are not merely our own individual opinions of Miss Goddard's powers as a pianiste; we only echo the unanimous voice of the musical world. And if we have put no shades into our picture—if we have pointed out no faults or defects, it is really because we have been unable to find them out.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A certain paragraph in the *Globe*, and a certain advertisement in the *Times*, have led to gloomy reports with regard to Her Majesty's Theatre. Those, however, who would like to see this venerable place of entertainment closed, and those who, while friendly to it, are still apprehensive for the future, must not lose sight of the fact, that Mdle. Tietjens, Sig. Giugini, Mdle. Piccolomini, and other popular artists connected with the establishment since its re-opening in 1856, are engaged to Mr. Lumley for a series of years, on such conditions that if he has no London theatre at disposal he can employ their services elsewhere, at his own discretion. At this moment Sig. Giugini is about to depart for Madrid, and Mdle. Piccolomini for the United States, their engagements not being on their own account, but on that of Mr. Lumley. Experience has proved that it is not so easy to dispense with this in many respects justly celebrated impresario, who has evidently some lien on Her Majesty's Theatre, of which neither Lord Ward nor any one else has the power of dispossessing him. Moreover, the present "alarm" is not the first by many. Her Majesty's Theatre has been at the point of death (according to rumour) some dozen times at least, and Mr. Lumley cashiered. Yet, when the musical season was about to commence, a little yellow prospectus again informed the world of fashion not merely that "old Double" was alive and free, but that he had been busily employed during the interval in entrapping new singing-birds for its delight.—*Literary Gazette*.

DRURY LANE.—The production of *Martha* is postponed for the present, in consequence, as is alleged, of the continued success of *The Rose of Castile*.

* There seems to be some error here. If you are well-informed, M. Thalberg had no more to do with Miss Goddard's classical education than Kalkbrenner or Mrs. Anderson.—ED. M. P.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Concluded from page 615.)

The Festival of 1826 commenced on the 3rd of October, and was the first occasion on which the meeting was honoured by being permitted to place at the head of the list of patrons the name of the reigning Sovereign, a distinction which has ever since been retained. The president for the year was Earl Howe, and the preacher the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. The principal vocalists were Miss Stephens, Madame Caradori, Miss Paton, Miss Bacon, the Misses Travis, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Knyvett, Phillips, and Signors Curioni and de Begnis. The choral body was greatly strengthened, and was aided by the Birmingham Choral Society, who have on all occasions, since their establishment, rendered most valuable assistance to this department of the Triennial Meetings. Amongst the instrumentalists were J. B. Cramer, De Beriot, Kiesewetter, R. Lindley, Nicholson, Moralt, Ashley, Distin, Puzzi, Harper, and most of the other leading metropolitan performers. Mr. Greatorex was again the conductor, and was assisted by our late townsman, Mr. Munden. The musical selection comprised portions of *Mehul's Joseph*, *Graun's Tod Jesu*, the *Triumph of Gideon* (selected from Winter), part of Haydn's *Sonatas* and of *Händel's Judas Maccabæus*, and the choicest *noœuxes* from the works by Mozart, Beethoven, Marcello, Leo, Winter, and other composers. The receipts were £10,104, of which £4,582 were appropriated to the benefit of the Hospital.

We are not able to record the production of any important novelties at the Festival of 1829, which commenced on the 10th of October, under the presidency of the Earl of Bradford. Most of the works given at the morning performances were the same as those produced at the preceding meeting, with the exception of the introduction on Friday morning of a selection from the service written by Cherubini for the coronation of Charles the Tenth, King of France. The evening concerts, at the theatre, were diversified by a selection of operatic music, aided by the casual scenery and costumes in which the famous Malibran acquitted herself to the astonishment and admiration of a Birmingham audience, who now witnessed her performance for the first time. This lady, of whose wonderful power many of our readers still retain fond remembrances, was ably supported by Miss Paton, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Fanny Ayton, and Madlle. Biaisi; whilst amongst the male vocalists the credit of the Festival was sustained by Messrs. Braham, Knyvett, Vaughan, Phillips, Bellamy, Signora Giubilei and de Begnis, and Signor Costa, who is better known by his English name of *Mr. Costa*. This was the last occasion on which St. Philip's Church was used for the morning performances. Before the next Festival was held the indomitable energy of Mr. Moore had secured the erection of our superb Town Hall, and in 1834 that edifice was inaugurated by a Festival, with a notice of which we shall commence our next and concluding article.

The third period of the history of the Musical Festivals commences with the celebration which took place in 1834. The Festival of that year was for many reasons more than usually interesting. The performances of sacred music were no longer given in St. Philip's Church, but in the Town Hall, an edifice which excited general admiration as the finest concert-room in the world. The organ, superior in capacity and richer in tone than any instrument then existing, was used for the first time. Further, a new oratorio, by a composer of whom great expectations were formed, was selected as a fitting complement to the noble organ and the magnificent Hall. The Festival began on the 7th of October, under the presidency of the Earl of Aylesford. The vocalists were, *trebles*, Madame Caradori, Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. Knyvett, and Miss Clara Novello; *tenors*, Mr. Braham, Signor Curioni, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Hornecastle; *counter-tenors*, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Terrall; *basses*, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Machin, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. Taylor. The morning performances were led by Mr. Cramer, the evening by Messrs. Weichsel, Mori, and Loder; the solo performers were Mr. Moschies, on the pianoforte; Mr. Mori, on the violin; Mr. Lindley, on the violoncello; the Chevalier Neukomm, on the organ; and

M. Stockhausen, on the harp. Mr. Knyvett acted as conductor assisted by Mr. Munden, who had performed the duties of chorus master. On the first morning the performance consisted of a miscellaneous selection, chiefly from Handel, Haydn, and *Cimarosa*; a portion of Neukomm's oratorio of *Moses Sinai*, and the closing part of Spohr's *Last Judgment*. On the second morning the Hall was filled by an overflowing audience eager to hear Neukomm's *David*, in respect of which public curiosity was powerfully excited. We are not here called upon to criticise the work; but we should manifest undue forbearance if we did not say that the *David* fell short of the anticipation. So far as we know it has not been repeated. On the third morning a larger audience than had ever been present at a musical performance in Birmingham crowded the Hall to hear the *Messiah*. Every foot of space had its occupant; even standing room could not be found for the enormous number of applicants for admission, and hundreds retired unsuccessful and disappointed. The power of the organ and the capabilities of the Hall as a music-room were severely tested; but the test was admirably borne, and the high qualities of both the instrument and the edifice were demonstrated beyond the possibility of cavil. The oratorio was superbly performed: great as its effect always is, on this occasion it excited the audience to enthusiasm actually painful in its intensity. A writer who was present describes the effect of the Hallelujah Chorus:—

"The audience rose as one man, silent, breathless, and expectant, awaiting the first grand burst of this imperishable monument of greatness. All that knowledge, power, and precision could do was done—the shout of hundreds, the blast of trumpets, the deep-toned diapason of the organ, the thunder of the drums, combined to fill the mind with such overwhelming and indescribable sensation, that most trembled, while many wept as children, so uncontrollable were their feelings. During the performance of the concluding choruses—'Worthy is the Lamb,' 'Blessing and honour,' and the 'Amen'—so totally absorbed and lost was the understanding in the awful majesty of the music, and so deep, so universal, was the feeling, that when the band had ceased a death-like silence prevailed, and it was not until some minutes had elapsed that the foot was moved, a word was spoken."

Of the Evening Concerts two were given in the Hall, and one—at which scenes from *Otello* and *Anna Bolena* were performed—at the Theatre. The closing ball took place in the Town Hall, and was attended by more than 1,700 persons. The receipts at the Festival were £13,527, and the profits £5,489, out of which had to be paid £1,200 for lengthening the Town Hall, and £354 towards expenses connected with the organ, which had been erected mainly by public subscription. The sum actually paid to the treasurer of the Hospital was £4,035.

The Festival of 1837, which commenced on the 19th of September, under the presidency of Lord Willoughby de Broke, was marked by the production of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, conducted by the composer himself, who also performed *extempore* on the organ at one of the Evening Concerts, a *Concerto* on the pianoforte, written expressly for the Festival. Two new oratorios, *The Ascension*, by Neukomm (conducted by the Chevalier himself), and the *Triumph of Faith*, by Haese, were likewise performed at this Festival; and on Wednesday evening the opera of *Semiramide*, in which Grisi appeared, was given at the Theatre. The great attraction, however, independently of the *Messiah*, was the *St. Paul*, to which more than customary interest attached on account of Mendelssohn's presence. If, however, the Festival was thus strong in point of the works to be performed, it was not less remarkable as regards the vocalists engaged, amongst whom were Grisi, Madame Albertazzi, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, and Signor Taulurini, none of whom had previously appeared in Birmingham; Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Clara Novello, Signors Curioni and Giubilei, Messrs. Bennett, Henry Phillips, Machin, Hawkins, Hobbs, Vaughan, and J. A. Novello. The instrumental performers did not vary much from those who had appeared at previous Festivals, with the exception that Mr. Turie and our lamented townsman Mr. George Hollins, were the organists. Mr. Knyvett was again the conductor, and the orchestra was augmented to nearly four hundred performers. The Festival produced £11,900, the profit on which was £2,776, the long list of costly engagements having seriously increased the expenses.

The interest excited in 1837 by the visit of Mendelssohn was simply maintained in 1840, when his noble *Lobgesang*, a Hymn of Praise, was produced. This admirable work was conducted by its composer, who also took a considerable part in the other performances at the Festival, including the performance on the organ of a composition by Sebastian Bach. The main portion of the programme was composed of the works of Handel, including the complete oratorios of *Israel in Egypt* and *the Messiah*, together with selections from *Jadva* and *Jephthah*. The Evening Concerts were varied by the performance at the Theatre of Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* and Ginepro's *La Prova*, each of these works being compressed into one act to bring them within the limits of a single evening. Another concert was enriched by the performance of Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The warmth with which Mendelssohn was received on his appearance at the Town Hall was very remarkable, and the keen appreciation of his works thus manifested may not unjustly be considered to have done something towards procuring for Birmingham the high distinction of having been the place where his immortal work, the *Eljah*, was first given to the world. The list of engagements in 1840 afforded strong evidence, had such been needed, that the committee were animated by a determination not to suffer the least abatement of the reputation the Festivals had acquired. Amongst the names of vocalists who had not previously appeared in Birmingham we find those of Madame Dorus Gras, Madame Caradori Allen, Miss Birch, Miss Maria Hawes, and Lablache. The engagements also included Mrs. Knyvett, Braham, Phillips, Vaughan, F. Lablache, Young, Machin, Pearsall, and Signor Musatti. The Festival commenced on September 23, under the presidency of Lord Leigh, the father of the present Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The total receipts were £11,613, and the profits £4,503.

The next triennial meeting, which commenced on the 19th of September, 1843, was not marked by the production of any important novelty. The *Messiah* was the only oratorio given in its entirety; but the programme included a selection from Handel's *Deborah*, part of Crotch's *Palestine*, and Rossini's *Sabat Mater*. Two of the evenings were devoted to the performance of operas at the theatre; the third evening was allotted to a miscellaneous concert at the Town Hall. The Festival closed as usual with a ball. The principal singers were Miss Clara Novello, Miss Bainforth, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Hawes, Signor Mario, and Signor Fornasari. Mr. F. Cramer led the morning and Mr. Loder the evening concert. Dr. Wesley presided at the organ, assisted by Mr. Stimpson. Mr. J. H. Tully directed the operatic performance, and Mr. Knyvett for the last time filled the post of conductor. The receipts at this Festival were lower than they had been for many years, the total amount being only £8,822, of which, however, the hospital received £2,916. The president of the Festival was the Earl of Craven.

The Festival of 1846 commenced on the 25th of August, with Haydn's *Creation*, followed by a selection from Rossini's *Sabat Mater*, in which Mario, Grial, Miss Bassano, and the famous German basso, Standigl, appeared. On the following morning was performed the *Eljah*, the production of which has conferred enduring fame upon the Festival of this year. His great work was conducted by Mendelssohn in person, and though we are tempted to linger over the recollection of the performance, we are precluded from yielding to the temptation, by the circumstance that the event is still fresh in the memory of our readers. The vocalists to whom the music of *Eljah* was allotted were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Miss Hawes, the Misses Williams, Herr Standigl, Messrs. Hobbs, Loecky, Phillips, and Machin. A melancholy personal interest clings to the production of *Eljah*. This composer had been supported until he had achieved an imperishable work; but this done, he departed from amongst men. The year after his visit to Birmingham Mendelssohn died, worn out by the fatigue attendant on the composition and production of his masterpieces. The *Messiah* was given on the Thursday, and on Friday the morning performances closed with a selection chiefly from the works of Beethoven. There were not any operas performed at this Festival, their places being more agreeably supplied by miscellaneous concerts, in which the singers already mentioned, and in addition to Mr. Braham, took

part. One of the evening concerts included a piano-forte duet between Mendelssohn and Moscheles, who rewarded the attendance of amateurs from all parts of the kingdom by a brilliant performance, which those who were so fortunate as to hear still vividly remember. Dr. Gauntlett and Mr. Stimpson officiated as organists, and Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. Willy as leaders of the band for the morning and evening respectively. The president of the Festival was Lord Wrottesley. The receipts were £11,638, and the profits £3,508.

In 1849 the *Eljah* was repeated on the opening day of the Festival, Tuesday, September 4; and on the following day Mendelssohn's *Alhalie* was performed, followed by a selection of sacred music. In conformity with ancient custom, Thursday was allotted to the *Messiah*, and on Friday morning *Israel in Egypt* was given. The principal compositions performed at the Evening Concerts were Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, his MS. overture to *Italy Biaz*, and his Symphony in A minor; in addition to which there were also given Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and other important selections from his works, and those of Weber and Rossini. Several vocalists of high eminence appeared for the first time at this Festival. These were Madame Sontag (then driven by her husband's misfortunes to return to the stage), Madame Castellan, Madlle. Jerry de Treffz, Miss Catherine Haynes, Madlle. Alboni, and Madlle. de Meric, amongst females; and Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Calzolari, and Herr Pischek amongst males. The other principal vocalists were the Misses Williams, Miss Stevens, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Mario, Mr. Machin, and Signor Lablache. The instrumental performers were reinforced by Thalberg and Sainato; Dr. Wesley, and Messrs. Stimpson, Simms, and Chipp, officiated as organists, and the conductorship was for the first time entrusted to Mr. Costa, who has since retained it, and whose pre-eminent ability requires no eulogy from us. We may, however, for the sake of the Festivals and for the interests of music, express a hope that many years will elapse before he retires from a position which he alone could worthily occupy. The president for 1849 was Viscount Guernsey, M.P. The gross receipts of the Festival amounted to £10,331, and the profits to £2,445. At this Festival a proof was afforded of the affection with which the memory of Mendelssohn is cherished by the people of Birmingham. A subscription was raised for a colossal bust of the lamented composer, and ample funds having been obtained, the commission was entrusted to our townsman, Mr. Peter Hollins, who, although the task was beset with difficulties, succeeded in producing a highly characteristic work. On the morning of the performance of *Eljah* this bust was placed in front of the orchestra, and remained there throughout the Festival. It is the property of the committee, and is to be seen on the principal staircase of the Town Hall.

The Festival of 1852 commenced on the 7th of September, under the presidency of Lord Leigh. The principal vocalists were Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Madame Anna Zerr, Madlle. Bertrand, Miss M. Williams, Madame Clara Novello; Signor Tamberlik, Messrs. Loecky, T. Williams, Sims Reeves, and Weiss, and Signora Polonina and Belletti. The solo performers were—violin, Sainato; violoncello, Piatti; double-bass, Bottesini; pianoforte, Kuhn; organ, Mr. Stimpson. Mr. Costa, whose conducting had commanded universal applause at the previous Festival, was again appointed to discharge that all-important duty. For nearly the first time for fifty years we miss from the list of the leading instrumental performers the name of the venerable Robert Lindley, who was, however, worthily succeeded by his pupil, Mr. Lucas. Another famous name, that of Dragonetti, the celebrated double-bass, also disappears from the list, and is replaced by that of Mr. Howell, whose ability has averted the loss the orchestra might have sustained by the death of his eminent predecessor. The Festival opened with *Eljah*; and on Wednesday the programme included Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Christus*, and an Anthem by Dr. Wesley; on Thursday, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the *Messiah* was performed; and on Friday Handel's *Sampson*. At one of the evening concerts *Lorely*, part of an unfinished Opera by Mendelssohn was produced. The Festival receipts were £11,925, of which £4,704 were paid to the Hospital in the shape of profits.

The last Festival, held on the last days of August, 1855, under the presidency of Lord Willoughby de Broke, excited unusual attention in the musical world from the announcement that *Eli*, an oratorio composed by the accomplished conductor of the Festivals, Mr. Costa, would be produced. As usual *Eli* was given on the first day, and was followed by *Eli*, which attracted an overflowing audience, amongst whom were most of the persons eminent for musical reputation, either as critics or performers. Those who were present, and recollect the oration that greeted Costa as the sounds of the final chorus of his work died away, will not readily forget the scene, which was, indeed, not second even to the applause on the production of Mendelssohn himself as conductor. Since 1855 *Eli* has frequently been repeated before the Court, and at most of the great London and provincial meetings. It will be again performed in Birmingham at the present Festival, and we are glad to learn that the applications for reserved seats anger well for the number and character of the audience on this interesting occasion. That—apart from a consideration of its high merits—much interest should be felt in *Eli* is very natural, from the circumstance that it was written for the Birmingham Festivals, and also on account of the singular disinterestedness which marked Mr. Costa's conduct on its production. Besides *Eli*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*—a novelty in Birmingham—was performed, and on the same morning were given Mozart's *Requiem*, and a selection from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. True to their principle of encouraging English talent, the committee produced at one of their evening concerts, Macfarren's cantata *Leonora*, and at another Glover's descriptive cantata *Tam o Shanter*. The principal vocalists at this Festival were Madame Griet, Madlle. Bosio, Madame Rundersdorf, Madame Castellani, Miss Dolby, Madame Viardot Garcia; Signors Mario, Garloni, Labiache (of whom death has since robbed us), Herr Formes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Reichardt. The gross receipts were £1374s, and the profits £4001, out of which had to be paid about £1000 for decorating the Town Hall, and ornamenting and repairing the organ.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.

AN OPERA BY BERLIOZ.

(From the *Courrier des Bas-Rhin*.)

STRASBURG, 16th September.

ONE of those pieces of good fortune which seem denied to the provinces fell to the lot of the persons who assembled the day before yesterday in the saloons of M. Georges Kastner. Our learned fellow-citizen had been kind enough to invite them to hear M. Berlioz—who is stopping with him for a few days—read the book of an opera in five acts, composed for the Académie Impériale de Musique, and of which he has written both the words and the music. It may easily be conceived what an interest was felt to hear a work not yet produced read by the author himself, a musician and a poet at the same time, especially when that author is already so celebrated.

The subject of M. Berlioz's opera is taken from classic antiquity, but treated in the modern fashion, not without being adapted, as far as the scenic department is concerned, to that exceptional style to which the composer of *Romeo et Juliette* has devoted himself. This is tantamount to saying that, under the circumstances, M. Berlioz could not have found a better *librettist* than himself, and that everything will gain from the fact that the words and the music of the work, executed in a form and on a plan scarcely ever selected up to the present day, have proceeded from the same brain.

The book contains a great number of dramatic situations, many of which must produce a striking effect, to judge by that produced at the reading. As to the musical situations and the melodic motives, the poet has prepared them for the composer with quite a paternal weakness which we fondly hope the audience of the Opera will sanction. They rank moreover from the very nature of the subject, taken, as we have said, from pagan antiquity, by which lyrical art was so highly honoured.

M. Berlioz has given his opera proportions which are strangely grandiose, and has taken care to surround it with all

the accessories indispensable at the present day for the success of a dramatic work. Thus the book suggests a brilliant *mise-en-scène*, which will call up our Homeric and Virgilian reminiscences; change of scene, mythological scenes, and a graceful and picturesque ballet, or, in other words, so many elements which will soften down the tragic nature of the action, and heighten the splendour of the spectacle. We must add that the symphonetic proportions of the score, to judge by the outline of the *score*, gave promise of being gigantic.

The rehearsal of the—I was about to betray the title!—will commence, it is said, under the special patronage of His Majesty the Emperor, and Paris will soon appreciate the opera of M. Berlioz, which is destined, on so many accounts, to produce a deep sensation, and of which, thanks to the courtesy of M. Kastner, we have had a literary foretaste at Strasburg.

RICHARD WAGNER'S "RIENZI."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Niederheinische Musik Zeitung*, writing from Dresden on the revival of the above opera, says—

"The opera of *Rienzi* differs very much from Wagner's later efforts, to which, indeed, it forms a strong contrast. In *Rienzi* he entered on the path of grand French opera, and, with bold youthful fire, freed himself in it, to a certain extent, from the purely material elements then predominant in his nature. Empty phrases, fall of tone, bombastic pathos, and coarse massive effects, without delicacy of colouring, are there in full force. Deep, heartfelt expression, true character, real feeling, and that poetically conceiving, highly coloured style, which produces so great an effect in his later opera, rarely occur. It is true that the composer of 'the later opera' is sufficiently evident in many peculiarities and affected mannerisms, a special notice of which would here lead us too far, in many detached motives, in speculative technicality, and in the attachment to the rhetorically-musical element; but the forms are not yet free from the ordinary type, the style is altogether a mixed one, swaying from pathos to triviality, and Meyerbeer's influence is frequently visible, while in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Weber is the composer's romantic model. The sensual tone-painting, which, in *Tannhäuser*, works upon the imagination with poetic colouring, degenerates, in *Rienzi*, into coarse noise. But, however far the composer still was, in *Rienzi*, from his deeper intellectual development and enlightened conception, his great talent for dramatically-musical description and stage-effect, and his bold and daring mastery of technical difficulties, are indisputably manifest. The masses move with rhythmical certainty, while the recitative and *ariosos*, in a constant struggle with all the wind instruments, possess vigour and dramatic consistence. In the midst of the coarse tumult, which causes us to fear we shall soon have to stumble over rural-like ruins in art, a freely daring and fiery power are pleasantly perceptible, and every act contains certain pieces, not merely short fragments, but long, independent pieces, comprising sufficient of what is valuable, uncommon, and inspiring, to cause us to say—were only this first opera of Wagner lying before us—"The composer would be successful at some future period, if he really dedicated his talent to art."—*Rienzi* has been produced at our theatre with great splendour, and with new and admirable scenery, the view of the Forum Romanum being particularly effective. After four hours' enjoyment of this real musical induction, the inevitable result is a feeling of astonishment at the powers of endurance possessed by the singers and orchestra, especially by the wind-instrumentalists. The opera had been rehearsed with the greatest care under the direction of the *Capellmeister*, Herr Krebs, and the entire representation was a successful one; every person engaged exerted himself to the utmost. The performance of Herr Tietzschke, as *Rienzi*, was admirable for its dash, grand heroic style of expression, and the unimpaired freshness, powers of endurance, and still unbroken smoothness of the singer's voice. The lightly fatiguing and dramatically important part of Adriano was sung by Madame Krebs-Michaleski, with excellent effect. Next to these two artists come Herrn. Mitterwurzer and Couradi, as the chiefs of the Orsini and Colonna. The applause from an overflowing house was very great; Madame Krebs-Michaleski was called on several times, and Herr Tietzschke after each act."

MANCHESTER.—There was a large attendance last week at the first of the Monday evening concerts. The vocalists were Miss Sara Dobson, Madame Amadi, and Mr. Mann, and part of the Manchester Vocal Union. Mr. W. T. Best presided at the organ. Mr. Banks was the conductor.

DANGERS OF THEATRES AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

The greatest danger which the audience of a theatre apprehend is from the firing of the building in which they are. Once give them ocular demonstration that due provision has been made against accidents of this nature, and the causes of panic will be most materially diminished. The dread of fire is less reprehensible and more excusable than may at first sight appear. On the occasion of the fire at Covent Garden Theatre, people were told that had the masons been numerous, hundreds must have been roasted alive before they could possibly have got out of the building, and calculating men have ascertained to a nicety how many could pass out of such or such a structure before it was entirely consumed, and, consequently, how many of the audience would be burned. None of these investigations are calculated to allay fear in the popular mind, or to prevent panics, and we repeat that panic is the cause of fatal accidents in nine cases out of ten.

Among the few good examples set us as by our neighbours in theatrical matters is the ostensible provision they make against fire. In every Paris playhouse or similar place of amusement, *fremes-pompier*—in their shining brass helmets may be seen. The audience know that at the first alarm of fire they would all be drenched to the skin, and as that would spoil their *toilettes*, they carefully refrain from raising an alarm. Unfortunately in English crowds there is generally some "fast" young fellow who imagines it to be fine fun to frighten his companions. But if the certainty of a sound wetting were present to his mind, he would refrain from indulging in so dangerous a "lark," and the audience themselves would take prompt justice of the offender. In every theatre or music-hall the local authorities should insist on mains being established, which should always be charged, and at high pressure. Nor would it be desirable that the mains should be hidden out of sight. They should, on the contrary, be made as evident as possible. It would not interfere with the ornamental appearance or convenience of the house if mains ran round the fronts of the different tiers of boxes and galleries. Indeed, in that position, they would afford the means of cooling and purifying the atmosphere, and so improve the ventilation—to the great comfort of the audience. Around the box tier of the Porte St. Martin a water pipe is carried, which discharges at intervals small fine streams of water into the midst of groups of flowers, and which afterwards flows away to the drains. It may be that the water has an affinity for the noxious products of combustion of the gas, and for the scarcely less noxious aspirations of the crowd. The atmosphere certainly appears cooler and less disagreeable in other theatres in which this experiment is not resorted to. But should the effect of the water be actually very slight upon the atmosphere, it is very great upon the facilities of the audience. There is a sense of freshness, and perhaps of security, which the reader can readily understand, and we are sure would as readily appreciate. There is no reason why a similar arrangement should not be adopted in all our English places of amusement. The water-rate would be comparatively trifling, and well worth the improvement it would effect in the ventilation of the interior and the comfort of the audience, and the sense of security it would inculcate. People who saw streams of water issuing from all parts of the interior of a theatre or music-hall would be slow to believe in the presence of fire, from the very antagonistic nature of the two elements. It would be no less desirable to adopt some modification of the *pompier* system. A couple of policemen in the galleries and one in the pit, in charge of distributors supplied from the mains, would afford palpable evidence of due provision against fire; and, should a "fast" youth evince a desire for "lark," by screaming fire to create a confusion, a well-directed volley from the barrel would wash the "fun" out of him. Those who sat by the side might be inclined to take summary vengeance for their wetting, and—provided no bones were broken—no one would regret the cuffs the simpleton would receive; for it is monstrous that people who go to be amused should be alarmed and killed because some fool chooses to cry fire.

If we pass to the consideration of the architectural causes of the accident, it will be seen that it was due chiefly to two—the inadequate provision of means of egress, and that reprehensible system, which is growing more and more common every day, of applying a structure to its uses before finished or the work fully set.

Taking the last-named evil first, it will be remembered how great a boast was made that at the opening of new Covent Garden Theatre the workmen left as the audience came in. It is quite true that the main substantial portion of the structure had been erected and tested previously; but it would have been infinitely preferable if everything had been carefully completed, and as carefully examined beforehand. It is now the fashion to do things in a hurry,—a very pernicious fashion, and destructive of all art and sound scientific construction. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and architecture hurried or

scamped is never worth the money it costs. There are limits to rapid building which cannot be transgressed without danger. We may build fast enough with glass and iron, but not with brick and stone. There must be sufficient time for the materials to set and acquire cohesive force, which in many cases is now hardly allowed. We believe that the fall of the Hampstead tunnel will be found mainly due to this passion for hurry, which led to the supports being removed before the brick arches had acquired sufficient solidity and cohesion to resist the superincumbent pressure of the earth. We are not the less lovers of diligence because we dislike hurry, nor shall we be deemed "slow coaches" because we disapprove of scamped architecture, believing that if it be persisted in it will result in some terrible accident which is yet to be revealed.

At Sheffield there can now be little doubt that the accident was caused by the explosion of gas. Had there been less hurry, all the gas mains would have been tested before the public were admitted, and not, as it is now proposed to do, after the accident. The evidence of one of the witnesses, which carries with it the impress of truth, proves that the board over a gaspipe was blown off by an explosion of gas following a lighting a lucifer match, and that previously he saw a workman twice put white lead on the top of the chandelier. The gas-fitter gives a somewhat different version, and maintains that the board was sprung, but not by the explosion of gas. His explanation is, that before the panic "he went with a man to the spot and unfastened the boarding to ascertain if there was a leak there. So soon as the investigation was finished the man refastened the boarding, but hurriedly, as the people were taking their seats; and the boarding not being sufficiently secured, sprang out of its place, as it would naturally do, being bent into a circular shape to fit the bend of the gallery." This evidence is unsatisfactory in more particulars than one; for unless an explosion had already taken place, how came the fitter to proceed to that precise locality to look for leakage? Great stress is laid upon an allegation to establish the non-explosion of gas—that the valve on the top of the front of the gallery was not burnt, and that none of the ornamental work, though slight, was injured; but as it was positive that the volume of gas which exploded was small, and that it occurred in space, it is not at all surprising that the retret was not singed. You may explode gun-cotton on the palm of the hand without inconsequence; but stretch the fingers and the hand will be shattered. Which-ever version of the evidence be accepted, the public can arrive but at one conclusion—that if there had been less hurry there would have been less chance of accident. The statement even about the board springing out of itself, and not admitting of being easily refastened, is conclusive evidence upon this point.

There is, however, another point showing the influence of hurry upon the accident. The audience knew the building was not finished. They saw the temporary entrance, the work going on in front, and it would not be unnatural that their minds should be filled with a sense of insecurity and predisposed to panic. Few would enjoy a meal with a sword of Damocles suspended overhead, and a dense crowd may be well imagined for feeling alarmed in an unfinished structure. This brings us to the question of trustworthy supervision and inspection of public buildings. If the law is insufficient to secure sound construction in edifices of this class it must be amended, in order that they may not be opened to the public until examined and certified by a competent surveyor. No railway can be opened until examined adequately and tested by a government inspector. Every passenger ship must be surveyed before she can clear out; and yet in each case the number of lives that would be jeopardised by faulty construction is less than would be risked by an insecure theatre or assembly-room. In the Surrey Music Hall at Sheffield there were upwards of three thousand persons, whereas no railway train or emigrant ship carries anything like the number. We fully understand and concur in the jealousy experienced by people of government interference and control. We ask nothing from the State but that it will give the people the power to provide for their proper security. The magistrates and town authorities have now the licensing of all public places of amusement in the interest of public morals. Let an equal tenderness for people's lives be shown, and none will be found to object. Churches, chapels, theatres, music-halls, and lecture-rooms are not buildings of such constant occurrence as to call for the service of a large staff of surveyors. Where town surveyors already exist these duties could be added without being laborious; and in other cases the salary of a competent architect would not make a large deduction from the county cess.

The present uncontrolled and dangerous state of things should not be suffered to exist. It throws too great a burden upon the profession.

—*Building News.*

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—One Hundredth night of *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*.—On Monday, October 4th, and during the week, Her Majesty's servants will perform *Miss W.'s opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*. Principal characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Frensch; Mr. F. G. Gayer, Mr. A. M. Allyn, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Bartolomeo, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with a grand Ballet Divertissement by Millie, Zilia, Mitchell, Pasquini, and Maricotta with a numerous corps de ballet. The band of fifty performers, and the chorus of forty voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. On Wednesday evening, a new grand Ballet Divertissement, entitled *LA FLUR DE AMOER*, invented and arranged by M. F. Gayer. The new music composed by Mr. Alfred Mellon. Acting-managers, Mr. William Hough and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. E. Minton. Doors open at seven, commences at half-past. Seats 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First ditto, 4s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper ditto, 6d.; Private Boxes, 2s. 5s., 4s. 1s., 3s. 2s., 2s. 1s., 1s. 6d., 1s. 1s., and (for ten persons) 10s. 6d. Box-office open daily from eleven to five, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented, Shakspeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*: Bylock by Mr. C. Kean; Fortia by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of *DYING FOR LOVE*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 2, will be presented A *DOUBTFUL VICTORY*, WITH *HUSH MONEY*. After which A *TWICE-TOLD TALE*. To conclude with *TICKLES THE TIMES*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Another great engagement. Re-appearance of the celebrated actress Madame Celeste, with Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Horriet Gordon, who will appear every evening in the popular drama of *THE GREEN BUSHES*, by the kind permission of B. Webster, Esq. First appearance also of the Great Wonders of the Age, the American House Children. No advance in the price. On Monday, Oct. 4, and all the week, to begin with *THE GREEN BUSHES*. Misses (one original character), Madame Celeste; Jack Geng (his original character), Mr. Paul Bedford; Nell, Miss Horriet Gordon. To be followed by selections from the comedy of *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*. Mr. Peter and Lady Tealce, by the House Children. Irish Jig Dancing by Gordon and Isabella Booth. To conclude with the laughable farce of *THE VILLAGES IN AN UPROAR*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRESCORA.—Malibron, as well as *Pasta*, plays the part of *Ottello* as well as *Desdemona* in Rossini's opera, at the *Italiani in Paris*. She only sustained the character of the Moor once, however.

A. C.—In the *Clemenza di Tito*, not in *Il Flauto Magico*. The mistake, though foolish, is not of much consequence. The editor, not the publisher, is in fault.

L. L. L.—*Madame Vestris*, we believe, was the original *Araucan* in Rossini's *Semiramide*, in London.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2ND, 1858.

HENRY IV. of Castile, son to Juan II., and brother to the famous Isabella, succeeded his father in July, 1454. His temper was agreeable, and he expended his money so very freely, that good-natured calculators named him the "liberal"—this expression not having the slightest reference to his political opinions. He kept in pay a body guard 3,600 strong, officered by nobles, and costumed accordingly. Thus did his popularity increase, while the maravedis oozed out of his strong box, but, not content to let well alone, he sought to become more popular still by proclaiming a crusade against the Moors. This plan did not lead to a fortunate result, for when Henry hurried war into Granada it was to no purpose, and though he tried to excuse his own inefficiency by the affecting remark that he prized the life of one of his soldiers more than those of a thousand Mussulmans, the said soldiers laughed at the clap-trap instead of honouring it with bursts of applause. About a year after his accession he married Joanna, sister to Alfonso V. of Portugal, having put away his first wife, Blanche of Aragon, on frivolous pretences. The manners of the young

queen were of a kind to encourage the propagation of scandalous rumours. Beltrán de Cueva, a cavalier of remarkably handsome appearance, was supposed to be the object of her affections, and when, in 1462, she gave birth to a daughter, the young prince, though christened Joanna, was generally nick-named Beltraneja, in the supposition that Beltrán de Cueva was her real parent. An adulteration of the coin, and a state of anarchy that allowed every owner of a castle to become a bandit, afflicted the country, while the royal palace was the scene of the most shameless licentiousness.

All this was extremely disgusting to the ancient nobles, more especially to the Marquis of Villena and the Archbishop of Toledo, who, falling into disgrace, soon endeavoured to screw up the rest to their own level of dissatisfaction. The result was, that a body of aristocratic confederates met at Burgos, and there took a solemn oath that they would not re-enter the service of Henry till he had redressed their wrongs. The timid king, instead of attempting to crush the conspiracy by a vigorous blow, preferred the method of negotiation, appointed a committee of arbitrators, and then, being dissatisfied with their decision, repudiated the acts of his own nominees. Of course, the malcontent nobles were more disgusted than ever, and they adopted a very practical mode of manifesting their sentiments. In the vicinity of the city of Avila, they set up a scaffold, and upon a chair of state placed thereon, they seated an effigy of King Henry, adorned with all the insignia of royalty. A manifesto, showing the misconduct of the king, having been read to the multitude, the Archbishop of Toledo tore the crown from the head of the dummy; the Marquis of Villena deprived it of its sceptre, and the Count of Placencia took away the sword, and the rest of the insignia was detached by the Grand Master of Alcantara and the Counts of Benavente and Paredes. After this dismantling, the poor dummy was rolled in the dust, and Alfonso, Henry's younger brother, a boy of eleven, was placed in the vacant seat and received the homage of the multitude. This extraordinary scene occurred in the year 1465.

We have been thus explicit with regard to a remarkable episode in the history of Castile, that we may prevent the more heedless of our readers from being charmed into the belief that Henry IV. had a wise Jewish minister, whose fall was closely connected with his own deposition. For there is a fascinator, named J. Wooler, who, aided by a very excellent actor, named W. Creswick, is now endeavouring with all the force of fervid eloquence and majestic blank verse, to make the crowds who throng the Surrey Theatre seriously think that such was the case. Therefore, we most solemnly affirm, in opposition to all the teachings of the tragic play, called the *Branded Race*, that Henry IV. never had a wise Jewish minister, nor, indeed, a Jewish minister at all—a fact deeply to be deplored, but a fact notwithstanding. Baron Rothschild sits in the House of Commons, and we rejoice to see him there, but a sort of vague uneasiness comes over us when we see a Jew in the cabinet of Henry IV. of Castile. Nor is our uneasiness at all diminished by the circumstance that the Jew keeps his creed a secret till the end of the play. That which doth not exist cannot put on a disguise; nothing weareth no breeches.

So, gentle reader, go and see the *Branded Race*—for it is really worth seeing, but don't be persuaded that Henry IV. had a Jewish minister. And, reader, if you want to know what became of Henry IV. after the strange scene in 1465, just look out for yourself.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The concert given on Tuesday, in which Madlle. Piccolomini made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and took her leave of the English public previous to her departure for America, proved eminently successful. Although the terms of admission were raised, the ordinary charges at this period of the year being changed to half-a-crown and five shillings on the day, according to certain contingencies, nearly 10,000 people assembled, a larger number, unless our memory deceives us, than was brought together at any of the Royal Italian Opera Concerts during the regular season. So great a crowd furnishes undeniable proof that Mademoiselle Piccolomini has lost none of her prestige, and that she is as great a favourite as ever. Indeed, her most ardent admirers could hardly have anticipated for their "little pet" so warm a reception as was accorded to her on Tuesday, the welcome on her entrance and the farewell at the end being in persistence and intensity with the most frenetic demonstrations at Her Majesty's Theatre. The occasion was one, it must be owned, which never fails to elicit peculiar sympathies from the public. An artist, who, for three years had, almost without interruption, been endeavouring and with good success to please them, who had earned for herself a high and honourable name, and who was never known in a single instance to disappoint them, was about to depart for a distant country and to be absent for at least six months. Under the circumstances it was no wonder that so large a concourse assembled, and that the highest honours were paid to the lady. That London was not entirely devoid of fashionables was shown by the brilliant appearance of the company, while the fact that every reserved seat was secured further testified to the presence of the "upper ten."

In combining the services of Signor Giuglini with those of Madlle. Piccolomini the directors were fully warranted by his great reputation. Moreover the names of Piccolomini and Giuglini have become, as it were, inseparable, like those of Gris and Mario, and when one appears the absence of the other is never contemplated. Although, of course, Madlle. Piccolomini constituted the prominent attraction of the concert, the announcement of the appearance of so renowned a singer as Mr. Lumley's "golden voiced" tenor could not have been without its influence. With Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini were joined three *stallone mimes* of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the persons of Signors Aldighieri, Rossi, and Castelli. We annex the programme, which, it will be seen, comprises some of the most effective displays of the two principal singers, and is on the whole a very attractive selection of the miscellaneous kind:—

PART I.

Overture, "Siege of Rochelle"	Balfé.
Duet, "Se fato in corpo avete" (Il Matrimonio Segreto), Signori Aldighieri and Rossi	Cimarosa.
Aria, "Ah fors' è lui" (La Traviata), Madlle. Piccolomini	Verdi.
Romanza, "Spirito genti" (La Favorita), Sig. Giuglini	Donizetti.
Duet, "Parigi o cara" (La Traviata), Madlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini	Verdi.
Finale, "Chi mi freni" (Lucia di Lammermoor), Madlle. Piccolomini, Signori Giuglini, Aldighieri, Rossi, and Castelli	Donizetti.

PART II.

Duet, "Il suon dell' arpe angloise" (I Martiri), Madlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini	Donizetti.
Romanza, "Tu m' ami" (Le Zingari), Sig. Giuglini	Balfé.
Aria, "Vedrai carino" (Don Giovanni), Madlle. Piccolomini	Mozart.
Terzetto, "Pappacati" (L'Italiana in Algeri), Signori Giuglini, Rossi, and Aldighieri	Rossini.
Romanza, "Convien partir" (La Figlia del Reggimento), Madlle. Piccolomini	Donizetti.
Bridetti, "Libiamo" (La Traviata), Madlle. Piccolomini, Signori Giuglini, Aldighieri, Rossi, and Castelli	Verdi.

Conductors—Signor Arzini and Mr. Mann.

The renders of the *Musical World* need not be told how the above concert was sung. When we have affirmed that Sig. Giuglini was in most exquisite voice, and that Madlle. Piccolomini, besides singing her very best, endeavoured more than

ever to inspire the audience with her energy, pathos, and dramatic feeling, we have said all that is required. The audience was enchanted beyond measure, and encored nearly every piece. The greatest effects were produced by Madlle. Piccolomini in the farewell air of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*—a very apposite introduction, by the way—and in "Vedrai carino," and by Sig. Giuglini in the ballad from the *Bohemian Girl*. We were sorry that Madlle. Piccolomini, instead of repeating the lovely air from *Don Giovanni*, which she gave with remarkable point and expression, should have chosen instead the English ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," which, how much soever it may seem to have delighted the hearers, is not one of her most striking performances.

At the termination of the popular *brindisi* from the *Traviata*, with which the concert concluded, a burst of applause broke from the luncheon audience, and, increasing in intensity as it went on, lasted several minutes. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen waved their hats, and cries of "Piccolomini for ever" were heard amid the din of voices and the clapping of hands. The fair artist, although accustomed to the most furious demonstrations, appeared overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of the audience, and endeavoured, in dumb show, to convey all she felt. When she retired a final cheer was given, and the crowd dispersing in a brief space of time, the central transept became comparatively deserted.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—The reproduction of *The Rivals* at the HAYMARKET has proved highly successful, and attracts crowds nightly. The cast in general is good, but one or two parts might be better supported. Mr. Braid, for instance, should not have been entrusted with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, of whom he makes a very clodhopper, a bogtrotter, or pig-driver, as far as the language is concerned. Nay, he violates propriety of speech, even though Sir Lucius in reality belonged to one of the above callings. The most unepoch and unsophisticated Irishman who ever came from the bogs of Allen or the ferges of Conemara, would never covert "field pees" into "galde pace." Of course allowance should be made for an Englishman undertaking an Irish part; but surely Mr. Braid is in the habit of daily meeting Irish gentlemen, and he must know that his dialect and pronunciation are gross caricatures. The Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Mr. James Wallack, if not eminently Irish, was eminently genteel, and a slight touch of the brogue was all that distinguished it from the English gentleman. Mr. Braid, who no doubt remembers Mr. Wallack, should endeavour to imitate him. That Sheridan intended the Irish baronet for a perfect gentleman of the old school, everybody must admit who knows the play of *The Rivals*; but which no one could believe who founded his opinion on the performance of the actor at the Haymarket theatre. Mr. Buckstone's Bob Acres is by far the best sustained character in the comedy. The scene of the meeting in the last act is incomparable. Mr. W. Farren is making rapid progress. A few years since we had little hope he would ever arrive at excellence. We now willingly admit that he is on the high road to that desirable goal, and promises to reach it before long. His performance of Captain Absolute was admirable, and in two scenes especially—that with Sir Anthony, in which the Captain pretends ignorance of the lady his father intended for him; and that with Mrs. Malaprop, when the old lady makes Captain Absolute read the letter sent to Lydia by the unpossessionist Ensign Beverley—could not be surpassed for spirit and genuine humour by any comedian on the stage. Mr. Chippendale's Sir Anthony Absolute is stirring and artistic, but somewhat dry. Mr. Hows's Faulkland is entitled to high commendation, and nothing could be better in its way than Mr. Rogers' David. We think the distribution of the ladies' parts might have been improved. Mrs. Wilkins, we fancy, should have taken Mrs. Poynter's place as Mrs. Malaprop; and Miss Reynolds, we are inclined to think, would have succeeded better in Julia than in Lydia Languish. On Monday, a fair *débütante*, in the person of Miss Eliza Weekes, from the Brighton and Glasgow theatres, made a decided hit as Louisa in the comedietta of *The King's Gardener*. Miss Weekes is short and inclined to *embonpoint*, but prepossessing in appearance, and her counte-

nance is full of smiles and life. She played the part of the gardener's wife with great point and vivacity, and introduced two songs, which proved that, although she did not possess a voice of first-rate quality, she could sing a plain song with simplicity and expression. That Miss Eliza Weekes will constitute an acquisition to the Haymarket company cannot be doubted. Her reception on Monday night was flattering, and the retention of the *King's Gardener* in the bills proves that her success was genuine. Mr. Compton's Galochard, by the way, is one of the most amusing performances we have seen for some time.—At the *Satanstoe* of WELLS, Mr. Phelps, as a matter of course, has commenced his season with *Shakespeare*. The *Winter's Tale* has introduced a new candidate for histrionic fame in the person of Miss Grace Egerton, who sustains the part of Perdita in a manner which reflects no discredit either on her christian or surname. A more successful first appearance we hardly remember. Face, person, and manner are all in favour of the lady, who, moreover, seems young. Her talent is undeniable, and Mr. Phelps has to congratulate himself on so desirable an addition to his company. Miss Grace Egerton has also appeared as Marianne de Lorme in *Richelieu* with no less success than she did as Perdita in *Shakespeare's play*.

—The *STRAND THEATRE* opened on Monday with three new pieces—*The Branded Race*; or, *The Fatal Secret*; *Harold Hawk*; or, *The Convid's Vengeance*; and *What's your Game!* The first is a serious play of grave pretensions, with sounding blank verse, strongly-drawn characters, and well constructed plot, from the pen of Mr. Wooler; the second belongs to the blue ruin and garrotte school, and could only find mercy on the off-side of Blackfriars bridge; the last is a farce, or modern extravaganza. Everything succeeds at the Surrey Theatre, especially when supported by such favorites as Messrs. Crewick, Shepherd, and Widdicombe—in Lambeth and Borough opinions the best *ideal* of tragic, melo-dramatic and farce actors, severally. It would be curious to inquire why the inhabitants of southern London display such strong sympathies for that class of entertainment coming under the denomination of "farces," while northern London adheres to the "classical." Is Pentonville more learned and refined than Walworth? or has Mr. Phelps a happier knack of instructing his audiences than Mr. Crewick? Is Islington conservative, and Camberwell reformatory? or have the denizens of King's Cross acute reasons to stand by the ancients, while motives of pith and weight induce the occupants of the New Cut to yield their preference to the moderns? We pause for a reply, confident that no one will take the trouble to answer us.

—The *STRAND THEATRE*, under the admirable direction of Miss Swanborough, is gaining for itself a fairer reputation than it ever could boast of before. It is now, in fact, a fashionable resort, and is a model of a theatre for the performance of vaudevilles and comediettas. Mr. Charles Selby is earning for himself the reputation of a Calderon or Lope de Vega. He has already written, we are assured, more plays than Shakespeare and Molière; and every week beholds a new work of pretension from his fertile pen. The Strand bills put forth no other author. The first piece is by Mr. Charles Selby; the second piece is by Mr. Charles Selby; the third piece is by Mr. Charles Selby; and the last piece is by Mr. Charles Selby. Mr. Charles Selby's last new piece is called *My Aunt's Husband*. It was produced on Monday, and met with decided success, being a very merry and neat little farce.—In the meanwhile, the *Operatic* has not ceased on its laurels. A new *petite* comedy, entitled *A Twice Told Tale*, from the pen of Mr. Wooler, founded on, or more properly constituting a travesty of, the well-known story of King Edgar and Elfrida, was produced on Monday, and made a hit, although Mr. F. Robson was not employed in the cast. Mr. Lewis Ball sustained the principal character with great spirit.

NAPLES.—Thalberg has arrived here to recover from his long and fatiguing journey in the United States. He has refused to play in public. He will pass the winter in the *dolce far niente*. Verdi is expected, some time in October, to superintend the production of his last score, *Simon Boccanegra*, represented at the Fenice at Venice. *Aréole* will be given afterwards.

FOUR LETTERS FROM BEETHOVEN TO CARL CZERNY.

COMMUNICATED FROM THE ORIGINALS, BY F. LUTH.
(From *Deight's Journal of Music*.)

THAT Carl Czerny, from his boyhood, to the 26th of March 1827, a day that excited universal and profound mourning, lived on terms of uninterrupted friendship with the hero of music, is a well-known fact. During this long period, extending over about twenty-six years, he received a great many letters from him. The earliest of these are, unfortunately, all lost; of the latter ones, Czerny gave away the greater number to friends of his who were desirous of possessing a specimen of the handwriting of the celebrated deceased, and thus, as far as I know, he had only nineteen left. These he preserved as a precious treasure.

Of these nineteen letters, the following four will probably possess a very great interest for the musical friends of Beethoven and Czerny, for which reason I now communicate them.

The explanations which, for the better understanding of them, I have thought it advisable to give, I had from Czerny's own lips.

I.

"Dear Czerny,—I cannot see you to-day, but I will come to your house to-morrow, for the purpose of speaking with you. I blurted out so yesterday! I was very sorry afterwards, but you must forgive an author, who would have preferred hearing his work just as he wrote it, however beautifully you played it in other respects."

"I will, however, *publicly* atone for this, when the violoncello sonata is performed. Let me assure you, that I, as an artist, entertain the very best feelings towards you, and will always endeavour to prove it."

"Your true friend, BEETHOVEN."

Czerny received this letter the day after his performing (1812) in Schuppanzigh's band, the E flat major quintet, with wind instruments, on which occasion, out of mere youthful thoughtlessness, he had taken the liberty of introducing several alterations; of increasing the difficulties of certain passages, of employing the higher octave, &c., &c. For this he was immediately and justly, reprimanded with great severity, by Beethoven, in the presence of Schuppanzigh, Linke, and other performers.

One alteration only—namely, the taking the ascending triplet-passage in the first movement in both parts, with both hands in octaves—Beethoven subsequently approved.

The violoncello sonata, mentioned in the second paragraph, was the one in A major, op. 56, which Czerny, in conjunction with Linke, played the following week to Beethoven's entire satisfaction.

II.

"My Dear Czerny,—Let me beg of you to treat Carl with as much patience as possible; though he may not, at present, get on as well as you and I could desire, he will, otherwise, do still less, for (but he must not know this) his powers are too severely taxed by the bad arrangement of his lessons."

"Unfortunately, this cannot be immediately altered, therefore, meet him as much as possible affectionately, though seriously. Things will then go better, under the circumstances, which are really unfavourable for Carl. With respect to his playing with you, may I beg you, as soon as he has got a proper system of fingering, and keeps time, as well as plays the notes tolerably without mistake, then first to direct his attention to style, and when he has got thus far, not make him leave off on account of trifling faults, but to point them out to him at the end of the piece. Although I have given few lessons, I always followed this method; it soon forms musicians, and this, after all, is one of the first aims of Art, and is less fatiguing for master and pupil."

"In certain passages, such as a, f, g, e, f, d, c, e, d, b natural, e, etc., I should like him, at times, to use all the fingers, as also in the case of d, g, c, e, d, f, o, g, f, a, etc., g, e, f, a, e, c, d, b natural, etc., in order that d, g may be striking faults, but to point them out to him at the end of the piece. Although I have given few lessons, I always followed this method; it soon forms musicians, and this, after all, is one of the first aims of Art, and is less fatiguing for master and pupil."

"May my sincerity serve you, as far as possible, as a pledge of the future payment of the same. Your true friend,

"BEETHOVEN."

III.

"My Dear Czerny,—Please give this to your parents for my dinner the other day; I cannot, on any account, accept this for nothing. I do not, either, require your lessons for nothing, even those already given shall be reckoned up and paid you, only let me beg you to have patience for the moment, since I cannot yet ask anything from the widow, and I have had and still have heavy expenses. For the present, it is so much lent. The youngster is coming to you to-day, and I likewise shall do so later.

"Your friend,
"BEETHOVEN."

Both these letters bear the date of 1815, in which Czerny began giving lessons to Beethoven's nephew, Carl.

Czerny protested, naturally, against receiving any payment, not on one, but on several occasions, so that Beethoven's sensitiveness may have been excited; hence the strange notion, contained in Letter III., of wishing to pay for a dinner, of which, with his nephew, he had partaken at the house of Czerny's parent (who then resided in the Hohermarkt, near the Breiter Stein).

In how many instances Beethoven manifested a similar feeling of irritability towards his best friends is already sufficiently known.

That Beethoven's idea, contained in Letter II., concerning the propriety of not stopping the pupil during the lesson, however correct on the whole, is liable to very many exceptions, since much depends upon the natural capabilities of the pupil himself, and that it was not carried out by Czerny, are a mere matter of course.

IV.

"My Dear Czerny,—I have this moment heard you are in a position which I really never suspected. Only have confidence in me, and tell me in what way matters may be rendered more favourable for you (without any mean seeking for patronage on my side).

"As soon as I can take breath again, I must speak with you. Be assured that I prize you, and am ready to prove this, every instant, by deeds.

"With true esteem, your friend,
"BEETHOVEN."

In 1818, Czerny was requested by Beethoven, in a letter which the former gave, many years ago, as a present to Mr. Cocks, the music-publisher, of London, to play, at one of his last concerts in the Groszer Redouten-Saal, the concerto in E flat major, Op. 73.

Czerny replied, in strict accordance with the truth, that, having devoted himself exclusively to tuition, as a means of livelihood, and having for many years given more than twelve lessons a day, he had been obliged to neglect his own playing so much that he could not venture to perform the concerto with only a few days' notice (as Beethoven required). Hereupon, he immediately received the touching proof contained in the preceding letter of the interest Beethoven took in him.

He discovered subsequently, moreover, that Beethoven had exerted himself to procure him some permanent appointment.

ARTISTS FORMERLY AT LILLE.

(From *Le Nord Musical*.)

MADAME STOLTZ.

At the commencement of November, 1853, the manager of the theatre produced, for the first time at Lille, the charming opera of the *Pré-aux-Clercs*. The part of Nictette was played by a tall, slim young person, rather pretty than otherwise, and yet not pleasing. There was a disagreeable something about her which caused people to say: "that person is a shrew." As a singer she had a fresh voice, a shrill soprano—so shrill, that it pierced the ears, as a cork-screw does a cork. It was even asserted—unjustly, perhaps—that she sang out of tune. Sharp voices have a natural tendency to ascend. This is a sign of strength and harshness. At any rate, it is certain that in the duet with Giro: "Les rendezvous de bonne compagnie," the young person tried to execute a *point d'orgue*, after her own fashion, and was lost in the clouds. The public began laughing, which is far worse than hissing, and every time our heroine executed a passage in the higher notes, which were her element, after all, the audience remem-

bered the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, and a number of ill-natured "hushes," prevented the pit from applauding, even when she sang well. It was interesting, at such times, to see the irritated actress glance round indignantly at the subscribers' boxes. Her finely arched eyebrows were contracted, and covered her eyelids; her lips were agitated convulsively, and her cheeks grew purple under her paint. Poor thing! She seemed to say, in her helpless rage, "Kill me! but do not humiliate me!"

Do you know the name of this by no means resigned victim of the caprice of a few young men? You would never guess, so I must tell you. Well, then, it was Hlôise Stoltz, the eminent artist, for whom, at a subsequent period, Donizetti composed *La Favorita*, and Halévy, *La Reine de Chypre*.

It is said that, when she exercised sovereign sway at the Grand-Opéra in Paris, she never liked to remember having once played at Lille. This does not astonish me. People are fond of dismissing disagreeable recollections from their minds.

What rendered the position of Mad. Stoltz still more irksome at Lille was that Mad. Maréchal made her *début* at the same time. This lady had a voice of infinite sweetness, and, though without beauty, without grace, without style, and without any experience of the stage, charmed by her very simplicity, and possessed real talent without appearing to know it. Thus, all the sympathy of the public was given to the one, and all their rigour to the other. Unfortunately, Mad. Stoltz was no greater favourite with her comrades than with the public. Her haughty and disdainful airs rendered her the horror of the whole company. Those who are not always kindness personified, chastised her *les desobéir* (the shrivelled one), on account of her extreme thinness, and the musicians themselves—may heaven forgive them for such a want of charity—adopted the same unbecoming epithet, when speaking of Mad. Stoltz.

However, it is not all annoyance in this world. Despite her spindle arm, and her bust as flat as the plains of Flanders, the fair artist managed to inspire a young lawyer of Antwerp with so violent a passion, that he quitted his country, his court, and his clients, to come to Lille, and share the triumphs or partake in the reverses of the tender object of his flame. The two disapproved, however, the proverb, "extremes meet," for one was not fatter than the other, a circumstance which gave rise to the following *good-natured* remark:—

One evening, as the lawyer and his fair client were talking on business matters in a dim part of the stage behind the scenes, the *dugazon*, who was near the spot, said, in a loud voice, to the *ingénue*, "Good heavens, my dear, what is the matter? I have just heard such a rattling of bones." "It's nothing," replied the other kind creature; "it's Stoltz and her lover embracing each other; do not be frightened."

You may fancy what was my astonishment, when, ten or fifteen years afterwards, I saw the actress, who had been so badly received at Lille, play at Paris in *La Reine de Chypre*, with that majestic beauty, that fullness of form, and that imposing grace, so different to the angular conformation for which she had been formerly celebrated. Her voice, too, had become full and sonorous, from practising the middle and lower notes. In a word, although her talent, thus matured and developed, could not make the public forget Mdlle. Falcon in dramatic parts, it assigned her, at any rate, a place among great artists; which no one has since been able to fill.

BRUN-LAVAISSE.

It was at Brussels, in 1832, that Madame Stoltz, under the name of Madame Ternaux, made her first appearance on the stage—in the chorus at the Théâtre-Royal. M. Suel, who was then conductor, perceiving her musical capabilities, gave her a few short parts. That same year, she was *seconda donna* at Spa, then at Antwerp, at Lille (1833), and Amsterdam (1834). She returned to Antwerp, and, a few months subsequently, to Brussels, where she was not at first much noticed. The character of Rachel, in *La Juive*, was a kind of transfiguration for her; she proved herself in it a passionate actress and a powerful singer (23rd December, 1835). It was in this part that she attracted the attention of Adolphe Nourrit, when the illustrious tenor, during his performances at Brussels (June, 1836), played with her. He recommended her in Paris, and, on the 25th August

1837, she made her first appearance at the Académie Royale de Musique. We know the rest.

Born in Paris, the 13th February, 1815, Madlle. Victorine Noël, otherwise Mad. Ternaux, otherwise Madlle. Hicloise, otherwise Mad. Stoltz, became, on the 2nd March, 1837, before one of the sheriffs of Brussels, the lawful wife of M. Alphonse-Auguste Descuyer, of Rouen, from whom, however, she was afterwards separated.—(Note of the *Brussels Guide Musical*.)

ENGLISH OPERA IN NEW YORK.

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

ABOUT this time—as the Almanac used to say—expect English Opera, or the rumour thereof. With the regularity of monster pumpkins, and other feats of Nature, one or other is sure to come round to us in the Fall. This year we are blessed beyond mere promise. Thanks to the energy of Mr. Stuart, we have the reality—a substantial, if not a piquant, dish of the vernacular wedded to sweet sound.

Wallack's Theatre is a neat little place for opera. In point of size it is not an excessive exaggeration of a drawing-room, and every one knows that, for pure enjoyment, the music we hear in a drawing-room surpasses all other. We have never been able to understand why a small theatre should not prosper on music as on the drama. There is but a small difference in the expense of a first-class dramatic company and a company of English singers—at least, such a company as would suffice for a small house. The experiment is now being made, and we trust, for the sake of art growth, that it will succeed.

Mr. H. C. Cooper, the violinist, is at the head of the undertaking, and wields the *bâton* of conductor. So good a musician ought certainly to have obtained a better orchestra, not only for the sake of the enterprise, but of his own reputation. It grieves us to begin our notice with a complaint, but as it is the only one we have to utter, we may as well get rid of it at once. The orchestra, then, is bad. There are but two first violins, and an excess of coarse wood and brass. The gallant two saw away with vigour, and do the most under the stimulus of rosin, but the effect is not pleasant, particularly as one of them stops persistently out of tune. For the sake of mere softness, half a dozen more violins should be added. The chorus is sufficiently strong, and needs nothing but a little taming down.

Balf's inevitable *Bohemian Girl*, the initiatory effort, was interesting as the medium by which three new singers were made known to our public. Miss Annie Milner has a good soprano voice, and sings like an artist. She may be compared to Louisa Pyne, without injustice to either. (!) The main difference lies in the fact, that whereas Miss Pyne was easy and lively on the stage, Miss Milner is not quite easy, and not nearly lively. We were astonished at the ability with which Miss Milner gave the music. When she has acquired more confidence she will leave little to ask for. (Pupil of Mr. Howard Glover.)

Mr. Miranda, the tenor, has a fine voice, and sings from the chest; not perniciously from the head, like so many English tenors. There is volume in his voice, too, and a quality which appeals. Mr. Miranda is young enough to make a reputation, and it will be his own fault if he does not. He created a *furor*.

The basso, Mr. Rudolphson, is, we should suppose, a German. He, too, has a fine voice—and knows how to use it. Mr. and Mrs. Holman were respectable. Dr. Guilmette completed the cast, and sang the music of the Count with his usual grandiosity. (!) Is it wrong to say that there is something tedious in the *extreme deliberation* of the artist?

Now all these voices are fresh, and all their owners young. Is it not a good prospect? May we not look forward to some pleasant evenings—growing all the more pleasant as the various members of the company become familiar with the trick of stage portraiture, in which, it must be confessed, they are a little deficient at present? Mr. Stuart's company is so much better than any other that has preceded it, that we cannot help thinking it destined to form the nucleus of a permanent institution.

The opera of the Academy of Music—writes the *New York* correspondent of *Deight's Journal*, September 18—has been a decided hit, and there was an enormous house at the first appearance of Steffani, the tenor, in *Troatore*. Of course he was

successful, his powerful telling voice being peculiarly adapted for the music of Manrico. After the "Di quella pira," at the close of the third act, he was thrice called before the curtain. The Azucena of Miss Phillips was greatly applauded, and Madame Gassier made a fair Leonora. Bernardi, in the Count, was almost a failure. The *Troatore* will be repeated to-night, and it is rumoured that *William Tell* will be the next opera. Strakosch gives us, this week, a short operatic season of three groups under his management, with Madame Colson, Amodio, Brignoli, Labocetta, and Tancs the basso. The opening opera is *La Figlia*, to be followed by the *Traviata*. The English Opera Company, at Nibbia's is acknowledged to be the finest English group we have had lately, and the tenor with the queer name, Mr. Miranda—who had been very absurdly and unjudiciously puffed—has turned out to be a good singer. He is young, has a fine voice, and will some day take a first rank in the profession. This evening an English version of the *Troatore* will be produced. The part of the gipsy mother will be undertaken by Mrs. Holman, a lady with a soprano voice, wholly unfitted for the part. The Harmonic Society, in accordance with an invitation from a number of distinguished citizens, gave a grand performance, last Friday evening, at the Crystal Palace, repeating the programme they performed at the Atlantic Cable Celebration.

PART I.—1. Overture, "William Tell"—Kossini. 2. Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work"—Haydn. 3. Ode, "The Cable," words by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, expressly for the Cable Celebration, to the air, "Star spangled banner." 4. Porter Song, from the opera of "Martha," Carl Formes—Flotow. 5. Ode, "All hail," words by Mrs. Stephens, expressly for the Cable Celebration. 6. Grand Hallelujah Chorus—Handel.

Between the Parts the Drum Corps of the 71st Regiment will, by permission of Col. Foubinger, give the "Drum Polka."

PART II.—1. Overture, "Fra Diavolo"—Auber. 2. Hunting Chorus, "Seasons"—Haydn. 3. Trumpet song, "Messiah," Carl Formes—Handel. 4. Chorus, "Awake the harp" (Creation).—Haydn. 5. Duet, "The Lord is a Man of War" (Israel in Egypt), Carl Formes and Mr. Nash—Handel. 6. Chorus, "The Heavens are telling"—Haydn.

In addition to the selections, Formes sang a "Hymn of Peace," the words written by John Brongham, the actor, and the music composed by Clement White, an English musician who has recently taken up his residence in this city. Between four and five thousand people were present.

LA SIRÈNE.—This opera, lately revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, was performed for the first time in Paris, the 26th March, 1844, and, in Brussels, the 18th November of the same year.

It would be difficult to combine a score with more intelligence, or to make the orchestra agree better with the stage. M. Auber knows how to keep up the interest of his audience by an ingenious variety in his motives, and by skilful contrasts. His vocal compositions are always pure, elegant, and animated, while his harmony is full of good taste and spirit. The following is an anecdote connected with this piece, and proving the facility with which the celebrated composer works.

At the last rehearsal of the *Sirène*, M. Auber, after listening to the overture, tapped his forehead and exclaimed:

"That is detestable. I will not keep music like that. It must be changed."

"That is impossible, M. Auber," said the stage-manager. "We have not got time. The piece is announced in the bills for to-morrow."

"Pooh! what nonsense! Tell the conductor, and let all the band return at midnight!"

Nine o'clock was striking—nine o'clock in the evening, be it understood.

Installing himself in the theatre itself, M. Auber composed a second overture, superintended the copyists, and, at midnight, appeared with his new production complete.

"Here," he said, "perhaps, it will be worse than the first."

It was magnificent. It is one of his best works, and is always favourably received, not only in the theatre, but at our concerts.—*Le Guide Musical*.

TWIN STARS.

(From *Peuca*.)

"The people then took the horses from MADAMESELLE FROCOLOMINI'S carriage, and dragged it," &c., &c.

"On CARDINAL WINDY'S arrival the horses were taken from his carriage, as the people drew it," &c.—*Irish Journals*, Sept., 1848.

Tea, Signora! *Salute te, Domini!*
Who shall pronounce your oration ridiculous?
Twin in the glory of gay Piccolomini,
See the proud cardinal, excellent Nicholas.

Which has the pull it would puzzle me direly!
Don't they ride on like a king and a queen?
Oh, they're an elegant couple entirely,
Prince of the Church, and Princess of the Scene.

His stockings are red as the ripest tomato,
Her eyes are as bright as the dew-drops on May-day:
She comes representing the dear Traviata,
And he as her sister, the good Scarlet Lady.

"Oh, isn't it pity," (young ladies are saying)
"The portly archbishop don't wear a moustache,
Then the dear little songstress would thing she was playing
A part with her friend, the lamented Lablache."

Eh! it's a glorious profession that passes,
Boys, should them brutes pull that couple along?
Out with the horses, and harness the asses,
He'll pay with a sermon and she with a song.

Who says that the Cardinals' looking but glumly,
Not so well off as is usual for soap;
Does he think the fair preacher, sent blither by Lumley,
Is turning more learts than the pet of the Pope.

He mustn't be jealous, she's fresh in attraction,
While he's been well hacked as a popular star,
And if triumph depends upon look, voice, and action,
The actress outshines the old actor by far.

Yes, *Ah son giunge*, in earnest simplicity,
As by our little *sommambula* sung,
Is better to hear than the best *Benedicta*,
Growned with full force of monastical lung.

But pull away, pull away, tatterdemajons,
And drag the good priest and fair lady for miles.
What luck for old Erin that rival Italians
Together contend for her shouts and her smiles!

WAS JOAN OF ARC EXECUTED!—This investigator, while examining the archives at Metz, in the year 1687, found an entry to the effect that, on the 20th of May, 1436, "La Pucelle Jehaune, who had been in France," came to that town; and "on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom was a knight, and called himself Messire Pierre, and the other Petit Jehan, an esquire," who thought that she had been dead; but, "as soon as they saw her they recognized her, as she did them." The document goes on to state that, on the next day, they took her to Boquehon, and procured for her a horse, a pair of leggings, a cap, and a sword; and the said Pucelle managed the horse very well, and said many things to the Sieur Nicole, so that he felt sure that this was she who had been in France; and she was identified by many signs as La Pucelle Jehan de France, who had consecrated Charles at Rheims." After going to Cologne and many other places, where she was looked upon as the genuine Maid, she reached Erion, where "she was married to Monsieur de Hermaoise, a knight;" and soon after this "the said Sieur de Hermaoise and his wife La Pucelle came and lived in Metz, in the house which belonged to the said Sieur." The Père Vigier did not set much value on this record (and we cannot blame his scepticism) until the next year 1683, when he happened to dine with a Monsieur des Armoises, who, after the entertainment, gave him the keys of the family library, where, to his surprise and delight, he stumbled on a marriage contract between "Robert des Armoises, knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, called Maid

of Orleans." This confirmation of the Metz record satisfied him. Monsieur Delapierre then refers to some documents found at Orleans in 1740, which contains charges under the years 1435 and 1436, for money given to a messenger, who "brought letters from Jehanne La Pucelle," and to Jehan de Lils (that being the title by which her brothers had been ennobled), "to help him in returning to his sister." There is a third entry: "To Jehanne Darmaoise, as a present, made to her on the 1st of August, 1430, after the deliberation of the council of this city, for the services rendered by her at its siege, 310 livres." As a last documentary evidence, there is a petition from her brother, previous to his being ennobled in 1444—a date contradicted by the Orleans charge, which was made in 1436. This petition represents that "he had left his native place to join the King's service in company with his sister, Jeanne la Pucelle, with whom, up to the time of her absence, and since then till the present, he had risked his life." M. Delapierre also urges that at the time of Joan's reputed execution, in the year 1481, there was a common talk that she was not dead, but that the English had put another victim in her place. Thus the Chronicler of Metz, after relating the story of her imprisonment, trial, and burning, concludes: "*ainsi qu'on le raconte, car d'après le contraire a été prouvé.*" (As they relate, for the contrary has since been proved.)—*Dickens's Household Words*.

ADVICE TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.—We cannot close this notice without one or two earnest words to the managers of the Crystal Palace Railway regarding the great deficiency of railway accommodation provided for the public on leaving the Palace. So few and far between are the trains, that till a late hour in the evening accumulations of weary and worn-out visitors constantly encumber the station, and when, after long waiting, a train appears, the rush and crowding which ensue preclude all but stalwart men and sinewy matrons from availing themselves of the occasion; the frail, the tender, and the courteous, whatever their just claims may be, according to the good old maxim, "First come, first served," being invariably retarded until they have become reduced to a scanty residuum. Such disregard of the public convenience cannot but in the end tell fatally against the interests of the Crystal Palace.—*Morning Herald*.

MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday, the 22nd ult., M. Charles Hallé's second orchestral concert took place in the Free Trade Hall. Madame Clara Novello was the vocalist. Haydn's symphony in B flat, the overtures to *Attila* and the *Syrene* were performed by the orchestra. M. Hallé played Weber's "Concert-stück" and some Hungarian Airs in his accustomed finished manner.

BOLTON.—A "Limited Liability Company" has been formed for the purpose of building a Music Hall. A board of directors has been appointed. Mr. Stewart is to be the secretary.

WORCESTER.—The Harmonic Society's last concert was very successful. Miss Louisa Vinning, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas were the vocalists. Mr. Davis (bass), and Mr. Mathews (flute), the solo instrumentalists. The band played a symphony by Haydn (No. 6). Mr. D'Evieux was the leader. Mr. Turbutt presided at the organ, and Messrs. Haynes and Jones at the pianoforte.

RIO.—A great deal has been said of the cancelling of Madame Laborde's engagement. The management paid this lady 30,000 francs and gave her a clear benefit to annul it.

CORLENTZ.—M. Herz lately gave a very fine concert for the benefit of the poor, in the rooms in which he made his *début*, when seven years of age. He had never played at Corleontz since that time. He will return to Paris about the end of the month, to resume his class at the Conservatoire Impérial de Musique.

PARIS.—The management of the Théâtre-Italien has just engaged Mr. A. Harris, the stage manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, to superintend the *mise-en-scène* of Verdi's *Macbeth*.

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Both the above have been played in public by Miss Arabella Goldard.		L'Amiciata, Notturno, dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Phelps	4 0
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GOMON (E. A.). "Elen," Romance	2 0	Three Waltzes, and a Galop	3 0
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And said: "O mists! make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried: "Sail on,
"Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying: "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest: "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said: "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms: "O chanticleer!
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn:
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower:
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said: "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

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ISUARD ORESTE PRAEGER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I am only sorry that my name is always spelt wrong. The printer does not spell my name right. I. O. Praeger, but not G. Praeger. I should have like to sent the musical paper to my father, on the Continent. I pray you, my dear Sir, excuse my troubling, but I wish the printer will not forget that my Christian name is *Isuard Oreste Praeger* or *I. O. Praeger*.

Will you allow me to ask you a question! What is the reason that Professor W. S. Bennett was not the conductor of the late Festival in Birmingham? I can assure I worship the name of Sterndale Bennett. I should not care to do anything in favour for that great genius, or that great musician, for this reason I take the liberty to act you that question.

Yours H. servant,
I. O. PRAEGER.

Nottingham.

[Our Nottingham Correspondent must be rather ill-supplied with information on musical matters not to be aware that Mr. Costa has directed the Birmingham Festival since 1840.—*Ed. M. W.*]

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having read your advertisement of an organ for sale on the title of the last number of the *Musical World*, you will oblige by informing me where the instrument is to be seen; and as I have been an organist thirty years, I shall be happy to play a few choruses, fugues, or a portion of my own concerto for the organ (thirty pages long, with a solo for every soft stop and last movement, for the full organ and pedal bass, all through; published in 1831), if this offer suits your purpose. Trust to hear from you, I beg to ascribe myself, yours respectfully,

H. WILSON.

[The advertisement is not ours, and we know nothing of the whereabouts of the organ.—*Ed. M. W.*]

THE LATE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In the article from the *Birmingham Journal* quoted in your journal of the week before last, it is stated: "In times gone by, managers of concerts, and committees of festivals, were somewhat tardy in bringing out new works of English composers, but this feeling is happily dying away, and the effort now seems to be as to who can get the best new thing to bring out. This is a step in the right direction. It is an inducement and encouragement for those who can write to do so, and will, doubtless, ultimately lead to a school of English art." This, no doubt, sounds very fine, but, unfortunately for the credit of the *Birmingham Journal*, it is not true. As an instance, I may state that two or three oratorios were offered to the Festival Committee at the commencement of the present year, but as yet the Festival Committee have declined to acknowledge the receipt of the letters containing the said offers. I beg to remain, yours truly,

TRUTH.

BRISTOL.—(From a Correspondent).—A grand concert was given, at Clifton, last Monday week, when Signor Gingilini made his first appearance in Clifton. The programme included the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, the overture to *Oberon*, and selections from the sacred writings of Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c. Signor Gingilini was loudly encored in the "Cujus animam," but spoilt Mozart's beautiful "A te fra tanti" by his carelessness—a fault unusual with him. The other encores were the solo and chorus, "Inflammatus" (Mrs. Weiss), the quartet, "Quando corpus," and the air, "Pro peccatis" (taken by the bye, much too slow), which last was due to the national feeling of Bristol, as Mr. Merriek certainly did not deserve such rapturous applause. The band, under the direction of Mr. Curtis, were efficient, though they sometimes accompanied much too loud.

HUDDESFIELD.—The organ of St. Paul's is vacant. Mr. Walter Parratt, who held it, has resigned, having received an appointment at Brighton.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN NEWCASTLE.
OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

(Abridged from the *Newcastle Journal* of Sept. 4.)

FOR one of the grandest musical festivals ever afforded in Newcastle, we have, this week, been indebted to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gateshead Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society, and their accomplished and respected conductor, Mr. Webbe. The occasion of this musical treat was the public opening of the New Town Hall or suite of corporate buildings in St. Nicholas-square, on Wednesday last. About this time last year, the subject of preparations for this opening came before the Town Council, on the receipt of a letter from the Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society, proposing to mark the inauguration by a musical festival, to give an additional *clat* to which, it was proposed to invite the Prince Consort, and thus superadd the presence of royalty to the intrinsic attractions of the harmonic ceremonial. The Corporation responded to the offer; and since then, simultaneously with the carrying forward of the building to completion, the Harmonic and Choral Society have kept in view and been making arrangements for inaugurating it with, if possible, unrivalled musical honours. Meanwhile, although the project of inviting the presence of royalty appears to have been given up, it must be said that neither was the opening of a similar hall at Liverpool some time ago, nor to mention Leeds, more worthy of a royal visit than was the opening of our own Hall in St. Nicholas-square; and, whether as regards the beauty of the hall or the magnificent *fit* with which it was honoured, we venture to say that nothing would have more rewarded the royal visit, had it been made. As in the case of the wonderful bridge which spans the Tyne, the docks which form the marvel of the Tyne and the Wear, the commencement with our gigantic piers, and kindred works, our Town Hall has been destined to be opened and our musical festivals to be given without the auspices of either Queen or Prince. We notice the fact without in any respect regretting it; for much indeed do we fear that, amidst the paraphernalia of royalty, had it been present, the occasion of the meeting might have been less regarded, and the festival, for its own sake, less thoroughly enjoyed.

First, of the suite of buildings, the completion and formal opening of which was the occasion of the present festival. It is difficult to say whether it is most characterised by architectural beauty and artistic finish, or for adaptation to purposes of commercial and general convenience, characteristics which are the more conspicuous when viewed with a remembrance of the unsightly and unfinished erection which formerly disfigured the site. Now, the Corn Market has been reconstructed with additional conveniences and comfort, fronted at the southern end by a magnificent pile adapted for purposes of trade and business meetings, and having overhead, along its whole extent, this spacious and elegant Town Hall, which will afford facilities for holding concerts and public meetings to which almost any number may obtain admittance. In architectural outline, the shop story, in front elevation, may be denominated Doric; the principal story, Corinthian; and the attic, composite. The Music Hall is 142 feet long, 60 feet broad on an average, and 46 feet 6 inches high. Along the sides are raised benches or galleries which tend to render the appearance of the hall more elegant and light; and at the north end, opposite the organ, is an elevated gallery, calculated to seat some five or six hundred people. From this recital of the dimensions it will at once be seen that the hall is spacious and lofty. Add to this that it is admirably lighted during the day by a row of ten lofty Venetian windows along each side; that during the night twelve boxes of gas jets, placed in two rows at intervals along the ceiling, diffuse a steady and beautiful yet mild and equable light to every part of the hall in a most marvellous manner, without sensibly increasing the temperature; that the ventilation is complete without discomfort, and we have the requisites of a large and comfortable place of meeting. But over and above all these the hall possesses a beauty and a charm, which may be said to be all its own, in that proportion of dimensions and adaption of parts, in that well-diffused but not elaborate ornamentation, and in the light chaste colouring, set off with pencillings of light buff, and

the introduction of scarlet and blue in the decorations, the happy union of all which together fill the spectator with a sense of the chaste and the beautiful from whatever point the hall may be viewed. Under the organ and orchestra are retiring rooms for the performers; adjoining the hall, and at each end of it, there are retiring and cloak rooms, and at the south end there is ready access to a most commodious and well-fitted-up hotel. By a convenient arrangement there are four entrances to the Music Hall, with six doors of admission from the street, so that the greatest ease of the throng will not be productive of any inconvenience. The building contains also the Council Chamber, the rooms of the River Tyne Commissioners, offices for the Town Clerk, the Farmers' Club Room, and other places, which it is unnecessary more particularly to enumerate, all tending to make the suite of buildings most elaborate, elegant, and complete. Mr. Johnston is the architect; and the fact that his designs were selected from a number of competing plans at once stamps them with high merit, and in some measure accounts for the beauty and completeness of the structure. Mr. Robson was the contractor; and under him Mr. Beck was the slater, Mr. Henderson the plumber, and Mr. Grieves the painter, glazier, and gilder; Mr. Scott did the carving work, and Mr. Sopwith supplied the upholsterer's work; the iron girders and roof were manufactured by Messrs. Hawks, Crawshaw, and Sons, of Gateshead; the iron railings in front of the galleries were executed by Mr. Donkin, of High Friar-street; and the plaster work, which is extremely beautiful, is due to Mr. Ald. Dodds, who transferred his men to Mr. Robson to do the work in this very important department, since he, as a member of the corporation, was precluded from undertaking the contract. The foundation stone was laid by the then Mayor, I. L. Bell, Esq., on the 29th of August, 1855, so that up to this time it has occupied three years in the construction. The extreme length of the building is 300 feet; the extreme breadth, being that of the front in St. Nicholas-square, 100 feet, tapering backwards to a breadth of 45 feet, in order to preserve a certain prescribed width of street on each side. The entire cost is expected to be about £30,000, against which may be placed the rental which is put down at about £3,000. To each and all engaged in the erection credit is due for the successful result—to the architect more especially, to whom it must be satisfactory that in this work he has achieved the all but impossible task of pleasing every one, and reared a memorial of his architectural abilities which will cause them not soon to be forgotten.

One of the main purposes for which the great hall of this noble building was constructed, was to supply a place where first-class concerts, to which vast numbers would naturally be attracted, might be held. It was therefore with peculiar fitness that it should be opened by a musical festival, for attending which, it may be here remarked, the proclamation by the Mayor of a holiday, and its general observance, afforded additional facilities. The day was highly favourable as to weather, Saint Nicholas Church bells rung merry peals to usher in the ceremony, and, as the hour of opening approached, considerable crowds thronged about the building. About one o'clock, the Mayor and Corporation, who had come in procession from the Council Chamber, entered the hall, and were greeted with some rounds of cheering by the audience which already filled it. All classes were represented there. The galleries were crowded by an audience, of which a vast proportion were ordinary working people; the body of the hall, the side galleries, and the reserved seats, were filled by a highly respectable and fashionable assemblage, and, when thus filled with the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood, the hall, beautiful before, had now a most gorgeous appearance. The festival was arranged to open with Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, to be followed by a miscellaneous concert in the evening, and close with Handel's oratorio, *Messiah*, on Thursday evening. In the performance of this programme, the Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society supplied the chorus, vocal and instrumental; and for the performance of the solos, the services, as vocals, had secured of Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss B. C. Whitham, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. L. W. Thomas. The principal instrumentalists were M. Kettenus and Mr.

Ainsworth (principal violins); Herr Hansmann and Mr. G. H. Weddell (principal violoncellos); Mr. J. T. M. Harrison, viola; Mr. Clinton, first clarionette; Mr. Kirkpatrick, second ditto; Mr. Smith, bassoon; Mr. Mann, first horn; Mr. Hooper, second horn; Mr. T. S. Watson, trumpet; Mr. Horton, brass trombone; Mr. W. Hesley, alto trombone; Mr. Jennings, oboe; &c., &c. Of these M. Kettenus and Herr Hansmann were the principal performers obtained from a distance. The instrumental portion of the chorus was arranged in front and the vocal on each side of the organ; the principal singers being placed, of course, in front of the instrumentalists. The chorus numbered about two hundred, almost all of whom belong to the society; and the pitch of excellence which their performances in these concerts show they have attained is quite remarkable. Mr. Redshaw ably presided at the organ, which is a temporary one, erected by Mr. Nicholson, of this town, intended to be replaced by a larger organ, from the celebrated establishment of Gray and Davidson, of London, at the cost of £2,000. Mr. Penman officiated as chorus master.

The performers having taken their places, Mr. Webbe, the conductor, took his stand in front of the orchestra, and, waving his baton, the entire body of performers, vocal and instrumental, rose and gave the Hundredth Psalm in a manner which thrilled the audience, who stood the while, and prepared them for what followed, in the performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio.

Of the recitatives, that sung by Madame Rudersdorff, as the widow, "Help me man of God, my son is dead," gave a tone to the whole performance; from that time, the performers, both singers and chorus, proceeded with augmented confidence, and the remainder of the oratorio was given with increased effect. The manner in which Mr. Thomas, who has a fine capacious bass voice, performed his part, especially in his altar denunciations of the priests of Baal, is entitled to particular notice, as full of sustained strength, energy, and expression. Miss Heywood and Miss Whitham ably acquitted themselves in the parts allotted to them, and both are artists of great promise. The performance of Madame Rudersdorff especially called forth marked commendation; and the admirable manner in which she wrought up her part in the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," was particularly conspicuous. Mr. Wilby Cooper, who has a fine tenor voice, also merited due praise. No department of the oratorio was, however, more ably performed than the choruses, which were given with remarkable precision, and varied from forte to piano, through all the intermediate stages, in a manner which showed careful training and appreciation of the music. The society and their conductor have, by this performance, merited the highest commendation.

In the second part the trio by Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Whitham, and Miss Heywood, "Lift up thine eyes," was encored, as was also the air, by Miss Heywood, "Rest in the Lord." The quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy," sung by the same ladies and Mr. Hadock, and answered by the chorus, were effective in the extreme. The air by Mr. Cooper, "Then shall the righteous," was beautifully sung. The same observations will apply to the performance of this part as to the first, and in every respect this performance of *Elijah* in Newcastle has been a great success.

The evening was devoted to the performance of a well-selected miscellaneous concert. The hall was even better filled than in the morning, and now, lighted up and set off with the beauty and fashion of the town and neighbourhood, had a most magnificent appearance. Mr. Webbe, on taking his place in front of the orchestra, was welcomed by a hearty cheer from the audience, and at once commenced the following programme:—

PART I.—Overtura, (La Gessa Ladra)—Rossini. Song, Miss Heywood, "Mio figlio" (Le Prophete)—Meyerbeer. Duet, Mr. Wilby Cooper and Mr. Thomas, "Flow, gentle Dove"—PARRY. Song, Miss Whitham, "Softly sighs" (Der Freischütz)—Webster. Buffo Song, Mr. Thomas, "Cie mi dera" (Martha)—Flotow. Grand Trio in D major (Op. 70). Mr. Webbe, Mons. Kettenus, and Herr Hansmann, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Beethoven. Cavatina, Mdme. Rudersdorff, Robert, toi que j'aime (Robert le Diable)—Meyerbeer. Quartet, Mons. Kettenus, Rudersdorff, Miss Whitham, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, "Il cor e la mia fe" (Fidelio)—Beethoven.

Aria, Mr. Wilby Cooper, "Il mio tesoro" (Don Giovanni)—Mozart. Fantasia, violin, sur l'Opera, Mons. Kettenus, "I promessi sposi"—Kettenus. Aria and Finale, from "Il Tavoro"—Verdi. Aria, "D' amore sull' all' rose"—Mme. Rudersdorff. Finale, "Miserere," Mme. Rudersdorff, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Chorus.

PART II.—Symphony—Mozart. Trio, Miss Heywood, Miss Whitham, and Mr. Wilby Cooper, "Addio"—Curschmann. Song, Mr. Wilby Cooper, "Pilgrim of Love"—Bishop. Valse, Mme. Rudersdorff, "Guarda e cara"—Raderger. Solo, violoncello, Herr Hausmann, Fantasia on Scottish Airs—Hausmann. Song, Miss Heywood, "Katey's Letter"—Lady Duffrin. Duet—Mme. Rudersdorff and Mr. Thomas, "So revera a me non lie" (Bellario)—Donizetti. Part Song, "The dawn of day"—S. Rey. Song, Mr. Thomas, "The three ages of Love"—Loder. Ballad, Mme. Rudersdorff, "She wore a wreath of roses"—Knight. Septet, Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Heywood, Miss Whitham, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Brandon, "Stay, prithee, stay"—Bishop. Finale, "God save the Queen."

This programme brought the full powers of the instrumentalists into play. Nothing could exceed the vigor and precision with which Rossini's overture was rendered, and the close elicited a burst of applause. The song of Miss Heywood, from the *Prophète*, commenced the vocal efforts of the evening. The duet, "Flow, gentle Deva," by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Thomas—tenor and bass, was well sung. In the song from *Der Freischütz* Miss Whitham received an encore, and then sang, "What's a' the steer kimmer," accompanying herself on the piano. The buffo song, by Mr. Thomas, was followed by the Grand Trio in D Major, one of the most exquisite pieces of Beethoven, and in the hands of Mr. Webbe, Mons. Kettenus, and Herr Hausmann it assuredly did not suffer. The cavatina by Madame Rudersdorff was sung with exceeding taste and brilliancy. An enthusiastic encore was the consequence, when the lady sang a different composition, requiring rapid, difficult, and occasionally grotesque transitions, which was also received with the utmost favour. The next remarkable performance was the fantasia by Mons. Kettenus on the violin. The audience applauded at every pause. The evening being far advanced, the performance was commendably shortened by the omission of part of what remained. Miss Heywood's song of "Katey's letter" produced an encore, and she substituted "Terence's farewell." "The three ages of Love" was sung by Mr. Thomas with justice and expression. The part-song was beautifully rendered by Mr. Rey, the author of it, a native of this town, was formerly of St. Andrew's and St. Thomas's Churches. He is now organist at one of the metropolitan churches. We are not surprised at the selection of this piece for performance at the opening of the New Town Hall, for it has recently been most enthusiastically received when sung by the Bradford choir, and at Buckingham Palace, before Her Majesty. It has also been performed at the Crystal Palace Concerts. It was noticed when performed by Leslie's Choir at St. Martin's Hall, London. The *Evening Star* pronounced it to be the gem of the evening. The ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," was finely sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, and the performance closed with the National Anthem, performed in a manner probably never before heard in Newcastle. Mr. Webbe presided at the pianoforte, with the same skill and taste which he displayed as conductor, and the entire performance went off with a spirit and enthusiasm which could not be exceeded.

Handel's oratorio, *The Messiah*, performed on Thursday evening to a yet more crowded audience, crowned the Festival with unbounded success. This well-known sacred effusion was performed in all its parts with spirit and excellence. The recitatives and airs were given by the solo singers with great success, and the magnificent choruses were delivered with extraordinary precision and effect. The chorus, "For unto us a child is born," was enthusiastically echoed; and the Hallelujah Chorus wound up the second part amidst a burst of applause. The third part was opened by Madame Rudersdorff with the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The air by Miss Whitham, in the second part, "But thou didst not leave," was encored; and the air by Miss Heywood, "He was despised," applauded. The great feature of the third part, after the opening song, was the air, "The trumpet shall sound," sung by Mr. Thomas, with trumpet obbligato by Mr. J. S. Watson, which

elicited an encore. It being late, the intervening parts were omitted, and the performance came to a close with the final chorus, amidst the unbounded applause of the audience, who called for and accorded a round of cheering to Mr. Webbe, in compliment to his exertions.

This has closed an inaugural Festival which has in every respect been attended with extraordinary success. Similar festivals have been, within the last few days, held at Birmingham and Hereford, for which the greatest singers of the day have been engaged, Mr. Costa has been brought down as conductor, and the performances have almost been regarded as national events. We question, however, whether, take our own Festival all in all, it has been exceeded by either of the festivals to which we refer. The *Messiah* was well known, though never probably performed in this town in the same style in which it was performed on Thursday night; but the production of *Elijah* in so superior a manner was quite a feat. To Mr. Webbe, the able and accomplished conductor, this success is universally and justly attributable.

On Friday evening an entertainment, under the title of a "People's Concert," was given at reduced prices, to enable the poorer classes to see the New Hall, and to afford them a treat without putting them to extra expense. The prices were two shillings, one shilling, and sixpence. The same artists assisted as on Wednesday and Thursday, and the selection, of course, embraced most of the popular *morceaux* of the day. This concert was not less successful than those of higher pretensions which preceded, and its result cannot fail to suggest to the directors the policy of providing an entertainment of the same kind frequently, after the manner of the "People's Concerts," at Manchester and elsewhere. A new seam, in fact, has been discovered, and it behoves the proprietors to see that it be worked with advantage.

[The paper which was sent us, containing the above article, was mislaid, and only came to light this week. The importance attached to the opening of a new music hall, however, together with the merits of the inaugurating Festival, justify us in giving the report insertion, although nearly a month behind time.—Ed. M. W.]

NEW YORK.—"The performance of Opera in English," says a correspondent of *Deight's*, "with a new company, is an event fitted to excite much musical attention. The *troupe*, at Wallack's now is composed of Annie Milner, *prima donna*; Mr. Miranda, tenor; Mr. Guimette, baritone; Mr. Rudolphson, bass. The opera presented on Thursday evening, Bellini's *Sonnambula*, gave prominent employment to the three first-named artists." Of Miss Milner the writer speaks as follows:—"Annie Milner has hitherto been known only in the concert-room, but during some months she has been studying hard for the stage, and now we have the fruits. The lady has very great aptitude for the theatre, else she would not have achieved so much in so short a time. She is generally easy in her action and gesticulation, and a little more time will certainly show improvement. Her voice is a fresh, beautiful soprano, with great facility in the upper notes, much flexibility, and capabilities for a sustained slow movement equally with rapid, florid passages. She is prodigal, too, of the trill, so often echevered for its difficulty by artists. In appearance she is intensely Saxon; fair complexion, light hair, and sweet expression. She looks Amina, supposing what sometimes happens—that the Italian *cantadina* has those light-toned characteristics."

LIVERPOOL.—The last of Mr. Reynolds's "People's Concerts" was well attended. The artists were Miss Louisa Vinning, Madlle. Finoli, Messrs. Cooper and Winn, as vocalists; and Miss Freeth (a talented pupil of M. Alexandre Bilet), the pianist, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz, the accompanist at the piano.

LEEDS.—(From our Correspondent).—The Town Council have advertised three successive evening concerts, to take place in the new Town Hall on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd inst., the profits arising from which are to be devoted to the funds of the Leeds Dispensary. It is currently reported here that the new Dean of York intends to revive musical festivals in the noble York Minster, and that next year they will be commenced.

ORGAN-GRINDERS.

(From *The New York Evening Post*.)

"Semper eg. auditor tantum? Naquam ne reponam?"—JUV. I. 2.

The origin of organ-grinders justifies their extinction, as does also the doom with which they are threatened. This race is derived from Jubel, the sixth in descent from Cain, who was "the father of all them that handle the harp and organ;" (here note the accuracy of description in the word *haanale*.) The seed of Cain, who destroyed his own brother, may with justice be destroyed in turn.

Later in history a trace of the race is detected in the patriarch's pathetic outcry against the "instruments of cruelty" in his son's tents. In Egypt, and in Pharaoh's time, they seem to have been swept away. Egypt was a wisely-governed country. Had they existed, Pharaoh might have been spared nine of the plagues, since an hour's infliction of this one must have softened the rock of his hard heart, and forced him to send the tribes trooping forth to the desert, with their minstrels at the head, playing the rogue's march of the period. In that age, surely, organ-grinding was one of the lost arts. There is hope, then, that it may again become so strengthened by the cheerful prediction, that in the latter days "the sound of the grinders shall wax low." The law permits the destruction of a nuisance. Organ-grinders are a nuisance. It is, therefore, lawful to kill them.—[Vide Judge Shaw's Decision *ad fin.*]

Public policy requires their extinction. The race consists chiefly of Italian refugees, banished for turbulence from their own country, making a trade of revolutions here, and revenging themselves by the murder of music, for their inability to destroy order. It is, therefore, courteous and polite in us, as a nation, to kill them.

Humanity pleads for their abolition. They are a wretched people, born out of time, who rear a wretched progeny. It is, then, generous and merciful to themselves to kill them.

Political economy demands that they should perish. They are wholly useless, never doing a hand's turn of work, though many a hand's turn of play. It is, therefore, prudent for society to kill them.

Upon this foundation of reasoning may be built a strong tower of authorities in favour of their extirpation. That rigid and moral generation, the Puritans, regarded the organ with horror, as the Devil's box of pipes, even when used for sacred services. How much more would they have been moved with holy zeal for the destruction of his wandering emissaries, who bear the abominations from door to door.

Shakspere makes the practical genius of Othello speak with contempt of hearing "a brazen canstick turned," in evident allusion to grinding organs.

It is true that Lord Bacon composed a work known to scholars as the *Novum Organum*, or New Organ. But this only proves the hatred of that great and wise man for old organs.

The French style them "*orgues de barbarie*," or barbarian organs. To banish them and their barbarian supporters is one of the first duties of a civilized people.

Having settled the lawfulness, humanity, and prudence of ridding the world of organ-grinders, it should be considered how this may best be done.

Not, perhaps, by individual efforts. The remembrance of suffering might darken the act of justice into revenge. Nor would it suffice merely for the State to put a stop to organs, seeing that the addition of a stop to those they have already, would but increase their power of mischief. There are wiser plans, too, than that of execution upon the scaffold, which might create a morbid sympathy. For example, make them the instruments of their own destruction, by setting them, in some secluded place, to play each other to death. Or they might simply be exiled to Tunis.

The public ear is large and patient; the need of this reform once forced into it, a proper plan will not be wanting. Then will discord be driven from the land, and peace and quietness return; while the grinding-organ shall decorate museums, and be wondered at by our descendants as the last and most cruel of the instruments of torture that disgraced an age calling itself refined.

THE THEATRE IN SANS-SOUCI.

(From the Berlin *Zeits.*)

SUCH is the title of a highly interesting paper by Herr L. Schneider, in No. 2 of the *Neues Deutsches Theater-Archiv*, from which we select the two following very remarkable cabinet orders of Frederick the Great. For the reception of the Russian Grand Prince, afterwards the Czar Paul, at the Prussian court, in July, 1776, all kinds of festivities were projected, and the king busied himself with the most trifling details connected with them. All sorts of interesting documents relating to the dramatic performances to be given are still preserved, in the Royal Secret Archives. As early as the 20th of June, Herr Reichardt, the *capellmeister*, had to go to Sans-Souci, and compose an allegorical prologue to the opera of *Angelica e Medora*, for Porporino and Tosoni, as well as an aria for Mad. Mara. The latter's husband, a personal enemy of Reichardt, succeeded in prevailing on her to write and tell the king, "She could not sing snob music." The result was an order to the Baron von Arnim, which affords us a glance at the manner in which the great king ruled the little kingdom of his theatre at Sans-Souci:—

"Vous pourrez dire à la chasteuse Mara en réponse à la lettre, qu'elle vient de M'adresser que Je la payois pour chanter et non pour écrire que les airs étoient très-biens, tels qu'ils étoient et qu'elle devoit s'en accommoder, sans tant de verbiage et difficulté. Sur ce, etc. etc.
"à Potsdam le 30 de Juin 1776." "FREDERICK.

("You may tell the singer Mara, in answer to the letter she has just sent me, that I paid her to sing and not to write; that the airs were very well, as they were, and that she ought to be contented with them without so much idle talk and fuss. In consequence, etc. etc.
"Potsdam, the 30th June, 1776.") "FREDERICK.

Underneath there was a note in the king's own handwriting: "Elle est payée pour chanter et non pour écrire."
("She is paid to sing and not to write.")

At the same time, the above-mentioned individual, Mara, who was one of the royal private land, was sent to Spandau, This, reduced the Baron von Arnim, who dreaded some hitch in the operatic representations, to a state of despair. His remonstrance on the subject to the king was followed by the remarkable order, written in *German*—an exception in theatrical matters—of which there are several copies still extant, instead of running thus: "The Mara shall sing," as follows: "The — shall sing."

"My best, and very dear faithful Arnim! I perceive from your observations of the 4th inst., that you are very tender-hearted, and a very great friend of the Mara and her husband, because you espouse their cause so warmly, and speak up for them. I must, however, tell you that your tender-heartedness is a very badly applied in the present instance, and that you would act much more sensibly, if you did what I order you, and did not accustom yourself to argue the matter; for I will by no means suffer this, and you must not let such things enter your head. The Mara shall sing the air, as I require her to, and need not obstinate, unless she wants to be served just like her husband, and shall stop in prison till further orders; to that be may make up his mind. For your part, you must not fancy you are my privy counsellor. I did not take you into my service for that, so you had better busy yourself with reuniting *partition* to my orders, if you wish me to continue your gracious king.
"Potsdam, the 5th July, 1776." "FREDERICK.

YORK MUSIC MEETING.—The success of the Leeds Festival is already bearing fruit. York, once at the head of English musical provincial towns, is about to revive its music meetings, which have been abandoned for more than a quarter of a century. The Dean has relented; the Cathedral will be accorded; and a York Musical Festival, if report errs not, be once more held in 1859.—*Literary Gazette*.

[If this be correct, Yorkshire will henceforth hold musical festivals annually—one year at York, the next at Bradford, and the next at Leeds. It is to be hoped the two manufacturing towns will lend the old cathedral city their earnest and hearty co-operation.—*Ed. M. W.*]

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

THERE was an overflowing house on Göthe's birthday, to witness the second part of *Faust*, with music by Hugo Pierson. The version chosen was the excellent one adapted for the stage by Wollheim. The performance was highly successful, for the representatives of the principal characters, and the chief stage-manager, Herr Vollmer, were unanimously called on several times.

No theatrical work has been regarded with so much suspicion as the second part of *Faust*. Even after the great success it had in Hamburg, people in other places still continued to think it was unintelligible. Here and there, too, those who wield the pen would not confess it had been successful, because they were not the persons who had been fortunate enough to produce a good stage version. With regard to the music, also, it is true that both critics and public in Hamburg pronounced it original, beautiful, and worthy of the poem; but then Pierson is a man who belongs neither to the party of the Musicians of the Future, nor to any other. For years past, ever since he resigned his office as Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, he has kept aloof from taking part publicly in musical matters, and busied himself only with composition, to which fact, his grand oratorio, *Jerusalem*, his songs and other small pieces, as well as the opera he has just completed, bear honourable testimony.

But, however this may be, the second part of *Faust*, according to Wollheim's stage version, and with Pierson's music, has triumphed, here in Frankfort, over prejudice and envy. This is a fact which can no longer be disputed.

The music was very well performed, under the direction of the excellent *Capellmeister*, Herr George Golttermann. The audience welcomed each member with the greatest interest, evinced either by devotional silence, as, for instance, in the case of the magnificent introduction to the fourth and fifth acts, or by loud applause, in which they indulged after the chorus: "Heilige Poesie," the concluding chorus, the "Te Deum," &c.

That portion of the music which is omitted, because it is impossible to extend the time of representation, which is already very long, in the case of this drama, is to be found in the pianoforte edition published by Schott's sons in Mayence. Herr Golttermann has, however, publicly stated that he will shortly give the whole of the music at a concert. This will be a great boon to the numerous admirers of Pierson's compositions.

MR. MIRANDA.—The *New York Times* says of the new tenor in Mr. Cooper's English *Operatroupe*, Mr. Miranda (pupil of Mr. Howard Glover):—"We have had no such voice in this city for very many years. Compared with the ordinary run of English tenors, he is as Taubertlich to the three cent paper man. His voice is mainly, clear, sympathetic, and of unusual power. In this opera he knows how to use it to advantage, not only in the solos, but in the concerted pieces. His success was unequivocal and deserved."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop once spoke of the Atlantic Telegraph as the grand ocean harp. Wideswarth thus writes:—

"Oh grandest miracle of Time,
What mighty joy will spring
When men of diverse tongues and clime
Shall listen to the heavenly chime
That sounds the strains of peace sublime
Upon a single string."

Old Roger, on reading the above, asked the Professor if he knew the key-note upon which that string was tuned. He allowed that he did not. "Why, it is very plain," said the jolly old fellow, "that it must be on the lower C." As this joke is about fifteen hundred feet deep, all are not expected to fathom it.—*Deight's Boston Journal*.

A FINE BASS FIDDLER.—They say MONS. A.— plays a fine Bassfiddle, but we dont know, as we never heard anybody try it before.

PHRENOLOGICAL OPINION BY DR. S. T. HALL.

(From the *Derby Reporter*.)

THAT "there is in souls a sympathy with sounds" has this week had one of the most forcible and beautiful illustrations ever given in the town of Derby. The popular outline of a biography of the Cronin Family, recently published in all the papers in this country, is so familiar to our readers to need repetition now; but the anticipations it inspired have been more than realised on their visit, and we do not wonder that empresses, princesses, and poets, as well as musical artists themselves of high celebrity, should on various occasions have expressed the greatest delight in their wondrous genius and skill, their power to thrill every chord of human feeling—nay, all the chords at once,—by their consummate performance on the violin, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte. But the sight of the family is of itself a great treat: to say nothing of their power to charm the ear. Viewed in relation to phrenology, physiognomy and expression, they furnish a most interesting study. They took music, as well as perform it, and that without the slightest affectation or effort. The head of Bertha is one striking development of tune, time, method, motion, momentum, identity, wonder, imitation, and aspiration; and hence it is that her violin lingers, wails, moans, shrieks, moans, shouts, whimpers or warbles, by the most rapid and marvellous transitions. Hence, too, it is that the whole family, organised and trained more or less in harmony with her, chord so rapturously with the key-note she strikes, and excites every possible emotion, from the most mournful to the most tender, in all who hear them. The least boy, Aloys, is a master in miniature. He is at home and at ease in all he does, not from assumption, but because it is as natural for him to play with perfect accuracy, taste, and feeling, as it is for a bird to fly to the bower to chant in concert with the vernal quail. Viewed either way he is a prodigy: if what he accomplishes with his little instrument be the result of art, it is wonderful; and if without art, it is equally so. The child evidently, too, enjoys the pleasure he is giving to others, and that he does it without the slightest air of vanity only makes it more charming. His organs of causality, order, and time, airy, if possible, more developed and active than his tune, which gives him a power of inference, apprehension, arrangement, and adaptation, that may in some degree account for his innocent self-possession—his mind being ever a little in advance of his part. We should be grieved, however, to appear invidious and unappreciative of the rest of the group, while thus making specific mention of these two. Little Cecilia is a worthy sister of such a brother as Aloys, as he is worthy of her. And though Albin, with his violoncello, from being of fuller growth, may be less of an orchestral novelty, and Adolphe, by the less conspicuous though not less effective part he takes, be thrown a little into the shade, there is not one of them who, were the others away, could fail to excite the wonder and win the approbation of the most tasteful minds, while the occasional piano accompaniments by their elder sister are deserving of all that has been published in their praise.

[We quote the above as a curiosity.—Ed. M. W.]

LADY ORGANISTS' ASSOCIATION.—(Communicated).—We learn that a Society is in course of formation, having for its object the bringing to the notice of the public, in a prominent position, and claiming of ladies qualified for situations as parochial organists, who are too much in the habit of having their applications disregarded, and their qualifications depreciated, when applying for public appointments of this kind. The Society will not be limited to lady members, but gentlemen, and especially professional men, will be invited to join; and as the opinion of first-class organists has been frequently given in favour of the claims of ladies, it is hoped and believed that this subject will receive the attention of many of the influential of both sexes who take interest in the advancement of public opinion respecting female occupation. Few spheres of occupation seem more appropriate to the gentler sex than that of the musical profession, and it is believed that this association will do much to silence the saltry rivalry and clamour which is now obviously first at most organist elections—a rivalry in great measure confined to amateurs—as well as to raise the character of female performance upon the noble instrument in question. Any information respecting the Lady Organists' Association can be obtained from Miss G. Couves, 38, Stanley-street, Chelsea, or Miss Bonghey, 6, Palatine-place, Stoke Newington-road.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF PLOTOWS "MARTHA."
107th, 102nd, and 104th NIGHTS OF "THE ROSE OF CASTILE."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be represented (for the first time in English) PLOTOWS celebrated opera MARTHA, characters by Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Susan Fyne, Mr. George Henry, Mr. J. G. Paley (his first appearance on the English stage), Mr. T. Gratton Kelly (his first appearance on the English stage), Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (102nd, 103rd, and 104th times), PLOTOWS highly successful comedy THE ROSE OF CASTILE, characters by Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Susan Fyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Aubyn, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Bartlesman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with each evening a new Ballet Divertissement by M. Petit, the music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, entitled LA FLEUR D'AMOUR, supported by Madam Zéna Michelot, Moricchi, and Pasquale. Acting-manager, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Baring. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past. The Box-office open daily from eleven till five, under the direction of Mr. E. Clatterton.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented, Shakespeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. By Mr. C. Kean; Portia by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of DYING FOR LOVE. Last Six Nights of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE in consequence of the production of KING JOHN on Monday, 15th inst.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 2, will be presented A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. With THE MONEY. After which A TWIGGLED TAIL. To conclude with TICKLISH TIMES.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Positively the last four nights of THE GREEN BUSHES, which must be withdrawn for the production of the Adelphi Drama of THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST, with new scenery, &c., in which Mad. Celeste will sustain her original character. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, to commence with (last times) THE GREEN BUSHES: Miss M. Matrona Cole; Jack Gong; Mr. Paul Beiloff; Geraldina, Mrs. B. Homer; Nelly, Miss Harriet Gordon. Re-appearance of Mr. Charles Dillon. On Friday, VIRGINIA, Virginia, Mr. C. Dillon. To conclude with THE MUSKETEERS: D'Arcongnon, Mr. Charles Dillon. On Saturday, BELFLOOR: Belphegor, Mr. C. Dillon. To conclude with THE MUSKETEERS. To conclude, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, with a Drama called HUBBARD WORDS. No advance in the Prices. The Theatre entirely redecorated. New Castle Chaudler, New Persian Saloon, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.—Our correspondent's letter arrived too late for insertion this week.

TEMPO.—As Weber did not indicate the metronome himself, we are of opinion that no importance should be attached to any directions of the sort.

W. H. C. (Plymouth).—We have received no information on the subject from the publishers of the Musical World, with whom all such arrangements are effected.

CLEMENCE.—Apply to Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9th, 1858.

"As when some notable performer, not having yet arrived behind the scenes, or having to change his dress, or not having yet quite recovered an unlucky extra tumbler of exciting fluids,—and the green curtain has therefore unduly delayed its ascent—you perceive that the THROUGH-BASS in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a prelude of astonishing prolixity, calling in *Lodoiska* or *Der Freischütz*, to beguile the time, and allow the procrastinating historian leisure sufficient to draw on his flesh-colored pantaloon, and give himself the proper complexion for a Coriolanus or a Macbeth—even so, had Sir Sedley made that long speech requiring no rejoinder, till he saw the time had arrived when he could artfully close with the flourish of a final interrog-

ative, in "order to give poor Pisistratus Caxton all preparation to compose himself and step forward. There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence, in that rarest of gifts—*fine breeding*."

Thus writes Pisistratus Caxton, Esq.—in chap. 5, Book II, of the "Family Picture" bearing his family name, and probably, notwithstanding some fine passages here and there, about as dry a compilation as would have proved the *Magnus Opus* of his moon-struck sire, which Uncle Jack had the malicious intention of giving to the world, through the instrumentality of the "Great Anti-Bookseller Publishing Society."

If, in *The History of Human Error*, the elder Caxton failed to devote a chapter to the perverse blindness of some lettered men with regard to the art of music, and to the readiness with which nevertheless they occasionally speak of it, the *Magnus Opus* would be an imperfect monument of that respectable gentleman's laborious dulness. Had Pisistratus Caxton, Esq., alluded to painting, sculpture, or any other art, except music, in terms so absurd, he would at once have been set down as an impostor. Mr. Brougham, in his celebrated review of *Hours of Idleness*, justly rated the young and noble author for confounding a musical instrument with a musical composition. "A pibroch"—said the future Chancellor and apostrophiser of Newton—"no more means a tune than a duet means a fiddle." But the blunder of "George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor"—which, after all, might have been a mere slip, a *lapsus calami*, or something like "St. Peter," "for the sake of the metre"—was innocent in comparison with the ignorance displayed by that immaculate scion of an immaculate stock (almost as virtuous and quite as good bross as the Aubreys in *Ten Thousand a Year*), Pisistratus Caxton, Esq., who, though born under Cancer, "circumlocutory, sideways, and crab-like," was nothing if not prudent.

"The Through-Bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself"

This is the first time in our remembrance that Through-Bass has been personified. Before, with graceful urbanity, investing the art upon which is founded that of counterpoint with such a dignity, Pisistratus, Esq., should have consulted his father, whose classic lore would have revealed the fact that the personification of arts and sciences is generally confided to the female gender. The muses are women to a muse; and though we never yet heard of the muse of Through-Bass, we will bet long odds that it is not a male one.

But we are fighting against a shadow. Pisistratus is not personifying Through-Bass, he is emulating Lord Byron, and confounding Through-Bass with something else. For it appears from the context that Through-Bass, Caxtonically, is a man, and therefore masculine:—

"The Through-Bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a prelude"

Through-Bass all hail! We never heard of thee playing before. Upon what instrument, however, Pisistratus informs us not; nor does he explain the seeming incongruity of a single man "in the orchestra" being allowed to introduce preludes of "astonishing prolixity" *ad libitum*, "calling in *Lodoiska* or *Der Freischütz* to beguile the time." The mere choice of *Lodoiska* and *Der Freischütz* out of an infinite series of preludes, almost as astonishingly prolix as the digressions of

* By Samuel Warren, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., one of Her Majesty's Counsel, Recorder for Hull, author of *The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age*, &c.

Augustine or Austin Caxton himself—"cochleas vitam agens"—is another proof of the deplorable ignorance of "the young Anachronism" (as Pisiistratus is humorously designated by the unconscious author of his baptismal affix). *Lodoiska* belongs to the last half century, while *Der Freischütz* is as much a fashion of the present day as of the day in which it came hot from the teeming brain of Weber. As well might we say "calling in Fye or Tennyson to beguile the time."²

Let us, however, be charitable; Pisiistratus, after all, perhaps, did not take Thorough-Bass for a fiddler, but for a fiddle,—a big fiddle, the double-bass or *contra-basso*, in short. This shows that his "deambulations" by the peach-wall, in company with his father and the lame duck, could not have led to many discussions on music. "Dusius, the Teuton fiend, or Nock, the Scandinavian imp," must have possessed a progenitor who, crammed with various knowledge, refrained from giving his son and heir some notion of an art which the Greeks themselves held in such veneration. Was the old Caxton—"sol scientiarum"—one of those pedants to whom music is nought but "a tinkling cymbal"—or was his head so stuffed with "the puerilities of Agrippa and the crudities of Cardan," while following the stream of error through the middle ages, as to deaden his sense of harmony and outcon upon both his ears! Oh! by the Goddess Moria—"or Folly," as "my father" would eagerly explain)—that "one corner of the brain" which Austin Caxton was so fearful lest Pisiistratus should leave empty here gapes like a vacuum in hisown. Had the "Maricite, Colarbarsii, and Heraclonites," the "Archonticks, Acollyptæ, and Cardionians" been set aside, for a deambulation or so, in favour of an art that refines just as much as it delights, Pisiistratus would not have committed himself so egregiously. "*Papas*!"—but it would have been better for father and son, better for *The Caxtons—a Family Picture*, better for the young Anachronism, and better for Sir Lytton, his man-midwife, to whom in this particular instance the Ciceronian pun—"rem acu tetigit"—which the elder Caxton approvingly launches at his wife, can hardly be addressed with propriety, and who would never otherwise have allowed the child of his fancy to exhibit so little intellectual sharpness, so little of the needle of the metaphor, as to confound the art of rudimental harmony with the drawer of a horse's tail across the bowels of a sheep. We do not exactly hold, with *The Saturday Review*, that in his late novels Sir Lytton has become "the apostrophiser of stupidity;" but, after carefully perusing *The Caxtons*, we cannot help quoting what Robert Hill said (Pisiistratus thinks) of Dr. Kippis:—"He had laid so many books at the top of his head, that the brains could not move." Sir Lytton has time, however, to remove one or two of them; and we strongly recommend him to begin with the ten volumes folio of Hieronymus Cardanus ("Lyon edition, 1663"), of which we doubt whether he has read, or intends to read, many pages, and which might still serve for Mrs. Primmins to sit upon, as in the journey to Uncle Roland's (*de Caxton's*) tower. "The business of a body like yours—*Papas*!" (said my father, addressing Mrs. Primmins), "is to press all things down—to keep them tight!"

"Corporis officium est quoniam omnia deorsum."

It is better for Mrs. Primmins to sit upon the Cardanian volumes, and "keep them tight," than for the Cardanian

* It may be safely assumed that Pisiistratus meant *Kreutzer's Lodoiska*, and not *Cheubini's*—"abyssus eruditionis" as he would fain appear, like his garrulous parent before him.

volumes to squeeze into absolute flatness the pericranium of our highly honoured novelist,—may whose erudition never be vaster, for, even if it was, he would fail to rival Sterne by the process of attenuation, or surpass *The Doctor* in the scattering of mottoes.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *The Athenæum*, in an article headed *Fine Art Gossip*, passes in review some of the photographic portraits of eminent men, which now may be inspected at the establishment of a well-known photographer. After noticing sundry statesmen, historians, &c., the writer comes to Sterndale Bennett, whom he apostrophises in the following very original manner:—

"The unknown organist's son, now a great musician, the pupil of Mendelssohn, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, is grave, formal, and solemn as any Methodist-saint mounting the pulpit with the intention of anything but triding away an hour. Only one of our great artists can approach this great musician, to judge by his portrait, for cold gravity. How deep the heart must lie that composed the delicious, tender gracefulness of *The Mill Stream* and *The Fountain*. The brow is twitched painfully, as if struggling with nervous thought."

We have not seen the photograph, but if it exhibits Professor Bennett in the colours above noted, it must have caught his physiognomy under a very peculiar aspect. That the face of our admirable musician is *thoughtful*, none can question; but that, even in his most serious moments, he could be made to look "solemn as any Methodist saint," or to put on the appearance of "cold gravity," is what we cannot believe; nor shall we be convinced of it except by a view of the portrait itself.

Here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to correct a very prevalent error—viz. that Professor Bennett was a pupil of Mendelssohn. One of the most intimate friends of that illustrious man he was, no doubt—but never at any time his pupil.

Alluding to *The Mill Stream* and *The Fountain*, the writer in *The Athenæum* employs epithets which, however complimentary, cannot properly be applied to either of them. *The Mill Stream* is a *presto agitato*, *The Fountain* a *prestissimo leggiero*. "Delicious tender gracefulness" is rather the quality of the first of the three pieces—"The Lake, an *andante espressivo*, which our contemporary has seemingly forgotten, and which, nevertheless, must have originally inspired him with the sentiments of admiration he transfers to its equally beautiful, but certainly not "tender" companions.

We take the very warrantable liberty of reiterating the assertion that we made last week under the head "Dramatic Intelligence," that "Mr. Charles Selby is earning for himself the reputation of a Calderon or Lope de Vega," and we again call attention to the fact, that the bills of the Strand Theatre put forth no other author. Prolific Charles Selby! Then all his farces within the last few months have been so capital! *The Last of the Pigtail* is a very nice little comedy, in which the battle between conservatism and progress is fought with spirit and with courtesy, so that foyedom, though vanquished in the end, is treated with generosity. Lighter in texture, and likewise inferior as to pretension, is the *Bonnie Fish Wife*; but it fully answers its purpose of showing Miss Patty Oliver in an idealised costume of humble life, and of allowing her to sing "Caller Herring" in a very

* Three sketches—the Lake, the Mill Stream, and the Fountain—composed and dedicated to J. W. Davison, by William Sterndale Bennett. These were first published by the late firm of Coventry and Hollier, in 1836.

delightful way, the sparkle of the eye being no trifling auxiliary to the charms of the voice. *My Aunt's Husband* is another little bit of comedy, awfully pointed against too ready a belief in matrimonial felicity. Towards the end, the piece does indeed become a little farcified; but then Charles Selby must be "funny," in spite of all considerations, however important; and whatever worship he is inclined to pay to the more dignified Thalia, there is a little laughing muse of farce that is pretty sure to lure him into a heresy. And what does that matter at the Strand Theatre? People go to laugh—and they do laugh. We ourselves, albeit of a grave turn, roar incontinently at the merry jests of Charles Selby.

The talent for "fitting" a company which Mr. Charles Selby has recently displayed is very remarkable. There is a compact little *troupe* at the Strand Theatre, and he knows how to turn every member of it to the best account. Long as Mrs. Selby has been on the stage, we will venture to say that her merits were never half known till within the last few weeks, during which she has given delineations of character worthy of any actress past or present. It is Charles Selby—it is her devoted husband who thus makes her shine out in the plenitude of her talent. Mr. Swanborough, doomed for some time to pine in obscurity, and forced to think himself happy when he could raise an occasional laugh as a very small fop in a very large assembly—Mr. Swanborough, we say, now stands forward as the *beau idéal* of an exquisite. Nothing can be better than Mr. Swanborough's representation of the languid military man of fashion in *My Aunt's Husband*. And it is Charles Selby who has plucked the diamond from the mine, and made it flash before our astonished eyes. Charles Selby is an industrious mason ever heaving pedestals that shall raise figures, unjustly passed over, to a proper degree of eminence. How well he has worked for the fame of the beautiful Miss M. Ternan, whether he has made her the primmest of wives or the smartest of *soubrettes*. No one will ever forget the effect that she produced in *The Last of the Pigeons*, when, taking off an unbecoming head-dress, she allowed a fountain of raven tresses to gush over her shoulders, and made the stalls gasp in speechless admiration. Who contrived that effect?—Charles Selby. Even the more recognised talents may regard him with reverence and with love. Where has the delicate Miss Swanborough—where has the vivacious Miss Oliver, felt more completely at home than in the delicious little dramas wherewith Charles Selby has blessed the boards of the Strand Theatre?

But above all the persons who should look up to Mr. Charles Selby with enduring veneration we would name Mr. J. Clarke, the low comedian of the Strand Theatre. Three months ago, if anyone, discoursing of the stage, mentioned the name of "little Clarke," every body assumed, as a matter of course, that the person designated was the very diminutive and facetious artist, who, from time immemorial, has played small parts with great *éclat* at the Haymarket, and is supposed by antiquarians to have been originally engaged by Samuel Foote. Now there is another "little Clarke,"—yes, a small man, whose fame, fostered by the genial care of Mr. Selby, is growing every day more lusty, and whose entrance is as sure a provocation of mirth as that of H. Widdicombe at the Surrey. People look out anxiously for J. Clarke as a contrast to more sober pleasantries, and if he puts on a grotesque attire, they go into convulsions. Selby, greatest of discoverers, has discovered a new "little Clarke," unless, indeed, he has produced him as Frankenstein produced Mr. T. P. Cooke, or Wagner elaborated the Homunculus.

There is, however, one defect in Mr. Charles Selby's last piece—a serious defect—he does not act in it himself. If that is a pleasant spectacle on the surface of the earth, it is that of Mr. Charles Selby playing in one of his own pieces. As an actor, he is always conscientious and artist-like; but when the piece is his own, and the audience welcome it with cordial laughter, the hilarity is reflected in his own face after a fashion that baffles description. He looks like a benignant spirit, calmly enjoying the happiness he has diffused,—a beneficent divinity, who has just created a world, and smiles on it before its golden age has passed away. With what unctious does he deliver his own dialogue—and if a little scrap of flirtation is required in the course of his work, how delightfully does he abandon himself to the spirit of the scene.

Let no one deny there is happiness in the world, so long as Charles Selby writes farces and acts in them himself.

Don't be blown away by every wind of doctrine, gentle reader. About nine months ago you were taught to believe that Professor Wijljalba Frikell was the first man in the world as a professor of the "severe" school of conjuring, and you were taught correctly. Therefore neither be shaken in your belief by some other "severe" professor who boasts that he too can conjure upon a simple table, nor allow yourself to be dazzled by some practitioner of the decorative school, who insists on dazzling your eyes with the lustre of a gorgeous apparatus. All is not gold that glitters. Vases that sparkle may have double bottoms.

Admire, too, the urbanity of Professor Wijljalba Frikell. There is no doubt that he is not only a native of Finland, the home of magic, but one of the Shamans or *seeris* of the Finnish race, who govern winds and communicate with all sorts of spiritual essences. If he pleased, Wijljalba Frikell could convey all his spectators into the pocket of his coat, and transport them into the midst of an assembly of Lapland witches. But he mercifully abstains from the exploit, and is contented with giving just such a sample of his power as shall astound without injury. As for the trifle that is paid at the door, Professor Wijljalba Frikell does not in reality require it. He knows where are situate all the treasures beneath the earth and below the waters—including the wreck of the "Royal George"—and he has gnomes at his command who can fetch them at his good will and pleasure. But he also knows that in this money-getting country things that are offered *gratis* are lightly esteemed. The Earl of Shaftesbury will tell you that schools which teach for nothing command few pupils. Circé herself might have turned her friends into swine in the middle of Trafalgar-square, but she would not have drawn a crowd without a familiar spirit to collect contributions in a hat.

And, reader, when you find yourself at Polygraphic Hall, marvelling at the prodigious powers of Wijljalba Frikell, do not let wonder deprive you so completely of all presence of mind, that you forget to purchase the little book (price 6d.) which is entitled "Lessons in Magic," and gives instructions how to work seventeen miracles. If you study that little work with assiduity, who knows that you may not in time become a real Shaman yourself.

Sig. ROMMI has arrived in London, after a tour through France, Italy, and Germany.

FORMES at PITTSBURGH.—Carl Formes was serendipitous to-night at the Mooninghala Hotel, by several German musical societies, and made a handsome speech to the crowd.—*Pittsburg Paper*, Sept. 22.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

AFTER a prosperous run, *The Rose of Castille* is beginning to exhibit the natural symptoms of decay consequent upon every work of whatsoever magnitude and will be withdrawn on Monday, to make way for M. Flotow's *Martha*, for which a great success is anticipated. The entire strength of the company is included in the cast, and we have no doubt that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison will leave nothing undone to ensure such a result. We are only sorry they should not have chosen a work of higher merit, and one better suited to the means of their company. We shall be delighted, nevertheless, to hear Miss Louisa Pyne sing "The last rose of summer," and trust she will not substitute words by the poet of the establishment for those of Tom Moore. We likewise hope that the score will not be treated after the fashion of the *Crosses Diamonds*, as performed last winter at the Lyceum Theatre, and that the patronisers of English opera may be allowed to judge of M. Flotow on his own unaided merits. Nobody doubts that Miss Louisa Pyne is a first-rate florid singer, and the public does not require to be reminded of the fact nightly. That the fair artist is an accomplished vocalist in the expressive school has also been abundantly demonstrated, so that she may be supposed to be equally at home in the music of Auber and Flotow. For the sake of variety and effect it might have been as well had the composer introduced a cavatina into *Martha*; but, since he has not thought fit to do so, let him have his own way. The acceptance of his work by the Drury Lane managers, or should we have limited—of the public in respect for it. Let it therefore be respected. The music of *Lionel* is well adapted to Mr. Harrison, who should do it eminent justice.

On Wednesday a new ballet-divertissement, entitled *Fleur d'Amour*, from the pen of M. Petit, was produced and received with much favour. As we had received no explanation of the plot, and are not felicitous in the solution of problems, it is impossible for us to say what the *divertissement* was about. Of course a love incident was the upshot, and the audience were entertained with the usual caprices, coquettings, tergiversations, quarrels, and recriminations of the melting pair, together with the inevitable paternal interferences, notifications, reconciliations, and benedictions. At the end. The chief parts were supported by Mesdames. Zilia Micholet, Morlacchi, and Pasquale, who boudled and pinnetted to the very utterance, and were applauded to the ceiling by "men and gods," and the "columns" that helped to reverberate their shouts. The music, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, as might be expected from so ready and accomplished a pen, is graceful, airy, and characteristic. A tarantella, written in the true Neapolitan vein, and smacking both of Rossini and Auber—as who that composed a veritable tarantella could, by any ingenuity, eschew comparison with such models?—cannot fail to make its way into all dance-saloons, public and private, even though that most famous of all the *pas* of southern Italy stand no chance of importation into London. In a word, the new *ballet divertissement* was entirely successful. The Drury Lane public, albeit unused to the vaulting mood, seemed to enjoy thoroughly the gyrations, vibrations, librations, and poetical poses of the fair triad of *dansuses*. The curtain fell amid loud applause on all sides.

MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES having recovered from his late severe indisposition, is at present residing at Rothsay. He preached last Sunday in Victoria Hall, both forenoon and afternoon, to a most crowded audience, every inch of room being occupied. The forenoon lecture was an exposition of the 10th chapter of *St John*, and in the evening an able discourse on the well-known consistory text, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In the course of his discourse, as he glowed with the noble theme, we thought we could feel and understand the motive that caused the tempest-tossed actor and author to fall back on the pulpit as a more congenial haven than that which attends a successful literary career, even whilst accompanied by the applauding hosannahs of an admiring public. Mr. Knowles is quite recovered in health.—*Glasgow Mail*.

HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL.

THE great natural magician has varied his entertainments during the week with an exposition of the means by which some popular tricks are accomplished, and on Monday night entirely laid bare the deception practised daily at fairs, races, and in the streets, too, in the case of the trick with the Indian rings, one of the best feats of itinerant jugglers, which used to be the wonderment of our own boyhood, and which, no doubt, sent many a yokel away impressed with the belief that the stout man in the tight dress besprent with spangles had occult dealings with the Evil One. The trick is simple, but requires expert fingers combined with much practice to render its accomplishment easy. This part of the performance was received with ecstatic delight by the whole audience, as everybody thought that with a few brass rings and a little dexterity he might be enabled to constitute himself the Wiljalba Frikell of a minor circle. Moreover, the professor has published a little book of "Lessons on Magic," in which the tyro is taught the way to execute some apparently astounding feats without the least difficulty, and, in fact, how to become an embryo conjurer. The little *brochure* is well written and contains some very pertinent remarks in the preface. "The 'Magic' I practise and expound," writes the magician, "by presenting marvels professedly due only to human ingenuity and dexterity, and showing how, by the simplest means, every sense may be effectually deceived, is the best safeguard against the effects of that weak credulity which, it is proved by constantly recurring instances, affords even in the present day, and among persons of education, so productive a field to a host of cunning impostors." "I am, therefore, professor, most true! But if you only knew how we love to be deceived! Do leave us to our credulities a little! Don't explain everything! We yearn not to be so wise and crafty as yourself! Pray, then, let something be left to the imagination! Keep in reserve certain of your most marvellous achievements, else we shall not bow down to you as our superior any longer, and shall acoustom ourselves to look upon you as a very moderate gifted necromancer—a poor every-day enchanter—an unmighty wizard! Let some of your deeds still linger in the shadows of darkness!"

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN ON TUNING.

(From *The Athenaeum*.)

OUR musical readers are aware that when the two notes of a simple consonance are a little out of tune, though only to the extent which common temperament allows and requires, a beating pulsation is heard—a wow-wow-wow-ing kind of performance—which keeps itself within decent bounds on the pianoforte, but becomes rather an annoying defect on the organ. The theory of these beats, as very obscurely laid down, though with perfect correctness, by Dr. Robert Smith in his Treatise on Harmonics, has received but little attention. The beats themselves have been used in tuning, and they furnish the only method known, except the unassisted judgment of the ear, for tuning on any given system. The subjects of beats has been recently treated by Professor de Morgan in a paper which has just been printed as a part of the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. X., now in the press. On the simplification of the theory of beats which this paper points out there is no occasion to say anything; but a postscript contains some suggestions on the subject of tuning, which we think it worth while to lay before our readers. All tuners begin by properly adjusting an octave, or a little more than an octave, which contains what are technically called the *bearings*. The rest of the scale is then tuned from the bearings. These bearings are obtained by taking one standard note from a tuning fork, and then tuning fifths upwards and octaves downwards, making the fifths a little too flat, as required in the system employed, usually that of *equal temperament*, in which all the fifths are made equally flat. This the tuner generally does by the ear; and if, as he comes towards the end of his bearings, he finds that he has overflattened or underflattened the earlier fifths he has to try back. Every new chord which comes into the adjusted part is a new test of the success of the process so far. An adroit tuner does this well;

and there are some who have not often to fall back. That is, there are some who soon please their own ears, and others who are much longer about it. But there are no tuners who precisely agree with one another, and few, if any, who at all times agree with themselves. It is the experience of the organ-builders, with their best tuners, working on different compartments of the same organ, that though each can make his compartment pleasant enough by itself, the compartments are frequently not fit to work together. Prof. De Morgan proposes that the bearings should consist of one octave, each of whose twelve semitones is obtained from a separate tuning-fork. But who is to answer for the tuning-forks? The manufacturers are to adjust them by making the consonances beat the number of times per minute which it shall be calculated from the system of temperament chosen that they ought to beat. Supposing the manufacturer to have a good standard set of his own, on any given system, it will be easy enough to make copies by unisons. Nor should the manufacturer object to a proposal which will, if carried out, make the demand for forks just twelve times what it is. The alleged advantages of the proposal are as follows:—First, the saving of time in obtaining the bearings; it is easier to get unison with a fork than to make the unassisted ear give a fifth too flat by two per cent. of a semitone. Secondly, the certainty of attaining the end proposed: for the system to be attained is stereotyped on the forks, independently of the state of the tuner's ear, temper, or indignation. Thirdly, the practicability of making a true set of different systems of temperament; the tuner's ear being wholly insufficient to discriminate the minute differences between one system and another. Prof. De Morgan considers equal temperament as an insipid dead flat; and prefers the variety which exists in passing from key to key under varied temperament. He has given the requisite table of beats in each of four different systems. First, equal temperament, as commonly used. Secondly, gradual change of temperament, first upwards and then downwards, in passing dominantly through the twelve major keys. Thirdly, major thirds everywhere equally tempered, with the greatest change of temperament in passing from key to key, which this condition admits of. Fourthly, the same extreme variety with the minor thirds everywhere equally tempered. The calculation of beats for a given system is of little difficulty; but as there are many practical musicians to whom, in calculation, great difficulties and little difficulties are all one and the same thing, we should recommend any organ-builder who seriously meditates trying any system of his own, to ask Prof. De Morgan to furnish him with a table of beats.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

"WHOEVER judges Richard Wagner's operas by the scores, is an ass; whoever does so by the pianoforte editions is simply an idiot." Keeping this lively assertion in mind, an assertion we have heard repeatedly from the lips of Richard Wagner's disciples, we took great care not to indulge in expressing any opinion on *Lohengrin*, until we had seen it sweep, in all its glory, over the stage. And, indeed, Richard Wagner's music, to speak more especially of it, cannot be separated from scenic representation, without becoming absolutely wearisome. It is true that we have to pay dearly enough for the small advantage accruing to us, when we hear it braved forth from the stage through the various instruments of the orchestra.

We are not going to relate the plot of *Lohengrin*. It is already sufficiently well-known to our readers. We are accustomed not to examine the *librettos* of operas with too great an amount of critical minuteness, regarding them, as we do, as mere accessories. But Richard Wagner's *libretto* are by no means intended to be thus judged, and he would protest against the bare notion of such a thing. His object is, above all, to present us with a drama. We have not the slightest objection to this, and if R. Wagner's efforts should help to disgust us, at length, with the empty, rapid puppet-show subjects, which are served up to us again and again in operas, we should account this fact alone as a praiseworthy action. But, in art, intentions are not worth much; on the

contrary, everything depends on the manner in which they are realised. Competent judges, however, will perceive, at the first glance, that neither *Tannhäuser* nor *Lohengrin*, considered simply as dramas, will bear serious æsthetic criticism, and all persons, whose opinion on matters of literary criticism in Germany are worth anything, have always been unanimous with regard to their trifling poetical-dramatic value.

What! are these dramatic, and consequently, as people are pleased to assert, "purely human" conflicts, "born by the atmosphere of the time," which are presented to us in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* any the dramatic characters? and is this the language of a specifically organised poetical mind? Are we to be especially edified by this wretched, coarse exposition of dualism in human nature, of which Goethe's *Faust* offers such a powerful and all-comprehensive picture, of that "holy *Grail*," which was certainly an unknown greatness, for most persons, before R. Wagner dragged it forth from the honourable darkness of the middle ages? To recognise in R. Wagner, as the author of the dramas of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, specifically poetic qualities, would be tantamount to confessing that we did not know what are the first principles of all poetry, especially dramatic poetry. Some people have been bold enough to assert that the structure of the verses in *Lohengrin* is very excellent; nay, a model worthy of imitation, but it is easy to prove the contrary from every page of the *libretto*. It is not without objective justification, that, in the parody of *Lohengrin* with which it lately attempted to amuse its readers, *Figaro* laughs at such verses as the following:

"Wo ihr des Königs Schild gewahrt,
Dort rechtlich Urtheil nun erfahrt!
Drum rath' ich klagend laut und hell:
Elsa erseheine hier zu Stell!"

or:

"Vor den König sollt ihr sie geleiten,
Dort will ich Antwort ihr breiten."

We might multiply at pleasure passages like the above, which we have selected at hazard. We are sufficiently liberal to attach especial importance to defects of this kind in an "opera," but we have to deal with a "drama" and a "poet," and, under these circumstances, such things cannot be permitted to pass unnoticed.

It is, however, a strange position in which we are placed towards Wagner. If we attack Wagner the poet, Wagner the composer will be thrown in our teeth, and vice versa; nay, if we attack him in both these capacities, we are, at last, referred to Wagner the reformer, who has written the *libretto*, the opera and the drama. The case is a peculiar one. Even most of those who are altogether opposed to Wagner's works, believe themselves bound to come to the general conclusion: "It cannot be denied, at any rate, that we are presented with a great and important creation." But, however people may think on this head, there is something really astonishing, namely, the energy and perseverance with which Wagner first writes thick theoretically-speculative works on his double art, and with which he then himself knocks together the verbal scaffolding of his operas, dramas, and then ends by crowning his triple task by that part of it which he knows very well will be the most important one of all, that is to say, after the pen of the poet has done its duty, he writes that of the composer. Everybody, however, who has in any degree investigated the nature of the human mind, either by the light of speculation, or by the aid of history, will look with a great deal of suspicion on this fact. If we reflect what an amount of energy is required to produce a true drama, and what warmth of feeling must be exhausted, when a man finishes such a work, he must ask, "with astonishment: "What and is not this problem yet solved for you! On the contrary, was this only the scheme, and do you, at present, intend to go again through the whole process, naturally rendered more difficult! This apparently simple question, might, perhaps, give rise to more speculations than people would at first suppose, and we must leave our readers to indulge in them for themselves, and turn our attention exclusively to the musical part of *Lohengrin*. It is by no means a bad joke of *Figaro's*, when *Lohengrin* is

made to reply to Elias's question as to his name and descent: "My name is Lohengrin, and I am son of Taubhäuser." The following malicious verses run thus:—

"Ich geh' nach Zürich zum Richard Wagner,
Der mich in mehren Opera noch verwenden wird."

"I am going to Zurich, to Richard Wagner, who will employ me in several other operas."

The fact is the music of *Lohengrin*, in its essential attributes, nay, only too often in its outward structure, bears a very close family resemblance to that of *Tannhäuser*. We will, therefore, first consider R. Wagner's musical capabilities generally, and then add a few strokes of the pen to characterise more especially *Lohengrin*. Our readers must allow us to adopt, exceptionally, the plan of dividing our notice under separate heads.

(To be continued.)

WORCESTER.—By far the most successful concert given in this city for many a month was the second of the Harmonic Society's series, at the Music Hall. That capacious building was quite full, the large attendance being induced partly from the fact that some of the proceeds were to be devoted to the fund for the restoration of Spetchley church and partly from the attraction held out by the assistance of Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Louisa Vinning, and Mr. Thomas, assisted by Mr. Mathew, solo flute, and Mr. Davis, solo harp, all who gave their services gratuitously as a mark of esteem for the worthy rector, the Rev. R. Sarjeant. The society's band was also strengthened by many additions, and an excellent programme had been selected. Haydn's Symphony, No. 6, opened the performances, the first violin (Mr. D'Evville) doing special service. The first part of *Robin Hood* followed, in which Mr. Sims Reeves sang the air "Under the greenwood tree" with such grace, ease, and brilliancy, as to create a *furor*. In the "Rose of the Morn" he was encored, returned and made his bow, but very sensibly declined to repeat it. Indeed we were glad to observe that during the whole evening the absurd custom of encores was much in abeyance, only two instances having occurred—Mr. Reeves in "Come into the garden, Maud," and Miss Vinning in "Home, sweet home," when she substituted "Comin' through the rye." This young lady was never heard to better advantage. Mr. Thomas "did" the bishop in "Robin Hood" with much dramatic force and fine execution, and Mr. Topham's "Little John" was by no means amiss. One of the most effective pieces of the evening was the "Miserère," by Miss Vinning and Mr. Reeves, with organ accompaniment and chorus. The choruses and concerted pieces were well done, with the exception of Mendelssohn's *Akade*, which was dragged along somewhat too slowly; but the gorgeous music of *William Tell*, and the choruses "O hills," "Strike the harp," and "Now morning advancing," delighted the most critical ears. Solos were executed by Mr. Davis on the harp and Mr. James Mathews on the flute. Mr. D'Evville was leader of the band, Mr. Haynes and Mr. Jones presided at the pianoforte, Mr. Turbutt at the organ, and Mr. Jones conducted.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Elijah* was given in St. George's Hall, on Wednesday evening week, by the Liverpool Vocal Union. The solo vocalists were Mr. and Madame Weiss, Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Hiles, Miss Sharpe, Mr. Mann, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Pearce. Mr. Bee presided at the organ, and Mr. Armstrong conducted. The local press speak very well of the society, and predict a successful career.

SIR WILLIAM DON ON ETQUETTE.—At the Sunderland police-court, Sir William Don, Bart., who has been fulfilling a week's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre in that town, was charged with having wilfully assaulted Edgar Burchell, a performer at the same theatre, and with doing wilful damage to a hat, coat, and shirt, his property, to the amount of £1 5s. The complainant stated that on the evening previous he was playing the character of "Glimmer" in the interlude of *The Two Buzards*, in which piece Sir William was "John Small"—that having gone on to the stage with his hat on, Sir William asked him to take it off, telling him that if he did not he would knock his head off. The

same thing occurred a second time, but after the curtain went down he went to offer an explanation to Sir William, who seized and dragged him to the window of the property room, knocked him against some lumber, tore his shirt, crushed his hat, tore his coat, and nearly strangled him—that he had brought this charge not to extort money, but to expose his brutal conduct. Mr. Young addressed the Bench on behalf of the defendant, and admitted the assault. Mr. Young then proceeded to say that it was the custom of every well-bred Englishman in private to remove his hat in the presence of ladies, and that his client was only doing his best to have the rules of etiquette strictly adhered to, and became incensed on finding that complainant did not comply therewith, by not taking his hat off. The magistrate convicted Sir William of the assault, and fined him £1 and costs, and 10s. 6d. for damages to the man's clothes. On the following evening, Sir William took his benefit, and his physical pugnacious attractions evidently had a tendency to make him a very good house.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY WITH CHORAL SERVICE.—A correspondent writes to us:—"Sir, Within the last few weeks, much has been said and written upon the subject of the wedding ceremony, with full choral service. Perhaps you will allow me to give a very short account of an interesting marriage that took place at Reigate church this morning. The service, which was performed by the Rev. J. C. Wymor (rector of Gatton), assisted by the Rev. J. N. Harrison, vicar of Reigate, commenced with an appropriate voluntary on the organ (a very nice-toned instrument by the way). The responses after the prayers were given by the chorists; and after the minister's blessings two psalms were chanted (single chants). At the close of the service Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' came pealing forth its joyous strains as a concluding voluntary. The whole service was admirably performed by all who took part, and I do feel that the musical service, as introduced at Reigate church, is a great improvement, and, in my opinion, the 'service of song' could not be more appropriate than on such an occasion. I ought to mention that the musical portion of the ceremony was entirely under the direction of Mr. Thurmann, the organist. Not wishing to impose upon, or exhaust patience by any further remarks, and trusting you will excuse the liberty thus taken, I am, &c. A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Redhill, Sept. 24."—*Daily News*.

MARY, I'M THINKING OF THEE.

(From "Songs, by John Ellason.")

I.

On the blue deep,
Silver beams sleep.

My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea;
And in the calm light,

So holy and bright,

Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

II.

From our dear home

Away on the foam,

My visions as fair as an angel's can be;

Oft thy dear form

I see 'mid the storm,

Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

III.

The waves bear my store,

But dearest, far more,

I worship the land where my best treasures be;

Joy lights my breast

To think of the rest,

Mary, my Mary, I'll soon find with thee.

IV.

Close at thy side

I'll ever abide,

None shall have sweeter contentment than, and value of this

Life has no bliss

So welcome as this—*—* Hall, *—*

Mary, my Mary, as dwelt"



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PRECENTORS AND THEIR DUTIES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—The inquiry which has just terminated at Carlisle, with regard to the removal of the Rev. T. G. Livingston from his office of Precentor and Minor Canon, is calculated, I hope, to do some little good for the cause of cathedral music. It is not my intention to discuss the decision of the bishop, which has reinstated the reverend gentleman, although there is some reason for supposing that had there not been some informality in the document by which the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle dismissed him, the result would have been a very different one. The few remarks which I am going to make are intended merely to apply to the musical part of the question, and the benefit which ought to arise in consequence of the authority of the deans and chapters of cathedrals being ascertained.

It is pretty well known that our cathedral establishments are governed by statutes, some of them dating from Henry the Eighth, of which Carlisle is one. These statutes define the duties and authority of the various members of the establishment, from the dean, downwards. Now the Rev. Mr. Livingston claimed, by virtue of the statutes, the entire and independent control of the musical service of the Cathedral; that he had the right of selecting all the music to be sung; to sing solos himself; and to conduct the choir in all their performances. Now the organist, it appears, very naturally resisted these absurd pretensions as derogatory to his own position, and also to the profession of which he is a member; and it is fortunate that the statutes allow something like a common-sense application to meet the circumstances of the present day. Mr. Livingston may be a very excellent priest, and a sound theologian, but he certainly is not a musician, and therefore the claim to superintend high musical offices is obviously ridiculous; and if the reverend gentleman has pressed his ideas of his office as a matter of conscience, the statutes being the rubric which he considered himself bound to obey, all I can say is, that it is a pity that his conscience was not sufficiently sensitive to prevent him taking upon himself an office which he is manifestly, and upon his own showing, incapable of fulfilling—for not the least droll incident in the inquiry was Mr. Livingston's admission that he passed a very bad examination in the common rudiments of music, but that he considered, nevertheless, that a person might be a very good musician without knowing anything of musical grammar, as the Rev. Canon Harcourt expressed it. If Mr. Livingston means to state that a man may be a good classic without knowing the Latin grammar, he certainly must have a very odd notion of education. But it is a great pity that the examination, with Mr. Livingston's answers, was not brought forward at the inquiry before the bishop; and I should recommend the organist, if he has the papers, to publish them now.

But a very few words, I think, will be sufficient to dispose of the question which has been raised at Carlisle. At the time that the statutes were written music was in a very different state, in fact scarcely can be said to have been permitted in the church beyond *unisonal chanting*, and no doubt at that time the precentor did lead or conduct what was sung; but as soon as music of a complicated character, and in parts, was introduced, it at once became necessary to employ professional men, and I believe that Tallis and Dr. Tye were among the first lay-organists appointed to our cathedrals. This being so, much that formerly belonged to the authority of precentor changed hands also, for no musical service could be sufficiently conducted upon the notions of the present Carlisle precentor. The unsatisfactory performance of our cathedral service in many cathedrals may be, perhaps, ascribed to an evil of this nature, and the sooner it is remedied the better. The remedy is now, without doubt, in the hands of deans and chapters, and I sincerely trust they will avail themselves of it. Although, perhaps, there has not been really a doubt as to the authority of the deans and chapters over the subordinate members of their cathedral churches, yet the question had not been ventilated, and therefore precentors have assumed an authority at variance with the *real spirit of the statutes*, and at still greater variance with *COMMON SENSE*. But

at Carlisle common sense appears *practically* to have prevailed for some time past, and the dean and chapter and their organists deserve to be commended for stopping in and preventing the absurd vagaries of Mr. Precentor Livingston. Nothing can be fairer than the rules which the dean and chapter laid down for the guidance of Mr. Ford and Mr. Livingston in their respective offices; and those rules were not considered by the bishop, or by anyone else, repugnant either to their spirit of their statutes or to the authorities of the very reverend the dean. It appears that the organist has been in the habit of writing out the list of music for the ensuing week, and that this has been handed to the precentor in order that the latter might urge ecclesiastical objection to anything the organist had appointed, the objection to be stated in presence of the organist, to the dean, or canon in residence every Saturday morning—the dean's decision, of course, being final. Mr. Livingston at various times resisted all this, and was guilty of other improprieties—such as ordering the singers to remain silent, in order that he might sing verses and solos himself. I think nothing could be more admirably written than Dr. Cloze's decision upon these points. It shows that the dean entertained such a proper view of the duties of both the organist and precentor, that I quote his letter in *extenso*—

“REV. STR.—Having ascertained that on Thursday last, during the performance of divine service, you silenced the chief bass singer, intimating to him that you would take his part in the quartet yourself, I must request that this may not occur again, as such an interference with the parts previously assigned by the organist, on whom the practising of the choir depends, must lead to confusion and irregularity. As there appears to be some doubt on your mind as to the division of duties between you and the organist, I wish, once for all, to express upon you the necessity of compliance with this my order—*viz.*, that after you have, in conjunction with the organist, and with my sanction, or with that of the canon in residence, settled the weekly curriculum of services and anthems, your power of interference with the musical duties of the choir must end. Your duties, then, are simply ecclesiastical, moral, and ceremonial. The regular attendance and conduct of the men and boys are in your hands; but the assignment of parts to the several singers must absolutely rest with the person who under our authority, teaches, trains, and practises the voice—*namely*, the organist.

“Yours truly,
“F. CLOZE.”

Now why the precentor was not satisfied with this it is difficult to conceive, for I must say that I think that both his own position and the spirit of the statutes were fairly and properly represented by these regulations. By attending to the decorous conduct of the men and boys during the service, and by marking their regular and punctual attendance, he certainly was responsible, as the dean and chapter pointed out to him, for the proper performance of the musical service; but what on earth led him to arrogate to himself duties which only an advanced and well-trained musician could undertake, I am perfectly at a loss to comprehend. Would Mr. Livingston, for instance, be guilty of the absurdity of saying that the head-masters of Eton or Rugby are to be dictated to in the examination and teaching of their classes by a person ignorant of Greek or Latin? Everybody is perfectly aware that there cannot be two masters at the same time; and if the dean had to choose between the organist and the precentor whose authority and opinion in musical matters was to be paramount, he undoubtedly exercised a most wholesome and wise discretion in entrusting professional matters to a professional man, and I think the organist only exercised proper self-respect by resisting the insulting and derogatory position which the precentor endeavoured to force upon him.

It was in consequence of the precentor refusing to submit to the authority of the dean, and claiming undisturbed power over all the musical arrangements of the cathedral without the intervention either of the dean or organist that he was at last suspended from his office. With regard to the other alleged improprieties of Mr. Livingston's conduct, it is not my purpose to enter upon them. In fact as the bishop stopped the inquiry at a certain point, without allowing the dean and chapter to produce evidence, or go fully into the circumstances, which as it were compelled them to the course they adopted, no very correct judg-

ment can possibly be formed, though enough transpired to prove that he had behaved on various occasions most improperly to his ecclesiastical superiors, and therefore his being reinstated by the bishop into his offices without even censure is a piece of such good luck that I should not advise him to try a similar game over again.

There is, however, one point in the bishop's judgment which is of the highest importance, and which is the main object of my letter. The bishop was compelled to admit the power of the dean over all matters touching the celebration of divine service, subject, of course, to the general ecclesiastical law. The dean and chapter are therefore confirmed in the authority they claimed over the preacher. It is then clearly in the hands of deans and chapters to govern the musical arrangements of their several cathedrals. They, of course, engage professional men as their organists, and it is to them that authority should be delegated to conduct, train, and teach their choirs, as well as to select the music to be performed—the caputular bodies always having it in their power to prevent any music or words being introduced into divine service of an objectionable character. A small number of voices under discipline and good training can be made to sing together very effectively. It is true that the salaries at most of our cathedrals are not large enough to secure great vocal talent, and a little augmentation would work wonders. The income also of the organist should be such as would enable him to devote considerable time to instruction and rehearsal of the cathedral service with the whole choir. No public performance can possibly be effective without this necessary drudgery. I trust, therefore, that this inquiry which has provoked so much discussion will be productive of this good, viz.:—that deans and chapters will insist upon having the choir parts of the service, and the discipline of their choirs, wholly under the governance of the professional musician who fills the situation of organist.

With many thanks, Mr. Editor, for allowing me so much space,
I beg to remain, yours, very obediently,

MUSICUS.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, WALWORTH— ITS ORGAN, &c.

On the 12th ult. a new organ was inaugurated in the new church of St. Paul, Walworth. The instrument has been built by Messrs. Bates and Son, of Ludgate-hill, at the extremely low price of £270. It is set out for a rather extensive organ, but much of the pipe work is as yet absent, and intended to be supplied as funds for the purpose shall be forthcoming. It is as follows:—

Two rows of keys, Great Organ and Small, compass of each CC to F, with Pedals CUC to E.

GREAT ORGAN.		SMALL.	
1. Open Diapason.	}	1. Bourdon.	}
2. Stop Diapason.		2. Double Open Diapason.	
3. Do. do. treble metal	}	3. Open Diapason.	}
4. Dulciano.		4. Stop Diapason.	
5. Principal.	}	5. Principal.	}
6. Twelfth.		6. Fifteenth.	
7. Fifteenth.	}	7. Flute.	}
8. Sesquialtra—3 ranks.		8. Trumpet.	
9. Mixtura—2 ranks.	}	9. Hautboy.	}
10. Vacant slide.		10. Vacant slide.	
11. Do. do.			

PEDALS.

1. Open Diapason, 16 feet.
3 Couplers and 3 Composition Pedals.

St. Paul, Walworth, one of the latest of the new metropolitan churches, completed at the latter end of 1856, and consecrated the day before Christmas Day of that year, is situate midway between the roads to Clapham and Camberwell that diverge from the Elephant and Castle, and about a mile by either line from that well-known house of call. It stands in the centre of Lorrimer-square, inclosed by a dwarf wall spiked with iron, and presents a very picturesque appearance, and a favourable

specimen of a cheap church. The structure is Gothic, after the early English style of the thirteenth century, and built of rough stone in irregular courses, with Bath stone for the finer parts. The plan is cruciform, with tower standing at the north-east side surmounted by a spire octagonal in plan, and perforated in its sides by three tiers of lancet windows, and terminating at a height of 122 feet from the ground.

Internally the transepts are but slightly marked, but the chancel is of the ample depth of 26 feet. The nave—large, with high-pitched roof, showing its constructive timbers—has side aisles separated by stone columns alternately of circular and octagonal form, with plain moulded capitals. The timbers of the roofs, ceiling (which is low and open), and all the other portions of the wood work, are of deal, stained and varnished. The floors are laid with tiles in red and black lozenges. There are four double-lancet windows and one single at the side of each aisle, with mullioned and tracery windows in the various gables. There is no western gallery, but a sort of temporary gallery standing back of the columns occupies each aisle, supported on slender iron pillars in front, and at the back by corbels in the wall.

The gas lighting is by standards placed at intervals about the church, they are of brass, and of tripod character. The font, a carving in stone, of octagonal shape, is placed at the western end of the nave. The chancel is separated from the nave by a lofty arch, its roof close boarded and panelled, the eastern wall has a roredo composed of eight small pointed arches on columns, the two in the centre larger and unopied, contain the decalogue. The pulpit and reading desk are placed against the piers of the chancel arch, and between them a small angle desk, from which the lessons are read. A small chapel on the south side of the chancel forms the vestry, which communicates with the sanctuary by a "priest's door." The organ is placed on the north side of the chancel, in a recess formed in the basement of the tower, and quite unseen from the body of the church. The instrument is not inclosed in the usual case, but a row of its diapasons in their native colour (tin), burnished and set in a frame, is made to form a screen between it and the chancel. The chancel is benched on either side longitudinally, and the choir, habited in surplices, occupy these benches in the ancient Deano and Cantorus style; the arrangements and appointments throughout being on the most approved Tractarian model, and the sacred services are performed in accordance with the views of that compact, which comprehends choral service with intoning of the prayers, or what is familiarly denominated "Puseyite," yet, after all, the correct and proper formula of the Protestant worship, as instituted at the Reformation by King Edward VI., and subsequently confirmed by Queen Elizabeth, and which ordinance has never been revoked or in any way altered to this day. The practice of reading or "saying" of the service, which has generally obtained in our churches, being by the same ordinance, as it were, permissive only. The choir here is composed of gentlemen (musical amateurs) and boys whose services, are gratuitous, and the effort (artistically speaking) very creditable. The choir-master and organist is Mr. Paul Jerrard, composer of one novelty, at least, in church music—viz., a service for the solemnisation of matrimony, and first used on his own interesting occasion at this church some months back, and noticed at the time in the *Musical World*.

This church has been built at the very moderate cost of £6,500, from designs by Mr. Jarvis, architect, of Trinity-square, on land the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, who possess large estates in the neighbourhood. They also gave £1,000 towards the erection, and endowed the living with £150 per annum.* The Church Commissioners supplied £750, and the Incorporated Society £400, stipulating, in consideration for the same, that 600 of the sittings, (half of the accommodation of the church), should be for ever free. The subscription list shows gifts of £100 from St. Thomas's Hospital, the Trinity Corporation, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Mr. G. B. Hart, and the

* The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have also engaged to do precisely the same thing in respect to another church about to be erected in the same neighbourhood.

Church Extension Society, and £50 from the late Bishop of London, Mr. E. Cazenove, and Mr. Chester. The funds, however, being inadequate to the completion of the church, £2,000 borrowed for that purpose for a term, for interest, £100 per annum of the endowment, a position of things which it is to be hoped the parishioners will not allow long to remain. An ecclesiastical district containing 12,000 persons has been appropriated to this church from the district of St. Peter, Walworth, parish of St. Mary, Newington. The Rev. T. Mitchell is the incumbent, and the Lord Bishop of London diocesan.

55, Regent-street.

F. C.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS, CUM MULTIS ALIIS.

(From the *Illustrated Times*.)

On Tuesday, Mademoiselle Piccolomini took her second and last farewell of the British public, before starting for New York, where she is anxiously awaited by the *habitués* of the "Academy of Music." The scene of the *adieu* was the Crystal Palace, and so determined were the young lady's admirers to see and hear the last of her, that no less than ten thousand of that respectable class assembled to "assist" at the leave-taking. In speaking of Madlle. Piccolomini's last appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, we told our readers of the enthusiasm of the audience, and of the affecting tenderness of the departing one. The emotion on both sides was equally great at the Crystal Palace—that is to say, equally great in proportion to the numbers present, for, speaking absolutely, it was four times greater. The ten thousand spectators and listeners clapped their twenty thousand hands and shouted "Bravo!" (those who wished their neighbours to think they understood Italian shouted "Brava!") while Madlle. Piccolomini responded to the plaudits with a cordiality and emotion that were really touching, and which, to those who believe in Madlle. Piccolomini's talent, must have been profoundly affecting. No one knows how to receive applause so well as the natural little soprano, who fulfils so imperfectly an author's intentions, and acts so skillfully to the pit. She acknowledges it in the most charming manner almost before it is offered to her, just as she is always ready to repeat an air in answer to the faintest "encore," or to bow, smile, and retire with looks of equal gratitude if the encore be evidently not insisted on. But, really, in whatever character she has appeared, Madlle. Piccolomini's success has seldom, if ever, been a doubtful one, and as success is the only thing the public believe in (probably from vanity, because each individual member feels that he has contributed something towards it), one triumph leads naturally to another, and the same people who applauded the successful vocalist on the night of her *début*, applaud her a hundred times more vehemently on the eve of her departure. Doubtless, too, the Irish row, of which Madlle. Piccolomini's appearance at the Dublin theatre was the pretext, has added materially to that lady's reputation—"La réputation c'est un grand bruit"—and the noise inside and outside the Dublin theatre was something tremendous. The Irish, in their humorous manner, treated the pleasant, good-natured, vivacious, audience-loving Piccolomini, as some goddess of song. Did they not sacrifice a dove to her—a poor innocent dove—who was dragged on to the stage by ropes, and whose back was nearly broken by the weight of an unusually ponderous volume of Moore's melodies? Of course there is some connection in the Irish mind between doves, Moore's melodies, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini. The Irish have a talent for connecting all sorts of dissimilar things, voluntarily when they are witty, and involuntarily when they make bulls. But, however that may be, Dublin has added to the Piccolomini reputation; and the Crystal Palace (a city in itself) has (with due allowance for the coldness of the Anglo-Saxon temperament) endorsed, or re-endorsed the opinion of Dublin.

In about seven days from the publication of the present number of our own journal, Mademoiselle Piccolomini will step from the deck of the "Vanderbilt" steamer on to the quays of New York, she will enter an equipage, which will be in readiness to receive her, and the New Yorkers will behave like a set of horses (that is really the quadruped we mean), in so far that they will harness themselves to her carriage and

drag her to her hotel. Of these events we might have heard in eight days or even less, but, alas! the Atlantic cable will not work! In the meantime, we sincerely hope that Mademoiselle Piccolomini will meet in New York with even more success than she obtained in London; for it would be mortifying if the *habitués* of an American opera were to discover what the audience never seem to have found out, or, all events, never seem to have cared about, at Her Majesty's Theatre—namely, that Madlle. Piccolomini, with all her proficiency in the art of pleasing, is far from being a great singer.

Of course at last farewell concert Madlle. Piccolomini did not sing alone. She was supported by Sig. Giuglini and Sig. Aldighieri—almost the best tenor, and almost the worst baritone of the day. Sig. Giuglini sang "Spirito gentile," from *La Favorita*, and "Tu m'amì," from *La Zingara* (*Bohemian Girl*), and sang them with all possible taste and feeling. This admirable vocalist, who possesses that rare gift among the tenors of the present day—a voice that is neither uneven nor tremulous—is, it appears, engaged at Madrid, but we shall doubtless have the pleasure of hearing him in London next season. It has been said that Mr. Lumley will not open; that Lord Ward is tired of his speculation, &c.; but whatever Lord Ward may feel inclined to do, we cannot believe that Mr. Lumley would have engaged Titiens and Giuglini for a term of years (which he has certainly done), unless he had intended to avail himself of their services. But for Mr. Lumley, we might never have heard either of those singers, and we should look upon it as a misfortune to the public if Her Majesty's Theatre were not to re-open. Managers are born avaricious (though it is customary to call them liberal in newspapers), and if Mr. Lumley were to abandon Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Gye would lose no time in entering down his expenditure at Covent Garden.

But our contemporaries are fond of circulating wonderful and incredible stories about musical matters. Thus, in a recently published memoir of Miss Arabella Goddard, we find it stated that her last master was Thalberg; who left England when Miss Goddard was about thirteen years of age, and never afterwards gave her a single lesson! In addition to this, it is well known that Thalberg never played one of those pieces which our great English pianist always executes at her own concerts and at the Philharmonics. Thus, according to the memoir-writer, Miss Goddard never received a lesson since the age of thirteen; while the influence of Thalberg upon her has been so extraordinary, that, instead of performing his fantasias, she always selects some work by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, or some other classical composer, of whose music Thalberg never played a note!

Mr. Sims Reeves has left the Standard Theatre, and we suppose is now waiting until some other manager will offer him fifty pounds a night. It is an offer which, if we were the directors of an operatic theatre he would very soon receive. It does not come to more than about ten pence an air, or to pnt it differently, about five shillings a bar. Certainly there are tenors who would sing for a great deal less, but they wouldn't sing so well. The letting of twenty or thirty stalls and a dozen of boxes, at fair prices, will always suffice to pay Mr. Reeves' salary; and he never sings anywhere without filling the entire house. By the way, if Mr. Sims Reeves ever sings at the Standard again, he owes it to himself to insist on being supported by a better orchestra. There are some vocalists who would sing to an accompaniment of tin kettles if the manager only paid them their salary punctually. It would become Mr. Sims Reeves to show that he is not one of them. We have said that our great English tenor has temporarily retired; but his double has appeared at the Egyptian Hall. And those who like to hear Mr. Tennyson's and Mr. Baile's "Come into the garden, Maud" executed as only Mr. Sims Reeves—and his double—can execute it, had better attend one of the representations of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pail's *Patchwork* without delay. The sham Sims Reeves, who sings so very much like the genuine one, is, indeed, Mrs. Howard Pail herself. We always regret that this lady had an admirable contralto voice, but we were not aware until last Monday night that she could, at will, transform it into a magnificent tenor. But it is not the voice alone

that reminds us of Mr. Sims Reeves. We have the same tones, the same manner of phrasing; in short, the most perfect imitation of his singing that can be imagined. To imitate his bearing and gestures, is, to an accomplished actress, scarcely more difficult than to wear a coat and shirt like his, or a wig fashioned after the model of his luxuriant head of hair. But, still, there are certain peculiarities about Mr. Sims Reeves' manner which every one would not have noticed, and which Mrs. Howard Paul mimics very happily. There is one point, too, in which the copy is better than the original. The inevitable encore is accepted with a much better grace by the shun tenor than by the real one. Various other interesting additions have been made to the *Patchwork* entertainment, which is now even more successful than it was on its first production. Mrs. Howard Paul's best character—we are speaking now of real characters—is still her Irish girl, sighing for her soldier and for a cup of strong tea. Mr. Paul is, perhaps, seen to most advantage as the American, who comes over with a letter of introduction to the Queen, addressed "Victoria, Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Way." He it is whose wife gives him tea "so weak that it can scarcely get out of the pot," and whose child, having attained the mature age of eleven without being baptised, announces to his parents that if they cannot agree as to what his appellation shall be, he intends to "name himself and take the consequences."

ONE HUNDRETH NIGHT OF BALFO'S "ROSE OF CASTILLE."

(Communicated.)

On Saturday, Oct. 9th, Balf's *Rose of Castille* was performed for the 100th time, and there was a perfect *surplus*. The house was crowded; and in addition to an amount of enthusiasm not often witnessed, there were several very pretty compliments got up by the audience. Flags, bouquets, wreaths, and other trophies, were thrown on to the stage in really extraordinary profusion (I am telling you just what happened—I am not writing for effect). One flag thrown to Miss Louisa Pyné bore an inscription from the opera itself: "Real gems like you are scarce in all countries." "To the sweet Rose of Castille." Another thrown to Mr. Harrison was inscribed: "To the renowned Maltoner, Mr. W. Harrison." A really beautiful basket of artificial flowers with two fine stuffed birds of paradise surmounting it, was handed up from the stalls at the end of the opera; and a lady sitting in one of the stage boxes took off a very handsome wreath from her own head and handed it down to Miss Louisa Pyné. Balfé was called for, the audience naturally supposing he would be in the house on such an occasion. He appeared, and a very fine laurel-wreath was thrown to him. Besides what I have mentioned, the expression of good feeling and hearty congratulation on the part of the audience was unmistakable.

New York.—The Harmonic Society gave a fine concert at the Crystal Palace on Friday, when about four thousand people listened to choruses by the society, and several solos by Fornes, among which were the "Porter Lied" from *Martha*, and a new "Song of Peace," the music by Clement White, a celebrated English composer, who has lately taken up his residence in the United States. Mr. John Broughan wrote the words. The song was received with great enthusiasm and was encored. Mr. Fornes was in splendid voice, and the whole affair was eminently gratifying to all concerned.—In the theatrical world *Jessie Brown* has carried all the town to Niblo's Garden. Neither the piece nor the charming performance of Miss Agnes Robertson, as the heroine, seem to have lost anything with the public. So there will be more *Jessie Brown* every night this week. Mr. Bonicault is engaged upon a new drama of Parisian origin, and containing some new effects.—*New York Herald*.

AN ELECTRIC QUINSET.—A Hungarian, Mr. Leon Arnard, has, according to a *Breisch paper*, made a new and curious application of electricity. In a public concert at the National Theatre, he played by means of electric wires, on five different pianos at the same time. The electric battery which worked the wires was in an adjacent room.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your impression of last Saturday contains a letter from a correspondent inappropriately signing himself "Truth," who chooses to criticise an article printed in your columns a week or two ago from the *Birmingham Journal*. It would appear that "Truth" had not well considered his subject, for after denying the correctness of that part of the above-referred to article, noticing the increasing disposition for bringing out new compositions, he goes on to give his reasons for discrediting that statement, and says, "two or three oratorios were offered to the Birmingham Festival Committee at the commencement of the present year, but as yet the Festival Committee have declined to acknowledge the receipt of the letters containing the said offers." Now I am not going to defend the want of courtesy exhibited on the part of the official in not answering these letters, but does "Truth" imagine that managers of festivals can bring out any and every new composition that is sent them. Is "Truth" aware that at all these meetings it is imperative necessarily to perform certain standard works; and will "Truth" deny that at nearly all the late provincial festivals some new work has been produced. If the Birmingham Festival was to bring out every new composition that is sent, it would last four weeks instead of four days, and nice rubbish some of it would be; but I think I have said enough to show "Truth" is erroneous for once, and as the rule of contrary seems to be observed in the anonymous signatures to newspaper letters, will content myself by remaining (hoping you will find me a corner) yours truly,

ANASIAS.

MOZART'S JUPITER SYMPHONY.

(From *The Birmingham Journal*.)

The symphony is not only the most extended but the noblest shape that instrumental music can assume. The greatest masters, from Haydn—who first perfected the form now universally accepted as the canonical—to the most renowned musicians of the present century, have delighted to exercise their genius in this high branch of composition. Mozart, who, though born after Haydn, died before him, wrote symphonies which excel the most finished models of his predecessor, contemporary, and survivor; and among these is the "Jupiter," thus entitled, not by the modest and gifted composer himself, but by certain enthusiastic admirers, struck with its colossal proportions, and, above all, amazed at the prodigious combination of learning and genius displayed in the last movement, a fugue, with episode, made out of four subjects, which, in the end, are worked consecutively. The symphony in C major—No. 4, of the so-called "Grand," universally known as the "Jupiter"—was one of three composed between the months of June and August, in 1788—the year after the production of that undying masterpiece "Il Dissoluto Punito, ossia Il Don Giovanni"—consequently when Mozart's genius was in the full strength of its maturity. The other two symphonies, in E flat, and in G minor, are equally masterpieces in their way, though the first is far less ambitious in design and far less elaborate in detail. Opinions are divided as to which is the greater of the two, the "Jupiter" or the G minor; but we cannot help thinking where such admirable workmanship and such consummate beauty are observable on either hand, comparisons, if not "odious," are at least indiscreet. However, there cannot possibly be two opinions about the grandeur and magnificence, the prodigal melody and unsurpassed and unsurpassable ingenuity of the "Jupiter." That Mozart must at first have taken Haydn for his model, in the composition of orchestral symphonies seems as reasonable to suppose, as that, subsequently, he so greatly surpassed his original as to induce Haydn to return the compliment. To the truth of the latter proposition, the fact that twelve grand symphonies composed by Haydn for the concerts of Mr. Salomon, the violinist, were not commenced till the year of Mozart's death, bears unquestionable testimony. Mozart was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756 (three years before Handel died). Haydn came into the world nearly a quarter of a century earlier—at Rohran, March 31, 1732. Mozart died at Vienna, December 5, 1791, at the age of thirty-six; Haydn seventeen years later, in the same city, May 31, 1808.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and the committee associated with them, have commenced various works in the cathedral for the following purposes:—

1. To provide for the largest congregation possible at the special evening services within hearing distance of the pulpit.

2. To regulate the temperature of the cathedral, and make other arrangements for the comfort of the congregation; and to take care

3. That nothing so done clash with the architecture.

"For the first object," says the committee, "it is evident that the great central area of the dome can alone offer sufficient space. It has also been found by experiments in 1851 to be the part of the cathedral best adapted to the voice. With a view to the comfort of the congregation, the first thing is to secure a reasonable amount of warmth. To attain this, the crypt, which underlies the whole cathedral, offers considerable facility—viz., by warming the crypt thoroughly, and forming openings in the pavement to allow the heated air to circulate. For this purpose a number of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's patent stoves have been already placed there, and openings have been formed in the pavement, hereafter to be covered with ornamental brass-work; such additional stoves and gratings will be added as the result of the trial of those at present provided shall suggest. It is for the purpose of this experiment, and this only, that at present the nave is separated from the rest of the church by a screen of white calico, which will be shortly removed, when the requisite number of stoves has been ascertained. The admirable foresight of Sir C. Wren permits the chimneys of these stoves to be carried up to the top of the cathedral, without in any way injuring the structure, or introducing danger of fire. The pavement of the central dome and the contiguous parts of the arms of the cross is to be covered with a kind of matting called camptulium; and almost the whole of the congregation will be seated on chairs. This space, during Divine service, will be enclosed with crimson curtains of the American leather cloth, which material has been found at Sydenham to be successful in confining sound. The whole is to be so arranged that curtains, chair-, and even the greater part of the matting can be readily put aside on Monday and replaced for Sunday's use on Saturday afternoon; so that they will in no way interfere with the architecture. An additional organ will be provided should the present organ be found ill-placed for the congregation under the dome. The lighting will be mainly effected by the means of the corona of gas which was left round the whispering-gallery at the time of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The committee continue to look forward with confidence to the support of the public in the important object of enlivening the present naked and unfinished appearance of the interior of the cathedral by solid and permanent embellishment, in accordance with the views of Sir Christopher Wren, so far as they can be ascertained.

MUSICAL ON DYS.—Signor Ludovico Graziani, the tenor, brother to the well-known barytone, has achieved a very decided success at the Italiens in Paris, in the *Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. Madame Penco, also, was most favourably received as Violetta in the first-named opera.—Miss Louisa Payne and Mr. W. Harrison have taken Covent Garden for three months, and commence operations therein at Christmas.—Mr. Lumley has gone to Paris, and Mr. Gye has departed for Italy.

LEDS MADRIGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY.—(From a Correspondent).—The ninth season of this Society was commenced in St. George's School-room, on Wednesday evening last, when nearly one hundred members were present, including a large proportion of the fair sex, who have of late shown considerable interest in the performance of choral music in the town. Mr. Spark, the musical director, occupied the chair. Mr. John Piper, jun., honorary secretary, read the eighth annual Report, an exceedingly satisfactory document, showing the Society to be in a most flourishing condition. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the conductor, the honorary secretary, the treasurer, and the committee, and the various officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—If the Hughes instrument prove to be the successful medium of communication for submarine telegraphs, as its inventor confidently expects, it may be of interest to the musical world to know that Music has her claim to put on record, in the perfecting of the great wonder of the age, as appears from the following account of the construction of the Hughes instrument. The *Albany Journal* thus sketches the principal feature of this new invention:—"The Hughes instrument is a combination of the Morse and House inventions. In the Morse instrument, two or three pulsations of the electric current are required to indicate one letter. In the House instrument, it requires from one to twenty-eight pulsations. In the Hughes instrument, it requires but a single pulsation for each letter. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is simple though the principle on which it is based is complex. The type-wheels at the respective stations revolve to print the message, and their revolutions are governed by vibrating springs. These springs cause them to revolve in exactly the same time. There is an acoustic principle involved, viz.: that two springs which give the same musical tone, while vibrating, vibrate the same number of times per second. The springs are therefore chosen and regulated by sound. This instrument, it is evident, economises both time and electric power. Its exceeding sensitiveness to the least perceptible pulsation of the electric currents, adapts it especially for long lines and submarine cables. It is capable of writing forty words a minute, with about one-fifth of the battery power which other instruments, and sends messages both ways at once! At least, so its inventor claims, and it is to be tried on the Atlantic cable."—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, LEICESTER SQUARE.—An application was made at the Middlesex Sessions on Friday last for a licence for music and dancing for the Alhambra, Leicester-square. Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Sleigh appeared in support of the application, and Mr. Le Breton appeared on behalf of the parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. Bodkin said the applicant in this case was Mr. E. T. Smith, and the building was the Alhambra, in Leicester-square, formerly called the Panopticon. It was built for the purpose of Science and Art, but that was a failure. When Mr. Smith took it, the magistrates were so pleased that they granted him a wine and spirit licence, and he now sought to introduce first-rate concerts and balls. Mr. Smith was an enterprising and improving person, and was well-known for the admirable manner in which he conducted Drury Lane Theatre, of which he was the lessee. There was a petition in favour of the licence, signed by 183 resident rate-payers, one of whom was the churchwarden of the parish. The building cost £3,000 a year, and it was only by first-class concerts that an income could be obtained. Mr. Le Breton said the petition against the licence was signed by the Rev. W. G. Humphry, the vicar of the parish; and he denied that the Alhambra was a fit place for concerts. It was a room of monstrous proportions, a hundred feet in length, and delicate shades of music would be entirely lost there. There would be not only music and dancing at the Alhambra, for Mr. Smith had a wine and spirit licence; and the orgies and debauchery that would take place were found to contemplate. Mr. Metcalfe opposed on the part of Mr. Nind, the proprietor of the Hotel Sablonière, and Mr. Wolridge, the proprietor of the Hotel Provence, Leicester-square. Mr. Smith, in answer to Mr. Metcalfe, said it was not his intention to open the Alhambra as a casino, but as a place for balls, for particular purposes. He would not, however, give any pledge upon the subject. Mr. Metcalfe then proceeded to argue upon the assumption, that Mr. Smith would open the place as a casino, if it answered his purpose. Alderman Salomons thought they should have some assurance that Mr. Smith would not conduct it as a casino. Mr. Smith said he pledged his honour not to conduct it as such; and then the licence was unanimously granted.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Augustus Harris, stage-director of the Royal Italian Opera, has signed a lease for the Princess's Theatre, of which he takes possession at the termination of Mr. Charles Kean's tenancy at the end of the present season. Mr. Harris is about proceeding to Paris, where he is engaged at the Italian Opera to get up Verdi's *Macbeth*, in which Madame Grazi will play the principal part.—*Globe*.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyde and Mr. W. Harrison.

GREAT SUCCESS OF FLOTOW'S "MARTHA."
10th, 10th, and 10th NIGHTS OF "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be repeated Flotow's celebrated opera MARTHA, characters by Miss Louisa Fyde, Miss Susan Fyde, Mr. George Henry, Mr. J. U. Poley, Mr. T. Gratton Kelly, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (10th, 10th, and 10th) times, H.M.'s highly successful opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE, characters by Miss Louisa Fyde, Miss Susan Fyde, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. H. Allen, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Bartleson, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductors, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with each evening, a new Ballet Divertissement by M. Petit, the music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, entitled LA FLEUR D'AMOUR, supported by Mlle. Zola Minnie, Moricetti, and Pasquale. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past.

"ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented Shakespeare's historical tragedy of KING JOHN: King John by Mr. C. Kean; Constance by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 14, will be presented the comedy of LADIES BEWARE! To be followed by the drama of THE RED VIAL. To conclude with A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

SHERIDIFF.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

First night of the great Adelphi drama of THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST, written by the author of THE GREEN BUBBLES. Produced with new scenery, dresses, appointments, and all the original effects. Madame Celeste in her celebrated character of Corah. To be followed in the second part of the evening. On Monday, and during the week, to commence with THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. Cyprian, by Madame Celeste; the Kitchin, Mr. Paul Bedford; Lemuel, Mrs. K. Homer; Starlight's Boy, Mrs. Weiss; Iolo, Miss Harriet Gordon. To conclude with the comedietta of THE FAMILY DENTIST, supported by the company. On Saturday, the celebrated Fleemore and Madame Aurio will appear in a Grand Ballet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LETTER about Martha and the Drury Lane company was evidently misdirected to the Musical World office. It has been forwarded to the proper place, not far from Temple Bar.

T. W.—The "Westminster Palace Bell" next week.

T. REYNOLDS, Norwich.—William Bird was a pupil of the celebrated Tallis, and son of Thomas Bird, who belonged to the choir of Edward VI. His compositions were mostly written in Latin words. He was undoubtedly, therefore, in his earlier life, an adherent of the Romish Church; yet he must have conformed to the Reformed Church, since he was organist of Lincoln Cathedral, in 1563. In 1569 he was appointed gentleman to the Chapel Royal. He died in 1623, about eighty years of age. He is the author of the canon, "Ave Maria Domine." The anthem, "How thin are," was first published in 1580, in a work entitled, "Sacrorum Cantuum," but has long been sung to the English words.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1858.

A "Handy-Book of Musical Art, with some Practical Hints to Students"—By the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—just issued by James Blackwood, Paternoster-row—merits notice apart from our ordinary column of Reviews. This little work may be commended as something to be read, not only by amateurs, but by musicians also, with profit and pleasure. An instruction-book it is not, but whatever course of instruction the musical student is undergoing can hardly fail to be aided and enlivened by its perusal. The dedication may be cited, as succinctly and gracefully revealing the intentions of the author:—

"To my daughter Alice, for whom these pages were originally

written, with a view to form her musical taste, and assist her judgment in matters of musical art, and chiefly that she might trace the direct teaching of Nature in the established principles of harmony, and see the evident marks of design and wisdom exhibited in the connection that exists between musical science and the natural laws of sound, this little work is dedicated."

The "Handy-Book" is divided into eight chapters, in the course of which, and by regular gradations, the art of music is regarded philosophically, historically, theoretically, practically, and critically, the general object being—as the honourable and reverend author modestly declares in his introduction—"to lighten, if possible, the labours of the musical student, and suggest some plain and useful hints, which he may afterwards enlarge by more extensive reading." There is something good in every chapter, and a tone of purity about the whole which must elicit the warm sympathy of every right-minded person. We have seen no work which could be placed with such advantage in the hands of young persons, more especially females, who are studying music earnestly, and not merely as a frivolous recreation. Of the importance of music as an art that refines and elevates, and of its ineffable beauty as a medium of expression, Mr. Skeffington entertains strong notions; and wherever he apostrophises it from these points of view, it is with a simple and unaffected eloquence calculated alike to excite attention and secure conviction. Such doctrine, too, from the pen of a clergyman, is the more consoling to those who hold music in veneration, since it carries with it double weight, and may serve as a wholesome antidote against the many bigoted opponents which short-sighted sophistry has created.

The subjects included in the "Handy-Book" are thus distributed:—Nature and Office of Music; History of the Musical Art; Development of the Appliances of Art, or Musical Instruments; Theory of Music; Sacred Music; Art of delivering Musical Sounds; Musical Composition; and General Remarks as to the Present State of Musical Art. Each of these is briefly touched upon, without exception in a lucid and engaging style. In the chapters on Theory, we would especially call attention to the remarks about the arbitrary nature of the minor semitonic intervals—a point that must baffle the inquiries of all who endeavour to trace the derivations of chords from harmonic roots. Until theorists, indeed, can explain the mystery of the minor third, the artificial nature of the minor key must be accepted as an indisputable fact.

Some of Mr. Skeffington's general observations tend to show that in his opinion the art of music is on the decline. This may be the case, but we are not prepared to attribute it to the same cause as the honourable and reverend gentleman—viz.: the want of patronage in high places. The German princes have still their chapel-masters and court-musicians; only these chapel-masters and court-musicians are no longer Handels, Haydns, and Mozarts. What follows is, we think, more to the purpose:—

"We cannot fail to notice the prevailing habit of the day, which is to give young persons a bare smattering of pianoforte-playing by way of accomplishment, without the least regard to the question of talent or inclination shown for the study. Further, the false system under which they are taught, and the taste corrupted from the very commencement by fugitive compositions of the lightest kind; added to this, the rage and avidity with which everything that is popular in the ballad, dance, or romantic style is run after and defiled for a time; the haste shown to commit pieces of music to memory for the evening's display, and the distaste for sight-reading and playing such music as is good and classical; all these things do certainly inspire painful forebodings as to whether we have not passed the zenith of our musical greatness, and whether good music and honest musicians will

not have to yield to the force of pressure, and float along with the evil current of the day."

Again, in the preface, we find the subjoined:—

"Never was there a time known when music was so universally cultivated as it now is, never perhaps a time when the true principles of the art were less understood and less carried out. And the reason is plain—the principles of instruction are out of course and unsound; the foundation of musical knowledge, too often, is ignorantly laid, and the fabric unskillfully built, the superstructure or summit is alone crowned by competent hands;—in plain words, students learn to walk at home, and go to London for a few finishing lessons in the art of running. Nor can the author overlook in this statement the almost unaccountable neglect of harmonic science which is conspicuous in the musical teaching of the day, the practical part being the sole end and object of every teacher; plainly showing that any knowledge beyond this is not held in the slightest account. Often with astonishment has he heard an executant of no mean order not only confess freely their ignorance of harmony, but even almost seem to derive merit of grace from the deficiency. If parents would confine the teaching of music to such only of their children as showed a marked talent for the thing, and then give them sound instruction from the very first, we should have fewer players but more musicians."

It is here the shoe pinches. But surely we have experience to show that the taste for the ephemeral and vicious does not last; that it is usually vested in the majority; and that though there are always, and in every department, a larger number of fools than of wise men, the wise men carry their point in the end, and what they predict will endure, endures. Then, again, Mr. Skeffington himself affords us consolation:—

"It should be matter of rejoicing to every lover of the divine art that he has the noble text-works of the great masters, the concentrated fruits of well-directed genius, profound skill and careful elaboration to guide his judgment and assist his studies."

And further:—

"I will not lay much stress on the death of musicians at the present time, for the apostles of art are always to be found in groups and in company."

Nothing can be truer, and nothing more certain, than that an increasing love for the works of the really genuine masters is a sign of the times. With regard to the piano, while we have our Sterndale Bennetts, our Arabella Goddards, and such uncompromising adherents to what is good and great and pure in art, we need not repine—we need not in the least apprehend that decline of which the excellent author of *The Handy-Book of Musical Art* apparently stands in fear.

A MONSTER Concert is rather a dangerous affair to meddle with. Whoever hitherto has tried it—with one or two exceptions—has burned his fingers. Even the prince of entrepreneurs, M. Jullien, could not turn the speculation to good account, when he projected and carried out his series of "Concerts Monstre" on so magnificent a scale at Exeter Hall. Had the huge palace of Sydenham been granted him, however, in place of the hall in the Strand, giving him scope and space for his gigantic imaginings, we have no doubt he would have achieved a different result. Now, Mr. Distin appears to entertain but one idea of a concert on a large scale, namely, to get all the singers and instrumentalists he possibly can to put their names down in his programme, to advertise liberally, promise largely to excite public expectation, and leave the rest to chance. Upon such a principle was his "Grand Vocal and Military Festival," given at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday last, carried out. Fifty artists, together with two "Unions,"—to say nothing of the Military and Crystal Palace bands—lent their names to adorn the

swelling scheme, and forty-three pieces were set down in the bills for the fifty to perform. This loose army of half-a-hundred, having no head to direct them, no one to fix their periodicities and times in the orbit of the performance, and no one to whose command or authority they could succumb, having arrived at the Sydenham Palace, some too early, and some too late, as no notice had been sent them at what hour the performance would commence, wandered about like a flock of geese in the Lincoln fens that had lost their leading gander and were liberated from all control. The concert was announced to take place at twelve; it did not begin until one. Forty-three pieces were announced to be sung or performed; not more than twenty were given. The visitor who paid sixpence for the printed programme might as well have furnished himself with a copy of the Koran, so little information did he obtain from it of what was going forward. Everybody wanted to sing first; and he or she who had not what was reckoned a favourable place in the programme, felt considerably aggrieved. Poor Mr. Distin! We can fancy him in the retiring room, praying, entreating, imploring the artists, in his peculiar vernacular, to lay aside their petulancies, jealousies and priorities, and go forward to the rescue of his good name. It was unprecedented at the Crystal Palace to hear on all sides nothing but censure and abuse. Many left their seats early, disgusted with the proceedings, and not one single person, we are certain, of the immense audience, quitted the concert-room without great dissatisfaction.

Upwards of fourteen thousand persons attended the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the greater number no doubt attracted by Mr. Distin's "Grand Vocal and Military Festival." We repeat, not one person went away satisfied. We accuse nobody, but there must have been gross mismanagement somewhere. Mr. Distin should not have obtained the services of artists without securing to himself at the same time the power of disposing of them in the programme as he thought fit. The vocalists and instrumentalists, when they engaged to sing and play for Mr. Distin, should have made up their minds to submit to his or some delegated authority. Above all, it behoved the directors of the Crystal Palace to have taken care that the public were not mis-informed and misled; that what was promised under their sanction should not have been withheld; that a serious entertainment ushered forth as "under the special patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the Right Hon. Sir R. W. Carden, M.P., Lord Mayor," and emblazoned on the forehead of the bills as a "Grand Festival," should not have turned out to be a snare, a mockery, and a delusion.

For the sake of the directors, for the sake of the shareholders, for the sake of the public at large, for the sake of the artists engaged and the speculator who engages them, we trust such another exhibition may never occur again within the walls—we mean the windows—of the Crystal Palace.

Will no one write a new equestrian drama, that has something like an aspect of permanence about it? Years ago a great hippodramatic genius, named Amberst, composed the *Battle of Waterloo*, and not only was it found worthy repetition, whenever business was flat, but it actually founded a school. There was the *Campaign in Moscow*; there was

some war in the Peninsula; there was something else somewhere else—all fashioned after the fantastic pattern of the *Battle of Waterloo*. The story of this class of drama was not intensely interesting, and the connection between the scenes was not always to be detected without difficulty; but, nevertheless, they were distinguished by a large consumption of gunpowder, and by severe conflicts between multitudinous supernumeraries, while certain scenes or figures gave a kind of historical character to the motley exhibition. Mr. General's Napoleon was famous in its time. Who at the present day gains fame at Astley's equal to that of General.

Then, not quite so many years ago, we had *Mazepa*, as the type of a more regular hippodrome—a piece with a regular plot, and with quite interest enough for an Astley's audience. The duration of *Mazepa* is altogether incalculable, for even now it is found more attractive than any novelty, and a season never passes without its revival as one of the leading features. The present *entente cordiale* between France and England prohibits a reproduction of the *Battle of Waterloo*, but *Mazepa* is perennial beyond the reach of politics.

The dramas written with reference to the Crimean war acquired that popularity which belongs to everything connected with an absorbing topic of the day; and before the actual contest had come to an end, the mimic conflict had lost its interest; whereas the *Battle of Waterloo* was totally independent of contemporaneous events. If we set aside these Crimean plays, the history of equestrian dramas for the last ten (if not twenty) years is totally devoid of a single record that can arrest the attention or stimulate the memory. During the successive managements of Messrs. Batty and Cooke we have been frequent visitors of the time-honoured amphitheatre, but if we try to recollect any one piece that has been produced upon the stage, a number of vague pictures press upon our eyes, distinguishable from each other by name, and by scarcely anything besides.

Shaksperian dramas, with horses thrust into them by hook or by crook; novels turned into plays without regard to the exigencies of the theatre; old incidents badly connected by the fragile thread of an unintelligible plot; the spectacle is indeed varied after a fashion, but, alas, after a fashion it is extremely monotonous.

Mr. W. Cooke has newly painted and decorated his house, and his ring is enlivened with the choicest diversions. But why not make an effort on his stage? Surely the only equestrian stage in London might be turned to better account than by the production of such a non-spectacular spectacle as the *Covenanters*.

WORCESTER GENERAL INFIRMARY.—The musical arrangements for the forthcoming concert in aid of the Funds of the Infirmary are nearly matured. Our readers will be glad to learn also that the profession generally have evinced much sympathy in the cause. Miss Arabella Goddard, the eminent pianist, has most handsomely given a donation of ten guineas to the charity. Madame and Mr. Weiss, with the other London artists, have materially reduced their professional terms; and our fair neighbour, Miss Gilbert, who has relinquished all public engagements, has kindly volunteered her services. It also gives us great pleasure to add that the Worcester Harmonic Society and the other resident artists have, with their usual liberality, come forward to aid gratuitously this benevolent object. We do trust, therefore, that the public generally will respond most handsomely to such a combination of efforts to increase the funds of an institution so well deserving the cordial support of every one.—*Worcester Herald*.

OLD SONG.

(To be newly set to music.)

Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—The friends and admirers of this accomplished singer will be delighted to learn that she has returned from America and purports in future prosecuting her artistic career in England. Madame Bishop has only arrived in London a few days, and already, we understand, she is secured for a concert at Oxford, and engagements are pending with the directors of the Crystal Palace to make her *restrée* at Sydenham before a London audience.

DRURY LANE.

THAT M. Flotow's *Martha*—produced in an English uniform for the first time on the English stage, on Monday night—in the estimation of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, is an opera of higher worth than Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, must be taken for granted, seeing the greater amount of pains expended in getting up the former, and the greater respect paid to the score. At the Lyceum, the *Crown Diamonds* was converted into an *alla portiera*, several songs, foreign to the work, being interpolated. At Drury Lane, on the contrary, the managers have made their bow to M. Flotow, and have not permitted a bar of *Martha* to be discarded or altered. Hand-in-hand with reverence for the score went the determination to present the opera in the fairest possible light. Mr. Alfred Mellon, the zealous, energetic, and indefatigable leader, had not much difficulty in bringing his cohort to do their work irreproachably. The chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Smythson, the chorus-master, were in every respect equal to the music entrusted to them. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable and striking. The costumes—with one exception, which we shall allude to presently—were splendid and appropriate; and, to conclude, the three principal characters were excellently supported. With such care and pains, with such splendour and fitness, no production could fail of success. Had the audience on Monday night considered the music only, we doubt if the same results would have been achieved. But gratitude and good nature prevailed; to be satisfied was the general desire; and every round of applause was a testimony to the manager's enterprise, not a tribute to the composer's genius. That *Martha*, for a work that has obtained a certain reputation, is one of the weakest ever composed, no one with musical feeling and appreciation, we believe, can deny. The idea, at no time original, are few and far between, and when they do come the ear in vain seeks for tune. In fact, take away "The last rose of summer," and *Martha* is literally deprived of its only melody. The frequent recurrence of the lovely old Irish air has invested the opera with a beauty and a vitality which will keep it in existence for some time; but once laid aside it is irretrievably buried.

The cast of the opera at Drury Lane is as follows:—Lord Tristan—Mr. George Honey; Plunket—Mr. J. G. Patey (his first appearance on the English stage); Sheriff—Mr. T. Gratian Kelly (his first appearance); Lionel—Mr. W. Harrison; Lady Henrietta—Miss Louisa Pyne; Nancy—Miss Susan Pyne. Miss Louisa Pyne sang the music of Lady Henrietta, or *Martha*, with exquisite taste and skill, but, except in the case of the "Last rose of summer"—which created a furor—did not produce any great effect. The part, indeed, does not afford scope to exhibit to advantage Miss Louisa Pyne's excellences as a vocalist. M. Flotow does not write well for the voices, and in the instance of *Martha*, does not appear to have written the music of the heroine for an extraordinary singer. "The last rose of summer" met with a tumultuous encore, while the other solos assigned to *Martha* passed off comparatively without a haul.

Miss Susan Pyne made as pert, vivacious, and spirited a representative of Nancy, the *ancilla* or hand-maiden, as the poet

himself could have desired. She gave the music, although by no means well suited to her, with excellent effect. For the costume of Nancy in the third act we must call Mr. Buchan to a strict account. It was nothing short of preposterous. Nancy is the waiting-maid of Lady Henrietta, and yet, in the third act, when there is no thought of, nor reason for, disguise, Miss Susan Pyno appears as one of the ladies of the court attending on the Queen, attired for the hunt, and even outshining all the fair Dinna's in the magnificence of her dress. How such an absurdity could have originated with Mr. Buchan, it is as difficult to surmise as to understand how it could have passed the *surveillance* of the stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling, or have escaped the supervision of Miss Louisa Pyno and Mr. W. Harrison. Such an inconsistency is fatal to the *raisonnableness* of the story.

Although the part of Lionel is somewhat too sentimental and, so to say, lackadaisical, for Mr. W. Harrison, the performance of that gentleman, whose style is essentially manly and vigorous, was cuttled to high praise both in the singing and the acting. The music, as in the case of Miss Louisa Pyno, is not well adapted to him; nevertheless, he sang throughout in his best manner, and achieved one of the encores of the evening, in the *romanza*, "She appear'd clothed in light," ("M'appari tutt'amor," in the Italian version), which he gave with touching expression and feeling. Mr. Harrison, however, required, and the audience felt he required, some bold strain like "The fair land of Poland," or "I'm a simple milcoteer," to bring out his peculiar powers.

Mr. George Honey made an amusing caricature of Lord Triatan, but was not always to be praised for his extravagances. Mr. J. G. Patey, who made his first appearance on the London stage in the character of Plunkett, is a novice, but gave indications of decided talent. His voice is a barytone of good quality, and he is far from being an unskillful singer. His pronunciation, however, is open to exception. He has a habit of making one syllable into two when it contains the letter *r*. He says, "Lionel sure-a-ly (surely) will die;" and "Ere-a love his poor harrit (heart) be betrayed." Those who heard the late Mr. Wilson, the celebrated ballad-singer, will remember his singing, "I'll remember-a thee." This is a fault Mr. Patey would do well to get rid of. As an actor, he seems entirely unacquainted with the stage. Mr. T. Grattan Kelly, whose name unmistakably indicates his country, is even a greater novice than his fellow *débütante*. He is a tall, thin, upright young man, with, as far as we could make out, a deep bass voice. For an Irishman, his diffidence was excessive and unprejudiced. Of his capabilities we cannot even hazard a guess.

The English translation has been effected by Mr. T. H. Reynolds, a gentleman not entirely unknown in literature, and who wrote the English version of the *Sonnambula* for Malibru—a immortal honour. The translation of *Martha* shows more ingenuity and facility than taste or poetic sentiment. It abounds in redundant phrases, such as "one single," "depart away, &c.," and the comedy is by no means free from vulgarity—witness the chorus of servants at the fair. We will quote one of the songs, which will afford an excellent specimen of the style of the whole translation. In the beginning of the third act, Plunkett and chorus sing the following apostrophe to the national beverage of the period:—

I.

Tell me, good friends, now if you can,
What pleasure meet an Englishman?—
Can no one tell? not one?—
'Tis John Barleycorn's good cheer,
Strengthening, healthful, home-brew'd beer!
When foaming high and sparkling clear,
No drink can match it under the sun!
John Barleycorn is old England's king!
John Bull his praise will ever sing!

Hurrah!

There's no drink like this under the sun!
No, none!

CHORUS.

John Barleycorn is old England's King, &c.

II.

Tell me another thing, if you can!—
Whence comes the strength of an Englishman?
Can no one tell? not one?—
'Tis from John Barleycorn's good cheer,
Strengthening, healthful, home-brew'd beer!
When foaming high and sparkling clear,
No drink can match it under the sun!
John Barleycorn is old England's king!
John Bull will ever unto him cling!
Hurrah!—
There's no drink like this under the sun!—
No! none!—

CHORUS.

John Barleycorn is old England's king, &c.

The performance was received throughout with great applause, and all the artists were recalled several times. The enthusiasm, nevertheless, was not so unbounded as we have witnessed on many occasions when an opera was presented for the first time to a Drury Lane audience. *Martha*, notwithstanding, from its reputation, endorsed by its recent reception at the Royal Italian Opera, and the admirable manner in which it has been put upon the stage, cannot fail to obtain a certain amount of public favour, and may serve for some time to alternate the performances with the *Rose of Castille*, as it is announced to do—a proof, by the way, that its success on Monday night was not triumphant.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The first appearance of Mr. Charles Mathews since his return from America, with the first appearance on the English stage of Mrs. Charles Mathews, of whom rumour had spoken very highly both as to talents and personal attractions, drew an overflow to this theatre on Monday. The play was Dion Boureault's *London Assurance*, Mr. Charles Mathews sustaining his popular character Dazzle, and Mrs. Charles Mathews that of Lady Gay Spanker. The welcome given to Mr. Charles Mathews, when he first stepped upon the boards was enthusiastic in the extreme. Cheer followed cheer in quick succession, each round being more vociferous and persistent than its antecedent fellow, until the audience seemed fairly wearied with applauding. Mr. Charles Mathews, whose modesty and diffidence are not on all occasions excessive, appeared quite taken aback. Nevertheless, he did not lose his self-possession, but demeaned himself under the circumstances with his customary tact and coolness.

To a performance so well known as the Dazzle of the actor we need not allude. The part was written expressly for him by one of the shrewdest of living dramatists, and fits him as a kid glove—one of M. Piver's best French—fits the hand. As an exemplification of mingled audacity and nonchalance Mr. Charles Mathews's Dazzle is incomparable. Mrs. Charles Mathews's reception was hardly less warm than that of her *caro sposo*. She is exceedingly prepossessing in looks and figure, and captivates with a glance. As an actress she is graceful, natural, and *piquante*, but has hardly fire enough and impetuosity for a character written for Mrs. Niabett's peculiar powers. A part less bold and vivacious than Lady Gay Spanker would, to our thinking, suit the fair *débütante* better. We therefore believe that Mrs. Charles Mathews will be seen to greater advantage in another character, and wait for the pleasure of witnessing it before pronouncing farther as to her merits. *London Assurance* has been played every night during the week.

OLYMPIC.—Idiocy, theft, murder, and the Morgue—such are the materials from which Mr. Wilkie Collins—we beg pardon, Wilkie Collins—has wrought his new play, *The Red Vest*, and with which he has endeavoured to indicate a new mode of infusing vitality into the declining drama. To strive to produce something novel is very laudable in a writer of the present day; but, when deviating from the beaten path, care should be taken not to lose sight of it entirely. In his attempt to achieve something original, Mr. Wilkie Collins has, like vaulting ambition,

conceit himself, and lighted on the unnatural. In some respects *The Red Vial* betrays great ingenuity, and even indicates power, but the "horrors on horrors" which the writer accumulates, he has not poetical force or elevation of sentiment to assuage or modify, and the facts are left to their own naked repulsiveness. Less finely acted, the drama would have been summarily dismissed from the stage on the first night of its performance. Mr. Robson acts the part of the idiot with astonishing energy and truthfulness; but in his acting less proximity to nature would be desirable, since the effect on the audience is not that which an author contemplates, nor an actor aims at—an immediate desire to get up and leave the theatre. We were never before so deeply impressed by Dr. Johnson's observation, that "fatuity is not the proper prey of the satirist," as after witnessing *The Red Vial* on Monday evening. It is to be lamented that the first entirely serious part written for Mr. Robson should not have been a success. Although Mr. Wilkie Collins' new play must be pronounced a failure, he must not, therefore, be told to write no more. Let him continue writing the nude abominations of the modern French melodramatic school; nor seek in German chancel houses for subjects to place in all their unspiculated loathsome before his English audiences. He may then produce something worthy of himself, since his talent is undeniable.

STRAND.—A new burlesque, entitled *The Maid and the Magpie*; or, *The Fatal Spoon*, taken from the old and oft-used story, by Mr. Byron, author of *The Bride of Abydos* and other pieces, has been produced during the week with well-merited success. The old tale is closely followed, and the parts are well sustained and travestied by Misses M. Oliver, Marie Wilton, and Fernan, Messrs. J. Bland, J. Clark, and Fernan. The piece abounds in puns of the most audacious and unaccountable kind, some of which are exquisitely vile and far-fetched. Several nigger melodies are introduced with capital effect. But why, in a burlesque of the *Maid and the Magpie*, the author has forgotten to turn Rossini's *Gazza Ladra* to good account, we cannot understand; unless it is that the author never heard of Rossini and knows nothing of his opera. Miss Marie Wilton's Pippo would have been the most sparkling and irresistible performance in the piece, but for Miss M. Oliver's Ninetta, which is not better. Mr. J. Bland's Isaac, the pedlar, is inimitably grotesque and loud.

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.

(From *Fraser's Magazine*.)

THE pianoforte of Mozart's day had established its superiority over all keyed instruments of the quill-and-wire tribe by the roundness and sweetness of its tone, the fine gradations of power which it yielded to the hand, and its freedom, without hardness and dryness, from all offensive vibration. The harpsichord, patronised by Handel and Scarlatti, and organ players in general, was not without a certain grandeur; but no one could make it sing a melody, or produce upon it those melting effects of *decrescendo*, or harmonious blendings of intervals, to which many of us have listened "all ear" when J. B. Cramer sat at the pianoforte. Touch became on this instrument a peculiar art, developing the finest feeling. It was distinct from the elastic digital power which brings out passages with clearness on the harpsichord or organ, and might rather be compared to that gentle pressure of the bow, or enforcement of the breath, with which the accomplished violin player or singer gives prominence to a beautiful idea. The expressive mystery of a fine touch, it is easier for the musician to feel than to explain; the attack and retreat of the fingers, the holding down of notes their full time, and the degree of force with which the keys are struck, may all be well accomplished, yet shall we not be greatly moved by any performance in which the soul of the artist does not animate his finger tips. A little prelude—a careless *arpeggio* of half-a-dozen chords, serves mostly to reveal the qualities of a player, and to announce him either as a musician or a musical mechanic.

Not only did Mozart devote himself to the *legato* style, but Beethoven prized it so highly, that while he possessed his sensi-

bility of ear and touch, he never played in any other way; and it was this which made him say in one of his conversations with Ferdinand Ries, "that of all the pianoforte players he had ever heard, he preferred J. B. Cramer." This interesting testimony, by the way, which is published in Ries' "Notizen" respecting Beethoven, should not have been excluded from Moscheles' and Schindler's biography of that composer.

Towards the middle of the last century every house in a certain class of society in Germany possessed its pianoforte; and in the southern districts, Stein of Augsburg was a manufacturer of these instruments in great repute. The cultivation of music was at this time merely a means of introducing an elegant pleasure at home. It gave an occupation to the young, which, as the simple, earnest compositions of the day evince, was as yet untaunted by the vanity of display. Music pleased for herself alone. But good teaching in respect to mechanism was very rare; and the steps by which a finished artist is raised to perfection, from childhood to full maturity, were almost undervalued. Mozart's father was one of the first who comprehended the true principles of the modern execution—kept the arm in complete stillness, and moulded the hand into that rounded position in which the fingers seem to grow to the keys. Leopold Mozart and his daughter were most occupied in teaching, and, as we learn often talked themselves out of breath, in the conscientious discharge of their employment. While they were explaining the mysteries of fingering, and showing how passages of great apparent difficulty could be neatly and elegantly brought under the hand, it was the business of the young composer, even from eight years of age, to form and train the soul.

From this early period the solicitations to compose for this or that individual talent, which beset him throughout life, had their origin. Whatever related to capacity in his own art, its exact degree, its character, and importance, was known to him in any individual with whom he conversed, as if by intuition. The tone of a voice, the air of a countenance, the social vivacity of a young person, seem to have enabled him to read with facility whatever nature had imprinted of the musician. The mere shape of an exquisitely-formed hand, without a general repose and harmony of character in the whole human structure, would, perhaps not have satisfied him; but both together made him more certain of his subject than either Gall or Spurzheim could have been by any investigation of the musical bumps which enter into the system of phrenology.

Even in his moments of deepest abstraction, when playing extemporaneously, Mozart was able to preserve a part of his mind free to notice the effect of his music upon others, to inform himself how far he might pursue one track of invention, or when it was time to strike into a new one. He had his own prepossessions in point of taste; and there is no master in whose works we can place a finger on a passage, a bar, or even a note, and say with greater confidence, "this the composer enjoyed." But though he gently led the way, and innumerable his own preferences in melody in strains of tender and melancholy grace, he appears rarely to have approved his own first conceptions until he had tried their influence upon others. This practice, which he early commenced among the visitors who listened to him occasionally at his father's house, became so strong in him by habit, that he was able at last to carry it out in public among the numerous audiences collected at the theatre, where—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The dramatic poet and musician are the kings who proverbially have "long arms." The chief element of their being is knowledge of the world within and without; they multiply themselves, and extend their own identity into all the infinite forms and varieties of the human family, and strike chords of passion which vibrate by sympathy through the whole. In Mozart's mystic language of inarticulate sounds there may be discovered a perpetual process of reason, as well as of imagination. The precision with which, as a minister of pleasure, he adapted the means to the end—hitting the mark always, restraining the luxuriance of his fancy amidst all its roving temptations, and preserving himself just within the limits of the

object to be accomplished, exhibits the logical composer in an aspect in which he is unequalled among musicians.

Not a few writings which Mozart has left show the man and the musician more interestingly than these collected pianoforte compositions. They are, for the most part, living witnesses to the amiability of his disposition, being mostly free gifts to one and another of his acquaintance of all ages and talents; sometimes evidently costing him no more trouble to write than that of moving the pen; at others displaying the exertion of his greatest powers in design and construction. To one who can enter with full sympathy into the day-dreams of the charming artist-family whose abode in Salzburg near a century ago renders that locality still a shrine of musical enthusiasm and devotion, it is pleasant to travel once more into the past on the wings of these compositions. Images of happiness and hope will surround us while we witness the content of the yet youthful father and mother of Mozart in the opening genius of their son; and so we have resolved to write our Salzburg "re-visited." Glancing a little to our right as we ascend the broad staircases of their dwelling, we discover in the deep vaults of a warehouse, fragrant with the scents of Italian edibles and enlivened by the presence of Mozart's landlady, that immortal drysalter, M. Hagenauer, Mozart's landlady, the ecclesiastics, the musicians, who from time to time mount to the *dritter stock* (third floor) to talk about or hear music, thus need not forget in going or coming where to renew the exhausted Parmesan or stock of macaroni. But we quit these sensualities and enter the apartments of the Mozart family. In a room well stored with musical instruments and books, and ornamented with prints, busts, and flowers, a boy sits at a table composing. That is Mozart. A canary bird chirps in a cage at the open window; and a favourite cat, who has established herself on the table near his music-paper, looks the picture of domestic quiet and content.

"Wolfgang," exclaims the boy's sister, "the young countess, my pupil, is just returned from Paris. She has been taking lessons of Schobert, and is much improved. You remember how well she promised, what a nice clear finger she had, and what a graceful feeling for melody. You must write something for her, either variations or a rondo; but, whatever it is, I must take it with me next week." "Well; I'll think of it. I have just finished the procession march for Hauffner's sister's wedding, and the new minuets for the ball in the evening. This afternoon we drive out to the Nonenberg, and to-morrow I must practise my concerto, to play to the archbishop's Italian friends at the palace. What a lazy thing that is," he adds, contemplating pensive, "I wonder when I shall find time to enjoy being lazy!" "Oh, there will be plenty of time," interposes the father. "For what?"

"For composing the piece which your sister wants. And, Wolfgang, you know that M. l'Evêque, who has been in Italy, and talks to us so much about Italian figures and counterpoint, will be sure to stand beside the little countess as she plays; so let your music be a rondo, in which you can bring in the subject in the bass, and make some of the passages move in canon. This will strengthen the young lady's left hand, and give the gentleman an opportunity of displaying his science when he speaks of the construction of the piece."

The scene changes. The Mozarts are in London, in their modest lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. A German friend of theirs whose visage beams with delight and admiration, congratulates them on the pleasure which they gave to the king and queen at Windsor, a few nights before. It is the queen's music-master, J. C. Bach. "His Majesty was delighted with the sonata, which he heard played off-hand by two great hands and two little hands alternately. It was a novelty; and here in England"—addressing the boy—"they like nothing so much as novelty." "Have they ever heard four hands on the pianoforte together?" asked Wolfgang. "Never; no duets for a keyed instrument have yet been published in England. But do you try your hand at some, and we will play them together to some musical friends, whom I intend shortly to collect at my house." He then produces a manuscript, which he has just written, and played. A Berlin professor of counterpoint, well versed in Marpurg, fidgets a good deal in his chair, and then rises to criticise.

"The *adagio* of that second duet is certainly a heavenly melody, M. Bach; but I observe that, in the second line, there are about thirty-three consecutive octaves in succession in the middle parts." "They accompany the melody very well," said Bach, laughing. "But, my dear friend, such counterpoint!"—"I was not thinking of counterpoint; I was thinking of pleasing," interrupted the boy. "The second violins and tenors sound very well so in an orchestra." "And I notice more octaves still in the *andante cantabile* of this duet in D," said the professor. "There I meant to imitate the bassoons." "So you turn the pianoforte into an orchestra, and place pleasure above counterpoint! What is to become of music if composers at your time of life set up taste and smoken as supreme guides. It must be quickly reduced to a chaotic jargon." The professor was waxing warm. "My revered father, John Sebastian," said M. Bach, quietly, "was wont to compose in what you call the strict style; and yet he would break a rule at any time rather than injure a good melody, or spoil a neatly-constructed passage."

Mozart's wonderful childhood is passed, and he is not a little pleased to see himself wandering from Munich to Mannheim and Paris in quest of a permanent settlement. His pianoforte playing is in great request at the houses of musicians whom he visits; he engages with young people in parties of pleasure, dances, and excursions, ready at any time of day to make the candid confession of youth—

"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard."

And so, as Carl von Weber tells us, that German girls much delight in new waltzes and musical keepsakes (MSS.), which they pay for by a squeeze of the hand, Mozart, as a matter of course, was obliged to dispense his services and take the usual wages. Sonatas by the dozens, full of elegant Italian melody, and of the neatest construction for fingering, attest what he has given away at the solicitation of the fair; nor could even mamma be denied if her little favorite longed for a pretty air with variations. The language of refusal was scarcely in the vocabulary of the compliant and obliging man.

Mozart is walking one morning in the English garden at Mannheim, with a musician belonging to the Elector's chapel. "Nothing," says the composer's friend, "surprised and pleased me more than what you did yesterday when we went with Holzhauser and Cannabich to the pianoforte warehouse to choose the new instrument for the palace. To play on five or six instruments in succession, on each in a different manner, with a peripetuous design in every improvisation—that I call the test of mastery invention and readiness. It is extremely embarrassing, when in walking from instrument to instrument, with great hearers, one is reduced to show one's poverty, to repeat oneself, or become quite rapid." The idea of such a situation made the composer smile. "A peculiar fantasia," he returns, "is necessary when one would try a pianoforte. I have thought much of this impromptu music, and I sent my conception of such a fantasia in notes the other day to my sister. It should differ from the orchestral fantasia, in which we may blend *adagio* and *allegro*, sweet air, solemn modulation, and various rhythm, within the compass of one prelude; and also from that in the bound or organ style, which usually ends with a fugue. I intend some day to make designs of these different fantasias."

Last winter, when we met in London M. Neidhardt, of the Berlin choir, we were well reminded that Mozart had kept his word. The fantasia in C minor, arranged by him for a large military orchestra, forms a splendid piece, and we have heard it ourselves in Berlin with great pleasure.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—But there was something that outdid them all; and that was a beautiful face I had the pleasure of sitting opposite to. I shall not give you the least intimation of the name or whereabouts of the owner of this face; suffice it to say that she was a wife and a mother, and thus wearing on her brow the perfect crown of womanhood. Vain would it be for me to attempt to convey to you the charm of this countenance by any enumeration or inventory of its features—by telling you of the rich dark hair, so massive and yet so soft, and braided as Raphael would have braided it—of the steel gray eyes, spirited

and sweet, under such eye-brows and eye-lashes as would have made any eyes handsome—of the clear, pellucid complexion, as delicate as it is possible to be and not lose the charms of health—of the pure and sculptured lines of the cheek and chin—of a mouth gently grave in repose, but easily rippling into the most dazzling smiles. All this gives you no notion of the sweetness, the purity, the refinement, the gentle-heartedness, the ethereal peace, that breathed from this lovely face and thence over it, a charm not borrowed from form or colour. And her dress, of simple white muslin, high in the throat, with purple ribbons, could not have been improved if a committee of artists had prescribed it. I have been somewhat about the world, my dear C., and as you know I have an eye in my head; and I assure you there is nothing on earth so fine as American beauty in its rarest and highest type—such as was here before me. Its leading and characteristic trait is that of extreme refinement; of fineness in its liberal and exact sense, as opposed to coarseness. In no country so often as in our democratic America will you see faces that look as if they were the perfect result of many generations of the most select and fortunate influences. This peculiar charm is often found in such excess, as to become almost a defect; from its so inevitably suggesting fears of evanescence and early decay. Why should I not be permitted to rave a little in this absurd way, upon the subject? Why should beauty gather all its tributes from lovers, poets, and boys? Why may not mature age, long tried and trained by life, lay an offering on this altar? What beauty is there like that of the human face? Milton in that pathetic passage in which he sums up the deprivation of his blindness, puts last, and as the climax of his benevolence, his losing sight of the "human face divine;" no lightly-considered or chauce-gathered epithet. Had the light of day again visited those dim eyes, can we doubt that their first glance would have sought some human face! It is one of the compensations in growing old, or at least ceasing to be young, that our sensations if less strong are finer; more ethereal if less tumultuous. The serene emotion which the sight of beauty now awakens within me I would not exchange for the more impetuous fervours, the coarser thrills, of twenty-five. Certainly I never looked upon a new-born rose with a more passionate admiration than upon this fair young creature who had crossed my path but for a moment, and yet thrown upon it a perennial satisfaction; for if a "thing of beauty" be "a joy for ever," how much more is a being of beauty.—*Doston Courier.*

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CHILDREN.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at my play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children's
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
To your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

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 Comment dans sa reconnaissance, Duo. . . . 4 Adieu, mon pays. . . . 2
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 Cola corre disperato, Rett. . . . 2 Lina, pensai che un angelo, Aria. . . 2
 Condolo in là, Signor, Fragh. . . . 2 Opposto il calce, Sic. D. du. . . 4

LUISA MILLER.
 Le vilis è l'prima, Romanza. . . . 1 Tu fanciulli, o Signore, Aria. . . . 3
 Ah! tutto m'arrida, Recit. . . . 2 L'altro retroguardo, Sic. Duet. . . . 2
 Il mio angelo, Aria. . . . 2 Pudia rivetti l'estremo addio, Terz. . . 2
 Spera la scelta, Aria. . . . 2 Promettevole, Quart. . . . 4
 Dall'allo raggancia, Sic. Duet. . . . 2 Plangi, plangi, il tuo dolore, Fragh. & Du. . . 2
 Sento al mio piede, Sic. Duet. . . . 4 Quando le acce al placido, Aria. . . 3

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 Ah, eh, ben mio (Scena, 39), Aria. . . . 1 Si la stanchera, Duettino . . . 2
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 Dacci la notte, Scene e Cavatina . . . 1 E degra e poco esordio. . . . 3
 Deserto sulla terra, Scene e Rom. . . . 1 Or co' dodi mie fra poco, Coro . . . 3
 Indica, qual voce, Scene e Terzetto . . . 4 Gioral poveri vicini, Terzetto . . . 2
 Vedì l'foschia, Coro di Zingari 1 Ah! sì ben mio (Scena, 41) . . . 1
 Nevè la scena, Canzone 1 D'amor sull'ail rocc, Scene ed Aria. . . 3
 Mezza o la tua muson, Coro 1 Qual voce: come! Scene e Duetto . . . 2
 Condolto all'era, Scene e Racconto . . . 2 Se m'ami ancor, Duettino 2
 Mal ragguarda, Scene e Duetto 2 Parlar non vuoi? Scene e Terzetto . . 2
 l'baieu del suo sorriso, Sic. ed. Aria. . . 2 Di accenta i non respingermi, Sc. fin. 3

LA TRAVIATA

De' miei ballanti apriti, Sc. ed Ar. 7. . . 2 Adido del passato, c'ranzad, Aria 1
 Corticiana, villi rassa, Ar. B. 7. . . . 3 Una pudica, c. da, Melodia . . . 1
 Lehammo no' lieti, Brindisi, 7. . . . 3 Pura siccome, c. da, Cantabile . . . 2
 Di Francesca il mar, Scene ed Aria. . . 4 Ah! cor' è lei, f. da, Aria . . . 1
 Libiamo ne lieti, di riconoscenza, Brin. . . 4 No, quella pira, d. du., Duetto . . . 2
 Un di falce, r, de, Melodia 2 Parigi, o cara, r, de, Duet. . . . 1
 Un di quando, r min, de, Cantabile . . 2 In agresso degno, r, da, Trio . . . 2
 Ditte alla gloria, c. da, Cantabile . . . 2
 Di Francesca il mar, c. do, Aria. . . . 1

RIGOLETTO.

Caro nome che il mio core, Scene Poi B. 1. . . 3
 Corticiana, villi rassa, Ar. B. 7. . . . 3
 Figlia il mio Padre: Duo, r. s. & B. 4. . . 0
 La Donna è nochie, Canzone, T. . . . 1
 Farni veder le lagrime, Ar. 7. . . . 1
 Questa o quella, Ballata, T. . . . 1
 Signor, nel principio, Duo, T. r. s. & B. . . 1

ERMANI.
 Oh, sonno Carlo, Rett., Finalo 2. . . 2
 Io son Oneto Duce Sona, Ar. nel Fin. 3. . . 1
 Come ruggida al corpe, Sic. e Cavata. 1
 Lo vestro, Gran' Sona ed Ar. . . . 2
 Qui me trasse amo posamente, Duo 2
 Fura Augusta! In che va! 4
 Tu se' Franca! Terzetto. . . . 4
 Ermano, Ermani involami, Sic. e Cav. 1
 Senti e te sogni auguri, Du. fin. 3da 4
 Solingo erudite misero, Terz. . . . 2
 Oh! i di vend' anni mio, Scene e Cav. 2

BATTAGLIA DI LEGNANO (LA).
 Digli che dicit il tuonno, Int. Fragg. 2
 Digli che è mangia il tuonno, 2da. . . . 2
 Fra questo dante temetive, Introd. o. . . 0
 Sona del Giuramento 3
 Per la mischia Baro Questa, Terz. 2
 A che smarrirti palli, Quo. Fin. Imo 2
 E ve? t' di altri, Duo. . . . 4

Oh! di vend' anni mio, Scene e Cav. 2
 In F. with easy accompaniment . . . 1
 Ah! morir potrei adesso, Duettino 3
 L'hai pur maledice, Scene Cavatina. . . 2
 Ora, quest'ora, ogn' avido, Terz. 2
 In fine, c. da, Terz. . . . 2
 In fine, l'aria, Terz. . . . 2
 Nel fin. Imo. . . . 4
 Caro parente, Introd. — Ah! morir potrei, Duo. In original key. . . 2

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1. Le donna e molle (F and A flat) . . . 1
 2. Caro nome (D) 1
 3. Questa o quella (F) 1
 4. Bellu figlia dell'amore (A flat) . . . 1
 5. E il sol dell'anima—Duet 2
 6. Figlio mio padre!—Duet (D) 1
 4. Ah! perche non posso (B flat) . . . 1
 6. Ah! non giungo (G) 1
 6. Come per me amore (B flat) 2
 7. Vi ravviso (A flat) 1
 8. Fra poco a me (A) 1
 9. Reguava nel silenzio (G) 2
 10. Quando je qualitate (A flat) 1
 11. Babbo! noi non j'ama (F) 1
 12. Qui le voce (D) 1
 13. Sem vergine (D flat) 1
 14. A te, cara (A flat) 1
 15. In quanto amiamo (C) 1
Ermani.

16. Ermano, Ermano, invosami (G) . . . 1
 17. Ah! m'invosami—Duet (F) 2
 18. Come ruggida (A) 1
 19. Infulce e tu (A flat) 1
 20. Lo vedremo—fianci musco (G) 1
 21. Nella falce (B min. F) 1
 22. Di pascatore (D and F) 1
 23. Il negro (C) 1
 24. Com e bello (C) 1
 25. Va pensiero (F) 1
 26. Chiaccio del dice (D) 1
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 28. Conviene partir (D) 1
Luigi Miller.

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 30. Lo vedi, e l'primo (C) 1
 31. Tu tomba—Duet (B flat) 2
 32. Scene del cie (G and C) 1
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 34. O mio Ferrandino (C) 1
 35. Cesta diu (D) 1
 36. Deb con te—Duet (D) 2
 37. O divina Agnese (C) 1
 38. Va forza lagrima (D flat) 1
Prigione d'Edimburgo.

39. Sulla poppa (A) 1
 40. Baroni, d'orati (F) 1
 41. Tu Paquaglia. . . . 1
 42. La roscala (B flat) 1
 43. Al dilice giusiani (E flat) 1
 44. O l'fuo di quest' anima (C) 1
 45. Tu da quel di—Duet (F) 2
 46. Tu tanto in ira (G) 1
Il Trovatore.

47. Stride la vampa (D minor) 1
 48. Di quella pira (G) 1
 49. Ah! si ben mio (Scena, 41) 1
 50. Deserto sulla terra (C) 1
 41. D'amor sull'ail rocc (G) 1
 42. Tacco la notte placcido (F) 1
 43. Il baieu del suo sorriso (A) 1
 44. Ah! i che la morte onguo (E flat) . . . 1
 45. La stanchera—Duet (F) 1
 46. Un di felice (F) 1
 47. Parigi o cara—Duet (F) 1
 48. Di Francesca il mar (C) 1
 49. Libiamo ne lieti calli (G) 1
 50. He tu me pudica vergine (C) 1
 51. Un di quando (F) (F minor) 1
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(From "Songs," by John Ellson.)

I.

O, a sweet little darling tormentor is he!
My heart knows no rest for a minute;
Her smile is as bright as the rose-bud to me,
But a thorn's ever lurking within it.
And yet, of all flowers in the beautiful bowers,
I love her the dearest of any;
And I never will try from the fetters to fly
That bind me to sweet little Jenny!

II.

I will hope for the day when I proudly shall say
Such a treasure is mine, and mine only;
For I fancy the rose then no thorn will disclose,
To make me all cheerless and lonely.
O happy my lot, when they twine round my cot,
The blossoms so sweet and so many;
But the fairest of all I ever will call
My own little charmer—my Jenny!

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. WALESBY, of Waterloo-place, writes: "Many erroneous accounts having appeared in the papers respecting the notes of the bells for the new Houses of Parliament, and the reading of the chimes, I have been led to sketch the following particulars: The four bells for indicating the quarters of each hour are to be of such notes that we may say they would be respectively the first, second, third, and sixth, of a peal of ten; or, in musical notation, G sharp (first bell), F sharp (second), E (third), B (sixth), the hour bell being the tenth, or E (third space in the bass), an octave below the third bell. So far so good, provided that each proves satisfactory as regards quality of tone, relative pitch, &c. I subjoin the 'solos' which are likely to be played upon the bells during every hour:

	INDICATED BY BELLS.
First Quarter	1, 2, 3, 6.
Second Quarter, or Half Hour	3, 1, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3.
Third Quarter	1, 3, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3—1, 2, 3, 6.
Fourth Quarter, or Hour ...	{ 3, 1, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3—1, 3, 2, 6 —6, 2, 1, 3—10.

"Now, with the utmost deference to the gentlemen entrusted with these matters, I think the above may be called a very tedious and inappropriate arrangement for such very heavy bells, the respective sounds of which will be so grave as to render it necessary to strike each bell in considerably slower succession than is usual with any other chimes in this kingdom. The following brief and simple composition, if performed upon the bells in very slow time, would, in my opinion, proclaim the quarters in a more intelligible and melodious manner:

	INDICATED BY BELLS.
First Quarter	1, 3.
Second Quarter, or Half Hour	1, 2, 3.
Third Quarter	3, 2, 1, 3.
Fourth Quarter, or Hour ...	1, 2, 3, 6—10.

"In order that all persons who hear the chimes may clearly understand which quarter is indicated without becoming impatient of listening, I have, it will be perceived, inserted only two notes for the first quarter, three for the second, and four for the third, concluding in each instance with the third bell (E, the key note), thus affording repose to the musical ear. There are also four notes for the fourth quarter, which, however, is distinguished from any other by the introduction of the sixth bell (B, the dominant note) which calls for and is followed by the tenth, or hour bell (E, the fundamental note), with grand effect."

* Set to music by M. Enderssolin.

The following are the 'solos' as figured above:

1st Quarter. 

2nd Quarter. 

3rd Quarter. 

4th Quarter. 

The following is Mr. Walesey's composition:

1st Quarter. 

2nd Quarter. 

3rd Quarter. 

4th Quarter. 

TOM HOOD'S REASONS FOR NOT PUBLISHING HIS LIFE.—"My whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those 'bald biographies' that content the old-gentlemenly pages of Sylvanus Urban. Lamb, on being applied to for a memoir of himself, made answer that it would go into an epigram; and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has forestalled the greater part of it, in his striking poem on the 'Common Lot'; but in prose, nobody could ever make anything of it, except Mr. George Robins. My birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged amongst my lays to lay the cloth, and to coner the cook and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty, that, with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then, for education, though on the one hand I have not taken my degree with Blucher; yet, on the other, I have not been rusticated at the Open Air School, like the poet of Heligstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax, and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been even third in a duel, or crossed in love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which everybody knows has so little remanance about it, that its head has never troubled us with a tale. My own story then, to possess any interest, must be a fib. Truly given, with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a lesson to self-importance in the Memoirs of P. P., the parish clerk, who was only notable, after all, amongst his neighbours as a swallow-eater of leeches. To conclude, my life—upon my life—is not worth giving, or taking. The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory, and a personal history would assuredly be but a muddling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning, and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it."

KAISERL. KONIGL. POLIZEI-DIREKTION.*
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Religion Religion			
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Kömmt von Vient de			
Gedenkt sich aufzuhalten und wie lange Duré de séjour			
Allein oder mit wessen Begleitung Seul ou avec			
Prag, den	Name und Karakter des Unterstandgebers.		
Jeder Fremde ohne Unterschied ist verpflichtet sich nach seiner <i>Urkunde</i> in Prag die in diesem Meldest. vorgeschriebene Kurikeln deutlich und vollkommen auszufüllen.		Chaque étranger, sans distinction de qualité, est obligé de donner immédiatement après son arrivée à Prague tous les renseignements indiqués sur le présent billet d'annonce.	
Die Angabe eines falschen Namens oder Karakters oder eines andern unwarhen Umstandes unterliegt der gesetzlichen Bestrafung.		Toute délation non véridique, soit à l'égard du nom, du caractère ou d'une autre circonstance, subit la rigueur de la loi.	
Jeder Fremde, der in Prag verweilen will, hat sich spätestens am nächsten Tage nach seiner Ankunft im Passzute der k. k. Polizei-Direktion wegen Erhalt einer Aufenthaltskarte unter sonstiger Abhandlung zu melden.		L'étranger intentionné de passer quelque temps à Prague doit, sous sa propre responsabilité, demander au plus tard le jour suivant son arrivée à la Direction de Police le permis de séjour.	
Jeder Gast-oder Unterstandgeber ist unter den gesetzlichen Strafen verpflichtet, die Meldest. über die bei ihm eingekehrten Fremden täglich längstens bis 10 Uhr Vormittags an die k. k. Polizei-Direktion einzusenden.		Le billet d'annonce sera présenté à la Direction de Police jusqu'à 10 heures de matin.	
Von der k. k. Polizei-Direktion in Prag.		De la Direction de Police I. R. à Prague.	

KNIGHTLEY.—On Wednesday, the 13th inst., Mr. W. S. Sunderland gave a concert at the Mechanics' Institute. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Thomas; violin, Herr Molique. A new song, "Merrily shines the morn," sung by Mad. Rudersdorf, was, with other pieces, encored. Herr Molique was enthusiastically received and his solo redemanded. Signor Randegger presided at the pianoforte.

* Worth consideration before setting out for Prague.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., ON MUSIC.

(From our own Reporter.)

LIVERPOOL, Saturday Night, Oct. 16th.

It has long been the custom with the Northern Mechanics' Institution, which has its home in Lord Nelson-street, Liverpool, to give cheap concerts on the Saturday night for the recreation of the working classes, of whom its members almost wholly consist. At one of these entertainments this evening the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., presided. It was calculated that nearly three thousand persons were present, and though the vast majority were working men, a fair sprinkling of working women was visible throughout the assemblage. The platform was graced by the presence of a number of ladies. Having, during an interval between the first and second parts of the concert, been thanked, on the motion of Mr. Caine, for the honour he had done the institution by presiding.

Mr. Gladstone spoke at some length. In the course of his remarks he said:—

"What shall I say on the subject of this entertainment? Do not be afraid if I go back to the beginning of the world, for I promise you I will not stay there. (Laughter.) But if I mention the words, it is only to say that those who consider music to be a powerless thing, who think it ranks among the trifles of existence, are in gross error; because, from the beginning of the world—and that is the only time you will hear the phrase from me—from the beginning of the world down to the present day it has been one of the most powerful instruments both for training, arousing, and governing the mind and the spirit of men. The foundations of it lie deep in your nature; they have been placed there by the Author of that nature, and it is in a remarkable sense doing this work to cultivate the gifts with which he has endowed us. (Applause.) There was a time when letters and civilisation had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown; on the contrary, it was so far from being a mere source of entertainment, of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that music so much so that there was not a poet who was not a musician—there was not a verse spoken in the early ages of the world except where music was adopted as its vehicle, allowing thereby the serious consciousness that in this way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart of men. (Applause.) Listening to the notes we have heard to-night, observing their character, I ask whether it is possible to imagine instruments better designed for maintaining in us the love of country and the recollection of the glorious traditions of Old England, than the songs which you have received with such rapturous applause? And the duties of the citizen, the attachment to the law in which we live, the desire to serve it by the improvement of its land, and by the performance of our personal duties, are rendered stronger by the influences that you receive during the moments now current, from the notes struck on the pianoforte, and from the voices you have heard. (Applause.) There have been cases, ay, and many cases too, where music has been exalted to near more blessed still. No doubt it is true that, like every other human gift, it may be polluted and perverted; but it is to the honour of this great science that, of all the music now existing in the world—of all the music which the genius of ages has accumulated, no small part, and perhaps the very finest and most commanding, is the music which has been dedicated strictly to the purposes of the offering of the solemn worship of Christians to the Author of their being and of their redemption. (Applause.) And, so long as 1,400 years ago, one of the greatest and most eminent Christian men—the great St. Augustine—left upon record, as one auxiliary instrument of his conversion from heathenism to become a pillar of the Gospel, the influence which the sweet strains of the Christian Church exercised over his yet untutored soul. (Applause.) Now, I have said that such a gathering as this tends to patriotic purposes; and although I admit that as a nation we have, like other nations, our weaknesses and our faults, and enough of them, yet, I say that the sight now before me, is a sight which, while it gladdens the heart, must also, as should be, make anyone the less to bear the name of Englishman; for we see in this assemblage a living, practical protest against all that is all degrading pursuits. (Cheers.) The force of temptation is great, and far be it from me to pronounce censure on the infirmities of my fellow-men. But, without pronouncing censure upon any one, I may be allowed to feel satisfaction, I may be allowed to utter the voice of thankfulness if I find that this vast assemblage, composed, as is evident, from the classes from which it purposes to be composed,

namely, from those great classes, the staple and the strength of a free country—the working men of England—that on a Saturday night, after the toil of six days, and with the prospect of its renewal on Monday, the hours which are allowed to be devoted to temporary recreation, are not spent in search of violent excitements, but are spent in paying money to hear a concert, and partake of amusement of a character which administers no excitement other than the gentlest and the purest, and the whole results of which ought to tend to unmitigated benefit and advantage. Thirty years ago it was the fixed belief of English society that Englishmen in general were not fond of music. Now, I do not speak of Lancashire and Yorkshire, because, as long as they have been Lancashire and Yorkshire, everybody has known that those counties and some others were devotedly fond of music. But I venture to assure you, from my own experience, that thirty years ago the common opinion was that Englishmen in general were devoid of any gift by which they could themselves execute music, or by which they could appreciate it; and that the appreciation and the gift of music were reserved as the exclusive inheritance of the few. But within that period we have had many changes,—I trust, many improvements,—and there has been no greater reform wrought in the country—I will venture to say, at any rate, none more singularly successful—than the musical reform. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Thirty years ago, music was taught in none of the common schools of the country, or if in any, in so few that the exceptions only made the rule more conspicuous, and there prevailed the erroneous belief—as we may now call it, the stupid belief—(hear)—that although the Germans and Italians were fond of music, Englishmen in general were incapable of enjoying it. That fallacy has been scattered to the winds. (Hear.) Great as is this demonstration, admirable as this institution is in its present condition, I frankly own I hope we shall see, as time goes on, as those who have been taught music in their early days grow up, we shall see domestic music—(hear)—we shall see music find its way into the homes of the labouring classes of this country. (Applause.) It is my duty as one of those who have for many years been called upon to represent the people in Parliament, sincerely and conscientiously, but often very feebly, to labour for their welfare. Here I feel that we are upon true ground; but entertained as I am, and delighted as I am with what we have heard, I much more rejoice in what I see than in what I hear, and the experience of to-night will send me home with more cheerful and sanguine convictions than I had entertained before entering this hall, with respect to the disposition and habits of my fellow-townsmen, the people of Liverpool!

The right hon. gentleman sat down amidst deafening applause.

CHARLES MACKAY.

(From the *Brighton Guardian*.)

THERE is truly no reason why we should not suppose poets to be included in the cyclical order of the universe. And so it seems to be. For a long age—from Moses and Miriam, Aseph, David, and Solomon—the poets were persons; they not only wrote, but also, sang. So Sappho sang, and by the "sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse," enlivened her nation. Apollo himself with godlike presence inspired the muses. Old Herodotus, Pindar, and mighty Homer, like Moses and David, "showed themselves unto the people," whilst the bards, scalds, and troubadours of early Europe were as much a visible institution as the *Times* newspaper is to ourselves. But all this suffered change, and for a period again as long the poet has been but a book. The alternation was gradual, and the old desire to see the bard sometimes grew rampant, as when Petrarch was summoned before the people to be invested with the laurel crown. So in the middle ages the Court poet was a miracle-repeating being. During many generations, even for centuries, the poet has been, like the Arabian genius Hafiz, "heard, but never seen." Latterly, indeed, with some aristocratic exceptions, not only was the person of the poet unknown, but his very residence was ignored. If some uncommon incident brought him for a moment into public view, he disappeared no one cared whether. "Grubstreet" and "a garret" were the undefined localities of the modern Parnassus. But again there have been indications of a change. Almost within memory of the present generation, Germany could no longer resist the impulse to see their poet, and Schiller was called to "show himself to the people." As he passed through an avenue of his uncovered countrymen, they shout, "Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!" and holding up their children, say, "That is he!" A like interest in the persons of their poets has of late years been strongly felt by the English. Byron, knowing his personality to be intensely cared for, with false baseness like himself. Walter Scott was not so, and also Macaulay, Lockhart, and Aytoun ministered to a revived taste for bardic strains

as from the *side* poets of other ages. At the present day the cycle appears to approach towards completion. In banquets, and in scientific or benevolent associations, on platforms and on "hustings," the bards and sages of our time are summoned to give personal testimony of their existence, and to receive orations. On a by one we see them all, hear their oracular voices, and judge "what manner of men" they be. Thackeray end Dickens—both deserving to be counted with the poets—read, like the bards of old, their compositions to the multitude. And now we are to see at Brighton in his bodily shape Charles Mackay, the lyricist, to whom we owe many of the most popular, patriotic, and spirit-stirring songs of the generation to which we belong. We are to see him whose strain of cheering and graceful poetry has so often delighted us—him whose "fancy," as he says in his *Diogenes*,

— "travelled back three thousand years
To find the meaning of the ancient days,
And disremember their simplicity
From the corruptions of a later time!"—

who sang "The Death of Pan," who told us of "The Invasion of the Norsemen," and carried us back to the heroic age by that fine ballad, "The Sea-king's Barrow"—him from whom we have learned more deeply to reflect upon the claims of benevolence and justice, and whose one thought seems to be—to lessen the evil and increase the good. We understand too, that in lecturing at Brighton next week, Dr. Mackay presents himself for the first time, publicly, before his countrymen.

What the poet will do, how he will sing, we know not. Will he come with a lyre, a venerable countenance and gray streaming locks? Will he sing to us a new psalm? or will he by turns excite our patriotism with his "Battle of Inkermann," and then melt the soul into pious humility by his "Magdalen of St. Stephen"? Will he sing "Old Fubal Cain was a man of might"? Will the poet tell us somewhat of other poets as well as of himself? Will he not only show us what he can do, but also how to do it? We shall see.

A WALL FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

Once, lately, in poetic mood,

When night had gathered darkly,

I sought an inspiration high

From foaming draughts of Baryley.

The room was sung, the fire was bright—

The doors and windows barr'd in;

There mote not be a happier sight

Than I near Covent Garden

The theme that tempted then my lay,

In Music's chosen dwelling,

Soon made me, to Amphion's lyre

A sound lonely swelling—

I sang how its enchanted string

By ancient story's showing,

Made lofty walls and stately towers

And palaces be growing.

And there was one, in well-worn coat,

And boots of faded varnish,

In wide-mouth'd wonder listen'd he,

The whiles my lay I garnish.

Good soul, ho reck'd not classic lore,

But said 't' was very funny,

To think how artists once were paid

And made a mint o' money!

No doubt the man you mention now,

Might be a good musician—

Indeed he must have been, and I

For such good luck am wishing.

The fidler who a house can build

Is now a lucky fellow—

I know / scarce can pay my rent

With my old violoncello!"

October, 1858.

Old Bow.

HOLMFIRTH.—The choir committee of St. John's Church, Uppertong, have appointed Mr. James Sykes, of Scholes Moor, organist for the newly-erected organ in the above church.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 653.)

1. RICHARD WAGNER endeavours to characterise the heroes and more prominent situations of his operatic dramas by fixed and constantly recurring motives. This endeavour was previously to be found in the operas of C. M. von Weber, especially in his *Euryantke*. The system is much more consistently and comprehensively carried out in *Lohengrin* than in *Tannhäuser*. There is no objection to the principle, but, in this instance, *likewise*, *everything depends on the way in which it is executed*. If the latter is delicate, intellectual and skilful, if the motives are perceptible, merely as bright flashes in the background, an indisputable advantage is gained for the opera, and the musical unity of this complicated art-form, nay, we should not hesitate long in declaring such a plan to be the *sole correct and sufficient one*. We must be allowed to remark, however, that the manner in which the principle is employed in *Lohengrin* is an exceedingly clumsy, and, so to speak, sententious one, inasmuch as, to each figure and situation, a placard is, as it were, stuck, which announces, "loud and clear." "Now I am coming, and here I am." Should anyone, however, think that the motives which characterise, or, rather, typify Lohengrin, Elsa, Frierleich von Telramund, Ortrud, the King, and the Holy *Grail* are important of themselves, this is a mere matter of taste. We do not consider them so. They are certainly characteristic, but in the ordinary sense; that is to say, their character is such as abstract understanding in combination with a slight degree of education can always produce with little trouble. Their principal importance, too, does not consist in the invention, which, as we have already said, is not particularly great, but in the orchestral colouring. It is not the phrases with which Friedrich von Telramund, the King, and the Holy *Grail*, announce themselves, which play the principal part, but the double-basses, the trumpets, and the flutes. Is there any such very great art in this, or have we not rather an instance of the means by which a mind possessing but little fancy tries to effect its purpose? The manner in which Wagner employs the principle leads to insupportable monotony, and wearisomeness, nay, as far as the trumpets are concerned, to torturing discomfort. By the adoption of such a form, however, the demands made by an opera upon the composer as a musically creative being, are certainly very much modified. Instead of being always new, and displaying his mastery in the maintenance of the fundamental tone and similarity of character, the composer simply repeats what has gone before, with slight variations, and a completely material and increased gradation, etc.

2. Richard Wagner despises Melody and does not care much about her. The feeling appears reciprocal, and it is, perhaps, out of mere spite, that R. Wagner speaks so rudely of the gentle virgin in his books. Melody or no melody is a subject about which we will not quarrel, but what we require from every work of art, connected with stringed or wind instruments, is well-defined, palpable, nay, we would almost say, plastically perceptible forms, and thoughts which flash before us, as if they proceeded from a distant star! We are sorry to say that scarcely the slightest trace of such forms and thoughts was visible to our weak mind, during the four hours *Lohengrin* took in representation. In fact, we will speak our opinion honestly and boldly; this psalmically-recited, musically-unmusical declamation wearied us indescribably, and yet shall we not be allowed to consent to! Such a protracted application of this principle was certainly, never practised by any composer since Lully (and most undoubtedly not in any way by Gluck) before Wagner, and the mere putting such music to paper would have produced a very narcotic effect on Mozart for instance. Whenever R. Wagner steps out of the phrase which are at everyone's command, and only employed by him with more prudence than by many others, and endeavours, in some degree, to present us with more definite forms, we are immediately reminded of C. M. von Weber, nay, of Mendelssohn and Spohr. In this particular, *Tannhäuser* is more original and less poor than *Lohengrin*. The scene of Venus's grotto in the former opera is the only composition at all comprehensive, as well as decidedly

bold and successfully carried out, which Wagner has yet been able to produce.

3. Music is an art free as the birds of the air. It possesses no laws, not even of acoustics, which the artist has to respect. This principle is announced "loud and clear," in Wagner's scores, and his disciples follow him in this particular with wonderful sagacity. There are two laws of organic musical construction which have not the slightest existence for R. Wagner: the laws of the various keys, and of harmonic combinations. With regard to the first, somebody once observed to us, rather wittily and appropriately, in reference to *Tannhäuser*: "The four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." Now, let anyone, bearing this in mind, go through *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, and he will find it a rare exception when R. Wagner remains for eight, nay, only four bars, in the same key. Thus, for instance, the Herald gurgles out his short recitative before the sacred court is held, in six or seven keys, and on account of the unnatural springs taken by the harmony this single piece might in future be given to every singer for this purpose of testing his powers; whoever could get through it would be available at all times, and for all the scores of the Music of the Future for which we may yet hope. The notions, however, which Wagner appears to possess of harmony and the succession of chords, etc., must, judge by the results, be actually barbarous; at any rate, all our own auricular nerves revolt at them. If the reader will only turn to page 20 of the pianoforte edition, line 3, and realise, "loud and clear," the return from F to A major, or, at page 47, in the first four bars before the fight, the harmonical succession: G, B flat and A major, then G, E, and D major, and, at page 63, the last few bars—especially the fifth, and, lastly, if he will only reflect on the horrible transition from A to B flat major at page 62, he will, perhaps, pardon us, if despite the celebrated name with which our investigations are connected, we exclaim: "This is mere bawling, nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of art!" and if anyone should cry out and tell us that we are stupid, because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply: "You cannot possess ears, if you are fond of revelling in such discord."

4. "When ideas fail, a word is introduced at the right time." Wagner employs everlastingly the same means. If there were no chromatics, no *tremolo* of the violins, and no trumpets and trombones, Wagner would be obliged to lay down his commander's staff, for we have named the principal forces with which he fights his battles. C major, C sharp major, D major, E flat major, E major, serve to portray passion, affright and excitement, and the reader will be able to open but few pages of the score without finding a climax of this description. In order to express a mysterious feeling, on the one hand, and, on the other, a horrible, demoniacal feeling, was not Apollo gracious enough to allow us to discover the *tremolo* of the violins and basses! What more do we want, since we possess this! The trumpets and trombones, however, are Wagner's pets, and whenever, by way of exception, he soars into the realms of melody, he is fonder of employing the above instruments, especially the latter, to support him. O, it is something magnificent to have a song of joy (that shall, for instance, celebrate a marriage feast) brayed forth by a collection of trumpets and trombones. Who would deny the result? Wagner understands effect, we mean clumsy, material, coarse effect, as well as anyone of his predecessors. He frequently approaches closely to Verdi, and is indebted for his best things to Meyerbeer and Bellini, from whom he takes his treatment of the orchestra, although in some particulars he goes beyond them. Exactly like Meyerbeer, Wagner is fond of letting the greatest sounds, the "sweet" toying of the violins and the liping of the flutes and oboes, sweep over the stage after the most overwhelming outbursts of braying noise. We first have unmeaning tumult, striving to appear like strengths that would move the world, then unmeaning cooing, striving to represent the tenderest sensations; in one place, untruthfulness and unnaturalness, and, in another, the gradations Wagner employs "to carry away" the spectator with him, heaping up, in order to depict a forcible situation, the tonemass from imperceptible beginnings, as it were, to colossal

proportions; all this is imitated pretty nearly, from the well-known chorus of the conspirators in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Wagner surpasses in all material details his model Meyerbeer, the connection with whom he thought he could not repudiate more effectually than by abasing him to his utmost, but Meyerbeer is far superior to him in intensity of specifically musical capability; compared to Wagner, he is an absolute Cressus. It was lately remarked with great justice, that Wagner reverses the natural mode of constituting the orchestra. The wind instruments, especially the brass ones, occupy nearly always the first places, while the violins are generally employed in the highest passages. If people choose to call this kind of music new, the reputation of a great musical discoverer would belong to Richard Wagner, so far as he was really the first to discover all these things, but he found them, one and all, ready to his hand, and merely pushed them to the most extreme, most unlovely and most inharmonious lengths.

But enough of this. We hope we have satisfactorily explained the reason why we cannot enlist ourselves among the admirers of Wagner's music. But, some one may probably object, if such is the state of the case, to what is the success attributable? Let the reader turn over the history of the immediate as well as of the more remote Past, and call to mind what triumphs, by no means transient, it chronicles. Success certainly amounts to proof, which exceeds the authority of any mere individual, however high-placed, but then it is only that success which can look back hundreds, nay, thousands of years, and not the success of ten, or twenty, which is as readily granted to the most profligate, or to the most worthy things. Besides, may not a great portion of the present success be really set down to the unusual nature of Wagner's operatic subjects, to the enormous scenic splendour they require, the colossal masses they set in motion, to the varied interest connected with Wagner personally, as poet, composer, author, agitator, and reformer, and to the excessively active exertions of a party, very devoted to him, and who, by incessant announcements, keep the world in excitement and suspense?—all things which lie far beyond the actual artistic productions. His success, like his works themselves, certainly does prove something for Wagner; it proves that we have to do with no insignificant person, but with one distinguished by varied intelligence, and endowed with energetic mental powers, for without these, such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description and yet knock in vain for admittance at the gates within which eternal art resides.

While endeavouring to describe R. Wagner's music generally, we have characterised the music of *Lohengrin*, and shall add only a few more observations. In a musical point of view, the third act is the most successful piece of composition. The scene between Lohengrin and Elsa, in the bridal chamber, contains much that is beautiful, and, now and then, is marked by agreeable touches of warm feeling. Wagner sometimes manages the choruses—and large masses generally—in a very skilful manner, and frequently imparts to them, even musically, a certain antique stamp. The first chorus, for instance in the first act, at Lohengrin's arrival, is admirably carried out, and unsurprisingly effective, while the effect of the concluding chorus depends on the ordinary common operatic means, and that of the nobles, preceding the bridal procession, endeavours to produce an impression by a coarse imitation of nature, and excels by a constrained and unnatural treatment of the voices. But Wagner uses us worst in the second act. We hope we shall never hear such a braying of trumpets and trombones again till the Day of Judgment, and we confess that, as often as the horrible trumpeters, who always announce the approach of the king, appeared on the stage, we began to tremble in all our limbs, like children, when they know there is going to be a volley of musketry, or a discharge of artillery.

The opera was received, on the whole, favourably. The audience welcomed the first and third acts with tolerable warmth, but were somewhat more indifferent about the second. A portion of the success may be fairly attributed to the perfectly exquisite manner in which the opera was produced. The first place belongs to Herr Ander and Madlle. Meyer, who sung and

played the parts of Lohengrin and Elsa with nearly ideal perfection. Had we not already long valued Herr Ander as a thinking artist, we should be obliged to do so now, after this admirable performance. Throughout the opera he recollected the part he had to represent, and never assumed a tone or indulged in a look or gesture, which did not befit the "holy knight." Madlle. Meyer has evidently thrown her whole soul into the part of Elsa, and we blame her the less as all advantage falls to our share. She was rich in the most beautiful and most touching points. Herr Beck (Friedrich von Telramund) possesses in his wonderful voice such a natural gift, that he requires to exert himself but little to captivate us. Mad. Hermann Czillag (Ortrud), and Herr Schmid (King Heinrich), were, on the whole, deserving of praise, although we should not say the latter could be entranced by the acetic demeanour his part imposes on him. Nor must we forget Herr Hrabanek, who acquitted himself with certainty of the exceedingly difficult part of the herald. Both the chorus and orchestra were admirable, and the wonderful precision which distinguished the opera as a whole reflects the greatest credit on Herr Esner, who, as *Capellmeister*, directed the performance, and Herr Eckert. Lastly, scene-painters, costumers, stage-managers, etc., honestly contributed their share towards the success, and we think that the management need not fear producing *Tannhäuser* next year, for R. Wagner should be heard. To this he has a right.

C. D.

COME WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE SLEEPING.

(BALLAD FOR MUSIC.)

BY JAMES HIPKINS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MADAME WISSER.

One eye as on my couch I lay,
A voice like heavenly music's strain
I heard, and twice ere dawn of day
The same sweet music came again;
Methought some loved-one whom I ween
In form and graceful majesty,
By far exceeding all I'd seen,
Thus soft and sweetly sang to me—
"When the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is o'er night's stillness creeping,
Come then, and meet me in the vale,
When the lovely flowers are sleeping."

"How beautiful in pearls of dew
The gentle spring is smiling now,
Young leaves, and flowers of every hue,
Come laughing forth from earth and bough;
Each bird, each brook, each breeze now pours
Its soft sweet music through the air,
On wings of love each insect soars,
And seems to say—'I'm free from care.'
"When the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is o'er the stillness creeping,
Come then and meet me in the vale,
When the lovely flowers are sleeping."

"Hush,—hush, methinks they're slumbering now,
With curtains-green closed round each head,
Refresh'd by rills which sport below,
They'll wake, and sweeter fragrance shed,
And softly-sighing southern-breezes
Will breathe perfume o'er plant and tree,
Such treasures will thy fancy please
And all be dearly prized by thee.
"Now the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is o'er the stillness creeping,
Oh! come and meet me in the vale,
While the lovely flowers are sleeping."

Érato—the Muse of Love-poetry

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be represented Flotow's celebrated opera MARTHA, characters by Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Susan Fyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. J. Puley, Mr. T. Gratton Kelly, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 1858, and Monday, 1859, will be highly successful opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILE, Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Susan Fyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Gover, Mr. A. B. Albany, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartlesman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Malton. To conclude with each evening, the new Ballet Divertissement LA FLEUR D'AMOUR, Malles, Ella Michelet, Morlacchi, and Pasquale. Commence at half-past seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farwell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented Shakespeare's historical tragedy of KING JOHN: King John by Mr. C. Kean; Constance by Mrs. C. Kean. Proceed by the farce of AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY. On Monday, 1st, November, Shakespeare's tragedy of MARGARET will be revived.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 23, will be presented the comedy of LADIES BEWARE. To be followed by the drama of THE RED VIAL. To conclude with A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. John Dorelase.

Second week of the original Adelphe drama of THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST and the celebrated actress Madame Celeste, with Mr. Paul Bedford and Mrs. Weiss, late Miss Harriet Gordon. Engagement of the illustrious Flamenco and Mdlle. Arioli, who will appear every evening in an entirely new BALLEY COMIQUE. On Monday and during the week by permission of H. Webster, Esq.—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. Original character, Madame Celeste; The Kinchin, Mr. Paul Bedford; Louisa, Mrs. B. Homer; Bea, Mrs. Weiss, late Miss H. Gordon. To be followed by a new ballet, entitled MY FETTER, in which Mr. Flamenco and Mdlle. Arioli will appear. To conclude with OUR FAMILY DENTIST.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARK.—There is a Philharmonic Society at Gildersome. The Norwich Philharmonic Society has existed now for nineteen years. There is a Philharmonic Society at Reddish.

A RESIDENT IN BATH.—The passage is as follows:—"Musical success has been anticipated very successfully here, by professors and amateurs. In addition to those specified by Mr. Monkland, we may mention the tune of 'Auld Robin Gray,' which was composed by the Rev. W. Leves, minister of Laura's Chapel and rector of Wrington. Of the late Henry Field, one of his eulogists has said he 'was one of those energetic and gifted beings lent to the world only at the distance of ages.' In the histrionic art, Bath can mention the celebrated Mrs. Barry. Cooper (the well-known tragedian, and the leading professor of elocution in London for many years), and Daniel Terry, were both natives of Bath. The same may be said of Mullinson, whose powers of delighting are still remembered. His song, 'Pretty Polly Hopkins,' even now resounds in our ears in going through the streets."

J. M. (Glasgow).—Apply to Messrs. Boosey, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Our correspondent's suggestion has been anticipated.

READING.—We cannot decipher the signature of our correspondent. The paper which he mentions has not come to hand. A. G.—We are unable to give our correspondent the information he desires.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23rd, 1858.

TO SHINE above our fellows is one of the great instincts of our nature. Every man likes to display his superiority—to show how much better and wiser he is than others. If Jack slaps Tom on the shoulder in the way of compliment, or blows him up for some lapse of sense or language, it is not so much to acknowledge merit in his friend, or to find fault with him, as to indicate how similarly he would have acted in the one case and what he would have avoided in the other. We are all born counsellors, and are all ready to proffer advice at every opportunity. Each man, in his own

opinion, is pre-eminent in some respect; if he cannot aim at accomplishment, he knows how to appreciate; if he cannot speculate he can practice. Self-judgment is never lowered, self-esteem is never annihilated, self-love is ever omnipotent, and the end is, that the majority of mankind are preachers, sermonisers, howlers in the wilderness.

When Mr. Gladstone at the "Working Men's Concerts" at Liverpool proclaimed in rhetorical flourishes the virtues of music and its ennobling influence, and apostrophised the rough artisans assembled, lauding them for their preference for the fine arts over potatoes and tobacco, did not the speech of the honourable and learned gentleman tacitly imply, that his auditors were a set of ignoramuses who required to have their feelings and sympathies explained to them, and that he, a great and gifted man, had come to tell them all they required? Mr. Gladstone is no musician, and knows nothing about music; why, therefore, should he go to Liverpool, and address a large audience on the subject? Why travel so far, and put himself to so much trouble and expense, to talk truisms and proFOUND platitudes? Were not the mechanics of Lancashire aware before Mr. Gladstone informed them of the fact, that music was cheering and enlivening, and that a concert, after a hard day's work, was an agreeable relaxation? Why deliver a lecture to prove that of which the support of the humbler classes for many years had left no doubt?

Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, would have exhibited a sounder judgment and have elicited more unqualified eulogium had he adhered to his truisms and platitudes, instead of venturing upon opinion, and touching, however lightly, upon the unsafe ground of criticism. "They who consider music to be a powerless thing," he exclaims, "who think it ranks among the trifles of existence," etc. Who, we ask, consider music to be a powerless thing—who rank it among the trifles of existence? Not the mother when she lullabies her baby to sleep; not the ploughman when he guides his horses or steers as much by his whistle as his hand; not the soldier when he is fired in the battle by the blast of the trumpet or the beat of the drum; not the exile when he hears afar off the strains of his native home; not the poor maniac when his frenzy is soothed by plaintive airs; not the groves when awakened by the songs of birds; not the stars when listening to the melody of the spheres. The right honourable Member was in the position of one who did not know exactly what to say. Ignorant of the art on which he was about to discourse, but called specially to the task, and not liking to refuse, he was determined to make a half-fellow-well-met affair of the whole transaction, and, heedless of conservative strictures or aristocratic condemnations, to fraternise for once with the coal and cotton population, to "go in" for music, as the saying is, to eulogise everything and glorify himself. How well he accomplished his desire everybody knows. The gathering was immense, the speech flowery, brilliant, and to the purpose—the purpose of the honourable member—the fraternization was complete, the glorification perfect. Mr. Gladstone spoke like Demosthenes; the crowd applauded like the Athenian plebs. Where most dust was thrown in their eyes, they shouted most; where the golden speaker flattered most, they clapped and pounded hardest. A Lancashire mob is not to be out-done in civility by a parliamentary orator. Moreover, the gratitude was greatest on the side of the audience. What they did not understand, politeness compelled them to accept as complimentary. The balance was consequently in their favour. The scene was in the highest degree exciting. It was also

instructive. Much was to be gained by speculating on the fact, that a gentleman entirely unacquainted with the art, was discoursing about music, and explaining to the people what the people knew and could better have explained to him.

When next the right honourable Member for the University of Oxford has the temerity to stand up in the pulpit of the musical professor, we strongly advise him—presupposing the new speech to be founded on the old—to omit the following statement, as not having the slightest foundation in truth:—

"I venture to assure you, from my own experience, that thirty years ago the common opinion was, that Englishmen, in general, not of one class of the nation, but of all classes, were devoid of any gift by which they could either themselves execute the music, or by which they could appreciate it, and that the appreciation and the gifts of music were reserved and exclusive inheritance of the few."

We cannot exactly make out what the learned gentleman means by "the gift of music," but surely he is young enough to remember some of those who could "execute" music thirty years ago, of whom we need only mention the names of Braham, Sinclair, Kitty Stephens, Mrs. Wood, Mad. Vostris, Wilson, &c., to say nothing of a host of ballad singers, a class of vocalists too much neglected in the present day. No doubt music has made most rapid strides within thirty years, but the Past must not be belied to exalt the Present. In his ecstasies the famous rhetorician only considered how he might please and amuse, bequeathing the art of instructing to those who knew something about the matter. He was eminently successful.

The other day we found, under our street-door, a paper eloquently describing the talents of a certain mender of broken-glass. The paper was ingeniously drawn up, so as to convey one meaning, when held at such a distance, that the large letters were also legible, another, when the small letters were, by increased proximity, rendered legible also. Afar, the printed discourse alluded in brief and mysterious terms to surgery, capital punishment, and mad politicians; but on close inspection we found that the chirurgic art of which profession was made was confined to the healing of broken utensils; that the hanging which at first sight looked so formidable merely referred to chandeliers, and that the "mad politicians" were lugged in by head and shoulders as possible breakers of decanters, and therefore as possible customers of the advertising artist.

And after the perusal of this paper, we admired greatly with what a genius must Mr. Thingummy be blessed to heal patients whose wounds are apparently so difficult of cure, and then to describe his own proficiency in terms so eloquent and alluring! With these thoughts in our heads we went to the Olympic Theatre, that for a second time we might witness a performance of the *Red Vial*.

We saw and we marvelled. Our admiration for the metaphysical gentleman, who vaunted his skill as a repairer of glass and porcelain, vanished altogether. What was his talent compared to that of the man who could mend such a completely broken bottle as the *Red Vial*? On Monday week we saw that unlucky vessel consigned to "immortal smash." It shivered before our eyes, amid the denunciation of a heartless multitude, and the mere collection of the fragments, to say nothing of their rejunction, seemed utterly impossible. Instinctively sympathising with the falling party, and therefore preferring the Trojans to the Greeks, we wished that the *Red Vial* had been

a leathern bottle of that tough nature immortalised in the excellent song which Mr. W. Chappell is doubtless about to republish. But we might wish what we pleased—Dagon himself was not more completely smashed than the *Red Vial*.

But now—*mirabile dictu*—the *Red Vial* is again an entirety. The public demolished, Mr. W. S. Emden has repaired, and defies the world to see the faintest indication of a crack or a rivet. This is something like a talent. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. W. S. Emden could collect all those broken bottles that fortify suburban gardens against fruit-stealing urchins, and convert them into fitting recipients for port and sherry. For never was bottle so thoroughly demolished as the *Red Vial*, on Monday week; never did bottle abate so little sign of a fracture as the *Red Vial* now.

Admirable repair! But we are not quite sure that the article was worth repairing.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.—The revival of *King John* at the theatre in Oxford-street, has been the single novelty of the week. This is not the first time this play has been produced by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's. In 1853, if we mistake not, *King John* was brought out, Mr. Wigan performing the part of Falconbridge, and Miss Kate Terry, Prince Arthur. It had a long run, although, apart from the acting, it did not challenge any large admiration from the public. Upon the new revival, as may be imagined, a far greater amount of pains and care has been expended. The same opportunity, however, is not afforded in *King John* as in some other Shakspearean historic dramas for the exhibition of gorgeous scenery, magnificent processions, splendour of costume, and variety in the decorations. With great judgment discarding costliness where no costliness was needed, Mr. Charles Kean directed his attention to chronological correctness, and has accomplished what he aimed at. In no production at the Princess's Theatre has the appropriateness and fidelity of the dresses and the fittings been surpassed; but the general effect is not so striking as in *Henry the VIII.* and *Richard the II.* In the portraiture of the usurper, Mr. Charles Kean has betokened his usual skill and discrimination; but the part of King John is not congenial to his rapid impulses and varying emotions. In two scenes the actor is eminently fine—the scene with Hubert, and the death. Mrs. Charles Kean only requires a little more power to render her Constance irreproachable. Mr. Walter Lacy wants a dash of chivalry in his bearing, and more refinement in his manners, to become the *beau ideal* of the gallant Falconbridge; while the Hubert of Mr. Ryder is, in many respects, the most striking character in which we have seen that gentleman.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE JULIEN ERA.—There is at least one man who can anticipate the tendencies of the age. While the other powers of Europe are engaged in preparing their bands for the fearful work of discord, one man has organised his band, unlike the armies which we noticed last week, literally and directly to promote the great work of concord. M. Julien is in every sense a great man; he can do nothing except upon a large scale, and what he undertakes he does well. His popular concerts, which were so critical a problem before they were performed, became an obvious truth as soon as he had made the public practically acquainted with his idea. No man has done more to familiarise this metropolis and its least artistic classes with the heartfelt truths of music. Like all rhythmical geniuses, he is fond of finishing off with round numbers: M. Julien finds that his next series of concerts will be his twentieth; it will be his "last,"—not, we trust, in this life, or in this country, but his last, "before his departure for his universal musical tour." He calls the series his *Concerts d'Adieu*, and he will be a whole month nightly taking leave of the United Kingdom in this its capital. We all know the soul and energy which he will throw into that reiterated farewell.—*Spectator*.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS ADAMS, who for so many years held appointments at St. George's Church, Camberwell, and St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, died on the 18th ult., at his residence at Addington-place, after a short illness, at the age of seventy-three. Mr. Adams was born in 1785, and received musical instruction at the hands of Dr. Busby. He was successively organist of Carlisle Chapel, Kennington, St. Paul's, Deptford, St. George's, and St. Dunstan's. The two latter situations he retained to the time of his decease, and, with powers of extempore facility, unimpaired by age. In his use of the organ, Mr. Adams seems to have regarded it chiefly as a means of displaying his own peculiar style of composition and powers of execution. His published compositions are not very numerous. The most important are, perhaps, "Six Organ Pieces," (Novello); original fugues; and fugues on subjects by great masters (see Novello's select organ pieces); miscellaneous pieces for the organ and pianoforte, including, amongst other things, a "Collection of Ninety Interludes," or short pieces, to be played between the verses of the metrical Psalms in public worship.—*South London Journal.*

PROFESSOR WILHELM FRIKELL.—Professor Wiljahn Frikell, who is not inaptly called "the magician of the nineteenth century," was born at Scopia in Finland, in the year 1818. For three years he studied at the High School at Munich, and in 1840 made the grand tour of Germany and Hungary. He then visited the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Egypt, India, the Peninsula, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. Everywhere his extraordinary performances obtained for him the admiration and patronage of royalty. His original idea of performing his tricks without the aid of apparatus, opened a new field, and attracted the wonder of all who had been accustomed to the usual glitter surrounding a professed conjuror. It has been decorated and rewarded by most of the sovereigns of Europe and Asia. The King of Denmark bestowed on him the Danebrück Order for Civil Merit. From Mehemet Ali (Viceroy of Egypt) he received a gold medal and other presents. The Emperor of Russia presented him with two diamond rings, and the Empress appointed him her professor and physician in ordinary. The "decorative school of conjuring" had been so long in the ascendant, that it was a hazardous experiment to overthrow the system, and come before the public in "plain clothes." Professor Frikell, however, was the "right man in the right place," and his undertaking has been crowned with success. Another peculiarity of Herr Frikell's performance is that he tells beforehand what the results of his operations will be, and thus exposes himself to the severest test, by putting his audience on the right track to find out the way in which he deceives them; but sharp as the eyes of the audience may be, Herr Frikell is always too quick for them. One great attraction of Herr Frikell is his quiet and gentlemanly maaer; at the same time he is full of fun, and the observations he makes during the performance of his tricks frequently excite roars of laughter. Professor Frikell has given upwards of three hundred performances in London, and his *stances* have been attended by a large number of the aristocratic and noble families of England, and, to crown all, he had the honour to receive the royal command to give his "Two Hours of Illusions" at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal (now the Princess Frederick William of Prussia), and all the other members of the royal family. A little book, which may be obtained for sixpence, entitled *Frikell's Lessons in Magic*, should be purchased by all lovers oflegerdemain.—*Pictorial Times.*

ROTTMAN HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have succeeded in establishing their *Patchwork* in public favour, and night after night finds the elegant *salle* filled to overflowing. Among the new characters that hit the popular taste we may mention Miss Aurelia Gushington, a sentimental creature who adores moonlight and Byron. A very pretty song (by Herr Wallersteins) is given with the perfection of archness and *epigramme*. Mr. Howard Paul's "Miss Pny," a whimsical compound of Mrs. Partington and "malaproped old-maidism," is highly amusing, and elicits roars of laughter. Where does Mr. Paul get the dresses he wears in this impersonation? They could not have been

made less than a century ago. Mrs. Howard Paul introduced an imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves in Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," the voice, manner, and appearance of the great English tenor, being counterfeited to admiration.

RICHMOND.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed gave their well-known entertainment of Popular Illustrations in the large room of the Castle Hotel, on Thursday evening, before a most brilliant and enthusiastic audience. The celebrated artists were greatly applauded throughout their performance, and no doubt will be induced, by the success of this visit, soon to favour the Richmondites with another.

GRAND BIRD SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Great preparations are being made to give fitting *début* to the forthcoming Show of Canaries and other choice British and foreign birds in November. The directors of the Crystal Palace are resolved, that the lovers of natural history, and the keepers of birds in cages, shall have an unexampled treat. This has induced them to throw open the show to unlimited competition, which will of necessity bring together not only an immense number and a vast variety of beautiful living specimens, but will gratify a taste for natural pursuits, which we rejoice to see is greatly on the increase. No exhibition on so grand a scale has ever before been attempted. The public will be pleased to hear, that the tropical department of the Crystal Palace has been set aside for the purpose. Here the birds, and other tame animals, will be brought under one view; and Mr. William Kidd, whose services have been secured for the occasion, will daily deliver an interesting and familiar lecture on the Philosophy of Bird-Keeping, Bird-Breeding, Bird-Taming, &c. The advantages of an exhibition like this cannot be too much dwelt upon. Fathers, mothers, teachers, students, children—all are alike interested in it. As for the exhibitors, they hardly need to be told that the show being under the authority of the directors, the most perfect good faith will be kept with every individual. When we add that the management of the whole has been entrusted to Mr. William Houghton, the gentleman who has so ably conducted the various poultry shows at the Crystal Palace, nothing remains to be said in praise of this national exhibition of choice birds. The entries close on the 23rd of this month.—*The Cottage Gardener.*

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. Alexander Rowland gave a concert at the Victoria Rooms, on Thursday the 7th instant, assisted by the members of his glee class, and Messrs. H. Lazarus (clarinet), George Collins (violin), and William Watson (viola). The success of his last concert, three months ago, the selection of music offered in the programme, and the names of the professional gentlemen assisting, attracted a large and fashionable audience. The concert opened with Spohr's string quartet in G minor, by Messrs. Watson, Bauer (an amateur who acquitted himself with great credit), Rowland, and Collins. This fine quartet was played with great delicacy, and was highly applauded, particularly the slow movement, which is so impressive and poetical. The next instrumental performance was a *Romance* of Mr. H. Lazarus for clarinet, with pianoforte accompaniment by its author. Mr. Lazarus has obtained a degree of perfection on the clarinet almost unequalled, and his performance was beyond criticism. He played a solo, introduction, and polonaise, in the second part, which entirely carried away the audience, who demanded an encore, in lieu of which he played a *Saraband* melody, with variations, introducing a well-known Scotch air, which equally delighted the listeners. Mr. Rowland's *Vocalists* for piano and violoncello, played (we believe for the second time in public) by Mr. Alexander Rowland and Mr. George Collins, afforded evident pleasure. Mr. William Watson played two solos on the violin. The "Airs Styriens," in the second piece, was much applauded. The *Souvenir de St. Peterbourg*, solo for the violoncello, was played by Mr. George Collins. The pizzicato variation was wonderful, and a staccato passage all in harmonics sounded as from a violin only. This was encored, and the second time Mr. Collins played other variations. Mr. Alexander Rowland played the whole of the accompaniments on the piano with his usual power and ability. The gem of the concert was Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello, by Messrs. Rowland, Lazarus, and Collins, which opened the second part of the concert. Each instrumental performance was alternated by a glee, by Mr. Rowland's Glee Choir. We have to congratulate Mr. Rowland on the progress his class has made since the last concert.

TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday a soirée and conference of persons interested in the promotion of vocal music in schools, homes, and congregations was held in the theatre of the Aldersgate Institution, convened by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, and consisting of a numerous assembly of the teachers and friends of vocal education; the object of the conveners of the meeting being to obtain a full representation of all the different educational parties, and of the friends of various singing systems. Amongst those present (including a large number of ladies) were—Mr. E. W. Hickson, Mr. Crampton, Mr. J. T. Tillard, Mr. G. W. Martin Messrs. Suggden and West, Westminster Training College; Mr. Murly, Normal College, Borough-road; Mr. J. Entwistle, Royal Schools, St. Ann's Society; Mr. Reynolds, Home and Colonial School Society; Mr. Dunning, Mr. E. C. Daintree, Highbury College; Mr. Curtis, Normal College, Borough-road; Mr. Langler, Westminster Training College; Mr. Drew, Honerton College; Mr. Runtz, of the Birkbeck Schools; Mr. Goodchild, Educational Institute, Stockwell; Mr. Marshall, Coborno, Endowed Schools, Bow; and the Rev. John Curwen, the principal promoter of the movement, which it is stated now numbers throughout England some 60,000 pupils under elementary training.

Mr. Hickson took the chair, and explained at some length the nature and progress of the methods and principles advocated by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, inviting at the same time statements from the advocates of other systems in relation to other methods. The chairman proceeded to narrate the origin and progress of the movement during the last two-and-twenty years, until at length Government had patronised a popular system of vocalisation and music as a branch of national education. No doubt diversities of opinion prevailed as to the best system to be adopted; but he would urge on Government, and on all generally, to be actuated by a spirit of catholicity in the matter, and so arrive at harmonious results (Cheers).

Messrs. White (Spitalfields schools), Sarsons (Blue Coat schools), Frampton, Daintree (Highbury), Roberts, Drew, Millard, Graham, Young, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting at considerable length on the specialties connected with the Tonic Sol-fa, and Tetra-chordal, and other systems of singing, and resolutions were passed to the effect that in the opinion of the conference vocal music, when truly adapted to the capacity and natural tastes of childhood, was admirably fitted to promote the healthy development of the organs of the voice and the attainment of a correct pronunciation, and that it supplied a means of brief recreation in the course of the school studies of the greatest importance for relieving the attention and elevating the feelings. That the principal and most important advantage of singing in schools must arise from its power of cultivating right emotion in connection with moral and religious subjects, the charms of good poetry combining with those of good music to fix just sentiments on the memory, and develop true sympathies; and, consequently, great care should be taken that the songs used in schools should be thoroughly adapted, on the one hand, to the simple, joyous character of childhood, and on the other to the elevation of the moral feeling. That, whatever other musical attainments might be required from young teachers leaving our training schools, the principal requirement should always be the indispensable knowledge, without a book, of a small selection of school songs, the capacity of singing them correctly and expressively, and the power of teaching them by whatsoever method the teacher liked best. These primary qualifications the conference considered to be far more important than the most correct mastery of musical notation, of the science of harmony, or even the mere methods of teaching to sing could possibly be without them, it being, moreover, important that all students of normal institutions, who leave such institutions, should be able to sing at sight, and teach others to do so.

The resolutions were passed with much applause. Mr. Martin, who conducted the great concert of school children recently given at the Crystal Palace, protested (amid applause) against any preference being given to the tonic sol-fa

system over any other. It was a mistake to suppose that the tonic sol-fa system was easier or simpler than any other. Its advocates aimed at teaching songs too much by ear (No, no), and after learning it its pupils must come eventually to adopt the ordinary musical notation. (Ho, ho, hear, and No, no.) Having explained this in a long professional exposition.

Mr. Tillard rose to propose, as a concluding resolution, that all methods that aimed at usefulness in schools should be scientifically truthful and progressive, introducing new topics in such a manner as to sustain a freshness of interest, and enabling the teacher to take one truth at a time, and to assist his pupils in discovering it. The lessons and exercises should be in themselves attractive and easy to teach, making small demands upon either the physical powers of the teacher or the invaluable time of the schools.

Several gentlemen here rose to contend that as this proposition comprehended the whole cardinal point of the important question which it was incumbent on the conference to decide on categorically, and the other canons of melody to be adopted having been approved of *sensu. com.* it was proposed, and approved of, that the meeting should be adjourned to that day fortnight for a special discussion on the disputations points involved in the resolution, and connected with the conclusions to be come to by all interested in the results of this vocal controversy.

During the evening a band of children sang a few school songs to the audience in illustration of the peculiar merits of the tonic sol-fa system.

MOVING.—(From a Correspondent).—Miss Waugh's annual concerts (morning and evening) took place on the 6th inst. at the Borough Court, which were attended by fashionable and full audiences. Miss Waugh on this occasion engaged the services of the Misses McAlpine, from London; also Miss Moss, as vocalist. Mr. G. F. Davis and Captain Carter and Miss Waugh were the instrumentalists. The Misses McAlpine sang several solos and duets, in all of which they were loudly applauded; several pieces were redemanded, but as the programme contained no less than twenty-three pieces, they modestly declined the honour except in one or two instances, as was the case of Balis's pretty duet, "Trust her not," which the audience unanimously insisted on being repeated. The duet from *Marta*, "Questo duol che si," was very charmingly sung, and redemanded, but was not repeated, the Misses McAlpine merely returning to the orchestra and bowing their acknowledgments for the compliment paid them. Miss Moss sang all her songs in a highly creditable manner, and was deservedly eulogised in the quaint song of "Katie's Letter." She likewise sang "The Skylark," by Bennett. Miss Waugh in all her solos on the pianoforte proved herself perfect mistress of the instrument or which she presided, and although young is greatly improved since last year, and with perseverance will class among our cleverest pianists. Capt. Carter played two solos on the flute, and Mr. Davis two solos on the harp, and the concert seemed to give great satisfaction to all present.

NORTHAMPTON.—(From a Correspondent).—The Choral Society gave a Grand Fête on the 14th inst., which was attended by a large audience, including the nobility and gentry of the county. It was also honoured with the presence of the Earl of Westmorland and Lord Burghersh, the former being President of the Society. The noble peer is well known as a liberal patron of music, and on this occasion his Lordship generously provided a complete orchestra from London, to augment the local band, which is destitute of wind instruments, &c. The Society, therefore, have reason to be grateful for this proof of Lord Westmorland's zeal for its welfare, as the occasion excited great interest at Northampton. The concert consisted of the *Mass* composed by his lordship, and a selection from *St. Elizabeth*. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Clara Heworth, Mrs. Winn, Miss Whyte, Miss Fosbrook, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn. The principal instrumental performers were M. Saitton (leader), Messrs. Packer, Isaacs, Amor, Folkes, Curton (violin), E. Digmore (viola), Aylward and Pettit (violoncelli), Blakston and Chubb (bass), Bury (bass), and Chubb (bass), and a *mezzo* (clarinet), C. Harper and Standen (corni), Watz and Chisholm (fagotti), and T. Harper (trumpet), besides several others. Mr. McKorkell was the conductor, and his pupil, Mr. Woodward, presided at the fine German organ, built by Schulz, which, besides its prodigious tone, possesses the rare excellence of mixing well with an orchestra. The concert afforded great satisfaction, and reflected much credit on the society and its indefatigable conductor.

SOUTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday evening, the members and friends of the Institution enjoyed a musical treat of the most finished character, and one of the best of its class that has been given in Southampton for a very long time. The performers were Miss Julia Bleadon, Mr. Henry Nicholson and Mr. Alfred Nicholson, and the entertainment was entitled *Operatic Sketches*. Miss Bleadon, who possesses a graceful delivery, and a sweet voice, gave a sketch of the state of the Opera, both Italian and English, in this country at different times, in the course of which her illustrations, selected from the works of most of the great masters, were sung with much taste and feeling, and elicited loud applause from an audience so closely packed, that the room was crowded to the very entrance-doors. Her anecdotes of the Opera, too, were prettily related, and well selected for the illustration of her subject. The Messrs. Nicholson on the flute, oboe, and pianoforte, ably assisted Miss Bleadon, and gave the utmost satisfaction.—*Hampshire Independent*.

HIDDERSDALE.—On Sunday, 10th October, Mr. James Battye, a man very highly respected by all classes of his fellow townsmen, especially those engaged in the musical profession, was taken from amongst us, after only a very short illness. For thirty years Mr. Battye has held the office of clerk of our parish church, the duties of which he has discharged with great credit and efficiency. Mr. Battye was well known to musicians throughout the whole of Yorkshire, having successfully competed for several musical distinctions. His anthems and glees gave evidence that their author was a man who understood and felt what he wrote, and in his character as conductor of the Choral Society's concerts he gained the esteem of all persons. His remains were interred in a vault at the parish church on Thursday morning, being followed by a large number of musical friends and private residents. On the death of Mr. Horn, organist of St. Paul's, Mr. Battye wrote a chant to be sung on the occasion, and on Thursday last the same chant was sung over his own mortal remains.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

NOTTINGHAM.—The workman employed in the excavations near Nottingham, July 2nd, accidentally found what is supposed to be a curious musical instrument of the Saxon period, resembling petrified stone, two united tubes, each long 1½ inches diameter, the left having three apertures or conical shaped holes, the right two also, and one underneath, discovered in the caves of Snotensham, the Saxon word meaning the horns of caverns.

MEYERBEER is at Paris. The representation of his new work at the Opéra-Comique, whether it will take place during the present or be deferred till the ensuing season, will depend on his return from Nice, whether he is gone to recruit his energies.

MILAN.—A letter dated the 9th, relates the following:—"Two years ago a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of the sisters Ferri, the well-known violinist, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 fr. a-year. Ferri replied he would so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying anything further; but a short time ago Ferri received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered. Ferri repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at La Scala; but they had not long been there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bolla Venezia, and repeated his suit. Maddie, Virginia, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. 'Is that your fixed resolution?' asked the Sicilian. 'It is,' replied the young lady; on which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap, and then stabbed himself with a poniard. The consternation of the Ferri family may be imagined; surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters above-mentioned was addressed to the police of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; and the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her loved. This sad event has created a great sensation at Milan."

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN HAMBURG OF BACH'S "PASSIONS-MUSIK" ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

At the commencement of last June, a number of musicians and amateurs assembled, at the invitation of Herr Ave-Lallemant and Herr Grædener, to make arrangements for producing, during the sitting of Convocation in September, Johann Sebastian Bach's grand *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, to a Hamburg audience for the first time. Only persons acquainted with Hamburg can conceive how difficult a task it was to perform a performance of Bach's great creation, especially at the period just named, on account of the number of families in the country, of the horse-races, boating clubs, the absence of the vocal associations, etc. Such were the usual obstacles in such a case. In that of Hamburg more especially, we have to take into account the small acquaintance of the inhabitants with Bach's works, and, consequently, the small amount of reverence entertained by them for his name; the dislike felt by many persons for the Convocation; the departure of the troops, taking with them some excellent instrumentalists to the camp at Nordstemmen; and, lastly, business, always business, the Exchange, always the Exchange! But still there was a starting-point for the undertaking—the Bach-Verein, founded, in 1853, by Herr von Bode. Incredible but true! This very association, which had set itself the task of rendering the public acquainted with Bach's music—this very association held aloof, from the outset, and refused to take any part in the proceedings! It based its refusal on reasons which it summed up, in an official notice issued by its own committee, in the two following sentences: "1. The work is too 'great'—according to the experience we have gained—to be studied and 'worthily' performed in the short space of three months; and, 2. The Hamburg Bach Society cannot, as a corporation, co-ordinate with any other association, in a performance of any of Bach's music." But all this, and a great deal more, did not deter us, who had undertaken the trouble of getting up and directing the work. With every rehearsal there was an increase in the number, and (for how could it be otherwise!) in the enthusiasm of those who collected to execute the grand production. Maddie, Jenny Meyer, Herr Sabbath, of Berlin, and Herr Schneider, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, most readily promised their co-operation as solo singers, and when, on the 10th of September, the first of the four rehearsals with full band took place, lo and behold! the stage erected in the Catharinen-Kirche for more than 200 vocalists, and about 70 instrumentalists, was scarcely capable of accommodating those present. We may be allowed to add, in a few words: In the whole double chorus of singers and instrumentalists, there was not a single person who was not thoroughly penetrated with the lofty seriousness, and the elevated dignity of the four choruses, with the religious inspiration of the chorales, and with the fanatical fury of the Jewish choruses, and who did not strive, heart and soul, to reproduce the impression made on himself. In all the audience, which filled every nook and corner of the imposing church, there was not a single individual who did not listen with eager attention, for three full hours, to the tender or mighty strains; and who did not leave the church completely satisfied, and with the consciousness that something "great" had passed before his soul. What shall we say about solo singers? All three (who are so well-known that they do not require any lengthened eulogium) performed their difficult task with dignity, piety and inspiration, but we may boldly add that, without such an Evangelist as Herr Carl Schneider (formerly of Leipzig, but now engaged at Berlin), or at any rate, without anyone approaching him in recitation, understanding, and feeling, the execution of the work is almost an impossibility. The festival was consecrated musically by the presence of the artist who had undertaken the incalculably difficult task of reducing the score, by unwearied collating, to the form in which it is at present published by the German Bach-Verein—we mean Herr Rietz of Leipzig, to whose complaisance and readiness we gave advice, moreover, the directors and committee have owed themselves deeply indebted. May the work be soon again performed in the same place and by the same executants!

THE THIRD "MITTEL-RHEINISCHES" MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

In our 29th number, bearing the date of July 15, 1857, we gave an account of the foundation of a musical association by the Middle-Rhenish towns of Darmstadt, Mannheim, Mayence, and Wiesbaden, and described the second musical festival given by the association, in Mannheim.

The places selected this year was Wiesbaden, and the days chosen for the musical solemnity, properly so speaking, were the 26th and 27th September. The town itself, its environs, the splendor of the *Cur-Anstalt*, the dual court—all these are so many powerful attractions for strangers, that a musical festival in the midst of such a number of sources of amusement is almost too much of a good thing, especially if we recollect that Wiesbaden, like all the watering places on the Rhine, overflows in summer with *virtuosos*; who—celebrated or not celebrated—try to make a harvest, and, if they do not precisely ruin the taste of the public, divert it from that quiet attention and earnest love of what is highest in art, with which the classic works of the great masters ought to be heard.

What might have been predicted with tolerable certainty, really happened. From Saturday the 25th, to Wednesday the 29th September, the town was visited by numerous strangers, especially from the surrounding districts. Thousands were brought, in endless lines of carriages by the Mayence railway and others, and triple extra trains were not sufficient to take the multitude back again at night. The town presented a festive appearance such as we scarcely ever saw at a musical festival. The building (of wood) erected for the performances was of majestic proportions, and richly, nay, almost too richly, decked out with flags, garlands, and flowers; while a gay and motley crowd of persons, of all classes, swayed to and fro in the streets and gardens, the grand procession by which the singers and musicians of the associated towns were welcomed on their arrival on Saturday, and conducted with songs, music, and waving banners, all the ladies being seated in elegant carriages, to the temporary hall, was magnificent. The interior of the *Curhaus*, as well as the colonnades and springs outside, was very beautifully illuminated. But, on the very first day of the festival, which was, moreover, a Sunday, the hall was not quite full, though their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess, attended by their suite, honoured the concert with their presence, and though Haydn's *Creation* is certainly one of the most popular oratorios. At the second concert, on the 27th September, scarcely half the numbered places were occupied, and even the places at the back of the hall exhibited many vacancies. The ball, however, on Monday evening, was crowded to suffocation, and all the rooms of the *Curhaus* filled with persons pushing about and being pushed. On the third day, too, when there was no concert, but only festivities on the Neroberg, and fireworks in the evening, it is said that there were from twenty to twenty-five thousand persons present. The town was evidently fuller on this day than on any other. The following is a list of the vocalists:—

Associated Towns	Soprano.	Alto.	Tenors.	Basses.	Total of the Voci.	Grand Total
1. DARMSTADT:						
a. Musik-Verein ...	25	15	13	14	67	
b. Mozart-Verein ...	—	—	17	27	44	
c. Harmonischer Sängerkreis ...	—	—	13	10	23	134
2. MAYENCE:						
a. Dammersang-Verein ...	36	28	—	—	64	
b. Liedertafel ...	—	—	33	58	91	155
3. MANNHEIM:						
Musik-Verein ...	34	13	11	16	74	74
4. WIESBADEN:						
Caecilien und Männergesang-Verein ...	55	34	46	68	203	203
	160	90	133	193	566	566

According to this, the chorus contained about 100 members less than that at Mannheim, last year, but there was no deficiency of fresh, good voices. The sopranos and altos were powerful and clear, only the higher passages were not quite correctly intoned once or twice by the former. Knowing that several *Liederfests* would be present, we expected to find the male choruses stronger; but the tenors were well represented, but we could have desired more sonorities from the 173 basses—which, at any rate, was the number given in the index of the book of the Oratorio.

The orchestra consisted of fifty-three violins (at whose head were Herr Baldenecker, *Concert-meister*, of Wiesbaden, and Herr Becker, of Mannheim), sixteen viola, eighteen violoncellos, sixteen double-basses, a double set of wind instrumentalists, seven horns, four trumpets, five trombones, one bass-tuba, and kettle-drums. The regular orchestras of the Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, and Mannheim Theatres, and the members of the town band of Mayence, formed a very excellent body, in which most of the wind-instrumentalists distinguished themselves by their tone, and the excellent execution of their solos. On the other hand, we cannot conceal the fact that there were some instances of neglect arising from inattention or indifference, and that, despite all the technical excellence, we frequently missed dash and spirit in the execution—qualities which cannot be supplied by rapidity and technical skill. As instances of carelessness, we will mention only the prematureness of the clarinets in the second part of the *finale* of Schubert's Symphony, the absence of the flute solo for full five bars in the E flat major trio (in the final chorus of the second part) of the *Creation*, which, as the whole of the passages for two voices, *Poco adagio*, up to the entrance of Raphael, are accompanied only by wind-instruments, was perfectly incomprehensible, unless the flute had gone out for a walk. We cannot, generally, blame the orchestra for neglecting to pay attention to the conductor during the performance of the symphony, for, on account of the indescribably fast *tempo* at which it was taken, the only thing possible was to distinguish coarsely the *fortissimo* from the *piano*. Anything like delicacy of expression was quite out of the question.

It could not escape the notice of anyone present, that Haydn's *Creation* produced no very deep impression on the first day of the Festival. But an explanation of this indisputable fact was sought where it should not be sought. For instance, it was said: "The chorus are taken too little into consideration." "The character of the oratorio is not suited for masses," and so on. Really, after the miserable performances of the *Creation*, by large masses, performances which, ever since its first production, have taken place all over Europe, and always been successful, such an assertion is strange. "And there was light!" not calculated for masses! And the eleven grand choruses, also, not calculated for masses! Instead of such excuses for a failure, let us at once, with the disciples of the school of the Music of the Future, declare the *Creation* rubbish of the old periwig style, and then we shall, at least, know what we are about.

The fact is that many of the choruses wanted spirit and dash, and that the fine collective force under the command of the conductor could not be heard to advantage on account of his strange mistakes in the *tempo*. Herr Vincenz Lachner exaggerated the time of most of the choruses and solos, in a manner which agreed neither with tradition, although this has been handed down to us pretty accurately, in the case of Haydn's two oratorios; with the words and music; nor with the directions of the composer. Not only did he take "rather quickly"—for he did this without exception—but he completely disfigured, by his hurried *tempo*, in the first part, the chorus in A major, *allegro moderato*, the aria with chorus in C major, the concluding chorus, "The Heavens declare," which at length degenerated into a more and more exaggerated *presto*; in the second part, the soprano air, inscribed *moderato*, the chorus with trio, "Derr Herr ist gross," with the *bravura* passages for the solo parts, the bass aria in D major (*Mosart's*), and, as the *ne plus ultra* of all, the E flat major duet, "Halde Gattin," in the third part.

What might have been done by the forces at his disposal was

shown by the few choruses, especially the final chorus of the whole work: which were sung in better time than those already mentioned.

We must not, however, forget the fact that, for the perfect success of the *Creation*, the execution of the solo parts is of more importance than in many other oratorios. But, apart from the incoherent tempo, of which we have previously spoken, in some of them, and which was partly attributable to the solo singers themselves—Madlle. Lehmann sometimes hurried on perceptibly in her airs—of the three solo singers, Madlle. Caroline Lehmann and Herr Lipp, from the Wiesbaden Theatre, and Herr Karl Schneider, from the Frankfurt Theatre, and now at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, only the latter was satisfactory as an oratorio singer. His air in C major, "Mit Wüth' und Hohheit angethan," given in the right time, with a fine voice and expressive manner, which announced a true artist, was the only solo piece which merited and met with applause. The audience, at least the Wiesbaden portion of it, received Madlle. Lehmann in a very friendly manner, but she was not equal to the expectations we must form of the singer of the soprano part in the *Creation*, even if we had not heard Jenny Lind, who, it is true, will not soon be equalled by anyone in this music. Her voice is full and agreeable in the middle notes, but at the two-lined F, it begins to be sharp, and, indeed, displeasing, while, for oratorios, she is deficient in musical education, artistic expression, taste, and warmth. *Bravura* passages and shakes will not stand artistic criticism. Perhaps our judgment may seem somewhat severe, and we will confess that it partly arises from the disappointment we experienced, caused by exaggerated praise. It is possible that, in the theatre, where the public has become accustomed to overlook so much, Madlle. Lehmann may produce a favourable impression. Herr Lipp, basso, possesses a full and powerful voice, but is deficient in boldness of character. We believe, however, that careful study may gradually cover this defect, especially if it produces more light and shade, more expression and warmth in his style.

From what we have said, the reader will perceive that, if the *Creation* did not, on this occasion, produce the enthusiasm it usually excites among the public, this was, in no way, the fault of the magnificent work itself, but of the manner in which it was executed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

(From the *Christian Examiner*.)

THE scriptural idea of public worship is that the public are the worshippers. The choir in Solomon's temple, though larger than the largest modern congregation, did not monopolize, but only led, the service. All Israel assembled must lift up the chant responsive at the noise of many waters.

Throughout the Bible, commands to sing praise are addressed, not to the select few, but to the many. "Let all the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee." "Kings of the earth, and all people, princes and all judges of the earth; sing unto the Lord, ye men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord."

Yet though this is plainly the true scriptural idea of public worship, and though many laudable efforts have been made to realize it, the results thus far have been far from encouraging. Except in Germany, congregational singing hardly exists, save in name. Public worship is merely nominal. Nay, too often in our churches it may with truth be said, the worship stops when the musical performance begins.

To bring on a true performance by the people of the people's work, to make it general, hearty, good and enduring, is a vast labour, demanding incredible toil, and beset with almost insuperable difficulties. If music were taught in our public schools as thoroughly as reading and writing, the case would be different. The same multitude that hesitates not to read the hymns in their hymn-books, could read at sight the tunes in their tune-books; and their choir might use their liberty of selection *ad libitum*, without excluding the populace.

Again, if our churches were built for singing purposes, the difficulty would not be so great. It would seem to be a first principle of common sense that a public building should be constructed with reference to its special uses. Every edifice is the embodiment of some idea. When the sacrificial idea becomes thus embodied, it gives us a cathedral, with the star specially displayed upon its pediment; and the pulpit set forth as a thrust aside. Enter such imposing fane and everything reminds you

that sacrifice, not doctrine, is the grand idea; that sensuous impression, not appeals to reason and conscience, is the architectural law.

Hence the extreme Puritan reaction from Romanism incarnated itself in a church without an altar, without sensuous appeals, and with a pulpit, as the prominent feature, because doctrine, instruction, appeals to purely spiritual powers of the soul, was the enthusiastic purpose. Not only, however, was sensual appeal eschewed, and justly, by the Puritan reaction, but unfortunately the idea of worship was, if not eschewed, yet undervalued.

The Puritan loved psalmody indeed, but abhorred organs and choirs. Hence the extreme Puritan reaction, deprived of the instrumental aid, and unsustained by the choir of trained voices speedily degenerates into the worst description of solo performance,—a solo voice here, and a solo voice there, uncultivated, discordant, and wholly abominable. From this to choirs the reaction was inevitable. If we must have solos, duets, quartets, let them be at least cultivated ones; and if we must have an organ, let it not be the nose.

But as choirs arose, so did the question what to do with them. Architecture had provided them neither local habitation nor name. If there be a gallery, let them go up thither. * * * * *

Having thus the choir in the worst possible place to be found for it, and the organ so disposed as to make the least possible disturbance, let the people sing if they can. The people will not attempt it; first, because they cannot, and second, because the cultivated choir do not wish to have them. So the people are dumb, and public worship becomes a *Singspiel*.

But of all causes fatal to popular participation in sacred song, the most radical has been the principle of singing the same hymn to different tunes. The principle is universal in this country and in England, and so unquestioned, that it possesses all the sanction of an intuitive truth. A common-metre hymn is sung to-day in Mead, to-morrow in Dundee, the day after in St. Martin's, or in any other town of that metropolis.

If the truth were known, the true philosophical secret of German congregational singing is that in Germany a hymn is married to its tune, and is never divorced; so that the tune, instead of being named Akrahim, Bangor, or China, is named from the first line of the hymn that is wedded to it.

We have only to consider a moment the natural result of the opposite principle. The effect is, the tune-books, being a separate article of merchandise, and the hymn-books, being to multiply American genius is formed. The greater the variety the better the selection. Every year brings forth new collections by the score. Every choir will call from the pages of from two to half a dozen, until a given hymn will hardly chance to be sung twice to the same tune in a lifetime. Now under such a system the people do not learn the melodies by heart,—melodies often unmelodious, ever-changing, evanescent. They form no heart attachment then to the tune; no affectionate association between a favourite hymn and a favourite air. All is perpetually new, cold, and purely scientific. And as association and sympathetic emotion are the strongest of all popular forces, it follows inevitably that the people soon know nothing and care nothing for the whole business, except to listen, to be amused, or to criticize.

On the other hand, the same cause nourishes exclusiveness in the choir. Having unlimited range and well-exercised vocal organs, they are tempted to sing the most difficult pieces, to gratify their own taste, display their power, and prevent popular intrusion.

Thus it happens that the whole service is corrupted and perverted in its inmost spirit and feeling. Worship expires. The love of applause becomes paramount. Everything in the existing system tends to foster appropriateness. In the concert-room or opera we know how human nature is affected. Why must not similar causes produce similar effects in a church? The audience? The audience? The audience? They escape the instinctive tendency to criticize? The singers know what the audience are thinking about. Can it in turn resist the temptation to propitiate criticism and elicit approval? Both parties, in the church as well as at the opera or concert-room, are thrown into the same relative mental attitudes, and the temptation is exquisitely adapted to develop the result. The organist exhibits his skill of finger and toe; the choir display their execution; the audience are attracted with delight, except God, whom all should adore, is nearly forgotten—forgotten it is to be feared, more entirely here where directly addressed, than in any other part of the services. Viewed in this light, it cannot be accounted a paradox to say that what we call sacred music is too generally the most profane thing in existence. If there is any department of practical duty in which the churches "are carnal, and walk as men," it is here. Nor can congregational singing possibly be improved by the present means, or by any other.

To obviate such causes, as before intimated, must be a work of time.

Yet not the less for that should we attempt the enterprise. Let children be taught to read music as early, and with as much necessity, as to read their mother tongue. Let every family be a singing-school, and at the home altar let children learn the hymns of Zion. In public schools of every grade give music a place as a daily exercise. Require of all pupils as thorough mastery of the gamut as of the multiplication table. Music is practically as valuable to men as either grammar or arithmetic. It promotes health, cheerfulness, good order, and piety; it refines and purifies the disposition. Let it be with ours with all Prussian schools, an indispensable qualification to the office of teacher, that one both singing and play well on some instrument.

Furthermore, in all churches to be built hereafter, let it be a problem to be solved, how to adapt them for uses of praise as well as of instruction. On this point we have much to learn. A few suggestions may be offered towards the true result. But that true result, that grand ideal of a house of worship is, we fear, known only to the infinite architect and master builder.

One thing may be laid down as settled beyond controversy; and that is, that the best place for the organ is on the ground floor. The principles of acoustics makes this as certain as any general rule can be made. And as where the organ is, there the choir must be, it follows that the choir seats must not be in the gallery, but on the audience floor.

The question resolves itself to this, then, whereabouts on the ground floor to place organ and choir, so as not to mar the symmetry of the interior, and yet to give to both preacher and people the best use of the voice in their respective parts of the public service.

Having thus marshalled the forces, and organised the host, it remains to provide them with suitable arms. Place in the hands of every man, woman, and child a book containing both the hymns and the tune which the people are to sing. The choir, of course, will possess its own library, for there are compositions which cannot be executed by the people, and may be sung for them by the choir, as at the opening and closing of service, during the rite of baptism, or on any special occasion.

But the main staple of worship is that in which the people participate, and that is to be found in the people's book. Here let the people's taste be consulted, rather than the taste of choir or leader. Give the people such tunes as they like, and do not think, because congregational singing flourishes in Germany, where they sing slow-moulded chorals, therefore we moulded chorals to make it flourish here. The reason why congregational singing flourished in Germany was, that the words were indissolubly linked to those chorals. Therefore, so long as the hymns lasted, the chorals must last. Moreover, there were reasons peculiar to European civilisation why Protestant chorals should have a tinge of sadness not appropriate to our circumstances. Zion has been for the most part in captivity in the great European Babylon, and her larks hang on willows.

Of course we shall sing those grand old chorals, in part, because we sometimes feel life to be but Babylon, and we ourselves captives by the streams. But if any imagine we are to be shut up to those severe strains, who live in freer climes and more millennial anticipations, they are very much mistaken. When they can reduce our free limbs to the suits of mail hanging up in their old castles and museums, and our free thoughts to the catobacins of Westminster and Oeurns, equally antiquated and rusted, they may expect to imprison our exuberant worship in those prison dirges of dynastic middle age, but not before.

Give us, indeed, a few tunes with the mould of kirk and cathedral on them, we will not object. But give us also the inspiring melodies of the revival and the camp-ground. Call them methodistical, penny-royal, nay, even Choctaw, we shall not care. They come from the people, the people love them, and the people shall love them.

Moreover, establish the unchanging law of resolution in itself, that the hymn given is always to be sung, to the tune accompanying. The people will know what to expect. Then it will be of some use for them to try to learn. They can form associations of ideas. Children will love tunes for their fathers' sakes, and there will be something permanent in our worship from generation to generation.

Then let the congregation sustain one weekly meeting for practice. Of course the choir will have the hymn for each give it. But the people must meet. And if there is no other way, give up half a day on the Sabbath to the business, and let pastor and people take hold with a will, the choir at the helm, to learn the high praise of God.

Finally, we need repentance for sin the matter. If the church only could become suddenly conscious of her adultery in this thing,—how we hate sung to man, and not God, how, in the act of addressing his

majesty, we have thought of our own flattery,—she would be in sack-cloth and ashes in a moment. For surely the indignity we offer Heaven is most gross, the insult most keen and cutting. God is real. He is the living God. True praise from us gives His heart true joy. Insult under the form of praise wounds his heart most deeply. And not only does it grieve him; it rubs him of one of his choicest instrumentalities for blessing us. He could less this service to a degree now unknown through our guilty profanation—a degree almost miraculous. In Christian souls he could take deep hold on emotions, reveal and express such heavenly raptures as are now unconnected. God, too, might be His sharp sword to convince of sin and lead himself. When man feels himself lost, and trembles at his own ruin, music is the angel voice that leads him to Jesus, and souls may be born to God by the songs, as well as by the prayers and tears of the Church. There is a contagion in those holy raptures, when multitudes full of emotion sing with all the soul, by which the rudest natures are affected. When the waves of song rise and swell around them, when they float in that sea of sound, all instinct and tremulous with emotion, does not then some secret power unlock the fountain too long sealed, of their own better nature, and do they not experience strange, unwonted promptings? And when they feel the bondage of sin, and years for deliverance, why should not the singing of some hymn of consecration be to them like the opening of a door in heaven?

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Mons. Jullien regrets that through some combination, against which he has been unable to combat, he has not succeeded in obtaining one of the larger theatres in which he has hitherto given his Annual Series of Concerts—viz. Drury Lane, Covent-garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre—establishments which may be considered, and are, in fact, better adapted for the accommodation of his patrons; but this very deficiency of space Mons. Jullien has sought to amply to redress by selecting for the present season virtuosos of European reputation, and vocalists of the highest talents and renown, and by allowing only the élite of his orchestra to perform—thus making up for quantity by quality, and counterbalancing thereby the dream of Beethoven, who said, "Men live on but perfection de nos symphonies est un architecte de fer." From the great master himself we have learnt that his symphonies were only composed for fifty performers, and, in fact, many circumstances have shown that by doubling the parts, whether of string or wind instruments, the artistic effect is not only better, but that the fullness and combination of sounds which it is essential should be strictly proportioned for the perfect rendering of any melody, harmony, and passages, called, in counterpoint, imitations and fugues. Under these circumstances, Mons. Jullien has seen the public that he has spared no effort to render the Concerts at the Royal Lyceum Theatre as attractive as the first series which he gave in the same establishment in the year 1844-5.

The luminous progress which musical art has made in England within the last 20 years has encouraged Mons. Jullien to compose the first part of his performance chiefly of classical works, of the most famous festival which he first introduced in England under the title of "Nights," dedicated to one or other of the great masters, a great portion of the first part will be devoted to the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, &c. This idea Mons. Jullien has entertained for the last five years, having become personally convinced that England was rapidly earning the title of a great musical country. Now, at last, he feels gratified to announce that the first part of his programme will present a selection of a far higher order of music than hitherto, and will include important works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great composers, ancient and modern, which have heretofore been performed at this concert. Among these may be mentioned the masterpiece of Beethoven, the Ninth Symphony, commonly known as the "Choral."

CHORAL SYMPHONY, composed to Schiller's grand poem, "The Ode to Joy," celebrating the union of all nations in one joyful accord.
Mendelssohn's celebrated LOBESEGANG, or Hymn of Praise; and Gregory's the First's CANTO FERMO and FUGA FUGARUM, concluding with the HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

The second part of the programme will be MISCELLANEOUS and will bring forward in review those original compositions and arrangements of Mons. Jullien which have received the largest share of public approbation during his musical career in England; also, his latest orchestral productions, which have never been performed by his orchestra in London, but are now quite the vogue in France and Germany. Among the latter may be cited "Fern Leaves Valis," "The Campbells are Coming," "Quadrilles for Les Femmes," "Valse," "The Priests' Opéra," "Op. a new Chinese Quadrille," and "La Grande Marche des Nations, ou Progres des Civilisations," composed on the authentic National Hymns of every country, and descriptive of the constitution and succession of the Universal Empire, by every reigning monarch, every established government, and every nation of the world, united in one peaceful confederation by the powers of harmony.

Mons. Jullien is most happy to state that among the artists who will appear during his farewell season, he is enabled to announce the name of the celebrated violinist WIANIAWSKI, who, in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, has established one of the greatest reputations since the appearance of that marvellous genius, Paganini.

Engagements are also concluded with several prime donors, who will make their appearance in succession in the course of the season.

The favourite English soprano, Miss VINNING, will commence the season on MONDAY, the 1st of November, and will be followed by Mesdemoiselles RUDERSDOFF, STABERNE, ENDERSBURGH, CHIDMOY, &c. Mademoiselle JETTY TIEFFZ, who will arrive expressly from Vienna, to take her farewell of the public in London, previous to accompanying Mons. Jullien on his Universal Musical Tour.

Principal Cornist—Messrs. Dabney and Letouff.

Second Chief of Orchestra—Mr. Leno.

Director of the Chorus and Maestro à Piano—Mr. Land.

Superb Decorations à la Renaissance, designed and executed by M. Wilbraut, the celebrated decorator artist of Brussels, will adorn the theatre. The crystal chandeliers and principal lights, supplied by the united firm of Messrs. DeRives and Sons. The gas arrangements will be under the sole direction of Messrs. Jones and Southwate, and the general fittings-up and arrangements for the accommodation of the public have been entrusted to the care and experience of Mr. Burns Jackson.

Further details and notices of concert and ticket arrangements will be contained in the programme, as and when issued.

Admission, One Shilling. Private boxes, stalls, and reserved seats to be secured at Jullien's and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street, from Mr. Hammond; and at the Box-office of the Theatre, at the price of 10s. 6d. in advance. The programme is sold at 10s. 6d. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Letters and communications to be addressed to Mons. Jullien, 214, Regent-street.

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Book of Musical Art by the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skiffington, M.A. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.

Of course the Press—... In the pages before us, we thank Mr. Skiffington for very successfully and ably succeeded in performing, the task he set down for himself, and unique, in the manner in which he treats his subject, the knowledge of a sound and accomplished musician with the elegance and reading of the scholar. A searching artist is brought to bear in a critical consideration of the offices, uses, and effect of the diverse art. Our readers will, we are sure, be much pleased with this masterly little work. — *British Times*.

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The Musical World.

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MR. BEZETH has Returned to Town, and Removed to 17, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. JULES BENEDICT begs to announce that he will return to Town for the season on Monday next, November 1. He is addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street, or 2, Manchester-square.

MR. G. PAQUE begs to announce that he will return to London for the winter season at the beginning of November. All letters to be addressed to 139, Great Portland-street, Portland-place, W.

HERR LIDEL begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town, and will continue his Singing and Violoncello Lessons as usual. Address 42, Morningside-place, Hampstead-road, N. W.

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NEW SONGS.—"Let me whisper in thine ear," by Balfe, composed for and sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.
"The beating of my own heart," by Macfarren, sung by Madame Clara Novello at the Birmingham and Leeds Musical Festivals.
"The hallowed blossom," by W. V. Wallace, sung by Miss Dolby.
"The joy of loving thee," by Walter Maynard, sung by Signor Mario.
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BRADFORD THIRD TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL—The Festival will take place in the Autumn of 1859, and be given for the Benefit of the Bradford Infirmary and Dispensary.
SAMUEL SMITH, Chairman.

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL—POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK. Polygraphic Hall, King William-street, Charing-cross. The season will terminate on Saturday evening, and the Last Afternoon Performance on Saturday, November the 6th, at 8. Private boxes, one guinea; box stalls, 5s.; orchestra stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. Places may be secured at the Polygraphic Hall, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond-street.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS—ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE. —M. JULLIEN'S TWENTIETH and LAST ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence on Monday next, and continue for One Month, and will be given at M. Jullien's Faneuil and "Concerts d'Adieu." The celebrated Violinist, **WIENIAWSKI** will make his first appearance on Monday, November 1. Admission, One Shilling. Private boxes, stalls, and reserved seats to be secured at Jullien and Co.'s, 21A, Regent-street; from Mr. Hammond; and at the Box-office of the Theatre; from Mr. Chatterton, price £2 2s., £1 1s. 6d., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Letters and communications to be addressed to Messrs. Jullien, 21A, Regent-street.

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V. R.
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Large table listing vocal pieces, including songs and duets by composers like Grouvenor, Halevy, Harriott, Johnson, Macfarlane, Meyerbeer, and others.

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REVIEWS.

"BREAK! BREAK!" Song. Poetry by TENNYSON. Music by F. R. COX, Professor and Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. (H. Mills.)

"THE MOTHER'S BLESSING," A POEM, by Lieutenant ANDERSON, 12th Bengal N. I. Set to Music by George RUSSELL, and dedicated to Mrs. ENDERSHOHN. (J. Williams.)

Mr. COX has set the beautiful stanzas of our not over-productive Laureate with feeling and sensibility—so much so, indeed, that we are sorry to find (page 4—"But the tender grace of a day that is dead") two bars almost the identical property of Mendelssohn, and (page 2—line 1—bar 3) a bass which is equivocal, and might be improved in several ways. We do not recommend Mr. COX to cut out Mendelssohn, but we do recommend him to mend his bass.

Mr. RUSSELL's song ought to be good, but owing to certain inaccuracies, as Herr Molique used to say, it is "not quite beautiful." It is Spohrish, but hardly so correct as the patriarch of Heese Cassel knows how to make his music. The harmony, for example, is defective at page 2, line 1, bars 1, 2 ("little lowly"); same page, line 3, bar 2 ("nothing but that"), where the six-four on B is cruelly abandoned for a chord of the sixth on E; same page, line 4, bar 1 ("left to soothe her pain"), where the progression is unintelligible; and in one or two other places. In the last bar of line 2, page 2, the engraver has omitted a flat to G, in the treble clef of the accompaniment. The words of Lieutenant ANDERSON are tender and unaffected, and would alone be a recommendation to the ballad.

"EIGHT HYMN TUNES" (peculiar metre). Composed by John TOWERS of Manchester. Novello.

These eight tunes (adapted to the same number of hymns in the collection of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) are not only remarkable for "peculiar metres," but for peculiar harmonies. We have no objection to the metres, but we have a very strong objection to the harmonies. Really, we have seldom encountered such crude and indigestible part-writing. It would take up a whole column of musical type to point out examples; nor would the pains be reasonably bestowed, for it is to be feared that one who writes like Mr. Towers would prove as obstinate as erratic.

ECHELER'S "EMPIRE QUADRILLE"—Second Edition. Eblagrov.

This spirited set of quadrilles, consisting of figures after the style and manner of divers peoples given to the practice of dancing, was reviewed some time since. The "second edition" affords us no occasion to modify the favourable impression already expressed. On the contrary, it enables us to confirm it. The "Congress of Dancing-masters at Vienna" was evidently assembled to good purpose, and we can see no reason why M. Cellarius, with the conceit peculiar to his nation, should (as we learn from Mr. James BYRN, translator of the figures into English—whatever that process may involve) have taken the pains to "alter" a good thing, omit some of the most genial passages (instance "Die Ungarn" and the "Landler"), and change the title from "Empire Quadrille" to "Le Viennois."

"LA BELLE DE NUIT." Improvisata Mazurka, pour Piano. Par Mathias von HOLST. Wessel and Co.

There is no point in this Mazurka sufficiently new to call for remark. It is well written, however, and full of those soft, enervating harmonies, not to speak of enharmonic transitions, in which young and ardent amateurs take

delight. As a mere piece of display for the pianoforte, although destitute of originality, it is assuredly ("assurance," as M. Théophile Gautier would say) effective. We wish all dance music for the "salon" were only half as good.

"LET ME WHISPER IN THINE EAR" Ballad. Written by JESSIE BAUKIN, composed expressly for Mr. SIMS REEVE, by M. W. BALFE (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

If Mr. Balfé would consent to substitute E, D sharp for the E which stands so naked and solitary on the words "ear," "head," "bright," and "round," we could at once point to this ballad as one of the most graceful of those *ephemera* which he presents to the world with such profuse and constant liberality. For general purposes the key of B flat will suit better than that of five sharps, in which the song is now published.

MR. ALBERT SMITH at HONG KONG—"HONG KONG, Aug. 22.—Here we are all safe and sound, among them at last, surrounded by junks and pigtails, and noble ladies and gentlemen. I have bought the inclosed pictures from a splendid merchant who has come off to the side of the ship on three planks, by the aid of a broomstick. We left Singapore on the 23rd ult. I was immensely delighted with it; it is quite a Chinese place. The shed shops are such rich places, they sell the most wonderful things in them—toys and gods and lanterns, and joss properties and queer crockery. The filth they eat in the eating-houses far surpasses that cooked at that old *trattoria* at Genoa. It consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurants* carry their cookshops about with them on long poles, which the kitchen at one end and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars, boiled in a thin gravy with onions. The barbers also carry their shops about, and they shave, cut boards, and syringe ears right in the middle of the street. A Chinese merchant asked me to dinner. I went, of course, and after dinner we started for the theatre. They played a Chinese opera, with about fifty performers; there were lots of devils in the piece, with tumbling and fighting in every scene. They only had one claret and two gongs in the orchestra, but when there was a situation in the piece one fellow knocked two hollow cues together to show the audience they were to applaud. The merchant lives in first-rate style, and has a wonderful garden. All the fruit-trees are very small; there were pines like cabbages, and a quantity of a large creeper called "monkey-cups," because down the stalk there are regular pitchers and tops filled with water, from which Jaeko refreshes himself in the woods. There were also among his live stock Cashmere goats, porcupines, kangaroos, Pekin pigs, and Brahmin bulls, and in the jungle across the valley tigers and all sorts of novelties. I slept on shore that night, or rather I went to bed, but I could not sleep, as I missed the noise of the screws and the creaking of the timbers, and the bed was too steady. The last night before we got to Hong Kong we had an 'entertainment' on board, and I was stage-manager. We made a first-rate room of sails and flags, and the whole affair went off capitally. There are no hotels at Hong Kong, but a very nice club, with bed-rooms. I was proposed and elected as soon as I arrived, so that is very jolly. To-day they hold a Chinese *fete* in honour of their dead relations. They keep firing crackers all day in the streets and burn those long pastilles. I don't think they care much about their religion; they go into the temples to get cool, or sit down, or go to sleep. The children are frightened at the gods, they are so hideous; they roar with terror when they are placed in front of them. The people walk about with their hats on, and whistle and smoke, and do what they like; the merchants selling gilt paper and pastilles sit round the sides, and sometimes they beat a gong to attract customers. Nothing that I can write now can give you the least idea of this wonderful place; I see every hour how very faithful Cooke's descriptions were."—(Extract from a private letter.)

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Though I know nothing of bells, I know something of bell-music—and something of music without bells. Permit me then to say a word or two in reply to Mr. Walseby.

I think him wrong on more grounds than one, and conversely I think the notation fixed on by the bell committee right.

First, in bell chimes we want a sprinkling of *melody*, which the original notation has, that by Mr. Walseby has none at all.

Secondly, the objection made by Mr. Walseby as to the want of repeat to the musical ear at the end of each chime, and his proposal to end on the tonic-note, is exactly what is not wanted—no full close in music should be permitted while the subject is still in a state of development. Consequently, the *half close* at the end of each quarter is musically and tintinnabulary correct.

Thirdly, and chief of all the faults in Mr. Walseby's system, is that his notation is devoid of *rhythm*. In the first quarter we have two minims to the bar, in the second we have three, in the fourth, four; in the original notation it is regularly barred off, four crotchets to the bar.

I have said that I know nothing of bells—except when they call me to church. Mr. Walseby may be tintinnabulary correct, but he is certainly musically incorrect.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A CLERGYMAN.

Oct. 23, 1858.

THE GEM OF THE CONCERT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DR. SIR,—

Last Friday Evening a concert took place in No. 1.

No. 1. Quartett in D minor for 4 Stringed Instruments, by Mozart. This was played tolerably well.

No. 2. Sonata for piano and Violin. Dedicated to Kreutzer by Beethoven.

This was played very well.

The Piano by that occasion was not powerful enough and good enough for that kind of music.

No. 3. Trio, by Tesen, this was played very well. 4. Quartett for Piano, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello—by Mendelssohn, that is one of Mendelssohn's best Compositions. We hope to hear that Quartett again, then we can judge better. Mr. Shelmardine was much admired, & was the Gem of the Evening.

Mr. H. Tanner, presided on the violin in a mastery manner. Mr. Praeger presided on the Tenor, and was much adored. Wm. Shelmardine Esq. has been engaged to conduct the forthcoming Sacred Concert Elijah which will take place in Nov. Mr. Shelmardine is just the musician to conduct that class of music.

I am Dr. Sir

Yours Respectfully,

J. C. PRAEGER.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

(LETTER FROM LAMARTINE.)

Paris, August 15, 1858.

M. LE PRESIDENT,—Imperious and obvious (*saissible*) circumstances render it impossible for me to assist at the Congress to which you have been so good as to invite me. I regret this the more keenly from the fact that the office of reporter on the law of literary property in France led me to undertake serious labours upon this question; you will find the results in the *Monsieur*. It belongs to Belgium, intellectual ground *par excellence*, to take the initiative of progress in the more fully carrying out of the constitution of true property. A sophist has said, "property is robbery." You will reply in insinuating the most sacred of properties, that of intelligence. God has done it, and man's duty is to recognise it.

Receive, M. le President, the assurance, etc.,

LAMARTINE.

ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.—A woman will tolerate tobacco-smoke in a man she likes—and even say she likes it; and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!—*Punch*.

ANOTHER OPINION ON "LOHENGRIN" IN VIENNA.

(From the *Niederösterreichische Musik-Zeitung*.)

In the case of new works, which, in accordance with the intention of this author, are meant to effect a reformation, and embody a complete system, to effect which a constant agitation is kept up by an active party, as speedy a production of results as possible, as, indeed, of every other artistic production of any value, is not only an act of justice, since an honourable judgment is due to every honourable aspiration, but it is, at the same time, an act of wisdom, because, through the ready production of a work of this description, the deceptive atmosphere which surrounds everything actually kept from us, disappears of its own accord. In the domain of art, just as in that of religion or politics, persecution assists pretended as well as real error, while the freedom of regular propagation and undisturbed investigation causes everything to appear in its true light.

Following out this principle, we have advocated, when addressing all our musical institutions, the production of new works generally, even when we did not agree with the artistic tendencies of their composers. The principal consideration will always be to act justly towards every vital effort, without making any exception on account of the special form under which that effort may be exhibited. But if this first duty is fulfilled towards the composers of the present day, we must be allowed the greatest freedom in judging their efforts, and we must sternly defend those healthy principles, on which every work of art, if it deserves the name, must be unconditionally based.

Regarded in this light, the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, strikes us as a very significant and satisfactory event, not as being a victory achieved by the so-called "Music of the Future," but as a first guarantee of, at least, a partial change in the system pursued at our Imperial Operahouse, where, it would seem, the repugnance hitherto evinced for everything new and unusual has, at last, given way to a reasonable mode of looking at matters of art.

The divided and partially brilliant success of the first representation of *Lohengrin*, on the 19th August, has been unanimously acknowledged by all the Viennese critics, competent and not competent.

What a welcome opportunity for the organs of the *Weinmalerische* party to indulge in a "Te Deum laudamus!" Vienna, which has hitherto been branded as heretical, will now probably rise in value, that is to say, in the estimation of the above party, and, by the applause it has bestowed on Wagner, have earned the recognition of its right to possess a "Future!" All assertions to the contrary, adverse criticisms, and objections will wisely be passed over in silence by the organs of Wagner's party; the applause bestowed on certain passages, will be claimed for the whole work, and the success of the whole work will be claimed for the "Opera of the Future."

But we, who, perhaps, look at the matter with somewhat harmless partiality, and, at all events, are better acquainted with things here than our colleagues in Leipzig and Weimar, can only perceive, if not an intentional deception of the public, at least only a gross piece of self-deception. That *Lohengrin* was produced is a proof of the artistic feeling of the new management, a feeling which, we trust, will be extended not to the "Music of the Future" alone, but to every effort of real talent of the Present. In the fact of the public having readily come forward to welcome this praiseworthy step, we see a new proof of the susceptibility of the Viennese, and their yearning for fresh and better things. With regard, lastly, to the success of *Lohengrin*, we consider it as the merited recognition of Wagner's talent; recognition which he has achieved not through this system, but in spite of it, recognition, therefore, which is in no way to be attributed to the new operative system, or to the so-called "party of the Future." We will not, however, explain ourselves on this point.

Musical Vienna has troubled itself but very little with the factions existing in musical matters, for a considerable period, in the North of Germany. The Viennese public are not over-

sant with the subjects of dispute, and the warfare carried on in consequence by the various musical papers, and, above all, does not think of them, when streaming into the theatre to hear a new opera. (A Viennese is, on the one hand, too uneducated, in many particulars, and, on the other, too reasonable, and possessed of too sound a judgment in musical matters, to look for anything else at the theatre but the unbiased, undisturbed enjoyment of the work of art he goes to see, and of its representation.) The reader perceives, we may be certain, wish to depreciate the success of *Lohengrin*, which strikes us as all the more satisfactory and natural, for the very reason that Wagner has to share it only with the artists who represented, and the gentleman who directed his work, while we must decidedly refuse to acknowledge, and, in doing so, we think we truly render the opinion of the Viennese public—that the so-called "Music of the Future;" the ideas which Wagner enunciates with such passionate pathos in his writings; the tendency which Herr Brendel advocates so cleverly in his paper, have achieved, with *Lohengrin*, that triumph, about which the members of Wagner's party are so enthusiastic. In reply to this, we shall be told: "The public was not, perhaps, quite conscious of what it felt; but the applause bestowed on *Lohengrin* involved the recognition of those principles which Wagner wishes to introduce into opera." To our mind, however, the direct contrary is the case. Whatever produces a satisfactory and elevating impression in Wagner's opera is precisely that which is not the practical realization of his theories of reform, or that on which he and his adherents lay the greatest stress in their arguments—but that which, in every opera of the Past or Present, would be considered good and appropriate, dramatically true, and musically beautiful.

Wagner's talent strikes us as indisputable, but his system as by no means so. We invariably perceive the greatest development of his talent in the very instances where he is unfaithful to his own system.

Wagner's polemical and reformatory writings are distinguished for their clever and soaring, although frequently superabundant and verbose, exposition of the defects and excesses clinging to modern opera. But, from the very outset, Wagner condemns the abuse with the right employment of allowable means, and erroneously portrays every abuse as an incurable and fundamental evil, and all that the greatest masters have produced in the shape of operas as a failure. This is a crying act of injustice, which is an evident contradiction to the well-known respect entertained by Wagner, as a musician, for these self-same masters. But his rhetorical mode of exposition always becomes darker, more unsolicited, such more superabundant, whenever he has to set up a picture of the future to guide us, instead of the past, which according to him is languishing in its last death-struggle. His ideal of the true, and only possible opera, is, as far as we can comprehend what he means, either a highly impracticable step backwards, to times long since past, or an intended completion and perfecting of that which has been done, in the same style, by the masters of the Past and of the Present—of that which, therefore, in both cases, according to his principle, has already existed, without the slightest intention of really re-modelling it. If opera is indeed to be only a succession of recitatives, without a resting point—a mere musical intoning of the dramatic dialogue, without any specific musical aim and solicitation—such an unpracticable exaggeration of Gluck's strict theory, and to return to the infancy of opera, can only end in a very deplorable result. If this is the case, Wagner is no reformer, but the most violent reactionary in the domains of art, who despises the progress made since Rameau and Lully, and, most impracticably, would, instead of developed dramatic music, such as we have possessed for eighty years, restore the recitatives, which, if solely and wholly supreme, would constitute the essence of monotony. Directly the dramatic action and dialogue are regarded as the principal things, as the "aim" and the music as the "means" only, the latter runs a risk of being justly discarded, as completely useless, nay, as an impracticable adjunct, even interrupting the dialogue and impeding the action. Music is effective and agreeable only when it appropriates the meaning of the words, and imparts to them a heightened effect, possessing, at the same time, dramatic

truth and musical substance. If this, however, is Wagner's purpose, if his only intention was to restore to opera dramatic truth, in which, from various errors, it is occasionally deficient, then he ought to have said so; then, instead of stepping forward as a reformer, he ought, as a true disciple of honoured and great masters, to acknowledge that he, in his way, wished to effect what Gluck and Mozart, Gluck and Spontini, and Pavesiello, Méhul and Boieldieu, Cherubini and Cimarosa, Beethoven and Weber, Spohr and Weigl, Meyerbeer and Lortzing, also tried to effect, and which they succeeded more or less in doing. The above masters have, each in his own way and in proportion to his powers, produced effects that are extraordinarily beautiful and great, precisely in musically-dramatic characterisation, and not, in order to be characteristically true, by descending to absolute recitativo, and banishing the cantatas; no, they enjoyed the privilege of uniting beauty and variety with truth, of blending melody and dramatic expression, of retaining the form of the aria, the duet, etc., and, at the same time, of being so true, that Wagner cannot be more so, although he sacrifices everything, even beauty, to truth. What becomes, then, under these circumstances, and the crushing weight of these facts and examples, of Wagner's system of the "Opera of the Future?"

(To be continued.)

JANET.

(SHORT METRE.)

Let Poets sing what minds they will,
Adorning this great planet,
There's none, I'm sure, more worth their praise
Than scitvie little Janet.

This little maid, of whom I sing
(And the truth I'm only stating),
Though ceaselessly upon the move,
Seems never tired of waiting.

Should any sinner wanting dinner,
Into "Roberts" chance to pop,
He'll say that little Janet
As a waitress is first stop.

Though full of human kindness,
She'll soon bring him to his beer (bis),
And though his dinner mayn't cost much,
He'll think her a "little dear."

She'll soon resign him to a steak (stake),
And that without remorse;
Though she's got the best of tempers
She can give lots of "piquant sauce."

(QUEEN METRE.)

She's as bright and as sharp as any steel,
Though an active life she leads with ease,
Ever ready to serve with salt or a meal,
And I'm sure no one's better bread (read).

(LONG METRE.)

She's a good little girl, and no mistake;
She'll stand no nonsense from "muff" or "pollroom";
For she very well knows how to scurr out a cuke,
Or to punch a high "mettlic" spoon.
There are "Mossons" who think she'd make a good Queen of Greece,
While others, with faces quite murky,
Would much like to take her upon a long lease
Saying she'd just suit them to rule over Turkey.
There are folks who call her a nice little duck—
Some who say she's got a good heart—
While others who are saddy in great want of pluck,
Say that when vexed she's a little too tart.

FINE AND CHORUS.

Our own "little Janet" will however do for a toast,
Which too lightly buttered can't be;
And should you ever be a maiden who'd well rule your roost,
Our "little Janet" would suit you to a T (ee).
J. H. N.

MORE OR LESS OF IT TRUE.

(From the *Signals*.)

MAD. MALIBRAN received for each performance, at Drury Lane, £150.

Mad. Grisi received, for singing at a musical solemnity at York, £400.

Lablache was paid, for singing twice, £150.

Hummel left, at his death, 375,000 francs, and a large number of valuable presents from all the courts of Europe. Among them were 26 diamond rings, of high price, 34 gold snuff-boxes, and 114 costly watches.

Bosini was offered a million (of francs!) in Italy, to sing the part of Figaro himself.

For a single singing lesson given to Queen Victoria, Lablache received 1,000 francs.

At one *soirée* in London, Mad. Grisi earned 60,000 francs.

Mlle. Taglioni's second benefit at St. Petersburg brought in 204,000 francs. During the performance, the Emperor sent her a bouquet composed of turquoises and diamonds. At Hamburg, this lady received 3,730 francs a night.

Twenty-four performances at Rome produced Rubini 36,000 francs.

Paganini, who, as we know, did not sacrifice on the shrine of sentimentalism in money matters, wrote, one day, to Mr. Loveday, as follows:—

"Sir,—I am obliged to express my surprise at seeing how little you think of discharging your debts to me. Your negligence compels me to refresh your memory. The question involves certain details you ought not to have forgotten. I send you, therefore, my little account, and expect you will pay it soon:—"

"For twelve lessons given to your daughter, to teach her how to express music, and to conceive the sense of the Franes.
notes 2,400

"For playing eight tunes at your house, and, on various occasions, some pieces of music 24,000

"Making a total of 26,400

"I do not add to this account the lessons I have given your daughter at table, at dinner, or in a conversational manner, &c."

"NICOLÒ PAGANINI."

When Napoleon heard that Mad. Catalani was about quitting Paris, he ordered the great singer to wait on him at the Tuilleries. She trembled before the grand *virtuoso* on the cannon. "Where do you want to go?" inquired the Emperor. "To London, sire." "You will stop in Paris. You must do so. I will see that you are well paid. Besides, your talent is better appreciated in Paris. You will have 100,000 francs a-year, and two months' leave of absence. The matter is settled. Adieu, madame." But the matter was not settled, for Mad. Catalani left Paris secretly, and without a passport, and set out for London on board a vessel that was taking back some prisoners of war to exchange. The passage occupied twenty-four hours, and cost her 3,000 francs.

Handel composed his *Rinaldo*, in 1710, in a fortnight. This opera was, for twenty years, a great favourite with the English public, and so run after immediately it was produced, that Walsh, the music-publisher, made 3,750 francs, while the composer received far less. Happening to meet Walsh one evening at a party, Handel said quietly to him: "My dear Walsh, in order to equalise matters between us, you shall write the next opera, and I will sell it."—FERDINAND SILAS.

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW,

(From *Punch*.)

MILES STANDISH, old Paritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy.

Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles in a rage takes and hooks it.

Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend, to the wedding.

If you call this ink-Standish stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off Miles.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF ELECTRICITY.

(From *Punch*.)

Our daily reading proves that electricity is now fairly taking the circuit of the entire globe. No barrier goes so extensive a circuit, or talks so much with so little noise. The beauty of electricity is, that it talks without being heard, an accomplishment which ladies have not yet acquired.

Amongst the recent marvels of electricity, we have: a record two—viz.: pianoforte playing, and tooth-drawing. We need not say that both operations are at times equally shocking. There are occasions when we would sooner have a tooth drawn, we think, than listen to an execrating extraction of agonising sounds from the piano. So much depends upon the instrument, and the use that is made of it! According to your manipulation, it becomes either an instrument of pleasure, or an instrument of torture. But if it is occasionally horrid to hear one piano (and the horror occurs in every capital, that has any pretensions to be considered a Pianopolis, more than one day), consider what it must be to listen to five pianos *enfermeurs*! Electricity confers this terrible dexterity on every pianoforte practitioner. This quintuple achievement was actually accomplished by a Mr. Léon Hamar, at the National Theatre at Brussels. The five pianos were lashed together with electric wires, which were connected with an electric battery in another room, and you had the whole lot of them jingling away at once. No necessity to endure a piece of music at this rate, when you take it in five times over at a single hearing. What a fearful power to rest in any man's hands! If electricity can do it with five pianos, why not with fifty? why not with five hundred? Where is it to stop? If that is all, we do not see what there is to prevent a pianist, who holds this electric accomplishment at his fingers' ends, from performing in every capital of Europe precisely at the same time. Fancy first going through his pianoforteistic gymnastics on five hundred Broadwoods, and being heard simultaneously, without the interval of *cesses* or a vibration all the way across the world!—safe any where. If he might pursue us into the very centre of the Desert, What exquisite revenge he might take on his detractors! He might maliciously place a piano on each side even of us, put one *enfermeur* by head, and another under our feet, and by playing upon them, unseen by us, and unknown to us, some 2,000 miles off, send us raving mad in less than half-an-hour! We hope electricity will never lend itself to such base machinations.

We have heard of men riding on fire horses; but we do not think that a pianoforte-player should try to emulate a horse-riding by playing upon five pianos all at once. One piano at a time is quite enough, and frequently too much; but bring the electric battery to play upon an allied army of Collards, and we will not answer for the world being strong enough to stand the shock. Further, we have a sentiment that it would be a cruel to little bits by sheer force of melody, as we have seen a magnificent barley-sugar temple on a super-tall toiler and fall with a crackling crash, into a chaos of golden rain, by the violence of the stamping music overhead. So it would be with the world! After one five-hundred pianoforte *énce*, there would be nothing left of it but an immense dust-hump, on the top of which men and women would be lying like so many oyster-shells and lobster claws.

As for the toothdrawing by electricity, we do not jump to it so easily. It is actually done, however, in far less time than you can think as to what you shall have for to-day's dinner? A single tooth, we suppose, is charged at the rate of a single message; a double tooth doubtless counts for two. We wonder if the same shock that pulls out the tooth can convey a message to tell your wife that it is out! and "out" (as George Cruikshank's drawing informs us with jumping gal) in less than a minute." The description of this new style of dentition neglects to inform us, whether a new set of teeth can be supplied by the same process.

The anticipated benefit of the one discovery tends greatly to balance the dreaded evil of the other. If pianoforte playing by electricity threatens to increase largely human suffering, at all events dental surgery by the same invisible agency promises to considerably alleviate it. It is all a question of nerves, and in the electric contest between ears and teeth, let us hope the molars will have it.

The question is, what will not electricity do next? We do not despair of the good time coming (and it has been a long time on the road), when we shall be able to sit quietly in our armchair and electricity will do everything for us. It will cook our dinner, sew on our buttons, write our letters, make our clothes, whip our children, black our boots, shave our stubbly chins, and even help us to a pinch of snuff, if we only wish it. We most believe it will in time so far reach mortal perfection as to carry us up to bed, undress us, tuck us up, and

blow out the candle, when we are too tired, or indifferent, to do it ourselves. But there is one thing, we are afraid, that it never will do, and that is, help us to pay our income-tax.

Alas! there is a limit even to electricity!

CURIOS MUSICAL QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

VIRGINIA L.—What is the meaning of the terms, Iambic, Trochaic, as used in the "Hallelujah!"

Our hymns are all composed in stanzas; most frequently in stanzas of four lines each, though sometimes in stanzas of six or eight lines. Each line of a stanza consists of a certain number of syllables; thus, for example, in long metre there are four lines of eight syllables each; and in common metre the first and third lines have eight syllables each, and the second and fourth lines have six syllables each. The syllables are part of them accented and part unaccented; most frequently there is one accented and one unaccented syllable in connection; but sometimes there are three syllables thus connected, either one accented and two unaccented, or *vice versa*. These groupings of the syllables, as we may call them, are termed poetic feet; and there are, of course, different kinds of poetic feet, according to the number of syllables, and places of the accents. A poetic foot of two syllables, the first being unaccented and the second being accented, is called an Iambus, and poetry thus written is said to be Iambic. The long, common, and short metres are Iambic. If the accent be on the first of the two syllables, the foot is called a Trochee, or Troche, and poetry thus written is called Trochaic. The sevens and eights and sevens metres are Trochaic. If there be three syllables, the first and second unaccented and the third accented, the foot is called an Anapaest, and the poetry is Anapaestic. When, in three syllables, the first is accented, and the second and third are unaccented, the foot is called a Dactyl, and the poetry is called Dactylic, or said to be written in Dactylic feet.

Examine the hymns to which the tunes classed under the different heads, Iambic, Trochaic, etc., are adapted, with reference to their rhythmic structure. Take a look also at these words in Webster's *Dictionary*. As a further illustration we have chosen the well-known tune from its usual Iambic measure into an Anapaestic form. See the tune, "Quantum Mutatus," in this number of the *Review*, in the harmony of which we have also made some slight alterations.

E.—1. What is the difference between A flat and G sharp? I mean, in the sound itself. 2. We know that the interval between the two letters is a step, and if a letter is sharpened, its tone becomes a half-step higher, while a letter that is flattened has its pitch changed a half-step lower. Are they synonymous? 3. Yet a diagram of the finger-board on the violin shows a difference. 4. Please inform me in the next number of the *Review*. 5. Also, what does \times signify placed by a note?

1. The tones named A flat and G sharp differ with respect to relation, but not with respect to pitch. The \times being on the pianoforte, and the same pipe in the organ, is used for both; there is a difference of relation but not of pitch.

2. "We know," says our querist, "that the interval between the two letters is a step." We suppose he means the letters G and A; though no reference has been made to them, but only to G sharp and A flat. He proceeds and says: "If a letter is sharpened, its tone becomes a half-step higher." Is this true? Let the Normals answer. We hear the loud No from every voice, for they all know that the pitch of a note, let its name be what it may, cannot be altered. Can A flat change the pitch of a tone? They all answer again, No; for the pitch of a tone cannot be changed. But this is a digression intended only to call attention to one of the many inaccuracies heard in musical teachings or descriptions. "Are they synonymous?" Yes; they are the same in pitch.

3. We know that the finger-boards of violins are sometimes so marked as to show a difference; yet on inquiring of some of the most distinguished violinists in the world we have been told that they use the same stop both for G sharp and for A flat. We suppose others do not, but endeavour to carry out the theoretical or mathematical difference in their practice; yet in some cases, as the enharmonic changes, no one would do this, but would continue the same tone under both relations, or when the relation of a tone changes.

NIGHT AND MORNING AT MALTA.

By JAMES ARTHUR, R.N.

Author of "A Glass of Ale and a Sandwich," "Sketches in Sky Blues," &c., &c.

It is evening at Malta. In the midshipman's berth of the "Ridiculous" (the worst ship in the navy—supposed, from the badness of its timbers, to have been made out of the heads of the Board of Admiralty) dinner is just over, and dissipation is about to commence. My last glass of claret (though prince of wines!) has gone down with the sun—not in company with that orb, most obtuse of readers, but collaterally. I qualify it with a slight nip of brandy, pale, and such as can be obtained only by those who have a comprehensive tick. Most of us are going on shore to spend the evening; young Glugg indeed is the only exception; he is staying on board to write to his aunt. Poor beast! We had to cob him with a sword-scarabard the other day for talking about his mother at mess. But he is the son of a Manchester manufacturer, so what can be expected of him!

Young Hyacinth and myself (Hyacinth is the son of the Duke of Convolvolus—descended from the Convolvoluses who were marshals of Normandy in the reign of Charles the Bald—wear an *enchantant, gules*, on a field azure, pale, fohé, &c.) hail a shore boat and go off together. We birk the boatman, partly because the Manchester fellow always pays him, and we have a gentlemanly dislike to "shine with Fye," and partly because we have no cash. It is, besides, so amusing to hear a Maltese swear! We march along the Strada Cospetto (making eyes at a pretty Sicilian on the way—to see violet eyes in this climate is as refreshing as a glass of eauçou) until we arrive at the Piazza Corpo di Bacco, where (as everybody but the plebs know) is situated old Giordana's *caffè*. At the end of the Piazza you may hear the familiar click of the billiard balls, and the clatter of equally familiar voices. In the upper room all the old fellows are assembled. Tomkins, of the "Ineffable," is telling an amusing story, and a knot of youths have suspended their play, and listen to him as they stand chalking their cues. It seems he has shot a consul (only a Greek one) in the morning, while carelessly popping about at Bessarvas. Nobody would have taken much notice of the affair (it could scarcely have been considered an insult to the national flag), but for Tomkins's impertinent defence. He said, it seems, that he mistook the old gentleman for a kangaroo—which animals he was too ignorant not to know (being of a *parvenu* family) do not run wild about the island.

However, everybody was greatly amused at the incident, except myself perhaps. The poor old gentleman had a daughter with violet eyes (probably now weeping) and his hock was frustrated. We all toasted Tomkins in the best lachryma that credit could procure, and then sallied forth; insulted two or three Maltese unprotected females—thrashed a couple of English commerce-travellers who talked of making Cobden bring the matter before Parliament—and, in short, enjoyed ourselves amazingly. Barn, of the "Unfortunate," who has learned to swear and talk indecency in Maltese, was in particular very useful as the spokesman and interpreter to the party.

But notwithstanding these wild diversions—which are so seductive in tender years and a soft voluptuous climate—I still studied my Plato before going to bed, and dreamed of the soul and its aspirations, and then of somebody who shall be nameless. As I took

(The rest of this MS. is lost.)

SCARBOROUGH.—In the New Music Hall, Spa,* at Mr. Yahr's concert, Miss E. Crossland sang a pleasing selection of songs in good style. She has an agreeable voice. Her efforts were rewarded by repeated applause. Mr. Lambert sang Wender's "Village Blacksmith" with good effect, and in Schubert's "Wanderer" displayed a great compass of voice. He was encored in Snait's "My bonnie bairn," a new song that will become popular with bass vocalists. Mr. Murray played a solo on the harp, and Herr Wiener a fantasia on the violin. Mr. Yahr's waltz is a pretty composition. The concert concluded with a popular galop.—*Malton Messenger*, Oct. 16, 1859.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

"PRODUCTION OF "MARIANA"
GREAT SUCCESS OF "MARIANA," AND "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday and Thursday, Wallace's *MARIANA*. Don Cesar de Buzan (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Maritana, Miss Louisa Fyne.—On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 12th Nov), *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*.—On Wednesday and Thursday, *MARIANA*.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.—To conclude with (each evening) the Ballet Diverissement *LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*, Commence at half past seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, *MACBETH*.
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, *KING JOHN*. Frooned every evening by the force of *AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 30, will be presented the comedy of *LADIES BEWARE*: To be followed by the drama of *THE RED VIAL*. To conclude with *TO OBLIGE BENSON*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Mad. Colette every evening.—*THE GREEN BUSHES* for three nights, by particular arrangement. Continued success of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Screens of laughter as the new Ballet-Comique. Mad. Colette, Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Elin Arden (from the Theatre Royal Adelpi the inimitable Flezmore, and Marie Aviol, forming the most attractive Company in London.—On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, to commence with *THE GREEN BUSHES*.—On Monday, Mad. Colette, Jack O'Connell, Mr. Paul Bedford. On Tuesday and Thursday, *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Mad. Colette, A. Ballet, Flezmore and Madlle. Arviol. To conclude with a Comedietta. On Saturday a change of entertainment.

DEATH.

MADAME GENOT, born Eliza Fay, formerly an actress of the Brussels Theatre, and of the Port-Saint-Martin and the Variétés at Paris, died at the beginning of the present month at Joinville-le-Pont. She belonged to a family of artists. Her grandmother was Mad. Rousseau; the father and mother were both actors, the father, M. Etienne Fay, being also a composer of music; her sister was Madame Volny (Lé. Fine Fay); and her brother, M. Auguste Fay, called Baron, is attached to the Theatre Molire at Brussels. Eliza Fay accompanied her sister Léontine, surnamed "la petite merveille," and played with her at Brussels, in October and November, 1820. Married to the actor Genot, she went, as prima donna, to give three representations at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in December, 1833. From 1838 to 1840 she was engaged there as the representative of *Jeanne Duplessis*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. S. THORNEY ABBEY.—The Artist in question did receive frequently the compliment of a shower of bouquets at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1858.

EVER since we can remember affairs connected with the theatre, the "star-system" has evoked unqualified and universal obprobrium from the critics. Extravagant terms paid to artists and the evils consequent thereon have proved a fruitful theme to those who have taken, or appear to have taken, a deep interest in the advancement of the stage. That one actor should be paid an exorbitant sum—the favourite phrase used to be, "more than the salary of the First Lord of the Treasury"—and another receive what would barely keep body and soul together, seemed a paradox to abstract justice, and was gravely reprehended by the inferior members of the profession, a large and influential class of the community. Had managers followed the immediate advice so generously tendered to them, and repudiated the "star-system" altogether, who would

have benefited? Not the actor who was not engaged; not the manager whose theatre lost a special attraction; not the public who were deprived of beholding a favourite. When the Chartist, in the spirit of universal benevolence, would up his favourite argument with the clincher, "Is't not me as good as another?" and the Irishman replied in a spirit of benevolence still more universal, "Faix an' that he is, an' a grate dale better," we fancy Paddy had the best of the argument. At all events he put a stopper on the Chartist's mouth for ever: "For ourselves we think there is something to be said in extenuation of the "star-system," if not in its defence. If you want a superior article of dress, or furniture, or ornament, you have to pay a good price for it. An artist regulates his terms by the sum which he thinks he will bring to the theatre—his exact worth. People cried "shame" on Mr. Bunn for giving Malibena the ruinous sum of £125 a-night at Drury Lane for singing; and on Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, for paying Macready at the rate of £10 an hour for acting. The answer is irrefutable—both Mr. Bunn and Mr. Webster put money in their pockets. When Mr. Sims Reeves lately was paid £300 per week for singing at the National Standard Theatre, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini received more than £200 for her vocal services at the Crystal Palace for one concert, both sums would appear preposterous did we not consider that the artists brought to the treasuries the money that paid them. If a singer or actor is worth what he brings, and he brings what he is worth, there is an end to all argument about the "star-system."

There is, however, another species of "starring" which is, we think, far more open to condemnation than that pertaining to theatres—we mean "readings," "lectures," and "monological entertainments," in rooms, halls, or chambers. On the stage the public voice has created the artist, and has assigned him his rank and station. By the public breath he has been called into existence—by the public breath he lives and has his being. The "reader," or "lecturer," on the other hand, builds his own stage, erects his own pedestal, sets himself upon it, and makes himself his own idol. He is his own "one bright particular star" that shines in a heaven of his own making. He keeps himself aloof from comparison; he hides his head from competition; he brooks no rivalry; he submits himself to no test; he is his own advocate, judge and jury, and his auditors the cohesive and shrinking public, who feel they are out of the sphere of animadversion, and dare not lift up their voices in hazard of opinion. One man lectures, as it is called, on Shakspeare; another delivers himself of an essay—political—polemical—astronomical—architectural—musical—medical—telegraphical; a third exhibits himself in various disguises and monopolises a whole drama; a fourth reads his own books. The lecturer on Shakspeare is simply a bore, whom we religiously believe nobody would pay to hear or see unless he were some actor of note. The most intolerable of Shakspeare's commentators is the lecturer. He who reads an essay in public is obviously circumscribed in his arena; and, as he limits his operations to Institutions, Polytechnics, and Scientific Societies, must be credited with more charity. The "Entertainer" is a comprehensive term, and includes all who, like Mr. Albert Smith, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Woodin, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, undertake to amuse the public by their unaided talents. That the "entertainers" above named have all proved, and continue to prove, eminently successful, constitutes no answer to the broad principle, we wish to lay down—that he who invites the public to come, hear, and

see himself and nobody else, *a priori* looks more to self-exaltation than the world's benefit. We know that a temptation it is, having three talents, to exhibit them simultaneously. We know, too, that the majority of mankind—

—“ wish to see display'd
By one *three* talents, for there were no less! ”—

since—

“ The voices, the words, the minstrel's skill at once
Could hardly be united in a dance.”

But we also know, that beyond mere momentary amusement, mere temporary excitement, there is no result; that the triple barking of the Cerberus of exhibitions, however musical, leaves no lasting impression—involves neither advantage, nor profit.

Against the reader of his own books in a public room we still more strongly protest, and are grieved that the sanction of illustrious names should have been given to such a precedent, their illustrious names to constitute a powerful precedent. Henceforth every puny satirist, or carolist, of sanguine tendencies, and born with speculation in his soul, allured by the linked reputation and money wrought from their “ readings ” by renowned novelists, will rush to the platforms in town or country, and invite the populace to hear him howl through his own tale, Christmas piece, or bit of poetry. The world will be menaced with public reciters of their own works. Fortunately the evil carries with it its own cure. The “ reader ” who has no reputation will have no audience. Of the crowds who flock to a reading by Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. Thackeray, for one who goes to hear a hundred go to see. None has a chance in this race for popularity who has not previously rendered himself famous. This constitutes the best public safeguard against the prevalence of a class of entertainments of the slightest recommendation and benefit. It would be deplorable indeed were the giants of our literature, through any necessity, much more through want, or love of money, compelled to aljure all writing, and, in place thereof, to exhibit themselves periodically in public to gratify prurient curiosity or a false taste. While acknowledging the almost unparalleled success invariably attending the “ readings ” of the popular gentlemen just named, let us, in a spirit of love for all that is good and great, be allowed to entertain a hope that both Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Charles Dickens may be driven back from the glare and hurry of the lecture-room to the solitude of their closets, convinced that there and there alone can be fulfilled the high mission entrusted to them.

M. JULLIEN commences the twentieth season of his annual concerts on Monday evening at the Lyceum Theatre. The change of locality is attributable to various causes, none of which need be stated in this place. It is, however, to be lamented that a large theatre was not available, more especially as the concerts are on the same scale of magnitude as when they were given at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, and the band is no less powerful. Nor has M. Julien altered the prices of admission in any way, so as to compensate for the inferior size of the house. If, nevertheless, the Lyceum be crowded nightly, M. Julien, notwithstanding the expenses of principals, band and chorus, with the new decorations and fittings, will have no cause to complain; and of the result we do not entertain a doubt.

The London public will learn with regret that the present

series will constitute the “ Farewell Concerts,” or “ *Concerts d'Adieu* ” of M. Julien, previous to his departure on his “ Universal Musical Tour ” through the capitals and cities of Europe, America, Australia, the Colonies, and the civilised towns of Asia and Africa. This grand *tournee* of course cannot be accomplished under several years, even with so energetic, enterprising, and untiring a director to carry it out; and, consequently, the London public will have to lament for so long a period the loss of their most delightful and admirable winter entertainments. That M. Julien's place cannot be filled up, we think, will be admitted. Not merely the enterprise which sees no obstacles, the energy which never fails, the faith never broken, the little show for self-aggrandisement and the directness of purpose always on the side of right, have tended to achieve for M. Julien his great popularity—although these would have made any public man popular; his undoubted talents and skill as a musician and orchestral conductor have equally tended to place him in his high position. What M. Julien has effected in the way of conciliating public appreciation for the most intellectual of all amusements, in making more universally known the works of the great masters and by frequent performances creating an abiding love for them, and how he has converted what used to be a pastime and relaxation into an entertainment fraught with meaning and instruction, are now matters of history. The good that M. Julien has done in this way cannot be overlooked. Moreover, he has kept for twenty years, almost continually employed, a large force of instrumentalists; and to his exertions, in a great measure, is due the strength and efficiency of our present orchestral bands, many of our most famous wind and string performers having been discovered and imported by M. Julien.

When all is considered, we have no doubt that the “ Farewell Concerts ” will constitute a series of *fiets*, the success of which will plead powerfully to M. Julien for a speedy return from his universal tour, if not, perhaps, tempt him to forego his determination of withdrawing himself for so unendurable a period from so many constant friends and true admirers.

THERE is a certain periodical of great interest to the student of modern literature, of which, however, students never speak,—resembling in this particular the ancient Egyptians, who, while enjoying the blessings of the Nile never revealed its source. Possibly the ancient Egyptians did not reveal the source of the Nile because they did not know it themselves. Possibly, also, the students of modern literature never speak of the periodical, to which we refer, because they never heard of it. The name of the latter, at all events, is *Bent's Monthly Literary Advertiser*, and its purpose is to register new and forthcoming books and engravings. Who *Bent* may be, we do not know, for the periodical is printed by Woodfall and published by Tucker. He may be a living personage, or he may be St. Bent, patron of the booksellers, as St. Crispin of the shoemakers. There is a legend, however, that describes him as an actual specimen of humanity, so remarkable for the elegance of his costume, as to elicit from a waggish publisher the facetious observation, that although the bow should not always be bent, Bent was always a *beau*.

Following the *bent* of our inclination, that is to say, turning over the leaves of the periodical in question, we came to the following paragraph, placed under the head of

"Miscellaneous announcements of forthcoming works by various publishers:"—

"Thirty-Five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life, by Edw. Fitzball, Esq., author of 'The Siege of Rochella,' &c.—Zest in the Work of the Ministry; or, the Means by which every Priest may render his Ministry honourable and fruitful, by M. L'Abbi Dabois." *Newby.*

The latter of the two works, with which Mr. Newby intends to edify mankind, we leave to the care of our esteemed contemporary, *The Tablet*; but to the former we call the especial attention of our readers.

Thirty-five years of Edward Fitzball's life! Why, this will be almost a complete history of the melodramatic stage of London, written by a man, who was the leading dramatist of his class, when that class was in its lusthhood. His productions may look somewhat crude and disjointed, if reviewed now, but they were epoch-making works in their day, and those who crack jokes about his blue and red fire will do well to bear in mind that it was not speedily extinguished. The life of the man who writes an epic poem, should be itself an epic, says somebody; and we may add that the historian of melodrama should be himself a melodramatist.

What floods of information respecting transportive brigands and ghosts are about to burst upon us,—what revelations about Easter pieces at Drury Lane and Covent Garden are about to be made! Mr. Fitzball's ghosts did not come from Paris, but were racy of the British soil; his Easter pieces were not burlesques, but were works composed in a faithful, earnest spirit. If Mr. Fitzball does not effect as much for the history of English melodrama, as was effected by Thucydides for that of the Peloponnesian War, we shall be grievously disappointed. The advantages derived from a personal observation of events are common to the ancient Athenian and the modern Briton.

But don't let Mr. Edward Fitzball describe himself in his title-page, as the author of the *Siege of Rochella*. The libretto of that opera lives through its connection with Mr. Balf's music, but it is no type of the independent, self-supporting Fitzball drama. Raise the *Siege*, Edward Fitzball, and put up the *Flying Dutchman*.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK.—We understand Miss Amy Sedgwick, of the Haymarket Theatre, was married on Tuesday last, to W. Parke, Esq., M.D.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.—Such has been the prosperity of the Haymarket Theatre, since the return of Mr. Charles Mathews from America, that the receipts of the first six nights amounted to upwards of £1,200.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—This Association is preparing to resume operations for the forthcoming season. The annual meeting is to take place on the 2nd proximo, immediately after which the weekly rehearsals will commence. Great care will be taken by Mr. Benedict in securing the efficiency of the choir. None of the old members will be allowed to renew their subscriptions unless they promise to attend punctually at rehearsals, and no new members will be admitted unless they give a similar promise, and pass a strict examination, both with respect to quality of voice and knowledge of music. The concerts, six in number, will take place in St. James's Hall, and it is in contemplation to give, in addition, a series of six "undress" concerts. After the purchase of music, and the payment of all expenses up to the present time, the Association has still a balance left on the favourable side of the banker's account.—(*Communicated*.)

NEW HIVE-ART SOCIETY.—We are glad to be enabled to announce the formation, under high and influential auspices, of a "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts." The programme will, we believe, be issued in the course of a few days; meantime we may say a few words concerning the objects of the

society, which include the following—to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister, and to elevate the aspirations of both in the mutual relations so established towards this end to attempt the diffusion of sound principles of art and criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by important examples selected from the works of eminent masters of all schools—to award annually prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials to the producers of works in painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry, such works having been produced in public within the twelfth month preceding the distribution; conversaziones to be held monthly during the season, to which ladies will be admitted; two exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, &c., in each year—one of ancient, the other of modern art—to be open free to the public on certain days of the week, and certain days on payment; a permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference illustrative of the arts of design of all ages; the establishment of provincial councils, with honorary secretaries, under whose auspices will occasionally be held meetings and exhibitions, with distribution of prizes, in their respective localities. We wish success to this project, which will usefully occupy new ground.

DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN BEFORE THE QUEEN.—"On its arrival at Doncaster," writes a punctual contemporary, *apropos* of Her Majesty's return from Balmoral, "the bells of the new parish-church rang a merry peal, and as the train stopped in the centre of the platform, the royal saloon being exactly opposite the mayor, town council, and borough magistrates, the 'Little Men' of Dr. Mark played the National Anthem with great precision, and they occupied a good share of Her Majesty's attention." Dr. Denison, M.P., chairman of the company, who was in the train, presented the royal family with the morning papers, and two copies of the *Doncaster Gazette*, containing a full description of the new parish-church, and the report of the opening services, as also at the railway church of St. James, were presented, and Her Majesty was pleased to accept the same. Dr. Mark, through Colonel Phipps, presented Her Majesty with a beautifully printed prospectus of his new College of Music at Manchester."

LEICESTER POPULAR CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent).—The first concert of the series came off on Monday evening last at the New Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Nicholson. The programme was well selected, and gave great satisfaction to a large audience. Miss Julia Bleden sang "The good-bye at the door," and Loder's ballad, "Terry Malone," the latter receiving an encore. Mr. Sansome, a local tenor, who possesses a good voice, and sings in an agreeable manner, was much applauded in the songs, "Phoebe, dearest," and "Or in the stilly night." Mr. Alfred Nicholson delighted the audience by his performance of an oboe solo, composed expressly for him by Mr. Emanuel Aguilar, and extremely well suited to the character of the instrument. Solos for cornet-a-piston and violoncello were very well played by Mr. Smith, and Mr. Selby, of Nottingham, the latter gentleman being encored. Instrumental selections from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the *Trovatore*, *Italiana in Algeri*, &c., completed the evening's entertainment. The subscription for these concerts is this season much larger than before, thus rendering the success of the undertaking assured in advance.

RE-OPENING OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF MIDDLEWICK, CHESHIRE.—(From a Correspondent).—This ancient and beautiful edifice has been completely renovated and restored to its pristine beauty by the munificence of the resident gentry of this part of Cheshire, at an expense of upwards of £400, and is now an ornament to the county. There have been two handsome painted windows, and other substantial church decorations placed in the church; also an organ, of German construction and every modern improvement, built by Mr. J. Jackson, organ builder, of Chester. The instrument does the builder very good credit indeed. After sermons by the Rev. Canon Stowell, of Manchester, and the Rev. Archdeacon Wood, of Sandbach, the collections realised about £200 for the organ fund. Mr. G. Twiss, of Hartford, presided at the organ, and conducted the musical services of the day to the entire satisfaction of a large congregation assembled to witness the re-opening of their church.

HALIFAX GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—(From a Correspondent).—This newly-established and rapidly rising society gave its second concert in the Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening. The attendance was very large, the place being crammed from floor to roof. The concert was opened in a very spirited manner by the choir singing Novello's arrangement of "Rule Britannia," after which came Smart's Part-song, "Ave Maria"—the first piece bringing out all the tone and force that sixty voices were capable of producing, whilst the latter contrasted with it beautifully in softness of tone. Space would not admit of noticing all the pieces, but in addition to the two named, the following were executed:—

PART SONGS.

"Ab, could I with fancy"	Hutton.
"Where is the sunny land"	Thomas.
"I love my love"	Allen.
"Dawn of day"	Reay.

CHORUS GLEES.

"Come bounteous May"	Spoofforth.
"Awake Æolian Lyre"	Dunby.
"When winds breathe soft"	Webbe.

MADRIGAL.

"Flora gave me fairest flowers"	Wilby.
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Since the formation of the society the rehearsals have been guided by Mr. R. S. Burton, organist of the parish-church, Leeds, and chorus-master at the late Festival, and the instructions given by that gentleman have been the means of producing a degree of finish and effect in the performances which would, we doubt not, compare with any other society of equal numbers. The unbounded applause given on Monday evening proved how much the music was appreciated, and five pieces were encored. Least the singing of chorus glees, part-songs, &c., should become monotonous to the audience, the committee had engaged Herr Grose (clarinet), Signor Rossi (bassoon), of the Manchester and Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, each of whom played a solo and a duetto, which had been arranged by Signor Rossi, specially for this concert, on airs from *Norma*. Beethoven's Quintet in E flat was also given, Mr. Wormack (oboe), and Mr. Oddy (horn), of Leeds, making up the five. The piano-forte part was admirably played by Mr. Burton. The society is receiving ample support from the inhabitants of the town, and the subscribers are looking forward to another treat in the course of the winter.

LEEDS.—(From our Correspondent).—Since the highly successful festival given in this town at the commencement of last month, musical matters have lain dead, until last week, when an attempt to get up an inferior festival to benefit the funds of the Dispensary was made by the Town Council. As might have been expected, the concerts have signally failed, and we cannot conceive how any set of gentlemen could for a moment believe that, after the town had been feasted with the highest-class music, performed by the finest talent in England, anything short of really good concerts would answer. There was only one announced vocalist who was likely, by reputation, to attract an audience—that was Miss Vinning. All the others were local; and, although some of them are very fair singers, and deserve encouragement, they cannot yet draw many auditors by the mere announcement of their names. In fact, to show how injudicious the arrangements for these concerts were, I may state that only two male vocalists were engaged for the three concerts—the tenor (Mr. Inkersall) being a third-rate vocalist, and the bass (Mr. Hinchcliffe) being so coarse and unrefined in his singing as to prevent many persons from purchasing tickets for the concerts, notwithstanding their wish to hear Miss Vinning, and benefit the Dispensary. Haydn's Creation was given on Thursday evening, the principal parts being sustained by Miss Vinning, Miss Whitham, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Mr. Spark presided at the organ, and Mr. Burton conducted. The principal soprano solos were given in excellent style; so were the choruses; but the band was not equal to the task, albeit there were a few good players engaged—including Mr. Nicholson (the flautist), Herr Grose, Mr. Bowling, and Mr. Pew. On Friday evening there were engaged

for a miscellaneous concert, Miss Whitham, Miss Freeman, Miss Newbound, the two gentlemen before named, a chorus of about 170 voices, and Mr. Spark, organist. The only thing in the programme calling for special remark were the organ solos, and great anxiety had been felt to hear his grand instrument in its more finished state. The organ is far from being even yet completed, and the main cause of this, I hear, is owing to the many hindrances the builders have had to contend with, arising from the occupation of the Hall by various parties. One thing is quite certain—that unless a speedy alteration be made in the Leeds Town Hall orchestra, in order that the temperature inside the organ at night (when the room is occupied) may be considerably reduced, the instrument will not only be injured, but it will be impossible to listen to it with pleasure—so horribly out of tune does it become from the heated atmosphere. As to the admirable quality of the organ, there does not exist two opinions in the minds of those capable of judging; but in making this remark, I am reminded strongly of an article which appeared in the *Musical World* a few weeks since on the absurdities of provincial criticism generally. Even the most ordinary musical person could not have failed to discover that the only cause of the disagreeable tone of the organ on Friday last was that the reeds and mixtures were sadly too sharp, arising from the circumstance above stated. Yet the *Leeds Intelligencer*—a paper of sufficient respectability to have known better—gives the following dark hints as to the organ:—"The instrument is still incomplete; but as the builders' work has been progressing since the Festival, a good deal of anxiety has been felt to hear it again, without the accompaniment of other instruments or voice, in its more advanced stage; for great expectations await the result of the very liberal vote of money by the Town Council to secure the possession of an organ of the grandest and finest character; and the future success of the cheap concerts, for which the instrument is hoped to be more especially useful, must mainly depend on the favourable impressions it may be capable of producing and sustaining by the richness and variety of its stops and combinations. We will not, with our present imperfect knowledge of what the instrument may be capable of, attempt to influence public opinion, which will, no doubt, find its own conclusion in due time." No doubt! At the third concert, on Saturday night, the attendance was very poor, and I learn that the receipts are not sufficient to cover the expenses of the concerts. The deficiency will be made up from the Borough Funds.

THE DAME AUX CAMELIAS.—The approaching production of a new play in Paris, by Dumas, jun., has caused the following statistics to circulate, which are not a little curious, as exhibiting the pay of a French dramatic writer:—By the *Dame aux Camelias* alone he has gained upwards of 300,000 francs; and about half that sum by the *Des Moines*; for every centime of them is played in Paris, from £8 to £10 is the author's share of the night's receipts. Before the production of the *Dame aux Camelias*, M. Dumas was but little known, and he did not seem likely to increase his reputation by this dramatic work. The manager of the Vaudeville did not like the piece, and would not spend a farthing upon it in the way of decoration: he predicted, as a certainty, that it would fail, and altogether treated the author in much the same discouraging manner as poor Goldsmith was treated by Colman while *She Stoops to Conquer* was yet an unacted comedy. Young Dumas had so little hope of success that, on the morning of the first general rehearsal, he offered to sell his entire future interest in the *Dame aux Camelias* for 6,000 fr. (£240). The offer was accepted by the person to whom it had been made. But the bargain was to be settled by ready cash. The purchaser had not enough money in his pocket to close at once. He went out and obtained it; but when he returned M. Dumas thought better of the matter, and refused the sum. He had taken heart, and was resolved to wait and see what fortune had in store for him. The result is well known. The pecuniary success of the piece was almost without precedent; and in a few months its author was raised to comparative affluence. We may well imagine that he frequently congratulates himself on his lucky escape from a bad bargain.

PARIS.—On the 4th October, a young lady, who but recently left the Conservatory, where she was a pupil of M. Guillinani, and who has substituted for her own name, Guillot, that of Audibert, made her first appearance at the Opéra in *Il Trovatore*, as Azucena, the part usually filled by Mad. Borgli-Manno. It may be said that she exhibited intelligence and talent. Her voice may be classed among the mezzo-soprano, a class by no means suited for Verdi's fierce gipsy-woman. Her voice is rather deficient in fulness in the lower notes, but the middle ones are better and more vibrating. She produced a deep impression in certain passages. She possesses, moreover, fire, and gave promise of considerable histrionic talent. Mad. Lauters-Gueymard is still the same magnificent Léonore. What a fine voice! What fulness, and, above all, what correctness. It has not its equal at the Opéra. On Friday, M. Gueymard made his re-appearance in *Robert*. It was very lucky for the public that Meyerbeer did not think proper to take advantage of the opportunity, and introduced into the piece a sixth act, which he was reported to have composed, and of which many pleasing accounts have been circulated beforehand. Had Meyerbeer done so, a night-cap would have been an indispensably necessary article. But the additional act must first exist, for, as yet, it is but one of the thousand *conards* invented to excite public curiosity. M. Gueymard was welcomed back with pleasure. The audience were especially desirous of once more hearing his brilliant and sonorous voice, as a slight change for Roger, who so frequently gives signs of exertion and fatigue, and needs a short period of repose. Since Monday, *Robert* has become four times centennial. This is a very rare age at any theatre, and especially at the Opéra, where the performances are necessarily separated by greater intervals than any where else. Mad. Hillen, who has just been engaged as *chanteuse lyrique* at the Opéra, has been playing successfully for several years at Brussels, Ghent, Lille, and Nantes.

The effect produced by Madame Cabel in *La Partie du Diable* is one of the great elements of the success attending this revival. At the Italiana, *La Traviata* has been succeeded by *Rigoletto*. Verdi and his admirers will not complain. On the present occasion, we have not got Madame Penco, but a fair artist possessing neither that lady's physical beauty nor ennobling voice. Madlle. de Ruda, who is said to be a Hungarian, is a young person, rather tall and slim, who has not long embraced a lyrical career. She has, however, sung at a few important theatres, and, among others, at Milan and Turin, where she achieved a very satisfactory amount of success. But in Paris, and especially at a theatre where so many illustrious artists have shone, it is not sufficient to display great promise; it is necessary to possess, also, great power and talent of the first order, to captivate the public. Now, although Madlle. de Ruda may possess brilliant qualities, which may procure her sincere admirers, she has also several imperfections, which prevent her from being classed among really first-rate artists.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique, while *Le Nozze di Figaro* produces the most splendid receipts, the off-nights always command good houses with *Procioco*, the *Médicin*, and *Brokovano*. The management is carefully preparing Mozart's *Don Juan*; *Les Chœurs de Jeanne*, the virgin score of M. Bellini, the nephew of the composer of *Norma*; *Le Fils du Cosaque*, by M. Blaud, and *Faust*, by M. Gounod. It has also revived *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, and there is some talk of submitting Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* to the judgment of the Parisian dilettanti. Mozart's *Don Juan* promises to prove very attractive, as there is a report that M. Carvalho has determined on playing the part of Leporello. After all, this gentleman has, for some time past, enjoyed such success as manager, that he may well rely on his lucky star, and succeed even in a part where he will have to contend against the remembrance of the illustrious Lablache. The revival of *Oberon* was received with unanimous applause. Many pieces were encored; among them were the overture, and complete "Tra, la, la," so deliciously sung by Madlle. Girard. How, indeed, was it possible for the audience not to applaud so admirable a *chef-d'œuvre*, such fresh and poetical music, overflowing with melody! O, young authors, meditate over this score, and see what grand and beautiful effects may be produced by inspiration and science

united. A new tenor, of the name of Guard, is to make his debut in M. Gounod's *Faust*. M. Carvalho is taking the greatest care of this gentleman. If it were possible, he would obtain him up in a case till the day of his first performance. It is impossible to describe the precautions with which M. Gounod is surrounded. Whenever he visits the theatre or the grand-orchestra, no one is allowed to stop and hear him, and the other artists are turned out. It is well known that M. Carvalho is not wrong to take such care of this sucking Tamberlik, who possesses a very fine voice, and if his acting is only on a par with his singing; M. Carvalho will not have had his trouble for nothing.

BETHOVEN.

(From *Die Geselschaft*.)

As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Leopold Prokaska*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melo-drama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand Funeral March from his Piano-forte Sonata, Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with exception of the Funeral March, are still in our possession. We had even the permission to publish them with the name of Friedrich Duncker, but never came to that. The splendid march, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the Hunting Chorus; and even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the tenor upon the first syllable.

When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son, a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humour to compose or be silent. It was in 1813, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1794. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him, in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Sandstrass Glacia, he also took lodgings in our neighbourhood; and the next following winter he was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family-table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it, I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood.

One night, when he brought us his song, "To the beloved far off," words by Jetteles, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompanied himself. I must say here, that, to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes; but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, "It was good, but here," putting his finger upon a note where the sign of a tie was placed, "you must draw over." He had missed that.

At another time, I remember, that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks, behind the chairs, etc.

I very often wonder that Beethoven cared so much for the opinions of people; and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: "What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!" But this nobody could have believed, who had ever seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently

allowed to clamber over him, and pull him almost from his chair.

At one time, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: "I bring you Spring." He had been unwell for some time; I suffered a good deal from colic, and said: "That will be one my call!" When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: "He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known it since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art I have as yet done but little." "Oh! as for that, you can die with ease," I said; upon which he murmured, "There are quite different things floating before me." At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, "To Hope," from Tiedje's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedsche, and not in fun, either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby.

AMERICAN VIEW OF RONCONI.

OF Ronconi we have yet to speak; for a first hearing—under the circumstances of his *début* at the Academy—did not permit us to do him full justice. We have called him "the Keen of the lyric stage." This he undoubtedly is, and it is by no means a far-fetched compliment to call him so. In stature, manner, and occasionally in voice, he greatly resembles him. The exclamation of mingled joy and rage, which he introduces into the melody of the composer on the entrance of Chalis, in the last act, is a wonderfully powerful bit of Keen-like passion. Its effect is literally electrical upon the audience. When we first heard it, it was so unexpected and startlingly real, that we almost forgot it was a mere piece of acting, and shrank together as though we had heard an actual ejaculation breathed from the heart of a man who suffers, and who the first time looks on his revenge.

He differs from Edmund Kean most in the eye, which, from being gray, cannot make the wonderful expressiveness of his features so visible to the audience. In addition to this, being an operatic artist, he acts in a much larger theatre, where, necessarily, a great deal of his splendidly minute and careful bye-play is unavoidably lost to the generality of the audience. As a study, we recommend him to the greater portion of our tragedians—in fact, to every one of them whose style has not been absolutely formed and shaped upon their own individuality. Even to these it might be useful to see him.

His voice had last night less evidence of suffering from his recent illness. It displayed most singularly the purely histrionic manner in which he accents the music. Thus, his

"Che? Maria—dessa! e Riccardo?"

rendered the expression with, at least, a five-fold vigour to that which was intended by the composer. The same remarks will apply to the line—

"E troppa la gioia—mi togliè—il respir."

This was given with a terrible sincerity that renders it impossible to recall the style of its vocalism. We remark this more especially for the purpose of showing one of the reasons why it is impossible to separate entirely the criticism of his vocal and histrionic powers. This the more especially as we hear, upon good authority, that there is very little difference evidenced in his voice for the last ten years—it being very certainly little more than eleven years since he first blazed upon the operatic horizon of London and Paris. Essentially, Ronconi could not be a great concert-singer. In the concert-room the voice counts for ninety-nine parts, vocalisation for one, and histrionic power for nothing! On the stage this is almost entirely reversed, and we need not refer to a pronounced favourite of Philadelphia for a proof of our opinion. Now, while we consider Ronconi's voice by no means a great one, we bow before him as a vocalist. This, with his wonderful powers as an actor, induces us to consider him as the only artist upon the lyric stage who can fairly be named in the same breath with Kean, Rachel, or

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF BROOKLYN.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

We have received the report of the board of directors of the above-named Society, together with their programme of operations for the coming year. Keenly alive to the great attractions offered to the music-loving public by our own city, the committee have exerted themselves to the utmost to afford the residents of Brooklyn an opportunity of hearing the choicest of music in great profusion.

As we have before remarked, this society the past year (which was the first of its existence) not only met its expenses, but had quite a handsome surplus on hand. As an additional attraction for the coming season, the directors announce five concerts and fifteen rehearsals, instead of four concerts and eight rehearsals, as heretofore, and this without increasing the term of membership, or enhancing the price of single tickets. An engagement has been made with Mr. Eisfeld to conduct these concerts before his departure for Europe, and it was on his return to fill this (as well as other engagements) that he came so near losing his life by the burning of the ill-fated Austria. It is hoped and confidently expected that he will reach here in season, and have sufficient strength to conduct the first concert, which takes place on the 30th instant. Distinguished vocalists have already been engaged for some of the concerts, and we doubt not that under the efficient management of Mr. Wyman, the honoured president, the present season will be a more than usually entertaining one.

Brooklyn has long needed a first-class music-hall, and from the following, which we clip from one of our dailies, we trust the day is not far distant when she may be thus accommodated:—

"The movement for the construction of a first-class music-hall and opera house in Brooklyn received last week its first practical impulse. A meeting of property-holders, and others interested in the project, was held on Wednesday evening at the Polytechnic, to consider the steps necessary to give effect to the public wishes in this respect. The meeting was confined to about thirty gentlemen, and was strictly a preliminary one, being intended merely to facilitate, and not to formulate an expression of public opinion on this subject. Examining, as it did, from the committee of the Philharmonic, which enjoys the confidence of the citizens, the call was responded to by the right sort of persons, men who have a large stake in the prosperity of Brooklyn, and who are not only willing but able to carry out the enterprise. A pleasing feature of the evening's proceedings was the warm concurrence expressed by two clergymen, the Rev. Drs. Storrs and Farley, in the object of the meeting. After a short discussion, in which the project received the unanimous approval of all present, a committee of five was appointed to make arrangements for convening a general meeting to gather the views of the citizens at large upon the subject. Two sites for the proposed building have been suggested close to the City Hall. As all the railroads of the city converge to this point, no more central or convenient location can be selected."

SIGNOR GIUGLIANI.—Mr. Lumley's popular tenor has been creating a furor at Trieste. Previous to his arrival the opera had been twice reduced to the brink of ruin. Signor Giugliani brought back its prestige in one night, and gave the direction a new vitality. The public have been in raptures with the great tenor's Edgardo in *Lucia*, Fernando in *La Favorita*, Manrico in *Il Trovatore* and Arturo in *I Puritani*. Some of the local journals state that the terms he receives are altogether unprecedented. So much the better for Mr. Lumley.

The German journals state that King Maximilian of Bavaria intends to erect a monument to Waltraud von Eichenbach, the Minnesinger, and author of the epic poem of *Parzival*. The sculptor, Herr C. Knoll, has been entrusted with the modelling of the life-size statue; and we hear that he has nearly finished his task. Leaning with the left hand on his sword, the harp in his right, and the helmet surrounded by a laurel-wreath, the poet steps forth, as it were, to meet us. In his noble form, gentleness and dignity, it is said, are happily combined. The statue is to form the central ornament of a fountain at the birth-place of the poet, the little town of Eichenbach, in Franconia.

HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

(Written by DESMOND RYAN for M. JULLIEN'S Farewell Concerts.)

Behold, a brighter morning
Than e'er in Heav'n had birth,
Awaken and give glad warning
Of love and joy on earth;
Now Freedom e'er the world her banner waving,
In concord bids all nations to combine,
Disciple the darkling hearts mankind enlaving,
And links all hearts in Harmony divine!

Sing! let's sing and wait the blessing

Below—around—above—

Ev'ry heart expressing,

Peace, Unity, and Love!

CHORUS.

Sing! let's sing and wait the blessing

Below—around—above—

Ev'ry heart expressing,

Peace, Unity, and Love!

Ye Pow'rs of ev'ry nation,

Heav'n's sacred light receive!

One grand Consideration

Of Brotherhood achieve!

Then Art shall reign, war, strife, ambition ended,
And wond'ring by knowledge men shall claim the skies;
Love, Peace, and Harmony eternal blend,
Shall make of earth a glorious paradise!

Sing! let's sing and wait the blessing

Below—around—above—

With heart and voice expressing,

Peace, Unity, and Love!

CHORUS.

Sing! let's sing and wait the blessing

Below—around—above—

With heart and voice expressing,

Peace, Unity, and Love!

HYMNE NAPOLIENNE.

(Poëte et Musique par M. JULLIEN.)

La France est un Empire, ainsi Dieu l'a voulu,
Et du peuple et de Dieu, l'Empereur est l'ouï.
Oui, Dieu touché des douleurs de la France,
A l'Empereur dit, tu la sauvas.
Et les décrets de notre Exorçisme
Napoléon; tu les accompliras
Rends au pays la Paix et l'abondance,
Rends tu l'union, l'ordre, et la gloire et l'honneur.
Dieu protégé la France,
Et sava l'Empereur.

Où, Dieu dans sa puissance a béni l'Empereur,
En versant sur son front la lumière et l'honneur.
Iraux Français veillons près de son trône,
Tour loi prions, et soyons tous unis,
Car la splendeur de sa couronne.
Sur notre France et l'univers rayonne,
Et son nom même est l'honneur du pays,
Plus d'esprit de parti, l'union c'est la puissance,
Unissons nous Français et chantons tous un chœur,
Dieu protégé la France,
Et sava l'Empereur.

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WRITTEN BY ALFRED MELLON, AND SUNG BY MADLLE SOPHIE CRUVELLI, AT CORK, IN 1854.

IN RE "HELMSLEY," OR THE "ADVENT HYMN."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—I am induced, by the near approach of the season of Advent, to forward you the result of recent investigations touching the origin and history of the hymn tune known as "Helmsley," or the "Advent Hymn," feeling assured that if publicity be given to the particulars which I have gleaned, the entire unfitness of that tune for divine worship will be more generally acknowledged than at present, and "popular" taste at last be disposed to yield to what I may assume to be the earnest wish of every qualified and conscientious organist on the subject.

My own conviction has always been that the tune in question must have had a secular origin, and it was therefore with no little satisfaction that I last year obtained a clue to its having formerly actually figured as a *hornpipe*! In 1773 appeared, at Covent Garden Theatre, O'Hara's burlesque, entitled *The Golden Pippin*, in which the notorious Miss Catley played the part of Juno. In the following year was published a collection of dance melodies, entitled "Thompson's New Dances," at page 16 of which appears the following:—

MISS CATLEY'S NEW HORNPIPE IN THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

and this, except at the last two bars, contains, in due order and rhythm, every note of the popular Church-tune (*1*), known as "HELMSLEY, or the "ADVENT HYMN."

We shall now find, from the same source, that not even the last two bars of our "Helmsley" are left totally unprovided for. In the edition of O'Hara's said burlesque, in 1776, Juno has a song in the third act headed and beginning thus:—

"Air 5. GIOBANI.

"On Nabob's throne despotick,
O'er Omrah's thou shalt blaze," &c., &c.

and there is an *appendix* to this edition, informing us that since the printing of the foregoing impression, the following variations have been made in the representation:—

"Page 40, Air 5. Instead of 'On Nabob's throne despotick',

"Guardian angels, now protect me.

Where's the mortal can resist me?

Queens must ev'ry honour gain," &c., &c.

and in "The Music in *The Golden Pippin*," published about the same time, the foregoing words are found in conjunction with the following tune:—

The whole of the first period of this tune has a most unmistakable relationship with "Helmsley" and with the hornpipe previously quoted, and the 7th and 8th bars of both periods clearly shadow forth that concluding portion of "Helmsley" which is wanting in the hornpipe itself. Thus our "Helmsley" is now complete.

In curious old collections of songs, the foregoing tune appears (but generally in A, the *genuine* key of "Helmsley") to the following words:—

"Guardian Angels, now protect me,
Send, ah send the youth I love;
Deign, O Cupid," &c., &c.,

and it is in the recollection of some whom I have consulted, that with these words it was a popular street-ballad in the latter part of last century. From all this we gather that "Guardian Angels, now protect me," was the name by which the tune was commonly known, which accounts for its being so referred to in the edition of *The Golden Pippin*, in 1776. And now follows a very remarkable additional link connecting "Helmsley" with the sources I have adduced. I am most credibly informed that this tune, "Helmsley," is to be found in some collection of *Psalmody*, under the title of "Guardian Angels," by which name I am given to understand that it is still in some places recognised. I sincerely hope this may be corroborated.

In Sheridan's farce of *The Camp*, the words beginning—

"When war's alarms enticed my Willie from me"—

were sung to a tune also having many points of resemblance to "Helmsley."

* Probably these two words, in the absence of the context, may, in many cases, have warranted off suspicious as to the secular origin of the tune, and so facilitated its introduction into the Church.

I have, at considerable pains, gleaned these particulars from a great variety of sources, including much valuable information from my esteemed friends Mr. William Horsley, Mus. Bac. (since, I regret to add, deceased), Dr. Rimbauld, and Mr. W. Ball, of literary celebrity. I may also state that my friend Mr. T. H. Severn had in his possession a copy of an old horn-pipe, containing "Helmsey," nearly as satisfactorily as that in *Thompson's New Dances*, and entitled "A Celebrated Horn-pipe, as danced at Sadler's Wells," with a frontispiece of Harlequin in terpsichorean attitude. This is unfortunately mislaid, and I have not been able to find another copy.

I esteem this scarcely the opportunity, if even you could afford the space, to enter into any lengthened argument to show how unfit are not only such manifestly secular tunes as "Helmsey," but *adaptations altogether*, for the purpose of Corales, and how false must be the taste which approves of such things. But lest any might seek refuge in the well-known but certainly most unlucky saying of an eminent divine, that "it is *via ipse deus* should have all the pretty tunes to himself," I would merely remark on the propriety of all music used in the Church not only being free from extraneous and unworthy associations, but moreover possessing an unmistakable stamp of *speciality* for its high purpose; and whether the outpourings of assembled souls to their Creator be in the form of supplication, praise, fear, love, hope, or despondency, music, of which all that can be said is that it is *pretty*, certainly cannot in any case be a fitting vehicle of expression.

I thus freely offer the results of my inquiries, and should their publication in any degree promote the banishment of such discreditable tunes as "Helmsey" from arenas to which they are in every way so unsuited, my aim will, in corresponding proportion, have been achieved.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

2, Howley Place, Maida Hill, W.,
November 1st, 1858.

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Allow me to say a word or two in reply to a Letter which appeared in your last number, signed "A Clergyman."

Your Correspondent states that my proposal to end each chime on the tonic note (thus affording repose to the musical ear), is exactly what is not wanted—"no full close in music should be permitted while the subject is still in a state of development." Admitting this last statement, let me ask, who in composing a solo, having ended the first section or strain with the dominant note, ever inserted in the following space, "an interval of fifteen minutes rest?" Your correspondent's line of argument, therefore, does not meet the point in question.

As to what is said about the want of rhythm in my notation, I remark that the form of construction, as written for bells, and the observations on the notes, clearly show that the latter indicate sounds of equal duration, so that there can be no *quantitative* rhythm, and in such a case, bars or no bars, *quantitative* rhythm can never be expressed by bell-chimes. There is, however, something like rhythm in the progressions. And this leads me to add, that in my system each quarter of the hour is distinguished from the others by a different series of melodious sounds of a bold and decisive character.

Your correspondent says the original notation for the chimes has a sprinkling of melody. True; but certain unmeaning progressions, occasioned partly by the frequent introduction of the heaviest quarter-bell (giving out a sound nearly as grave as the hour-bell of St. Paul's Cathedral), will undoubtedly mar the effect. The arrangement may not be equally objectionable for ordinary bells, such as those at Cambridge, from which it is copied. But these unmeaning solos played every hour, night and day, upon the deep-toned bells at Westminster, will, to say the least, constitute a tiresome mode of telling the flight of time.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

T. WALESBY.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Having noticed an article in your periodical apparently cut from the *Christian Examiner*, I think it necessary for the cause of good music to offer a few remarks, not only for the sakes of music itself, but for the justification of those who are unceasingly employed over materials, the moulding of which is a task presenting difficulties only to be realised by those who experience them. In the first place, the *Examiner* correspondent draws a comparison between German and English congregational singing. Now we all know that Germany is essentially a musical country, and England is not, and we also know that music is taught, and, in fact, in the German education it is *à sine qua non*; whereas, in (we may say) the middle classes of England, money spent in music-lessons, and musical instruments, is considered wasted. We wish it were otherwise, but in only too many instances is it a fact. How, then, can it be possible, that the music used in the church or chapel can be kept at that low ebb which admits of the congregation embracing it! for it cannot be disputed that the most ignorant and uncultivated voices are always, and always will be, heard above the rest. A man can have but little music in his soul who would attempt to coerce or roll back the tide of music, which now, more than at any period of England's history, is advancing with a rapid and yet sure progress. If the *Examiner* Correspondent wishes the whole congregation to join "as the sound of many waters," let him be instrumental in the purification of that at present turbid stream, and raise them to the level of the more scientific, who can hardly in reason be expected to return to that primitive chaos, even to attempt to rescue those to whom nature had denied the same faculties. None but those who have had their nerves tortured by discord and inability on the part of learners, whom Nature has so utterly forgotten in her distribution of harmonic sympathy, can see the almost insurmountable difficulty attending the instruction of these unfortunate individuals. With very few exceptions (in proportion to their achievements in other sciences), the English people are utterly devoid of innate musical talent, compared to the countries with which comparison is drawn. People may, by constant application, be taught to execute certain rhythmical phrases correctly; but, unless an electric communication is kept up between voice and soul (which can be there only by birth), no refinement of modulation can be obtained, without which the *forte* and the *piano* might as well be spunged from the vocabulary.

The tendency which our congregations have to drag, and get flat, even in the simplest tunes, is at once a proof of the utter disregard they pay to those who are appointed to lead them. If in singing a hymn, the sentiments expressed convey the idea that the music should be softened, the congregation do not take the hint, but continue to the fullest extent of their nasal resonance. That a great improvement is needed, there remains not a doubt, and great improvement can be made; but to dream of a retrograde movement, to suit the stationary ideas of a people, to a certain portion of whom it is next to impossible to give what nature has denied, is more than the favoured portion of our race would consent to, although our conductors of church music generally have, with their little band, to fight against a whole army of quailing ebarity children. Better let those who wish to drag it down, be instrumental in raising the low.

AN ORGANIST.

MANCHESTER.—The Monday evening concerts of the 25th ult. attracted an immense audience at the Free Trade Hall. The principal performers were Miss Fanny Hubbard, Miss Dyer, Messrs. Haigh, Tully, Rosenthal, and Signor Picco. Mr. D. W. Banks was the conductor.

BARNARD CASTLE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society lately performed Haydn's *Creation*. The principal vocalists were Miss Helena Walker, of Leeds; Mr. Pearsell, of Lichfield Cathedral; and Mr. Brandon, of Barnard Castle. The chorus comprised nearly 100 performers of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Ainsworth, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, led the band. Mr. Raper, of Barnard Castle, presided at the organ. The whole was conducted by Mr. Bedmore, of Lichfield. There was a large attendance.

ANOTHER OPINION ON "LOHENGRIN" IN VIENNA.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 692.)

For these reasons nothing has yet been gained for the system itself by this success of *Lohengrin*, at least not with us in Vienna, where, from the force of habit, we are, in musical matters, usually accustomed to call things by their right names. We do not exactly know how the new philologists on the banks of the *Pieise* may choose to express themselves, but, among us, a melody is still always called a melody, and an opera an opera, while simple, impressive vocal music, which penetrates to the heart, is still always considered as the greatest triumph a heaven-inspired composer can achieve, so old-fashioned are our views. Little is to be effected with us by phrases concerning the difference between the "tone-melody," and the "architectonic treatment of the subject," of the "union of all the arts in one whole work of art," &c. If Wagner succeeds in Vienna, it will be in spite of what he has written about himself and what others have written about him. He will owe his success solely to his unusual natural talent, which, although not free from error, is powerful enough to captivate the mind of an impartial auditor, to elevate his heart, to fix his attention, and, in many instances, to satisfy his musical taste. But we must receive the composer with unbiased opinions, and the less the public listens to the effusions of party-papers, and the less the educated amateur troubles himself about them, the easier will it be for both to pronounce a just decision.

In the choice of his dramatic subject, Wagner manifests an especial partiality for those of the middle ages, the period of myths and legends. In this again he is a warm friend of the dusky Past; his dramas are not rooted in the struggles and efforts of the Present, or in the yearning for a better Future, unless, under their obscure, mysterious surface, we are presented with allegories, or unless the "light temple, more precious than aught known on earth, and in it a vessel of wondrous and blessed power," has a deep concealed meaning, which we must not dare to particularise more nearly since, "of so sacred a nature is the blessing of the Grail, that, concealed, it must escape a layman's eye." But, however this may be, Wagner's operatic librettos are universally and justly praised for richness of matter and dramatic effect. A strain of true poetry pervades even *Lohengrin*. It is *Euryanthe*, with greater inspiration, with purer, and more vigorous expression, but, otherwise, in a tolerably similar shape. The cursory and almost incomplete manner in which certain points are hinted at—in the repeated endeavours of Telramund and Ortrud to separate the lovers, and especially in the bewitching of Göttrich, &c.—does not materially injure the attractive and moving effect of the whole. Those persons, indeed, who apply to the libretto of an opera the standard which belongs to the drama alone, can hardly be satisfied with the mere outlines of character they will find in the work. But we who stand upon the so-called "surmounted point," must be contented with the operatic libretto, considered as such, because, from a composition of this description we expect only outlines, intended not to receive real life until united with music.

This real life is in *Lohengrin* something very pithy, and inwardly rich, although not outwardly varied enough. No one will call Wagner's music trivial. It is pervaded by snatches of truth, grandeur, and real genuine depth of feeling, which, unfortunately, being disguised by a great many peculiarities and weaknesses, do not always produce the same powerful effect. Wagner's scoring is distinguished for originality, the dazzling charm of unexpected combinations, and many detached genial touches; but, on the other hand, it is deficient, at times, in simplicity, nature, and correct measure. The introduction, before the curtain is raised for the first time, is very original, but much too long, and is rendered repulsive to many persons by the long-continued high fingering of the violins. Many, too, of the orchestral introductory and after pieces, are spun out a great deal too much, and the *tremolo* on the violins is too frequently

employed, while the wind-instruments are playing the melody. Lastly, the *finale* of the first act, as well as that of the second, is, in certain passages, too noisy, and strikes us, here and there, as an effective but coarse exaggeration of the means at the composer's command, in Verdi's style. Very nearly the same qualities may be proved to exist in the vocal music of *Lohengrin*. Of course we are still speaking of the "opera" of *Lohengrin*, as an opera, that is to say, we are judging it by the old standard, according to which we look upon vocal music, musically beautiful, and at the same time dramatically effective, as the greatest triumph of art. Musical inventiveness is, therefore, for the operatic composer, the first and most indispensable quality, as it is for the writer of the smallest song and of the greatest instrumental work. To investigate how far Wagner is, in this respect, inferior to the old masters, would be here a superfluous task. Whether he sometimes avoids melody on purpose, or does so only when his imaginative power comes to a stand-still, is difficult to determine. The musical auditor will always be loth to believe in such an intentional renunciation of this most lofty and heavenly gift, and, whenever he hears no melody, his first and last idea will be: "The composer could not think of anything here." These remarks apply partly to Ortrud and Telramund, both of whom are, musically speaking, neglected. Weber's principal fault in *Euryanthe*, namely, the disagreeable expression, which deprives his Lysiart and his Eglantine of all musical effect, is here, if not surpassed, at least repeated in Wagner's peculiar manner. We do not require that the "out-and-out villains" should always indulge in the most dulcet of strains, but we still do not perceive why villainy should be marked by the composer's condemning the criminal to set to naught the rules of rhythm and good music. Can the feelings which quiver through Ortrud and Telramund in the beginning of the second act be portrayed only by dissonances which reduce the singer to despair and offend the ear of the public? Are not melodies of a gloomy character more appropriate for rendering such situations than a gloomy absence of all melody whatever? The concluding musical passages of this scene are a sufficient proof of the correctness of our views, since these few bars, from the fact of their forming a definite melody, produce a far more powerful effect upon the minds of the audience than all the preceding detached recitative passages. It is for this reason that the character of Elsa stands out so brilliantly from the rest. We there find the greatest number of complete melodious passages, while spread over the part is that enthusiastically-quick and poetically refulgent expression, which Wagner succeeded in imparting to his *Elisabeth*, although in a different degree, corresponding to the nature of the latter work, an expression which, being, both in a musical as well as a dramatic point of view, as beautiful as it is true, fills the soul of the hearer with profound delight, and of itself is a testimony of Wagner's great ability. *Lohengrin* himself excites in certain passages a similar sentiment of satisfaction, but suffers, like almost all the personages in the opera—not even excepting Elsa—from the systematic employment of the recitative form, on which Wagner's system, if we understand it correctly, is founded. It strikes us, however, that only a tolerable dose of sound judgment is requisite to perceive that when recitative is adopted, as partly in its most simple, and partly in an *obligato* form, as a permanent standard, and only extended, now and then, into *arioso*, but never into a regular air, duet, &c., the impression produced must be pre-eminently wearisome. In the drama when sung as well as in the drama when spoken, one of the most powerful means of heightening the effect is to give a scene an unexpected turn by the arrival of a fresh personage, or the addition of new motives. If, however, this expedient is employed two, three, and four times in succession, so that, in the course of the act the situation is not definitively brought to a close after any one scene, and no interval of natural repose supervenes, the expedient then becomes a fault, because the performers are no longer able to express without an exaggeration the increased effect, because they are disappointed in the just claims they have to the applause of the public, applause which

is procured for them by the definite conclusion of a situation; because such a conclusion of the separate portions of a work is one of the first rules of composition in art; because the rapid repetition of this dramatic lever, however effective it may be, betrays a partiality for exaggeration and an ignorance of the stage; and because, lastly, the spectator and auditor require,—quite as much as the piece itself does—occasional periods of repose, and can only experience the consciousness of such a period by the formal rounding-off of a situation naturally complete in itself. This requirement, which is, at least, quite as necessary for a musical as for a spoken drama, is mostly unfulfilled in *Lohengrin*, and hence arises the more or less wearisome impression produced by the work even on those who feel that, while their attention is captivated by the composition as a whole, their mind is delighted by detached beauties.

These beauties, however, consist precisely in those (melodic) portions which Wagner's system possesses in common with the opera of the Past, and the interest felt is paid to the poetical whole, the work of individual talent, while all which, in this "Opera of the Past," belongs to the "System of the Future," is to be reckoned among the defects and weak points of both the opera and the system.

That which turns the scale in matters of art is true, fresh, and original talent, and not the dry, hollow theories of arrogant system-hunters. What the latter spoil, the former make good again, and the sooner talent of this kind frees itself from systematic errors and a useless hankering after novelty, and returns to truly liberal, that is to say, sound and reasonable views, the sooner will it clear for itself a sure and honourable path through the Present to the Future: a Future of merited recognition and undying fame.

W. M. S.

"WREATHED SMILES."

(From *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*.)

AMONGST many other theatrical mummies, which to us are always most amusing, we read that, on the 100th night of the *Rose of Castille*—

"A lady sitting in one of the stage boxes took off a very handsome wreath from her own head, and handed it down to Miss Louisa Fyne."

This was very generous, though the fact of offering to a lady a second-hand wreath might be stigmatised by sceptics as rather a failed compliment. Supposing a gentleman, carried away by a similar impulse of admiration, had offered to Mr. Harrison his hat, we wonder how the latter gentleman would have taken it?

However, what alarms us, in this idiotic system of tribute-throwing, is this new fashion of undressing in public. To what article of a lady's dress will the madness extend next? There are other articles of female apparel a thousand times more valuable than a wreath, and it might be a new sight to witness a matronly Jewess, at a loss to know what to offer, pull off her rich velvet gown, and deliberately hand it over the proscenium-box to the admired heroine. Another lady, as strongly moved, might pull off her shoes, and throw them at the head of the happy *Elsino*, who was sharing the musical honours of the silly ovation! It will be as well to check these absurdities, funny as they are, or else we shall have some inspired Gent, determined not to be brow-beaten by such a simple trifle as a wreath, pulling out his pocket-handkerchief and offering it to the adored prima donna of the evening! In fact, the greater the favourite, the greater will the desire be amongst the audience to outstrip one another in these tributes, and then, we ask in trembling, where is the mania to stop!

Huddersfield.—The Philosophical Hall was crowded to excess, to hear the members of the Choral Society perform a selection of music, as a tribute of respect to the memory of their highly esteemed conductor, the late Mr. James Baitye. Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, officiated as conductor. Miss Whitlam (who was a pupil of Mr. Baitye's), Miss Hirst, and Messrs. R. Garner, W. Hirst, G. Miles, W. Nicholls, T. Nettleswood, and H. Varley took the principal parts. The whole of the performers were dressed in mourning, and a great portion of the audience also testified their respect by being similarly attired.

MADAME BOSIO IN RUSSIA.

(From the *Gazette Russe de l'Académie St. Pétersbourg*,

October 5, 1858.)

It is truly delightful to hear Madame Bosio sing. Our incomparable prima donna appeared, last week, for the first time this season, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. The part of Gilda was performed by her with that artistic perfection, both vocal and dramatic, so highly appreciated by the exceedingly exacting public of St. Petersburg. We will not speak of the manner in which she was received. The enthusiastic shouts and applause of the audience lasted a quarter of an hour. It was a perfect ovation. She sang as only Madam Bosio and the nightingale can sing.

The public seemed inclined to make her repeat every piece, but was contented with encoring the quartet of the last act, where the poor girl's bitter tears and her outraged father's despair are accompanied by the strident laugh of the courtisan, and the joyous song of the seducer.

Madame Bosio made her second appearance in *La Traviata*, one of the favourite operas of the St. Petersburg public. The large theatre was filled to the roof, and there was not the smallest place left unoccupied. The performance resembled a perfect artistic festival, at which all the lovers and amateurs of music, in fact, the cream of the public, had agreed to meet.

Madame Bosio appeared, and the shouts and applause, after lasting twenty minutes, were succeeded by a religious silence. The fair singer appeared as if she wished to surpass herself. Her silvery voice resounded through the house with indescribable sweetness. Her admirable notes entered the soul and seized hold of the heart. First we had the gay creature, *sventata*, spoilt and mocking, who says, laughingly: "La vita è nel tripudio." Then, when a new sentiment has stolen into her heart, she becomes pensive. "Estrano in cor scolorito loquer accenti; aria per mia sventura un aro amore!" Yes! it is that true and pure love which ennobles and elevates every woman. In vain does she endeavour to subdue this "dolorio vano." Her efforts are useless; in vain does she try, in the admirable *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera deggio," to recover her self-possession. She must accomplish her destiny; she sacrifices everything to her lover, and expires in his arms, exclaiming: "Ah! io ritorno a vivere!"

Madame Bosio's acting and singing are beyond praise. She has now no rival in all Europe; this is a fact of which we had no opportunity of convincing ourselves last year, when we visited the principal theatres on both sides of the Appennines. In Italy, there was nothing but mediocrity; one lady is past her prime, and the other puffs away like an old clarinet. Miolan-Carvalho, Nantier-Didée, and even Piccolomini, who is so celebrated, are but poor singers compared with Madame Bosio, who is the queen of contemporary cantatrices.

Calzolari is quite worthy of singing with her. The performance was a complete success, and every person present left the theatre with that sort of sweet impression which men remember for a long period, especially if fate compels them to quit the capital and banishes them to the extremity of some distant province.

SONG.

BY JOHN ELLISON.

O, say it again! when you tell me you love me,
The world has no clouds and no darkness for me;
Its scorn and its hollowness never can move me,
If a thought that I cherish is welcome to thee!

O, say it again!—as a zephyr that fatheth—
Like voice of the angels, it falls on mine ear!
My heart to that rapturous whisper devoteth
Each vision that yields it a Paradise here!

O, say it again! for my spirit were lonely,
Unblest by the hope thy fond accents can give;
Like the breeze of the West, 'tis their gentle breath only
Sheds bloom o'er the desert, and makes it to live!

(These words are copyright).

MR. VANDENHOFFS FAREWELL SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The last scene in the drama of the actor's life is played out; and, dissolved of fictitious character, he comes before you in the singleness of his own identity to take his grateful and final leave of you and of his profession, agreeably with a pledge, given some four years since, to a requisition that I would defer my then announced retirement, and constitute Liverpool the terminus of my theatrical career—the scene of my last performances. When I withdrew myself from your presence this evening, I shall have quitted "the stage" for ever. And how shall I find words—what expressions can I employ, to depict to you—my long tried, ever kind, and constant patrons, the thoughts, the feelings, crowding on heart and brain, as I stand here for the last time, oppressed with the pain of pleasure-filled recollections of incidents and events in my professional connection with the Liverpool public through a series of bygone years embracing the existence of nearly half a century—all which memory now brings vividly on the mind's eye, the bright retrospect saddened by the overcoming cloud of the parting hour, the pain-fraught hour of separation, to meet, alas! no more. For time, who with silent-stealing step ne'er halts or slackens his pace, has brought me to a gentle declivity, where the prospect palpably narrows, while the gnomes on the dial indicates the distance gone ever, and prudence warns to cease from labour before nature declare herself unequal to the task imposed—before the manly voice turn again towards childish treble, and the hale, firm step totter in the enfeebled footing of senility! In the buoyancy of young manhood I first courted your acquaintance, and aspired to win distinction in your eyes. You greeted my efforts with ready approval, and accorded your liberal support to cheer my onward course in the arduous, precarious, yet fascinating profession I had chosen. At twenty-four I first became a candidate for honours here—at sixty-eight (verging on the age allotted to man) I am resigning all further claim to your attention. Those periods record my entrance and exit on these boards—the beginning and the end. The poor player has fretted his hour upon the stage, and shall now be heard no more. But, as the day closes around me, I would fain satisfy myself that the years I have passed in the service of the public have not been vainly spent, have not been wasted, in ministering only to the idle amusement of mere pleasure-seeking multitudes. No! no! I feel that the actor's art may claim a higher purpose, and a nobler end; and, from the first to the last, I have endeavoured to keep that end in view. That the drama originated in man's appetite for amusement and his delight in witnessing reflections of himself, I am fully prepared to admit. Amusement is a necessity of our nature; for the recreation, development, and invigoration of the physical and moral constitution, and for its preservation in healthful condition. The mental faculties, like the corporeal agents, demand relaxation from severity of labour; which to refuse or withhold is to neglect a requirement of nature; and nature's requirements are laws which none may disobey or infringe without paying the penalty she is sure to exact. The apparently most fatiguing exercise in sports is healthful and agreeable relation to the scene of toil, after even the hardest day's work. It is the joyous outburst of nature rejoicing and willing to bear strength with her own freedom of action, as opposed to the constrained and enforced working exacted by the tyrant Necessity.

"There be some sports are painful, but the labour
Delight in them sets off."

And so—

"The labour we delight in physics pain!"

The mind—the intellectual faculty—is subject to the same law. The merchant, the lawyer, the banker, whose brain has been taxed through the day with the *mathematics* of business, finds relaxation from the severity of exactness in the outpourings of the poet's fancies; and they fly to a *change* of the subject of thought, which, while it involves the operation of thinking, will, if presented in the form of amusement, distract and dissipate the busy working of the brain, even while appealing to its exercise.

And if the proper study of mankind is man, then is Shakspeare the greatest instructor of man, and a great benefactor to his kind: and the actor, his interpreter, at once a disciple and a teacher in his school, may not be disregarded by the philosopher or the philanthropist, as useless in his generation, or an inefficient agent to good. To blend instruction with amusement, the useful with the agreeable, is to attain to the *omne panem* of the poet, the ultimatum of effort in behalf of our fellows. With this view of the stage, I see no reason to be discontented with the pursuit to which I have devoted what talents and energies I may possess; but it would be a subject for serious regret could I conceive at this hour that I had passed my days in unmeaning profitless labour. Ladies and gentlemen, I am bestowing all my tediousness upon you. I pray you let the motive extenuate the offence, and excuse me, if my spirit travelled away from this point I must come to, at last, as seeking relief from the pressure of the heart that awaits the sad conclusion. My work is done; the curtain has fallen to rise no more for me. The actor's occupation's gone—

"His demum trabea, cestos, atromque repono."

Farewell, my art! And now, dear patrons, friends—oh! how weak, how vain are my words acknowledgments to convey to you my deep sense of past kindnesses, of present sympathy, manifested in the overwhelming tribute of, may I say, affection offered by this brilliant assembly gracing my final exit from the stage, and making retreat a triumph! In the fulness of my heart, I can but cry to you—Thanks!—Thanks!—And Farewell!

LYONS.—M. Paque, the eminent violoncellist, and one of M. Juillard's celebrated quartet, has lately given a concert here in conjunction with M. Ferdinand de Crose, the pianist-composer, M. Aimé Gros, the young violinist and harpiste of the Conservatoire of Paris, and of M. de Benier, the tenor and professor of singing. M. Paque especially distinguished himself among his *confères*, and in a fantasia composed by himself on airs from the *Traviata* elicited acclamation from the entire audience. The music, no less than the executant, obtained unqualified eulogium. The splendid rooms of M. Penet were filled by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

LUGANO.—The correspondent of the *Cosorama Pittorica* writes in enthusiastic terms of a new tenor who appeared a short time since at the Lugano theatre in a petite opera, entitled *Il Pipetto*, the music by the maestro De Ferrari. After speaking of the *prima donna*, Signora Benvenuti, and the *buffo*, Signor Carlo Rocca, in terms by no means eulogistic, the writer continues: "But that which above all produced the greatest impression and created the greatest astonishment was the young tenor, Signor Giovanni Romano, pupil of Signor Prati. Handsome in person and gifted with a powerful and extensive voice, he sang with intense feeling and animation, and absolutely rose superior to the scene. He sang the aria in the prison with so much suavity in the *adagio* and so much energy in the *cabaletta*, as to create a real *furore*." The writer goes on to state, that Signor Romano achieved a triumphant success at the fall of the curtain; that *Roberto Devereux* is to be produced for him; and that the public await with curiosity and great interest the first night of the performance in Quary? met Signor Giovanni Romano identical with Mr. Cavallani, a promising tenor, some time since pupil of the Royal Academy of Music!

CHURCH BELLS.—A correspondent of the *British Magazine* thus described a recent invention by Mr. John Bottom, St. Phillip's-road, Sheffield. It is a circular plate or disc of steel, as a substitute for the ordinary church bell, which has hitherto been so cumbersome and expensive an article. Through numerous difficulties, discouragements, and disappointments, the enterprising man has persevered, and at last perfectly succeeded. These steel plates have a much longer tone, and are heard much farther off than the common church bells of the same weight or the same price. Thus that which I have, weighing about 50lbs., is heard much farther off than an ordinary bell of much greater weight; its cost was £4 10s., and no bell which could be got for £10 would have nearly so good a tone. These plates could be rung with bells also, thus affording an easy way of considerably increasing the number and efficacy of our present peals of bells.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH.
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, KING JOHN. Preceded every evening by the farce of AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, November 6, will be presented the comedy of LADIES BEWARE! To be followed by the drama of THE RED VIAL. To conclude with TO OBLIGE BENSON.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock.—Engagement of the celebrated Violinist, M. WENZEL WAGNER. "The Fair Leaves" Valm. "M. Jullien's" "Hymn of Universal Harmony." The New Quadrille, "The Caspellea are Coming." "Dog Tray Polka." And a New Selection from Weber's Grand Opera DER FREISCHÜTZ, arranged expressly for these Concerts by M. Jullien.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHEPHERDICE.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DODDLEIGH.

Madame Celeste every evening in three characters, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Eliza Arden, Mr. Fitzmore, and Madlle. Aurel. Production of a Grand Military Spectacle—A detachment of Guards from the Tower—all Crimons Heros—for the occasion.—On Monday and during the week the performances will commence with the Military Spectacle entitled THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. (This first appearance this season.) Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrell, and Mr. W. Harrison (who will introduce Britany Richard's favourite ballad, "Oh, whither wilt thou fearest?"). On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 14th times) Ballo's high school opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Susan Fyne, Miss M. Frascati, and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Thursday, MARIANA. Des Cesar de Baux (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Mariana, Miss Louisa Fyne.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF "THE CROWN DIAMONDS."

Continued and increasing success of "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE" and "MARIANA."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, will be produced, for the first time this season, Aubert's favourite Opera, THE CROWN DIAMONDS. Characters by Miss Louisa Fyne—who will introduce Bode's celebrated Air, with Variations, Miss Susan Fyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. St. Alroy, Mr. Henry Arris (his first appearance this season), Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrell, and Mr. W. Harrison (who will introduce Britany Richard's favourite ballad, "Oh, whither wilt thou fearest?"). On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 14th times) Ballo's high school opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Susan Fyne, Miss M. Frascati, and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Thursday, MARIANA. Des Cesar de Baux (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Mariana, Miss Louisa Fyne.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

To conclude with (each evening) the new Ballet Divertissement entitled LA FLEUR D'AMOUR, Madlle. Eliza Michele, Morlacchi, and Pasquale. Acting-manager, Mr. William Booth and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Biring. Doors open at seven. Commence at half-past seven.

MARRIED.

On the 2nd Nov., at Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. Harcourt Rackham, M.A., Vicar of Witleford, assisted by the Rev. E. C. Alston, M.A., Rector of Dennington, uncles of the bride, Walter Mescock Wilkinson, Esq., of Westbourne-terrace, to Louisa Rackham, eldest daughter of William Chappell, Esq., F.S.A., of Harley-place and Regent-street.

On the 30th Oct., Robert Glenn Wesley, Esq., to Miss Juliana Benson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOMER BRAD.—The following is the letter which appeared at the time (1847) in the Morning Post:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

"SIR—Will you allow me, through your mediation, to offer some explanation to the public on a subject of my journey to France, and of my sudden return to London, without having made my *début* at l'Académie Royale. I have no complaint to make of the directors of that theatre, as your readers may have been led to believe. On the contrary, they did their utmost to assist me to a success, and to encourage me in the hope that I should obtain it. They placed me under the care of the best masters for accent, &c. I need but mention M.M. Duprez, Michelot, and Emmanuel Garcia. I had a full rehearsal of the part of Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*, with orchestra and chorus, after which I received the most flattering encouragements, and my *début* was fixed to take place on the 22nd of this month, of which I received official notification. It was on the receipt of this that, yielding to the fear of which I am about to explain the cause, I took the resolution of coming suddenly to London, instead of staying to make my *début*. An insurmountable terror had taken possession of me on account of the

imperfection of my French pronunciation. I had been aware, at the general rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell*, of smiles and *jeux de mots* at certain passages; at that, for instance, which I thought I had pronounced accurately: 'Mou cœur n'a pas trompé mes yeux,' there was open laughter, and I heard people repeating the phrase inside a parody by my defective pronunciation: 'Son cœur n'a pas trompé Messieurs.' You can imagine with what alarm I was seized on finding how easy it was for a public, so fond of a joke as the public of Paris, which makes game of everything, including itself, to find in my accent a perpetual subject of pleasantry. I then felt the enormous difficulty of my task, and have shrank back from it, as, indeed, Madlle. Jenny Lind (to whom, certainly, I have not the pretension of comparing myself) did, when she refused the engagement offered her in London by M. Duponchel, and, more recently, Madlle. Alboni. The latter lady has sung four times in Italian on the stage of l'Académie Royale with extraordinary success, but, in spite of this advantage, no temptation could induce her to sing there in French.

"Under these circumstances, I have renounced the attempt to do what Madlle. Jenny Lind and Madlle. Alboni believed to be beyond their powers. I think in so doing I have acted with prudence, and I hope that M.M. the directors of the French Opera, giving me credit for my motives, will hold me excused from the promise I had given them. Such, sir, is the reason of my refusing to *débuter* at the French Opera, when the formal notification was sent to me, rendering it incumbent on my part to beg you to correct the statements which have appeared in some of the English papers, where it has been said that the Parisian directors had not treated me in a generous or courteous manner. I return to hope that, after this simple explanation, the public of London, no less than that of Paris, will find what I have done only reasonable and natural.—I am, sir, your obedient humble servant.

"London, Nov. 30."

"C. A. BACH.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1858.

WE have heard it rumoured that Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. Harrison have offered an engagement to Mr. Sims Reeves to join their company at Covent Garden, to which theatre, as we have already stated, they intend removing directly after Christmas. Our great English tenor would indeed constitute a special acquisition to the operatic troupe. That all our best vocalists should unite and form themselves into one artistic community is, as every one will allow, necessary for the foundation of a lyric theatre pretending to the name of "national." We fear, however, that there are insurmountable obstacles to so desirable a result. Mr. Sims Reeves expects, and has a right to expect, a very large salary. After receiving £300 per week at a remote theatre in the City, he would naturally feel disinclined to lower his terms at such an immense house as that of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Sims Reeves, it may be urged, should consider that at the National Standard he was merely engaged as a "Star," for a limited period, and that the principal expenses centred in his salary. Moreover, his performances in the East end were mostly restricted to such ballad operas as *Guy Mannering* and *Kob Roy*—inconsequential performances, it may be assumed, taking into account his celebrity,—and but little calculated to advance his fame in the artistic world. On the other hand, if engaged with the English Company under Miss Fyne and Mr. Harrison's direction, he would have an opportunity of appearing in all his most famous parts; new operas would be written for him, whilst he would enjoy the advantages of tolerable coadjutors in the secondary characters, a good chorus, and an undeniable band and conductor. To a real artist like Mr. Sims Reeves, these advantages could hardly fail to counterbalance a diminution of his salary, more especially when he was furthering the object on which we know he has set his heart for years. Between two

tenors like Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. W. Harrison no rivalry could possibly exist. Both have distinct *répertoires*, and neither could interfere with the other. Mr. Harrison would retain his old parts in the Balfe and Wallace operas, &c., &c.; while Mr. Sims Reeves would rejoice in Auber, Donizetti, or even Verdi. On three nights in the week the public would be regaled with the *Rose of Castille*, *Martina*, *Marta*, the *Bohemian Girl*, or some new production from the fertile pen of Mr. Balfe; on the other three they might be refreshed by *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, or, better still, by *Fra Diavolo*, or *Masaniello*. English composers, furthermore, would be stirred into activity, and a new impetus given to operatic music in the country. At present, the slightest possible chance exists for the production of a new musical work for the stage unless endorsed by the popular name of M. W. Balfe. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison are contented—and none can blame them—with a fair success, and run an opera up to its hundredth night and beyond. With two separate companies, this monotonous system would be infringed upon, and one work, at least, would not be forced upon the public to the rejection of all others.

The engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves would of course involve obtaining the services of one or more new prima donnas, Miss Louisa Pyne, although now performing every night—a most hazardous experiment, as we have already argued—reserving herself, it may be supposed, for her special operas. As Madame Clara Novello has but seldom appeared on the stage in England, we know not whether she would be inclined to accept an engagement with the company at Covent Garden. This lady, however, has performed at some of the largest theatres in Italy, and even soared to personate Semiramide in Rossini's opera. Madame Anna Bishop—a most accomplished and experienced dramatic artist, as our readers need scarcely be told—has arrived in London fresh from her transatlantic triumphs, and would no doubt be willing to tender her valuable services. In short, if the managers be desirous, and the singers willing, there is no reason why English national opera should not be established on the same footing with the lyric institutions of other countries. Why should Paris with its fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants boast of three important establishments devoted to the production of musical works in the native language, while London, with double the number of people, has only the semblance of one?—for as yet, while subscribing to the excellent beginning made by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, we cannot admit that they have done more than lay the foundation of National English Opera.

Long and imposing is the list of theatres that now appears in the morning newspapers. He who is not familiar with London may possibly lose his way in the labyrinth of advertisements. We will, therefore, be the Ariadne to the stranger, and provide him with a clue, which, if he is not very fastidious, may take him to something that he will find agreeable. In consideration of which service, he will, if he be more generous than Theseus, collect our numbers in a smart binding, and refrain from perverting them to ignoble uses.

At the Princess's *Macbeth* is now played alternately with *King John*, and in both of them our two great tragedians sustain the chief parts. Mr. Charles Kean, as *Macbeth*, is the most intense of fate-stricken criminals; Mrs. Charles Kean, as the Lady, is the most irresistible incarnation of an evil spirit. So excellent a Thane and Lady merit an appropriate resi-

dence, and accordingly the stage becomes ancient Scotland with her massive castles, her rude warriors, and her abundant witches. The whole thing, from *Macbeth* himself down to the properties in his hall is thoroughly tragic, primitive, imposing. If you wish to shudder with awe, while, at the same time gasping with admiration, direct your steps, O! stranger! to the Princess's, and mind you are there in good time.

Neither must you be tardy, if your object is to see Charles Mathews at the Haymarket; for Charles Mathews, is a great favourite with the people, and stimulated by the good news that he is come back, they hasten to verify the fact with their own eyes,—and also to form an opinion respecting the new Mrs. Charles Mathews, whom he has brought with him from America. To-night, by the way, he will take his benefit, and bring out a new piece, called the *Tale of a Coat*, whereof we knew nothing.

Long has Mr. Robson drawn the public to the Olympic Theatre by the magic of his genius,—but only within the last few weeks has he earned the reputation of a bottle conjurer. There still stands the *Red Vial*, whole and entire, mended in the first instance by Mr. W. S. Emden, and now firmly held together by Mr. Robson and Mrs. Stirling.—Miraculous! Here is a bottle that will not be placed on a shelf. And between you and us, gentle reader, there are many worse pieces than the *Red Vial*, though its contents are a little too strong for Olympic nerves. Mrs. Stirling's representation of the wicked housekeeper will alone be an equivalent for your entrance fee.

And mind you, don't pass the Strand, careless stranger, because it happens to be small. The new burlesque there, *The Maid and the Magpie*, is the most smartly written and smartly acted thing you can conceive, and the stage is as bright and sparkling as the people upon it, which is saying a great deal. No, on second thoughts, stranger—we would say, do pass the Strand. There are syrens in that grotto—Miss Swanborough, Miss M. Oliver, Miss M. Ternan, Miss Marie Wilton,—and, if you once enter it, and are not a very strong-minded man, you will, perhaps, never be able to tear yourself away again.

Astley's, too—you won't forget Astley's—the only equestrian theatre in London—accessible, moreover, at cheaper prices than heretofore. There is this advantage about Astley's at present; that if you happen to dine late you will lose nothing by missing the first piece, and coming at once upon the business of the arena, where feats graceful and imposing are performed; and jokes, verbal and practical are cracked by the two clowns.

If your desires take a suburban direction, you may as well see *Henry V.* or the *Hypocrite* at Sadler's Wells, the former a grand "get-up," the latter distinguished by the performance of Mr. Phelps in a new character. Then, at the Surrey, under the name *Ambition*, you will find a very pleasing fusion of the stories of Elfrida and Catherine Howard, after a recipe given by that great cook of history, M. Alexandre Dumas. Madame Celeste is starring at the National Standard in certain pieces called *Green Bushes* and *Flowers of the Forest*, which it is just possible you may have seen at the Adelphi. No matter; the pieces are very good, and will bear seeing once more. Indeed, the theatre alone is a fine sight. So Eastward ho!—take our compliments to John Douglass, and wish him as much success in White-chapel as in Shoreditch. And if you happen to be in the City Road, drop into the Royal Grecian Theatre, where you will find the fortunes of Fouquet represented after a fashion

of which the history of France will not give you the slightest notion, and where Mrs. Conquest's pupils will charm you by their grace in the ballet. Mind, the Grecian Theatre is no longer a saloon—it has nothing whatever to do with the Eagle Tavern, only the Eagle Tavern stands next door; and if, when the play is over, you go to the bar thereof, and order a glass of brandy-and-water, Mr. B. O. Conquest, the manager, will not be offended by your patronage of Mr. B. O. Conquest, the licensed victualler.

And now, ignorant, thick-headed stranger, if you can't amuse yourself, it's not our fault.

SIGNOR VERDI has gone to Naples, to superintend the production of his *Simon Boccanegra*. In December he is engaged to bring out his new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, at Rome.

GENERAL GODEFRAY has succeeded from the post of director of the Imperial theatres at Petersburg, after a reign of twenty-five years. He is replaced by General André Savouloff.

M. ERNER, the celebrated violinist, is in so delicate a state of health, that he has been ordered to Nice to pass the winter.

THE *Messiah* is to be performed in St. George's Hall, Wolverhampton, on the 17th of next month, the vocalists engaged including Miss Dolley, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Weiss, &c.

We are informed (says the *Plymouth Journal*) that Lady Havelok has taken Osborn House, Stoke, as her future residence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday evening Miss Bossie Willingham appeared at this favourite little theatre (being her first appearance in London), in the character of Helen, in Sheridan Knowles's drama of the *Hunchback*. The young lady was well received. Other performances followed, with some excellent music by Mr. Phillips, and his band of the Coldstream Guards.

MEYERBEER.—The rehearsals of the new opera in three acts, by the author of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophecie*, have already commenced at the Opera-Comique. The principal characters are entrusted to Madame Cabel, M. Faure and M. Ste. Foix.

ORGANIST APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Thomas Bailey, late organist of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Huddersfield, has been appointed organist of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Cashel, Ireland.

ROYAL PATRIOTIC THEATRE.—The superb centre chandelier of this theatre, manufactured by Defries and Sons, is of elegant and unique design, composed of chains, principally of richly-cut glass, dropping so as to form draperies of crystal. It contains 300 lights, all hidden behind spangles, cut so as to increase the light threefold, which makes them appear as though there were 1,000 lights, and they are, in effect, equal to that number. There are, also, fourteen spangled lanterns, so arranged as to illuminate above and below, thus forming two rows of lanterns, each of which contains three burners, so concealed as to throw a dazzling brilliancy around.

MR. AND MRS. HENRI DRAYTON'S DRAWING-ROOM OPERAS AT BRIGHTON.—These popular artists, who have been giving their pleasing entertainments with great success in the provinces for some months, made their first appearance at Brighton, in the Pavilion Music Room, on Tuesday evening. The great success which has attended the production of these "drawing-room operas" has arisen from the melodies in the various entertainments being judiciously selected from the most attractive music of the day, in addition to some excellent original compositions by E. J. Loder, Duggan, Beale, and others. The well-known talent of Mr. and Mrs. Drayton cannot fail to draw numerous and fashionable audiences in Brighton.

CRUCIFIX.—The concert given by the Lay Vicars of the Cathedral, in the Assembly Rooms, was very well attended. Several overtures were well played by the Amateur Instrumental Society. A gentleman amateur and Herr Hartmann played solos on the flute, and were deservedly applauded. Mr. H. Bonnet conducted.

EASTROPHE.—The Choral Society's Monthly Meeting, on Friday the 29th ultimo, was very well attended. Several part-songs and choruses, by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, &c., were encored.

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

THE crowds that assembled at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday evening, to greet M. Julien on the first night of his "Farewell"—we trust not his "last"—Concerts; and the honest and hearty welcome that awaited him; the reception given to all the favourites; and the enthusiasm that prevailed throughout the evening, abundantly demonstrated that the popular winter entertainments over which M. Julien presides had lost nothing of their attractions. A more brilliant inauguration indeed we do not remember than that which heralded the twentieth season. The stalls, private boxes and dress circle were filled by an elegant and fashionable assembly; and the theatre, with its new and fanciful decorations, set off by the crystal chandeliers and prismatic lanterns, looked splendid and striking. The orchestra is still more tastefully erected than at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre, and, in short, every thing possible has been effected at once to dazzle and gratify the senses.

To accommodate itself to the size of the house, the band has been reduced to Beethoven's complement, sixty. But in diminishing the quantity the quality has been preserved.

The orchestra is now composed of the following artists:—*Violins*: MM. Willy, G. Collins, Léhon, Kettner, Oppenheimer, Hennin, Clement, Wells, Schmidt, Demann, Ascher, Diehl, Van Der Finck, Payton, Kelly, Keller, Bort, Croza, *Alto*: MM. Schreurs, Goffrie, Vogel, Broedelst, H. Syndera, Sloman, *Violoncello*: MM. Paque, H. Chipp, Klein, Demnec, I. Snydera, *Contra Bassi*: MM. Howell, Reynolds, Kliegl, Hieatz, Griffiths, Pickaert. *Flutes*: MM. Pratten, Reichert, Berry. *Oboes*: MM. Lavigne and Crozier. *Clarinets*: MM. Pollard and Stacquet. *Fagotti*: MM. Hauser, Morlighem. *Cornet*: MM. C. Harper, Cavalli, F. Jarrett, Stenbruggen. *Cornets*: MM. L. Le Lomp, Neuzer, Lüg, Monkhouse. *Trombones*: MM. H. Russell, Jenkins, Healy. *Ophicleides*: Mr. Hughes, &c. *Drums*: MM. Chipp, Seymour, Pheasant, Thompson, &c. *Principal Cornet*: M. Duham. *Leaders*: Messrs. Willy and Léhon.

This is a powerful force, fully equal to "realise the dream of Beethoven," as M. Julien suggests in his prospectus, and, with the assistance of a few brass bands and an extra drum or so fully equal to realise—at least in the Lyceum Theatre—the dream of the veriest lover of sound and fury, signifying—music-thunder. In addition, there is provided a good male chorus—under the able superintendence of Mr. Edward Land—whose nightly duty up to the present time has been to sing the National Anthem, "Rale Britannia," and M. Julien's new "Hymn of Universal Harmony," written especially for the present concert. By and bye, we are told, graver services will be demanded from the chorists in the performance of the choral music in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, in Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and Gregory the First's *Canto Firmo* and *Fuga Fugarem*. Verily, Mr. Land's place promises to be no sinecure.

The programme of Monday "revealed" one great novelty in the person of M. Wieniawski, who, according to M. Julien, is the "celebrated violinist, who in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, has established one of the greatest reputations since the appearance of that marvellous genius, Paganini." Of M. Wieniawski we had previous heard and read great things, as the saying is. It is, according to some, a Pole, and according to others a Russian. He has been a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, and has, during the last few years, been giving concerts throughout the German States and in parts of Italy with immense *scdlt*. The young virtuoso made his first essay on Monday evening in Mendelssohn's violin concerto—a selection we feel hardly bound to say, he would have made if left entirely to his own judgment, considering the liberties he took with the composer, and the substitution of a cadenza of his own in the first movement for the one written by Mendelssohn. M. Wieniawski, perhaps, is as eager to copy Paganini in taste as in skill and appearance. Whatever Paganini's musical predilections might have been, he seldom performed any classical pieces in public, and made all his reputation in the *fantasia* school. We hope that the new violinist will prefer to take a loftier flight, since his talent appears to be of a very rare order. M. Wieniawski

indeed in a great player in the strictest sense of the word. He may not possess that depth and volume of tone we have heard in another fiddler, nor exhibit that breadth and grandeur of style we remember in a third; nevertheless, his powers are most extraordinary, and in justness of intonation—the grand desideratum, the be-all of violin playing—we never heard him surpass. His charms, beyond all charms, either in vocal or instrumental performances, stamp him as one of the most remarkable artists of the day. M. Wieniawski delights in the marvellous, and seems to achieve wonders without an effort. His *staccato* playing is particularly fine, and his management of the harmonics hardly to be surpassed. His tone is especially sweet and delicate, as shown in the *andante* of Mendelssohn's concerto, and his taste and feeling—always excepting the unwarrantable liberties taken with the author—unexceptionable. M. Wieniawski created an immense sensation in the concerto, which increased to a *furor* when the violinist executed the "Carnaval de Yénié" in the second part, which, take it all in all, was one of the most extraordinary performances of the kind we ever heard.

M. Jullien is very fortunate, or very shrewd, in making discoveries. We congratulate him on his last celebrity; who, no doubt, will prove one of the most noted lions that ever visited this country at his instigation. M. Wieniawski was overwhelmed with applause after each of his performances, and returned to the orchestra to make his acknowledgments after the concerto. He refused to return, however, after the "Carnaval," although the applause was still more vehement than before; and a new Galop, by M. Jullien, called the "Frikell (Galop)," was performed amid a hurricane of yells and shrieks, M. Jullien, who had previously addressed the audience briefly on the occasion of a row, this time not paying the least regard to the disturbance. Miss Vinning, who is a special favourite with the public, coming up the steps leading to the orchestra, threw oil upon the troubled waters, and appeased the commotion instantly. These rows are very disgraceful, but if they could not be put down in the large houses, we know not how they could be prevented in the smaller theatre.

The performance commenced with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and at once convinced the auditors of the splendour of the band. The *Andante*, *Scherzo*, and *Storm*, from the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, fully confirmed this opinion. In the selection from the *Troatore*, Messrs. Pratten, Lavigne, Hughes, and Duhem—four of M. Jullien's "crack" soloists—had a fine opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and did not fail to avail themselves of it to the great delight of the hearers. Nor must we forget the splendid flight of M. Reichert, as exemplified in his solo towards the end of the concert, but maliciously cut short by the malcontents of the pit.

Among the new dance pieces introduced we cannot omit naming the "Fern Leaves" waltz, one of the most rhythmic and melodious we have heard even from M. Jullien's pen.

M. Jullien's new "Hymn of Universal Harmony" concluded the first part. It had to undergo a severe trial coming after "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Nevertheless it achieved a decided success, and was applauded by the whole house. The melody is grave and solemn, and the climax from the *piano* at the commencement to the *fortissimo* at the end is managed with great skill. The harmonies are clear and broad, and altogether the Hymn may be pronounced as one of M. Jullien's most striking compositions. We have no doubt that after a few nights, when the tune is familiarised, it will become a special favourite with the audience.

Miss Louisa Vinning—M. Jullien's present *prima donna*—sang the opening cavatina from the *Troatore*; and, being encored, gave "Where the Bee sucks." Dr. Arne and Signor Verdi did not seem to coalesce. In the second part, Miss Vinning sang the Scotch ballad, "Gin a body," and a new canonetta, entitled "I'm a laughing Zingarella." The latter was bimed and repented.

The arrangements behind the orchestra have not been neglected. The reading-room exhibits the same liberality and convenience as of old, and the refreshment-room is submitted to the most competent hands—thus providing food for the body and mind at the same time.

The theatre has been crammed to suffocation every night during the week, and M. Wieniawski's success has increased with each successive performance.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

On Monday Mr. Wallace's popular opera, *Maritana*, was revived with decided success. Miss Louisa Pyné sustaining the character of the heroine, and Mr. Harrison appearing as Don Cesar de Bazan, one of his most striking and vigorous performances. The favourite pieces obtained all the success of old, the following receiving enthusiastic encores:—the trio, "Turn on old Time," by Miss Susan Pyné, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. G. J. Patey; the ballad—*not cavatina*, Mr. Wallace—"Yes, let me like a soldier fall," by Mr. Harrison; the ballad—*not cavatina*, Mr. Wallace—"There is a flower that bloometh," sung by the same gentleman; and the aria, "Scenes that are brightest," by Miss Louisa Pyné. Miss Louisa Pyné and Mr. Harrison were recalled after each act, and all the principals had to appear at the end, to the arbitrary summons of the audience.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This public presentation of copies of the resolutions unanimously agreed to at the last annual general meeting of the Society, recording the services of John Newman Harrison, Esq., as president, and Thomas Brewer, Esq., as honorary secretary of the Society, took place in the minor hall, Exeter Hall, on Friday evening, October 29th, after the rehearsal, which for this purpose, terminated at nine o'clock precisely. The attendance of members, assistants, and subscribers was invited.

The resolutions, which, by direction of the committee, were written on vellum and illuminated by Mr. C. Driver, and richly bound by Mr. B. Riviere, a member of the Society, were to the following effect:—

"That this meeting present their hearty thanks to the president John Newman Harrison, Esq., for the zealous service he has rendered to the Society from its establishment to the present time: congratulating him, as one of its promoters and original officers, upon his association therewith for more than twenty-five years past, and trusting that he may be spared to preside over it for many years to come: the Society regarding his association therewith for more than twenty-five years with heartfelt gratification."

"That this meeting tender to the honorary secretary, Thomas Brewer, Esq., their best thanks for his services during the past year; and desire to express their deep sense of the advantages derived by the Society from his having continuously held the same office during the entire period of its existence, now extending to upwards of a quarter of a century, and their trust that the day may be far distant which shall deprive the Society of the benefit of his valued experience and counsel."

BRIGHTON—(From a Correspondent).—Herr Kuhn's concert, on Thursday evening the 26th ult., inaugurated our musical season with *féat*. The large rooms of the Town Hall were completely filled. Herr Kuhn provided an unusual amount of attraction. The principal artists were Miss Dolby, Miss Louisa Vinning, Madlle. Finoh, Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Jules Lefort Signor Pinti, Madlle. Sophie Humler, and the Swedish National Singers. Herr Kuhn played with Signor Pinti a duo for violin-cello and piano, by Mendelssohn, *fantasia* of his own composition on airs from *Martha*, and Wallace's "Home, sweet Home," in all of which he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. Miss Louisa Vinning sang with great effect her "stock" cavatina "Tacea la notte," and a charming new ballad by Balfe, "I'm not in love, remember," in which her archness and vivacity had ample scope, and the applause she received was well merited. Sims Reeves sang "Oh, 'tis a glorious night" (*Oberon*) magnificently. In "Phoebe, dearest," being encored, he substituted "Come into the garden, Maud." Miss Dolby and M. Jules Lefort sang several songs with great effect, and Madlle. Sophie Humler's performances on the violin were much admired. The Swedish Singers sang several times during the evening. Signor La Cail and Mr. J. G. Calvert accompanied the vocalists. This concert was one of the best ever given in our town by Herr Kuhn.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean, like Justice, never sleeps; the flag of Progress is his banner—"Move on" his motto. Five years ago he produced *Macbeth*—the most colossal of Shakspeare's romantic dramas—at the little theatre in Oxford-street. The *mise-en-scène* was magnificent—not to be surpassed—so the London critics avouched; the force of art and research could be further go—so the best and most antiquarian judges insisted. Was Mr. Charles Kean satisfied? No. He smiled at the antiquarians and laughed at the critics, knowing well he had long done half what he might have done, under other circumstances, for the play. The revival of 1858 has far transcended the production of 1853. *Macbeth* not only shines with greater splendour now than it did before, but archeology and chronology and many other "ologies" have combined to demonstrate that all previous performances of *Macbeth* have sinned in costume, both in dress and scenery, and that, for the first time Shakspeare's mighty drama is represented as the poet himself would have loved to see. Association is the only stumbling-block to a universal appreciation of Mr. Charles Kean's magnificently faithful revival. Take the banquet-scene, for instance. Who that remembers the splendid saloon in which Mrs. Siddons was wont to dismiss her guests, graceful as a swan who by a wave of her head bids her callow cygnets go and provide for themselves; or Macready, who by the terrible reality of his countenance was wont to frighten even Banquo himself in his ghostly part, can accommodate his early impressions to the low, lightless room, the unsuccessed walls, the rude decorations, the grim-visaged Thanes, more hirute than aristocratic! Yet such is the triumph of truth over imagination. The pageant of fiction fades before the eye, and fact stands revealed in all its repulsive but necessary lineaments. The dream of poetry is fled to the gods, and all that remains behind is of the earth, earthy.

"HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT."

By a JUGGLED STUDENT.

(Picked up by a Printer's Devil.)

It was during the Middle Ages, when all sorts of cruelty and barbarity were practised, that a man was deprived of his wife by pirates, who carried her off during his absence. His rage and revenge knew no bounds; he was determined to discover who were the instigators of the crime, and, in order to do this, he invented every kind of horrible and cruel torture to make them confess. With all this he was still unsuccessful in obtaining the information he required, for the dreadful tortures generally ended in the death of the innocent victims. Then, in his fury, he exclaimed, "There is yet one more suffering which shall be endured to satisfy my revenge,—one which shall not kill, but shall pursue my victims through all ages of civilisation,—compared to which death itself would be a blessing."

This last torture was then invented, and still exists under the name of

"HARMONY AND THOROUGH-BASS." ARON.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Some time ago the director of the Conservatoire appointed a commission to examine into the merits of a new instrument, called the *Baryton*. The members of the commission, MM. Aubert, Hélymer, Fassinon, and Malifred, expressed high satisfaction with the invention, which was by M. Lacour, the son of the late M. Baryton is an instrument of the violin tribe, midway in size and compass between the viola and the violoncello. Its four strings are tuned octaves to the corresponding strings of the violin; and its compass is thus lower by a fourth than the viola, and higher by a fifth than the violoncello. It is held and played like the latter instrument, so that the violoncello performers can easily play upon it. Its tone has a special timbre, sweeter, like the ear, and is perfectly distinct from that of the viola or the violoncello; and thus (said the reporters) instrumental music has acquired a new organ, which, in the quietest and the quietest, will vary the effects and add a new speaker to the dialogue of instruments. It is evident, too, from what was said, that to the violoncelloist it will be an addition to his own instrument; for, from its being strung exactly an octave below the viola, it will throw open to the player all the beautiful music, written for the pianoforte and violin, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and other great masters.

[What has become of this new invention?—Ed.]

LIVERPOOL.—Last night the Philharmonic Society gave an extremely interesting concert. It was the ninth of the series, and devoted entirely to the *Athalie* of Mendelssohn and the *Engedi* of Beethoven. The verses in *Athalie* were spoken by Mr. Greenbank; and the music of Beethoven's *Christus am Elberge*, given to the words by Dr. Hudson which embody the persecution of David by the king; so great an improvement on the original words that it may be said the *Mount of Olives* will be hereafter known as *Engedi*. The first went very charmingly, and considering the requirements of the latter it deserved praise. Such works, however, are not popular with the mass of subscribers, and consequently the concert was on the whole less warmly received than it deserved to be. We hope to return to it and the *Messiah* on Saturday.—*Liverpool Courier*.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION-CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—(From a Correspondent).—The first of a series of ten concerts took place at the Assembly Rooms on Friday evening, the 22nd October. The programme included Mozart's second stringed Quartet (in D minor), Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, A. Cameron's fifth Pianoforte Trio (in B), and Mendelssohn's first published work, the Pianoforte Quartet in C minor. The music was performed with spirit, energy and in perfect good taste, and was listened to most attentively by a large circle of amateurs, dilettanti, and professional men. These concerts have become the rallying-point of all true lovers of music, and promise to exercise the most beneficial influence upon the practice and appreciation of the choicest works of the great masters.

BRADFORD.—A concert was given on Monday evening, the 18th Oct., in St. George's Hall, by the Festival Choral Society. Notwithstanding the adverse state of the weather, the rain pouring down all day, the audience numbered upwards of 3,000 persons, with the exception of the stalls, all of the house were well filled. The vocalists were Miss Whetter, Miss Freeman, Miss Z. Hingworth, Mr. Northrop and Mr. Costes. Mr. J. Burton presided at the piano, and played Wallace's "Home, sweet Home," as a solo.

TARIFF FOR CRINOLINE.—According to the *Courrier de Charleroi* the lessees of dancing saloons in Belgium complain bitterly of the falling off in their receipts, occasioned by the extra space now occupied by the crinolines. An instrument called the "Crinolimetre," has consequently been adopted by some of them, and persons whose crinolines surpass a fixed measure are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given on Sunday last at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra seventy-five centimes; another person, of an economical disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops!

QUITTE A BORE.—The Duke of Ventignano is an author very celebrated upon the stage of Italy. His *Medes*, and many other of his pieces, will live. He is respected, esteemed, praised; he is rich, he is single, he enjoys wonderful health. In fine, he has all that a man can have in order to be happy. But alas! the misfortune to be a *dettatore*—one afflicted with the evil eye,—so says the superstition,—and, of course, every eye is laid on his misdeed. On the falling-in of the tunnel under the heights of Pissano, the house which first fell was one which the Duke had occupied about a fortnight. Forced to look for another, he could find none; not a person in Naples would let him an apartment. At last, M. Storace, a barrister, of strong mind, consented to do so. A few days after he died of apoplexy. The stories of a similar kind told of the Duke can be counted by hundreds. He is to be seen every day at the theatre of the Fiorentini, where actors stipulated that he should not be present. The Duke accordingly remained at home. At the end of each act a messenger brought him news of the progress of the piece. The applause went on increasing, said the reports. The author bore his triumphs in tranquillity until the fourth act was over; then, unable any longer to restrain his impatience, he rushed to the theatre, arriving in time to show himself upon the stage. Public opinion at once turned round, and the public would not listen to his name for three days after the house was burnt down, and one of the actors died. At the representation of another piece the actress La Marchioni caught an inflammation of the lungs, which brought her within an inch of the grave. Upon a different occasion, a different actress was similarly unfortunate; and one poor girl, who was to have been married to a prince, lost her husband before she had gained him. Every time the Duke's pieces are played it rains, or it is oppressively hot, or there is a hurricane, or there are too many mosquitoes, or some accident is sure to happen.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Sixteenth Annual Report.")

NOTWITHSTANDING the disastrous consequences of the commercial crisis, which occurred just at the beginning of the season, and in view also of the excellent concerts which were given by the manager of the Academy, under the name of "Philharmonic Concerts," during last winter, we have, under the circumstances, met with great and unexpected success, for both the rehearsals and the concert of the Society were fully attended—a fact which proves that the general interest felt in our institution, on the part of the subscribing, associate, and professional members is more deeply rooted than has been supposed by many, and cannot as easily be undermined as may have been hoped by some. Our orchestra has been steadily increased from season to season, so that now we count from eighty to ninety performing members; while at the first concert of the season, on December 7, 1853, at the Apollo Saloon, only fifty performers constituted the orchestra. In point of ability, we are happy to state that nearly all the most prominent resident instrumentalists form now a part of the society, thereby insuring the production of orchestral effects which no other institution of the city or in the whole United States, affords. The principal feature of our concerts, the performance of symphonies and overtures by the orchestra, has been faithfully carried out, as will be seen by reference to the programmes of the season. We have performed standard works of the old masters, as well as those of more modern date, and among the names of the composers will be found those of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Richard Wagner, Lindpaintner, Nicolai, &c. In regard to the solo performers, we have endeavoured to obtain the best talent available, both vocal and instrumental; but it must be borne in mind that we labour in this respect under great disadvantages, on the one hand, lack of that celebrated artists, who pass the winter in our city, invariably come here under a previous engagement with some operatic manager, by which they are debarred from appearing at any other than the manager's own public performances. For instance, during the last season the services of Messrs. Viueuxtemps, Thalberg, and Formes were promised, but could never be obtained when an opportunity for making good the promise presented itself. The intention of the board of directors was not to spare any efforts during the concert season, to fill out the programmes with as interesting vocal and instrumental solos and concerted pieces as it may be possible for them to procure.

The number of subscribing members during the past season were 1,490, who are classified as follows: 1254 associate members, 24 subscribers, and 212 professional members—a higher number than at any previous season, with the exception of the last but one. The dividend declared this year is 80 dollars for each performing member, a remuneration not very considerable for attendance at four concerts, sixteen public and eight private rehearsals, and eight business meetings.

For some time past a wish has been expressed by many members that the society might give more than four concerts; in accordance with which the board of directors, ever desirous to please the patrons of the society, have concluded, with the consent of the actual members, to give, during the coming season, five instead of four concerts, with the usual number of rehearsals, without increasing the price of subscription. At the same time, it has been found necessary to pass a resolution to the effect, that henceforth all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

A matter of the greatest importance—the selection of a suitable hall for our performances during the coming season—is unhappily at the present moment not yet settled, but due notice will be given as soon as an arrangement shall have been completed. The losses of the Academy having declared, that on no account will it allow the Philharmonic Society again to occupy the said building—for reasons which the reader must deduce for himself, as they are not known to us—our choice remains between Cooper's Institute, Burton's, or Niblo's Theatre, and the City Assembly Rooms, one of which places will probably be selected until a regular Music Hall, so much needed in our city, shall have been built.

At a meeting of the actual members, held April 7, 1858, it was decided, in view of the constantly increasing labours of the Board of Directors, and in consideration of the much wider sphere of action of our association at the present time, to augment the board by adding four members to the present number of seven. The different officers will remain the same as heretofore, but instead of two Assistant Directors there will be six.

Finally, we should not leave unnoticed a fact which must fill with pride and satisfaction every one that feels an interest in the success of our society, as an institution to promote the cause of art, to create an intelligent appreciation of, and diffuse a refined taste for, the higher

class of music among the people at large. We refer to the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, during the last year, in our neighbouring city of Brooklyn, which undoubtedly owes its origin to the mother institution of New York, and which has our very best wishes. Similar societies have sprung into existence in many of our western cities, and have been established after the model, and with the tenderness of our own Philharmonic Society. All success to them! and may we not be found wanting in setting them the example, for many years to come, of a high-toned, truly artistic institution, ever progressing in the right direction.

THEODORE EISFELD.

It is scarcely within the scope of our journalistic duties to detail the sad particulars of the loss of the ill-fated steam ship "Austria." An event of such calamitous import travels through the length and breadth of the land with the evil speed of misfortune, and far outstrips our tardy issue. What hearts have been rendered desolate, what cheerful homes blighted, what loving hearts stilled, it is not for us to tell. Man's struggle with the waves has been marked with no such catastrophe as this.

A city plunged in sorrow and gloom weeps mournfully for the lost. A few, and few only, are privileged to rejoice—those whose friends have been snatched from the jaws of death and rendered back to their kindred, haggard with remembrances of the fearful ordeal. Such a one is Mr. Theodore Eisfeld—the conductor of our Philharmonic Concerts. It is well known that this esteemed gentleman has struggled long with the destroyer. Feeble health has compelled him to visit Europe each season, and hope has trimmed her lamp anew in the gentle gales of the Fatherland. There was nothing remarkable in the case, but it seemed cruel and heartrending that one who thus struggled for life should have it snatched from him at the moment when it seemed within his grasp. It was known that he was a passenger on the "Austria," and there was scarcely a hope for his safety. An excessively nervous temperament and a feeble habit of body seemed to deny to Mr. Eisfeld the poor resources of his situation. When, therefore, the news came that he was indeed among the saved, it occasioned not only joy but surprise. He was taken off the burning wreck by the brig "Maurice," and is now probably at Fayal.

It is no time to triumph over the beneficent mercy vouchsafed to Mr. Eisfeld, however; it may gladden our heart. But it is not, we trust, the wrong opportunity to congratulate our readers on the rescue of a worthy gentleman with whom they have been long and intimately acquainted.—*New York Musical World.*

II. TROVATORE IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—A splendid house greeted Mr. Cooper's opera troupe at Music Hall, last night, mostly of our own citizens, though a few faces from the town around were visible; and the performance must be regarded as an eminent success. The orchestra was small, but it was good and well managed. The choruses were "sparsely populated," but that was got along with, and excusable under the circumstances. But the leading parts more than atoned for whatever there may have been of deficiency in the other departments. Miss Miller, as Leonora, was excellent. She was not, perhaps, up to the mark in her acting, and yet she managed to give charming expression to her language, and to satisfy all. She exhibited more vocal power than we had supposed she was capable of, and, in her more ornate passages, displayed that charming facility and brilliancy of execution which only can be achieved by rare native faculty and the most thorough training. Mrs. Holman, as Azucena, acted well. Her voice is worn, and only on the lower notes displayed good quality and satisfactory power. Mr. Miranda's Manrico was an excellent performance. His voice is fresh and of fine quality, his acting fine, and his adaptation to the part unquestionable. His singing in the third act was one of the best performances we remember to have heard, for a long time. The audience fully appreciated this, and called him before the curtain to receive their compliments. Mr. Guilmette's Count was good. We are not prepared to say yet that he is capable of making an enthusiast of us. His voice is firm, of good quality, and respectable power,

His acting is good, but we did not find ourselves drawn irresistibly into sympathy with him, which, with the uninitiated, must stand, in the stead of the intelligent judgment of the *consorteur*. Mr. Rudolphson, as Ferrando, did all that was necessary for him to do, we suppose. On the whole, the performance was a success, and the house, ditto—so much so that we are to have another treat in the same line on Thursday night. We are then to have the second and third acts of the *Bohemian Girl* and the second act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—*Springfield Republican*, Oct. 18.

A **CHORAL SERVICE** IN MADRAS CATHEDRAL.—On Thursday evening, the 9th September, an attempt was made at the cathedral of Madras to perform a choral service. It is worthy of note as being the first time such an attempt has been made. It took place in celebration of the opening of a new organ, built by Messrs. Hill and Co., and set up at an expense of £1,200, or thereabouts. The organist is a musician who has only lately arrived from England, and made the organ appear to great advantage. The choir was composed chiefly of amateurs, including ladies. It mustered sufficiently strong to be divided into Decani and Cantoris. The singing was not unworthy of a choir having greater professions. The Psalms were chanted to Jacobs in A; the service, Nares in F; the anthem, "Blessed be Thou," in B flat, Kent; and Spohr's "As pans the hart" was sung before the sermon, the solo part being taken by a lady. The choral service was incomplete, in that the priest did not intone the prayers. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached, after which a collection was made to defray some of the expenses connected with the organ.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE EMPEROR OF BELLA.—At the foot of the tower (Kromlin, Moscow) stands on a granite pedestal the *Tzar Kokolok*, or Emperor of Bella, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, but was broken seven years afterwards, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over twenty-one feet in height, twenty-two feet in diameter at the bottom, weighs 120 tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver, and copper contained in it is 1,500,000 dollars. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell, cast more than a century before the *Tzar Kokolok*, and weighing sixty-four tons. It is a iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung three a year, and when it speaks all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varying in weight from thirty-six tons to a thousand pounds; some of them are one-third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.—*Bayard Taylor*.

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND

A LPHABETICALLY, for 1859, being in the course of preparation. Messrs. HUDALL, BOSH, CARTER, and Co., request the favour of information from Members of the Musical Profession and Trade, and from the Secretaries of Musical Societies, on the various heads outlined by the work. The lists remain as follows:—1. Almanac, with Musical data and blank spaces. 2. List of Musical Societies throughout the Kingdom. 3. Musical Transactions of the past year. 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Manufacturers throughout the Kingdom, with their addresses, &c. 5. List of Music (copyright only) published between the 30th November, 1857, and the 30th November, 1858. Price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.; leather covers, 2s. extra. 39, Charing Cross.

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THE majority of these pieces, the composer informs us, were written "for the use of the gentlemen at the Amersham school." They are worthy for the most part of a much wider circulation, being characterised alike by genuine melody and well chosen harmony, unexceptionably arranged for the voices, and, if judged merely as compositions, interesting in themselves, and in every instance well adapted to the character of the words. Of the two settings of Tennyson we prefer "Excelsior," a four-part song, and one of the best musical versions of that too-often abused poem we have yet seen. The other—"The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns"—has, nevertheless, many points worth attention. The two Hunting Songs (four-part choruses, interspersed with solos), at the commencement of the book, are both spirited—the second, in B flat ("The Huntsman's horn is sounding"), occupying the first place, on account of its greater freshness and spontaneity. Not to examine the selection by detail, and premising that every one of the twelve compositions is more or less attractive, we may conclude by pointing to the madrigal "Sweet Echo" (Milton's words) as the most scholarly, and the four-part song, "Truth" (words from Ben Jonson), as the most graceful contained in the volume, which we can recommend without qualification, as a *bona fide* musical volume, without a vestige of triviality or clap-trap, and at the same time presenting few, if any, difficulties to singers.

("Rizzio"—"Miriam's Song"—and other pieces that have come to hand, will be noticed in our next.)

THE KREUZER SONATA AND MASTER BRIDGETOWER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In Rie's *Notizen*, it is stated that the Kreuzer Sonata, Op. 47, of Beethoven, was originally written for Bridgetower, an English performer, and that he played it at his concert in the Augarten Hall, at Vienna.

The name "Bridgetower" is found in none of our musical lexica, nor have we any means in our ordinary sources of information of arriving at his biography. From Rie's statement, it is clear that Bridgetower was in Vienna between the summer of 1800 and November 1805. Could the date of this visit not be fixed somewhat nearer?

In Gerber's *Musical Lexicon* (the second), in the article on Franz Clement, the violinist, we find that he (Clement) was in London at the age of 8 or 9 years, and that Cramer, Salomon, Jarnowick, and Haydn, were so pleased with him, that "these great men often amused themselves with playing quartets with this child, or by accompanying him. In one of these concerts, a quartet was given, for the fun of the thing (*à vis spas*), by performers, whose ages in the aggregate did not amount to 40 years! A young African (!) ten years old, named Bridgetower, competed, as second violinist, with Clement for the mastery."

The *Spires Musikalische Correspondenz*, vol. ii., 1791-2, contains an extract from a letter of Abbé Vogler, who was then in London, in which he praises highly the Violin playing of Franz Clement, eight-and-a-half, and "Bridgetower, from Africa, ten years old."

May I hope, Sir, for some further information in relation to this youth, through the columns of your valuable journal?

Respectfully, T.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

(Communicated.)

A GENERAL meeting of the Vocal Association was held at St. James's Hall, on the 2nd inst., Sir JOHN E. HANSON, Bart., in the chair. The following is a brief report of the proceedings:—Another year being added to the history of the Vocal Association, it is the pleasing duty of the committee to furnish a report of the society's proceedings, and an abstract of its accounts. The establishment of a society is usually the trial of an experiment of which time alone can test the value, and the most anxious period in the history of a society is to be found in the first years of its existence. It is, therefore, with feelings of great pleasure that the committee congratulate their fellow-members upon the termination of the second year of this society's existence, and to express their conviction that there can now be no doubt that the Vocal Association has within itself the elements of durability, and will become an institution in which the public at large will feel an interest and desire to promote its success. In taking a general review of the society's career, the committee feel it their duty to refer to the different opportunities that have been presented for the appearance of the Vocal Association in public, apart from the series of six subscription concerts given at St. James's Hall, between the months of April and June of the present year. They would notice, in particular, the event of the marriage of the Princess Royal, on which occasion the society was honoured by the distinguished privilege of being allowed to sing in the state performances, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which will form part of the nation's history, and leave a record of the society's existence of the most advantageous character in public estimation. Also, your committee would refer to the inauguration performances of St. James's Hall, when the society was honoured by the attendance of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort and a distinguished circle of the nobility.

While recording these events, your committee do not conceal from themselves the necessity of making important changes as relates to the admission of members, and past experience has shown that the only practicable method of introducing new singers will be through the medium of an examination as to their capability in voice and musical knowledge. At the same time it has been conceded to our respected conductor that he is at liberty, when occasion shall require, to apply the same test to any individual member now belonging to the society. It is also thought desirable to reduce the number of the present choir, and steps have been taken to effect this purpose. In this movement the committee have felt the task extremely difficult, but resolved on not shrinking from a duty which could not fail eventually to be of immense advantage to the society.

The accounts were then read to the meeting, showing a balance in favour of the society in the hands of the bankers.

Mr. J. BURTON (member) moved, That the report now presented to the meeting be adopted.

Mr. W. FULLER (member) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. C. LONG (member) rose to move, That the best thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Benedict for his zealous and talented exertions as conductor of the Vocal Association, and for his uniform kindness in all that pertains to the interests of the society, and followed up his motion with the following speech:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of our committee I venture to undertake a task which I much wish some other member had undertaken, because I must endeavour to pay a tribute of respect to a gentleman whose talents and genius are far above my poor powers of praise, and because, in speaking of certain attacks that have been made upon him, I must use plain terms, however unpleasant they may be to my own feelings, or however presumptuous it may appear to me to set myself up as a fault-finder. I feel we ought, in justice to ourselves, to convey to Mr. Benedict that the Vocal Association not only take no part in these attacks, but indignantly deny that there is the shadow of a foundation for them. The first I shall allude to of these appears in the *Musical Gazette* in a letter signed C. Creawell, and runs in part as follows:—

"Mr. Benedict's voice, manner, and accent, render the understand-

ing his wishes and intentions difficult, if not impossible. Again, at the rehearsal, instead of beating he generally plays the piano; but I suppose this defect is owing to Mr. Benedict's well-known penchant for the piano. The performances have been so bad that the public press has declined to criticise."

Now, in all earnestness of heart, let me ask if there is one here who can coincide in the remarks so far as they apply to Mr. Benedict? This Mr. C. Cresswell may have a voice whose ravishing tones enchant all listeners; and his manners may have been formed in the heat of schools, and polished by intercourse with the *élite* of society; but he gives a miserable specimen of them when he descends to vulgar personalities, such as no one with the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman could or would indulge in. I can well understand that Mr. C. Cresswell finds it difficult, if not impossible, to understand the wishes and intentions of a man of highly refined mind, and of great intellect. The wishes and intentions of Mr. Benedict must be far beyond the scope of Mr. C. Cresswell's understanding, "Penchant for the piano!"—preserve us from evil, what next? I know not if Mr. Benedict has a "penchant for the piano;" but I do know that thousands have a penchant for hearing him play upon the piano, that thousands are ready to hail him whenever he may appear as a pianist, and that amongst the most anxious of the listeners will be found some of the most accomplished musicians the world can boast. Is it possible that Mr. C. Cresswell is so lost as to imagine that it can be an injury for Mr. Benedict to sit at the piano and play over the parts separately to properly instruct a body of amateurs. Some one has compared this Mr. C. Cresswell to "Quintus Curtius," but I fancy the simile will hardly hold good, for "Quintus" did not make the hole himself. To my mind, Mr. C. Cresswell more resembles the learned monkey, who, wishing to know how the ball came out of the cannon's mouth, lighted a slow match, and stood before the weapon till the explosion took place. The report tells us, I think truly, that we have been fortunate in our opportunities, but who has led us to those opportunities?—should we have had them without Mr. Benedict? Permit me to tell you that the committee shrank from the pecuniary responsibility, which the concerts devolved on the Society, and Mr. Benedict took them in his own hands, at his own personal risk; and although he might have claimed the whole profit as his just due, he hands it over to the Association, and lays open the accounts for inspection. I am told there is only one gentleman of the name of "Cresswell" in the Association, and that he denies all knowledge of this letter. So much the better for him, so much the worse for us; because this letter was evidently written by one who mixes with us, and therefore we know we have amongst us one who is not only capable of writing this disgraceful letter, but who is base, wicked enough to commit forgery to shield himself from the consequences of his conduct. Can any thing be more stupidly suicidal than these attacks? Are there not critics enough to detect our faults, but we must ourselves publish them? Add to this the ridiculous exhibition of an advertisement on one page of a periodical, inviting the public to come and hear us, and a letter from one of ourselves on another page, telling that we are not worth hearing. I am ashamed of having trespassed so long upon your attention. And now let me ask you to convey to Mr. Benedict that you appreciate his exertions on our behalf, and are grateful for them; that the voices of his detractors are raised in opposition to the voices and feelings of the members of the Vocal Association; that we honour the musician who is honoured by the civilized world; and that we esteem the man who has laboured so ardently for us. If you feel you ought to do this, let me ask you all to rise, and convey in one loud long cheer, that the Vocal Association is neither dead nor dying, but that its heart is whole and its lungs sound; that we commence the season with a determination to do our best to assist our much-respected conductor; that we esteem and honour him; and that "our thanks are writ there every day we turn the page to read them." (Long and tremendous cheering.)

Mr. WM. LOCKYER (the secretary), in seconding the vote of thanks, said that, after the excellent speech of Mr. Long, it would ill-become him to occupy the time of the meeting by any

remarks he would wish to make, further than to add his approval of all that had been said by his worthy friend, the mover of the resolution, referring to the disgraceful letters which had appeared in the *Musical Gazette*. Strong evidence was in favour of the letters being written by some one not at all connected with the society, for from "Vox" down to "Cresswell," the letters were of such a treacherous and shameful character, that he could not believe so ill an act could emanate from any of the members. On the part of the *Gazette*, he was sorry that the editor allowed the letter of "Cresswell" to appear, as the same only bore the address "Canbury," without "number," "place," or "street;" but these were evils which must be remedied in the proper quarter, and which he had no doubt would be in future.

Mr. BENEDICT returned thanks in an excellent and humorous speech, which was received by the meeting with great enthusiasm, and continued interruptions with cheering and applause.

A vote of thanks to Sir John E. Harington, Bart., was then put and carried with immense acclamations, and the meeting was brought to a termination.

HENRI WIENIASKI.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

THE renowned violinist, Henri Wieniawski, whose wonderful powers of execution are nightly exciting enthusiastic admiration at M. Jullien's concerts, and whose portrait we publish this week, was born at Lublin, in Poland. At the age of eight, having given the most marked evidence of a musical organization, he was sent, by command and at the expense of the Emperor Nicholas, to commence a course of musical study at the Conservatoire of Paris. The violin was the instrument to which he devoted himself with all the intensity of his energetic nature, and with astonishing eagerness did he devour and profit by the lessons of his instructor, the celebrated Massart, that at the age of eleven he was awarded the first prize of the Conservatoire—the highest distinction which, in the eyes of Europe, can be conferred on the successful musical student. This brilliant honour, however, was attended with as deep a shadow, which, in the eyes of the earnest and enthusiastic little virtuoso, robbed the triumph of almost all its satisfaction. By the rules of the Conservatoire, when a pupil has attained this final token of the highest proficiency in the studies for which it affords such unrivalled opportunities, he is dismissed to employ the advantages thus gained in the struggle of life, and to commence his career with his "blushing honours thick upon him." Doubtless the regulation is framed in the spirit of the fairest justice to the existing and future pupils of the institution, and operates beneficially in the majority of cases; nor could it be expected that the authors of the law should foresee that one day the triumphant owner which they had placed at the goal of the academic curriculum would be grasped by such tender hands, and that the *alma mater* of European musical students would ruthlessly close her doors on almost an infant. Such was the inexorable rule, however; and Henri Wieniawski, in spite of his passionate tears and poignant regret to be so soon deprived of all the means and appliances of the study he loved so deeply, had to abide by it, and turn away from the Conservatoire. His obligations to the munificence of the Emperor of Russia rendered it incumbent that he should now vend his way northward, and present himself at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg, and give his august protector an opportunity of judging how well bestowed had been his paternal care and solicitude on his little Polish subject.

At the age of sixteen Wieniawski visited Berlin, where he found the great violinist Viéuitemps reigning supreme, who, on hearing his youthful rival, pronounced the highest eulogium on his marvellous mastery of all the difficulties of his instrument, and foretold that he would one day obtain the most brilliant success in the artistic world. Never was prophecy so rapidly accomplished; for ere the little "Northern Star" had left the horizon of Berlin he had during that single season given sixteen concerts, all of which were brilliantly attended; while the great Viéuitemps only commanded patronage for four. On the occasion of his visit to this capital he was presented by the King of Prussia with the grand medal, "Des Beaux Arts"—a distinction

only accorded to the most eminent merit. During a subsequent tour through Saxony, where he continued to win the most signal proofs of admiration, he received the decoration of the Ernestine Hans Order. Pursuing his triumphant career with undiminished brilliancy through the country of the De Berioti, the Viennetemps, the Svorici, he proceeded to Holland, where he gave in succession one hundred and forty concerts, and once more received from Royal hands a badge of honourable distinction in the Order of the Couronne de Chêne, shortly afterwards exchanged for the commandery of that order. Although so early the object of such enthusiastic admiration, and overwhelmed ere he had reached maturity with the most dazzling honours, Wieniawski is remarkable in private for his modest and retiring demeanour.

THE WORCESTER INFIRMARY.

(From *Berrow's Worcester Journal*.)

THE charitable effort which has been made this week to extend the usefulness of that most valuable institution, the Worcester Infirmary, has been very successful.

The Cathedral yesterday morning (Thursday, Nov. 18), was crowded by a large congregation, the members being considerably swelled by the attendance of the Mayor and Corporation, with the numerous guests of his worship, who had that morning attended the inaugural breakfast at the Guildhall; and the concert in the evening at the College Hall was also attended by a large audience. The service of the morning was fixed for half-past eleven o'clock. On the entrance of the civic procession, the National Anthem was played on the organ. The musical service was Croft's in A, the *procees* were intoned by Revs. R. Fowler and R. Cattley, and the lessons read by the Rev. Canon Wood and Fortescue. The anthem was Boyce's "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy." At the conclusion of morning prayer, the Very Rev. the Dean ascended the pulpit, and delivered an eloquent, impressive, and touching discourse from the text St. Matthew, c. 25, par. v. 30: "I was sick and ye visited me."

At the concert, in the evening, the old College Hall was exceedingly well filled, almost to the back seats, and as the majority of the members of the orchestra rendered their services gratuitously, the results must be pecuniarily remunerative. The hall was well lighted up with gas, which aided most materially in warming the spacious apartment on a night of unusual severity for an English November. The programme was as follows:—

PART I. Overture, "Zampa"—Herold. Part Song, "The Shepherd's Farewell," the Cathedral Choir—Smart. Aria, "O quanta vasa" (Azor and Zemira), Mrs. Weiss—Spohr. Piano-forte—Impromptu de concert, "Robin Adair," Miss Arabella Goddard—Wallace. Quartet, "Let the early beam of morning"—Balfe. New Song, "The Slave's Dream," Mr. Weiss—W. H. Weiss. Violin Solo, variations on "La ci darem," Mr. H. Blagrove—H. Blagrove. Duett, "The Siren and Friar," Mr. and Mrs. Penny—L. Emanuel. Grand Quartet in G minor—Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Viola, Mr. B. Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. Waite—Mozart.

PART II. Overture, (Lo Noces de Figaro)—Mozart. Duett, "Non fuggir," Mr. and Mrs. Weiss—Donizetti. Piano-forte Fantasia, "Home, sweet home," Miss Arabella Goddard—Thalberg. Cavatina, "Di piazze," Miss Gilbert—Rossini. Solo Concertino, Fantasia on airs from "William Tell," Mr. R. Blagrove—R. Blagrove. Old English Ballad, Mrs. Weiss—C. Smith. Descriptive Song, "The Bear Hunt," Mr. Penny—H. Phillips. Part Song, "The dawn of day," the Cathedral Choir—S. Reay. Song, "I'm a roamer," Mr. Weiss—Mendelssohn. Solo Quartet and Chorus, "O fill the wine cup"—Sir H. Bishop. The National Anthem.

Mr. Done was conductor. The only paid professionals were those engaged from London, who, however, modified their terms for the benefit of the charity; the other ladies and gentlemen gave their services gratuitously, as also the gentlemen of the Cathedral choir, and certain others who are not mentioned in the official programme or advertisements. We may mention one gentleman whose bow is ever ready to be wielded in the cause of charity, and who, with his father before him, has been associated with the Worcester musical gatherings for the last

half century. We allude to Mr. J. H. D'Egry, whose name was not mentioned in the programmes or advertisements. The Harmonic Society offered its services in the same good cause, and they were accepted, though only availed of to sing in a glee at the flag end of the concert. The two overtures were correctly played, but the band was too limited for the room, and the effect, therefore, weak. The first part of the scheme went off tamely, the audience appeared sleepy and phlegmatic, and it was not until they had got well into part two that they were roused from their lethargy.

The first encore was awarded to Miss Arabella Goddard's second piano-forte solo. This young lady certainly is a most accomplished pianist, both as a solo performer and accompanist, and it is not always that the two accomplishments are combined. The instrumental portions of the programme, indeed, were the plans in the musical pudding—*sc. gr.* Mr. H. Blagrove's masterly handling of his own violin solo, the quartet by Mozart, and the concertino solo of Mr. R. Blagrove. The Mozart quartet was the gem of the evening. Miss Goddard's playing was exquisite—full of delicacy and expression. The Messrs. Blagrove are too well known to need commendation, but Mr. Waite is new to Worcester audiences. He is from Bristol, where he ranks highly as a musician, which his playing with the above-named first-rate artists fully justified.

Mrs. Weiss sang, "O quanta vasa," charmingly, and was encored in "O softly sleep, my baby boy." Miss Gilbert sang "Di piazze," in a highly-finished manner; and the songs of Mr. Penny and Mr. Weiss were given with characteristic humour. Mr. Weiss' "Slave's Dream" is an improvement on the good things he has given to the musical world before. The part songs by the Cathedral choir exhibited the accomplishments of the executants, and the excellence of their training.

The pecuniary results, so far as they can at present be ascertained, will certainly exceed £300, which sum will afford timely aid to an institution which calls for the sympathy of all classes and conditions. The collections at the doors of the Cathedral amounted to £252 15s. 3d., in which were included the handsome gifts of £50 each by Sir E. H. Lechmere and Lady Lechmere, and Mr. Laslett, £20. The donations forwarded to the secretaries by parties who did not attend the Cathedral amounted to £66, and the concert is expected to realise about £80.

This pecuniary success has induced a suggestion that a similar plan shall be perpetuated, that the mayor's entertainment be given on some day in the week, other than Sunday, that a sermon be preached annually in aid of the Infirmary funds on the day on which the new chief magistrate and the corporation attend the Cathedral, and that an annual concert be given on the evening of the same day; but there are many objections to be urged against such a proposition, should it ever be actually brought before the public.

OXFORD.—Dr. Mark and his young pupils gave two concerts in the Town Hall, on Wednesday week (morning and evening). Both were numerously attended. On the following day Dr. Mark gave a concert, at which the children from the charity schools and the children of the poor (people generally, not less than 2000 children, were present on the occasion. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Prier, head master of the Grey Coat School, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Mark and his pupils, which was carried with acclamation. The same evening Dr. Mark gave his farewell concert, when the room was completely filled; after the first part of the concert, some of the gentlemen of Wadham College presented Dr. Mark with a handsome gold pencil case.

IMPROMPTU.

(On hearing that the Pyne and Harrison management had offered an engagement to Mr. Sims Reeves.)

Oh, Pyne I shouldst thou, on due comparison,
The Opine more certain self might be achieved
By joining Reeve instead of Harrison,
Sure he^w would pine to see thee, Pyne, be-Reeve'd.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(Abridged from *The Birmingham Journal*.)

The concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening was a "Triton among minnows," a Great Eastern of steam ships, or a Bright amongst Reformers, in comparison with other musical manifestations which we have lately had to record. Not that either monster orchestra or colossal chorus lent the imposing weight of numbers to the demonstration, for the motto of Wednesday's performance was "great effects with numerically small means;" but the occasion derived importance from a more legitimate cause, viz., the congress of the most eminent musical talent of the day, in a hall which, beyond all others, affords the finest scope for its display and appreciation. Arrangements of a very comprehensive character had been made for the reception and accommodation of the public—even the orchestra being converted for the nonce into gallery seats. The audience were not of that critical cast we are accustomed to meet at quartet meetings, piano-forte soirées, &c., but of a more mixed stamp—intent, doubtless, on hearing good music, and capable in a broad way of distinguishing between the good and the indifferent, "et *voilà tout*." Only on this supposition can we account for the qualified applause bestowed on one or two of the finest performances of the evening, as compared with the enthusiasm which in other parts appeared to mark the popular preference for Balfe over Beethoven, and Verdi over the unapproachable Mozart. The programme fortunately included of music sufficiently varied character to meet all reasonable shades of taste.

PART I.

Quartet, "Where art thou, beam of Light?"—Bishop; aria, "Ah si ben mio," Mr. George Perren—Verdi; solo (violin), Herr Molique—sir, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Mad. Rudersdorff—Meyerbeer; "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Miss Palmer—Hattou; duo, "La ci darem," Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Thomas—Mozart; piano, grand sonata, Op. 101, in A major, Miss Arabella Goddard—Beethoven; romanza, "Il balen," Mr. Thomas—Verdi; laughing trio, "I'm not the Queen," Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer and Mr. George Perren—Balfe.

PART II.

Quartet, "Over the dark blue waters,"—Weber; "The Minstrel Boy," Miss Palmer—Moore; solo (pianoforte), impromptu on Robin Adair, Miss Arabella Goddard—Wallace; song, "Round the corner waiting," Mad. Rudersdorff—Randegger; solo (violin), Herr Molique—Molique; Spanish song, "La calesera," Mad. Rudersdorff—Yradier; "The Thorn," Mr. George Perren—Shield; finale, "The fisherman's good night"—Bishop.

In Bishop's quartet, sung unaccompanied, Mad. Rudersdorff's soprano rang out with too marked effect for the unity of the performance; and Miss Palmer's contralto appealed less prominently, but scarcely less eloquently, to the attentive ear of the audience. Mr. Perren and Mr. Thomas eschewed all efforts at effect, and contented themselves with a careful rendering of their parts. Herr Molique's *entrée* was greeted with that applause to which his high artistic standing fairly entitles him at the hands of all lovers of good music. His performance was accompanied with judgment and taste by Signor Randegger, who presided at the pianoforte throughout the evening. Of Herr Molique's playing we can only say, in the naive language of meretricious display, combined with executive power of no common order, are his characteristics. The composition to which he devoted himself appeals too exclusively to the intelligent few to admit of its popularity. A wild Mephistophelian strain pervades its melody, and it abounds with passages of wonderful harmonic combination, which to the untutored ear smelt strangely of "barbarous dissonance." It may be inferred from these remarks that the applause bestowed on Herr Molique's performance was scarcely proportioned either to the merits of the work or to the ability displayed in its execution; but the gifted *maestro* retired amidst the discriminating plaudits of what in Parliamentary phraseology would be termed a "formidable minority." Mad. Rudersdorff in Meyerbeer's magnificent air created a *furor*, and not until Signor Randegger, whose execution of the piano accompaniment contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece, had struck the opening

choral of a fresh piece, did the excitement subside. Mad. Rudersdorff chose for her encore a Spanish ditty, of the Venanzo Waltz class. The simple, though beautiful ballad music of Hattou following Meyerbeer, suggested comparisons bewilderingly impracticable from the want of some common basis. Miss Palmer's artistic rendering of the piece suggested comment on the mellow voice, instinctive grace, and dramatic feeling to which so much enjoyment was due. The duet from *Don Giovanni* by Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Thomas was heard with unqualified pleasure.

Miss Arabella Goddard, in a toilette of the extremest Parisian taste, next made her appearance on the low temporary platform which had been erected for the purpose in front, and slightly under the usual orchestral gallery. As compared with other stars of magnitude in the musical firmament, Miss Goddard's person is less familiar to the Birmingham public than it ought to be, or than the recent pictorial efforts of an illustrated London contemporary have sought to render it. From the plate we are alluding to, a tolerably correct notion of all that appertains to figure and height may certainly be obtained, but, as a portrait, the illustration is a failure. Hence the first feeling produced in the minds of the audience on Wednesday was one of astonishment, no less at the personal charms than the extreme youth of a lady who had already attained so unprecedentedly high a position in her profession, and fully one half of the admiration bestowed on her performance must be set down to other considerations than those of pure art; who, as we have before hinted, had many lukewarm votaries in the multitude assembled at her shrine. Miss Goddard had the misfortune to be attended by a not very dexterous or intelligent *cavalier servante*, and the versatility with which she contrived in the midst of her absorbing occupation to transfix the blundering leaf-turner with a Median glance from one side of her pretty countenance, whilst presenting an ever-smiling frontispiece to the public on the other, was something marvellous to contemplate. Her playing was characterised by singular grace, freedom from affectation, and that incomprehensible mastery of mechanical difficulties which it seems the prerogative of genius to possess, whilst mere physical excellence retreats crest-fallen from its pursuit. Unlike many other pianists, Miss Goddard observed no perceptible interval between the performance of the several movements, but passed rapidly from the opening *allegretto* to the bold *rioso alla Marcia*, thence to the sublime and deeply poetic *adagio*, concluding without valid rest or apparent fatigue, with the sparkling and elaborately fugued *allegro*, in which alone her execution

"Untrusting all the claims that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

would have stamped the name of any hitherto unheard of artist. This performance was one of those rather beyond the ken of a considerable proportion of the mixed multitude assembled in the hall, and accordingly the *encore* was somewhat qualified, and Miss Goddard, with much good sense, curtailing formally to the audience, resisted all subsequent endeavours to lure her forth from her retirement.

Mr. Thomas imparted as much freshness to the now hackneyed "Il Balen" as was in the power of an intelligent and careful artist, and was rewarded with no stinted measure of applause. The laughing trio from Balfe's new opera, which from its enduring pretensions to public favour, has been happily designated in a *jeu d'esprit*, *racy* of the soil, as the "rose of cast steel," brought the first part of the programme to a conclusion. It was remarkable only as being one of the few *encored* performances of the evening—a circumstance in a great measure attributable to the humorous extravagance of Mr. Perren, some of whose gesticulations, however, were open to question on the score of good taste.

In the second part Weber's quartet elicited symptoms of well-deserved approval. Miss Palmer created a sensation in Moore's "Minstrel Boy," and on the *encore*, treated her audience to the Irish ballad "The Letter." Miss Goddard, in Wallace's "Impromptu," met her audience on congenial soil. The applause was warm, hearty, and unequivocal; qualities that Miss Goddard's long professional experience enabled her to recognise and

acknowledge. She readily and gracefully acceded to the demand for an encore, and tipped the climax of her triumph by a masterly and impassioned execution of one of the most pleasing fantasias on "Home, Sweet Home."

Mad. Rudersdorff made the most of Sig. Randegger's song, but the performance failed to excite any vivid demonstration.

Herr Molique's second solo was better appreciated than his previous performance, and the inexhaustible fertility of resources displayed in the composition, no less than the matchless power and feeling manifested in its execution, warranted the warm tribute of admiration which greeted it. The ballad by the Spanish composer, Yradier, was exquisitely sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, and Mr. Perren did full justice to the song-solo of Shield. Bishop, as he had opened, concluded the entertainment with sterling English music.

LEICESTER.—The want of an efficient and well conducted musical society has been long felt in the town, and the attention of a few of our leading musicians has been lately occupied in determining of the best method to be adopted for attaining this desirable object. Having obtained the co-operations of Mr. Henry Nicholson, who consented to undertake the duties of conductor, a post for which his musical attainments and practical experience peculiarly fit him, they decided on forming a new society, and limiting the membership to those persons who possessed ability and diligence sufficient to make their assistance useful. A few rules were accordingly drawn up and printed, with a circular inviting the co-operation of all who were competent. The names of Miss Deacon, and Messrs. Henry Gill, Thomas Graham, William Rowlett, John Stanyon, Samuel Cleaver, George Royce, John Sansome, and William Branston, were appended to the Council, thereby affording the best possible guarantee for the good management of the society. The result has exceeded the expectations of the promoters, and a society has been formed already numbering upwards of 70 members, all qualified to take an efficient part in the performance of choral music. The rehearsals have been commenced at the New Music Hall, and we understand they have proved highly satisfactory. In order to render the performances as complete and effective as possible, Mr. Nicholson has procured the use of an organ, which is now in course of erection at the New Music Hall. We congratulate the members on this valuable acquisition, and we are glad to learn that the opening is arranged to take place at one of our fortnightly concerts, on December 20, and that the society will assist on the occasion, and perform a selection from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, as also some part songs.—*Leicester Journal*.

The third of Mr. Nicholson's popular entertainments, the Concerts for the People, in the present season, took place on Monday evening in the Corn Exchange, which was crowded to excess, nearly 2,000 persons being present. The principal vocalists were Miss Deacon, Mr. W. T. Briggs (of the Worcester Cathedral choir), Mr. Sansome, and Mr. Oldershaw. The solo instrumentalists were Piccio with his Pastoral Tuba, and Mr. Henry Nicholson (flute).

NOTTINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Midland Counties Philharmonic Society gave their first concert in the Mechanics' Hall, on Wednesday, the 17th. There was a gay and brilliant assemblage, among whom we noticed the Mayor, the ex-Mayor, the Sheriff, and Sir A. Knight. The concert opened with the overture to *Maanillo*, which was played with vigour and precision. The *pot-pourri*, on airs from *Mattha*, was effective, and the last solo on the flute played with great sweetness. The selection from *Il Traviato*, arranged by the society's conductor, showed the power and efficiency of the orchestra. The march from the *Prophète* concluded the first part. The second part opened with the overture to *Il Barbire*. The selection from *La Traviata* was played admirably by the band. We noticed among the instruments something novel in the shape of a sonophone, on which the baritone solo was played in *La Traviata*, being lent for the occasion to the conductor by the inventor, Mr. Waddell, band-master of the 1st Life Guards. The first song on the programme was Mozart's "Dove Son,"

sung by the talented and rising young vocalist, Miss Theresa Jefferys, who made her second appearance in Nottingham. She also sang the Irish melody "The Minstrel Boy," and Bishop's aria, "Tell me, my Heart," in which she was encored, for which she gave "Summer Breezes." The great tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, commenced with Weber's grand scena, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" from Oberon, in magnificent trumpet tone, combining vocal eloquence of the highest order. It was quite evident, however, that he was suffering from a severe cold, and his acting (?) lacked his accustomed dramatic force. He next sang the ballad, "Come into the garden, Maud," which was vociferously encored! Mr. Reeves would not comply with the very urgent and uproarious call. It is right to state that Mr. Reeves came to sing contrary to the positive orders of his physician, and that he sacrificed two engagements—one on Monday, at Newcastle, and the other at Preston, on Tuesday, that he might fulfil that at Nottingham. The audience were most unreasonable, since Mr. Reeves sang what was set down in the programme; but the mob, as Shakespeare truly says, are ever "fickle and ignorant." He concluded his part of the performance by singing the ballad, "Phoebe, Dearest," which, in spite of cold and hoarseness, was almost perfection. The concert terminated with Beethoven's overture to *The Men of Prometheus*. The band altogether was one of the finest, if not the finest ever collected together in the Mechanics' Hall, and their success has more than justified the expectations of the most sanguine. The speculation promises and deserves to be successful.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The concerts for the people have commenced in the Town Hall. At the first, which took place on the 13th inst., nearly 1,700 persons were present. The performers were—Miss Witham, Miss Newbound, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Delavanti, a band of about 40, and Mr. Burton as conductor. The band was the principal attraction, and played one or two overtures in capital style. Last Saturday, the same vocalists were engaged, and four members of the band only. The room was not more than half-filled—A very good concert was given in the Music Hall, last week; by Mr. Richard Ramsden, who, since he left the Leeds parish church as a chorister-boy, has been cultivating a very promising baritone voice. His assistants were—Miss Dobson, Miss Pilling, Mr. Archibald Mann (of whom the local papers speak in the highest terms), Mr. Winn, and Mr. Broughton, pianist.—Last Friday, the Festival Committee, headed by Sir Peter Fairbairn (Mayor), attended the board-room of the Infirmary, and there formally presented to the trustees the sum of £2,000, as the balance left from the recent Leeds Festival. It seems to be well understood, that the second festival will take place here within three years. I would recommend to the committee the great advantage of giving the next festival at the end of two years, for then it would not clash with either Birmingham or Bradford. The *Leeds Express*, of Saturday last, has the following:—"The organ committee of the Town Council have recommended to the Town Hall Committee the desirability of immediately ventilating the cave in the orchestra of the Town Hall, and the bellows-room in the vaults. It is already well known that, from the want of ventilation in the cave, the organ pipes get very much out of tune during the nights when the Hall is occupied; whilst the bellows-room requires ventilation to prevent that dampness which has already injured some portions of the bellows work. We understand that it is in contemplation to add the pneumatic action to the pedal and composition movements in the organ, and that this, and the instrument itself, will be entirely completed in about six weeks' time. Until then, we believe the organ will not be publicly used."

EPIGRAM.

"Au!i alterem partem."

"For Ober's soup meagre
I'm not over eager.
I'd leaser by half
Old Roast Beef with Ball!"

GUSARRI

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

On Monday, for the BENEFIT of Mr. W. HARRISON, Verdi's opera IL TROVATORE. Marico (first time in London) Mr. W. Harrison; Leonora (first time in London) Miss Louisa Fyne. Conductor, Mr. Alfroi Mellon. In consequence of their great success the ROSE OF CASTILE and THE BOHEMIAN GIRL will be repeated in the course of the week. To conclude (each evening) with a Ballet Divertissement. Commence at half-past Seven.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH. Tuesday and Saturday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Thursday, KING JOHN. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE

A LAST WEEK BUT ONE—EVERY NIGHT at Eight o'clock.—M. WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.—To-morrow, Monday, November 29th, a GRAND BEETHOVEN NIGHT. On which occasion Mad. Krutwig and Galtier will make their first appearance since three years. The first part of the Programme will consist of the works of Beethoven, including the Overture "Leonora," Symphony in C minor, Concerto, Violin, performed by M. WIENIAWSKI—and the celebrated Septet, performed by Soloists of M. JULLIEN'S Orchestra. Second part, miscellaneous—Quintette, "The Campbell is come," and "Hymn of Universal Harmony," Jullien.—"Fern Levas" Valer. Jullien.—Solo, Violin, "Carnaval de Venise" (Paganini), performed by M. WIENIAWSKI.—"Frikell Galop," Jullien.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MAQUÉ, on Monday, December 15th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The celebrated Madame Celeste will appear every evening this week with Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Eliza Arden. On Monday, SATAN, Madame Celeste; Choeurie, Mr. Paul Bedford. On Tuesday, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST, Cynthia, Madame Celeste. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, to commence with the Adelphi Drama of CHRISTMAS EVE. Madame Celeste, Madame Celeste, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford and the whole of the Company. To be followed by an original drama called THE LITTLE BUTLER. Madame Celeste, Madame Celeste. To conclude on Monday and Tuesday with THE WHITE SLAVE. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, a Favorite Barletta. On Wednesday, for the Benefit of Madame Celeste, the Department is busily engaged for the production of the Great National Pantomime.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CANDIDATE.—Apply to Mr. Gimson, Secretary, No. 4, Tenterden-st, Hanover-square.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1858.

THE Vocal Association has issued its prospectus for the ensuing Season, which commences in January and terminates in June. Mr. Benedict, who originated the Society, in 1856, is its director and conductor. A more zealous orchestral chief or a more energetic administrator it would be difficult to find. What notoriety the Association already enjoys is owing entirely to his exertions. Mr. Benedict's original idea was to institute a choral body which might vie in excellence with the Cologne Manner-Gesang-Verein and the Berlin Choirs. He knew that no country in the world possessed finer voices than England, and, determined to procure the most efficient singers, and to spare no pains in improving them, it was natural he should indulge in the fairest prospects of success. It was no easy matter, however, to bring together three hundred singers with good voices, competent musical knowledge, and refinement of style, so as to execute with propriety and effect the master-pieces of ancient and modern writers—madrigals, glees, part-songs, &c., and to say nothing of the grander choral works, which no doubt Mr. Benedict contemplated. The celebrated choirs of Berlin and Cologne had been singing and practising

together for years before they arrived at the perfection ultimately attained, and Mr. Benedict, of course, did not expect his own society to reach the degree of excellence aimed at in one or two seasons.

The Vocal Association commenced not badly. At a concert in the Crystal Palace they were first brought into prominent notice, and opinions were very generally favourable to their performances. Of course allowance was made for amateurs who had sung so rarely in public, but they were found entitled to no small share of praise. So promising a beginning augured well for the future, and several warm admirers of Mr. Benedict, and well-wisher to the Association, prophesied that before two years had passed they would equal the Cologne Union.

Unfortunately progress did not keep pace with expectation. In 1857, the members of the Vocal Association showed signs of improvement, although on one or two occasions—when entrusted with more complicated works than madrigals and part-songs—a falling off was manifested. Frequent hearings, too, led to the conviction that all the voices were not good; that many were harsh,—not a few habitually out of tune; and that some of the members did not sing at all. This was placed beyond a doubt last season on the opening night at St. James's Hall, when the Association had to take part in the finale to Mendelssohn's *Lorely*—a performance by no means calculated to raise it in the estimation of connoisseurs. Mr. Benedict was far from satisfied, and saw that reformation was needed; but all arrangements had been made, and nothing could be done until the end of the year.

The prospectus just offered to subscribers states that nearly one-fourth of the members have been dismissed, and that none have been admitted as substitutes without undergoing, in advance, a strict examination before Mr. Benedict.

This very necessary measure having been carried out, we may now look forward to better things from the Vocal Association, and entertain a hope that after some years, with assiduity and zeal, they may be entitled to rank among the most efficient choral societies. That nothing will be left unattempted by Mr. Benedict in order to obtain this result, we feel assured. All that promptitude and energy united to talent and experience can hope to achieve will be achieved.

A highly interesting feature of the prospectus is the announcement of four works by Mendelssohn, with which the public are unacquainted, and which will be introduced in the course of the season. These are, three *Marches*, and an "Ave Maria," belonging to the unfinished *Lorely*. The "Ave Maria" has been presented by Mr. Buxton to Mr. Benedict, for the exclusive advantage of the Vocal Association. It consists of a solo for soprano and four-part chorus, and is as completely scored and finished as the long *finale* with which we are already familiar, and a new piece from *Lorely* cannot fail to excite curiosity.

The performances are to consist of twelve Concerts—six dress and six undress. To the latter—held for the purpose of introducing young and untried singers, who would not otherwise have an opportunity of appearing in public—subscribers only will be admitted. This alone is likely to attract a certain amount of patronage. In brief, from the promises held out, we have a right to anticipate that the forthcoming season will place the Vocal Association in a far better position than it can hitherto be said to have occupied.

LET US NOW, as we are wont from time to time, look over the list of metropolitan non-lyrical theatres and see what they are all about.

With the Princess's, as the temple, *par excellence*, of the poetical drama, we begin. In consequence of a judicious series of revivals, Mr. Charles Kean is enabled to ring three changes every week, while both he and Mrs. C. Kean appear every night, so varying their labours as to obtain comparative repose. As they prove themselves in *Macbeth* the undoubted chiefs of the tragic profession, so in their last revival, *Much Ado About Nothing*, do they proclaim themselves joint monarchs of high comedy. The young men of the present age, who have only seen this charming play acted in middling style, do not know what it ought to look like till they have seen the Benedick and Beatrice of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean. Let them, the young men of the present day, find themselves at the door of the Princess's Theatre, at seven o'clock, in order to secure a good place; not in order to see a farce, called *Thirty-three next Birthday*.

To-night Mrs. Charles Mathews will take her benefit at the Haymarket, thus bringing to a close a singularly prosperous engagement.

The revival of the *Boots at the Sucas*, fresh in the mind of every one whose memory can command six months, and of the *Thumping Legacy*, which is less familiar to the present playgoer, has done wonders for the Olympic Theatre. Robson as the "boots,"—Robson as the cockney druggist, lured into vindictive Corsica—is an attraction altogether irresistible.

Even those who have already seen the *Maid and the Magpie* at the Strand Theatre, may venture there again, not only because this lively burlesque is well worth seeing twice, but because there is a new farce called the *Little Savage*, which, in itself no great affair, renders Marie Wilton exceedingly prominent in the character of a pretended romper, and Marie Wilton is neither more nor less than an incarnate sunbeam.

The suburbs don't assume any new feature of great importance. *Henry V.* seems to have retreated from Sadler's Wells, where business of a mere routine kind is now carried on—the *Hypocrite* one night, the *Bridal* another, &c. Mad. Celeste is so firm in the favour of oriental enthusiasts that she seems likely to remain at the National Standard till the opening of the new Adelphi gives her a western home. Those who wish to see an M.P. on horseback, may go to Astley's, where Mr. Townsend plays *Glo'ster*. At the Surrey, the *Woman of the World*, one of the leading tales of "Reynold's Miscellany," has been turned into a drama of intense interest, though in this respect Messrs. Shepherd and Crosswick have been anticipated by the manager of the Victoria.

However, whether performances are good, bad, or indifferent, all the theatres in London will speedily be crowded. The Annual Cattle Show is coming on, and will bring with it a throng of sturdy, pleasure-seeking agriculturists, bent on seeing everything from the Princess's to Canterbury Hall. As the mythical bull carried personified Europe all the way from Iphœnia to Crete, so does the real ox bring all England from the provinces to London.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—M. Jullien has engaged this accomplished vocalist for the last week of his Farewell Concerts at the Lyceum, and also for his Farewell Tour in the provinces, in Ireland, and Scotland. Madame Bishop will make her first appearance at M. Jullien's Concerts, on Tuesday, December 14th.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This Society began its winter concerts last night, with Haydn's *Creation*.

M. SAINTON, the eminent violinist, has had the honor of receiving from His Majesty the King of Holland the royal order of the "Couronne de Chêne."

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, who has been playing all the week at the Liverpool concerts given under the superintendance of Mr. E. Thomas, is engaged at Chatham on Monday, at Brighton on Tuesday, at M. Jullien's (Beethoven night) Wednesday, and at Greenwich on Thursday.

MR. MACRABY has experienced another bereavement in the death, on Monday, at Sherborne House, Sherborne, of his sister.

DEATH OF MR. ALLCROFT.—Mr. F. W. Allcroft, whose name has been for a considerable time associated with musical and dramatic undertakings, expired on Sunday fortnight, under such painful circumstances, that his death must be regarded by his friends as a happy release from the sufferings he has lately undergone. It was the unfortunate gentleman's fate to be afflicted with mental as well as physical derangement, and for some months past he had been the inmate of a private lunatic asylum. As the well-known music-publisher in New Bond-street, the most frequent provider, if not the originator, of those "monster concerts" that included in one night's programme an unprecedented array of vocal and instrumental talent, and latterly, after the secession of Mr. Copeland, the lessee of the Strand Theatre (which he held until his decease), there have been few names more prominently before the public. To heavy pecuniary losses connected with the Lyceum, some years since, the excitement of the brain, which led to final mental aberration, has been generally attributed; and the later period of his life has been so severely afflicted, that it can scarcely be regretted the hand of death has now put a period to his sufferings.—*Era*.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BLAGROVE.—On Monday week the funeral of Mr. William Blagrove, who died so suddenly the preceding week, took place at Highgate Cemetery. His remains were deposited with those of his brother Charles, who died a short time since, and the arrangements for the mournful ceremony were most admirably conducted by Mr. W. Garstin, of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. The funeral was attended by several of his professional brethren, by whom he was much respected.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS has been stated, by a contemporary, to be engaged in preparing a Christmas piece for one of the theatres. It is not the case, and probably he finds almost enough occupation in his duties as the new editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in completing the *Gordian Knot*, and in contributing to *Punch*.—*Era*.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—A Parisian journal publishes an account of the sums which M. Calzadò, proprietor of the Italian Opera House in Paris, is now paying to his singers. Tambrlik is to receive 40,600 fr. for seventeen representations; Mario, 15,000fr. per month for five months; Alboni, 12,000fr. per month during the season. This lady is engaged to sing only seven times during each month. Madame Penco gets 70,000fr. for the whole season; Grazzini (Francesco), 40,000fr.; Grazzini (Ludovic), 37,000fr.; Corsi, 21,000fr.; Galvani, 18,000fr.; Madlle. de Ruda, 17,000fr.; Madame Cambardi, 7,000fr.; Soldi, 3,600fr.; Patrosini, 3,000fr.; Madame Dell'Anese, 3,000fr.; Rossi, 3,000fr. We have not done yet. The French *prima donna*, Madame Nantier-Didié, receives 20,000fr.; Zucchini, the comic basso, 18,000fr.; Angelini, 14,000fr.; and Madame Grial is to be paid 20,000 francs for two months. The chorus costs 41,540fr. for the season. The orchestra costs 46,455fr. There are the expenses of scenery, dresses, lighting, and servants of the theatre; altogether obliging an expenditure which it is calculated the utmost patronage on the part of the public can scarcely cover.

MANCHESTER.—At M. Hallé's orchestral concert on Wednesday week, Mendelssohn's *Midwinter Night's Dream* was the chief feature. Madlle. Merie was the vocalist and Mr. Hallé the pianist. At the meeting of the Madrigal Society, Mr. W. Shore, the president, was presented by his fellow members with a handsome time piece. Mr. Shore has been president of the society since its foundation.

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

The crowds do not abate. The concerts appear to possess greater attractions than ever; whether derived from the eager wish of the public to do homage to M. Jullien before his departure; or the increasing reputation of the new violinist, M. Wieniawski; or the superior character of the entertainments, we cannot answer. Certain it is, that the Lyceum Theatre is not half large enough to accommodate M. Jullien's patrons, that numbers are rejected from the doors nightly, and money returned in many instances to the doors, which entertain a horror of a crowd, and dare not trust their tender selves to the enthusiastic and unrespecting denizens of the pit.

The second "Mendelssohn Night" took place on Friday evening week, and attracted, if possible, even a greater overflow than the first. The programme was nearly the same. The symphony in A went just as well; Miss Arabella Goddard played the first concerto for piano just as perfectly, and elicited just the same enthusiasm; while M. Wieniawski restored his own *cadenza* to the violin concerto. Instead of "Infelice" (Miss Stabach being absent) Miss Poole sang "The First Violet," and besides the Wedding March, there was the welcome addition of the overture to *Ruy Blas*, which was very superbly executed.

The revival of M. Jullien's famous "English Quadrille" has constituted a highly attractive feature in the week's performances. The applause nightly following this exciting composition is enthusiastic in the extreme. Each well-known air employed in the different figures is received with repeated cheers, while the soloists, whose special talents have never been employed to greater advantage, come in for no small share of the applauding thunder.

On Wednesday the first "Beethoven Night" will be given, when Miss Arabella Goddard will perform the Kreutzer Sonata with M. Wieniawski.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme of the second winter concert, on Saturday afternoon, was as follows:—

Overture (Euryanthe)	C. M. v. Weber.
Concerto for the Concertina, expressly composed for the Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi	B. Molique
Song, "Lol here the gentle lark," Miss Louisa Vinning	Sir H. Bishop
Flute Obligato, Mr. Stensden	Beethoven.
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat	Beethoven.
New Ballad, "When shall we meet again," expressly composed for Miss Louisa Vinning	G. Macfarren.
Morceau de concert, "Les Oiseaux," Signor Giulio Regondi	Regondi.
Ballad, "Too late, too late!" Miss Louisa Vinning	Pratten.
Overture (Faust)	Cherubini.

Both selection and performance reflected much credit upon Mr. Manns and every one concerned.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN delivered his lecture on "Weber and his Compositions," in the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, at Hull, on Monday evening, the 15th inst., and on Wednesday evening, the 17th, his lecture on the "Dramatic Compositions of Handel and his Contemporaries." Both lectures were received with great marks of approbation. Mr. Salaman was assisted in the vocal illustrations by Miss Eliza Hughes and Mr. Theodore Dittin. On the 18th Mr. Salaman read his Handel lecture in the minor room, St. George's Hall, Bradford, with equal success.

THE RUDERSORFF-MOLIQUE-RANDEGGER party have returned from a highly successful tour in the provinces. To the three artists named were joined Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Thomas. Madame Rudersdorff took with her a new song, entitled, "Merrily shines the morn," composed expressly for her by Signor Randegger, in which she rarely failed to obtain an encore.

MANCHESTER.—At the Monday evening concert, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Thomas, and Herr Molique, have again been the attraction.

DRURY LANE.

THE *Bohemian Girl* was revived on Monday, but did not attract—which did not surprise us, considering how the opera has been hackneyed for fifteen years. The applause, however, was loud and frequent; bouquets were thick, and recalls numerous. Miss Louisa Pye sings the music of Arline to perfection. She was encored, as a matter of course, in "I dream that I dwell in Marble Halls." Mr. Harrison's two songs—"When other lips," and "The fair land of Poland," were temptuously bisped and repeated to the great delight of the upper and the under boxes, with whom the Italian airs of sentiment are prodigious favourites. The reception of the "Old Girl" must have vastly pleased the composer and the managers, although we doubt very much the policy of the resuscitation of so antiquated a maiden of the muse. Miss Louisa Pye and Mr. Harrison should recollect that there are other English composers besides Mr. Balfe, and that to display unmistakable favouritism towards one writer, however talented and popular, is not adhering to the spirit of their prospectus. If the "National English Opera" were entitled the "Balfe and Co. Opera," we should have no objection even to the *Bohemian Girl*.

OXFORD.—Mr. James Russell gave a concert in the Town Hall on Friday evening, the 19th instant. The artists included Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Thomas, as vocalists, Herr Molique as solo violinist, and Signor Randegger, conductor—the party, in fact, which have been making a professional *tournee* in the provinces, with great felicitous—to whom was added Miss Dolby, as being a special favourite in Alma Mater. The pieces which obtained most applause were Balfe's new and charming ballad, "Daybreak," Duggan's song, "Many a time and oft," vociferously encored, but not repeated, "The green trees" being substituted—all three sung to perfection by Miss Dolby, and a new song by Signor Randegger, called "Merrily shines the morn," given with great point and expression by Madame Rudersdorff. Herr Molique was applauded to the echo in both his performances—"Souvenir de Norma," and *Fantasia* on English, and Scotch melodies.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Thomas concert have been going on favourably. On Tuesday evening, the first part was all Mendelssohn, including the overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *andante* from the symphony in A, and the pianoforte concerto in G minor. The concerto was magnificently played by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was unanimously re-called at the termination. The orchestra pieces were capitally given under Mr. Thomas's able direction; and Miss Louisa Vinning's "Gardens" (the only vocal piece) would have been irreproachable, and pleased even more, but for a *cadenza* hardly in good keeping with the unaffected character of the music. Selections from *Rigoletto* and *Lucresia Borgia*, daily morning and evening (for we have had afternoon concerts as well), afforded the public an opportunity of admiring and applauding the solo playing of Messrs. Percival (flute), Maycock (clarinet), Nicholson (oboe), Hawkes (cornet), and Prospere (opulicicid). Miss Arabella Goddard has created quite a *furor*, and is invariably encored in her solos. On Wednesday afternoon, the "Last rose of summer," being redemanded with acclamations, she returned to the orchestra and substituted Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*. In the evening, the same composer's *fantasia* on *Masaniello*, being similarly complimented, the gifted pianist (to the universal satisfaction) satisfied the demand of the audience with "Home, sweet home," which created an equal measure of enthusiasm. Miss Louisa Vinning has been singing "Tacea la notte," Pratten's "Too late, too late," "Vedrai carino," "Where the he-sucks," and a very pretty ballad by Macfarren, written expressly for her, and entitled "When shall we meet again?" with *unifera* success. The overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Fra Diavolo* have added to the achievements of the band—solos on the clarinet (Mr. Maycock), cornet (Mr. Hawkes), and a duet for flute and clarinet (Messrs. Percival and Maycock), to the displays of the chief instrumentalists. In short, the concerts of Mr. Thomas have never presented a greater variety of attraction.

THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY gave a concert at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening. The programme was more varied than we have been accustomed to expect in suburban entertainments. It consisted of a tolerable selection of sacred, secular, and instrumental music. The singers were Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Montem Smith; the instrumentalists, Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), Mr. Isaac (second violin), Mr. Richard Blagrove (viola and concertina), Mr. Aylward (violin), and Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte and harmonium). Movements from Haydn's "God save the Emperor" quartet, and from Beethoven's quartet, in A major, No. 5, were finely executed by Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Isaac, and Aylward. Solos were performed on their respective instruments by Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove (concertina), and Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte and harmonium). The vocal piece most admired was Balfé's new song, "Daybreak," which Miss Dolby sang most admirably.

LIVERPOOL.—(Abridged from the *Liverpool Daily Post*, Nov. 23rd).—The sixth series of shilling concerts given by our indefatigable townsmen, Mr. Thomas, began last night at St. George's Hall, with a thoroughly successful performance; and it is with no small pleasure that we have to report that the attendance, both in the reserved and shilling places, was very much better than on previous first nights; and we have no doubt that the result will realize Mr. Thomas's expectations, in a pecuniary point of view; while, as regards the music, it must be admitted by all, that whether we take the band "*ensemble*," or the soloists and vocalist individually, the attractions offered surpass the arrangements of foregoing years, and must receive that appreciating patronage which the exertions of Mr. Thomas so richly deserve.

The programme of last night consisted of the usual *melange* of symphony, overture, opera selection, solos, and songs, with dance music. The *intermezzo* movement from Beethoven in F and Hérolid's *Zampa* were as effective as ever. We have seldom been more pleased with the *Trovatore* music; the soloists, including Nicholson on the oboe, Maycock (clarinet), Percival (flute), Prospère (ophécléide), and Snelling (bassoon), being perfect. We felt inclined to award to each in turn the first place in our list; but, as each on his respective instrument was so good, we feel that in uniting their names in one common award of praise, we pay each the best compliment.

The violinic solo of Herr Lidell was admirable. He met with a hearty recognition on his appearance for the sake of "auld lang syne," which was repeated on his retirement.

Miss Louisa Vinning was received in a manner that was not more complimentary to her than well deserved. She is a vocalist we have every reason to be proud of, and we were glad to find that the audience estimated her at her value. She was encored in every song, and recalled a second time after singing "Comin' through the rye." Abelli's song, "I'm a laughing Zingarella," is too close a copy of the well-known tarantella to be a favourite with us; but though lacking originality, Miss Louisa Vinning redeemed it by her excellent singing, and we were much charmed with her interpretation of "Ah, fors'è lui," and "Where the bee sucks." To-night she will appear, we expect, to even greater advantage in Mendelssohn's lovely song, "The Garland."

The great attraction of these concerts, however, and marked improvement on former years, is to be found in the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard. If we had had the least doubts of her great powers, the execution of Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," and, on being encored, the same composer's "Home, sweet home," would have set that feeling at rest once and for ever. The clearness of every passage—the evenness, force, and delicacy she displayed were wonderful. The melody kept ringing out as distinctly as though there were no extraordinary variations in arpeggio, octaves, &c., built upon them; and these same ornamental accompaniments were in themselves perfect throughout, each note telling, every passage a perfect marvel of executive skill. But great as she undoubtedly is in works of the class we have named, it is in the grand works of the great masters that

she shines; here we find, coupled with dexterity, a refined interpretation, a close observation, and conscientious rendering of the author's intentions. Replete with difficulties just as great as in Thalberg, the merit of the performance is enhanced by the presence of genius; and, in the reading and playing of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, to-night, in the works she will hereafter introduce from the pianoforte writings of Beethoven and Mozart, will be found the great outstanding attractions of Mr. Thomas's series; and we cannot for one moment doubt that the musical public of Liverpool will appreciate and crowd to hear her in these her greatest triumphs. It is an opportunity seldom offered us, and it is one that should be eagerly availed of. We must not omit to notice the way in which Meyerbeer's "March" from the *Camp of Sémir* was performed, and we are sure ere the week closes, the verdict we now give will be endorsed by all, that band and soloists excel those of any previous season. C.

THE NEW BRITANNIA THEATRE.—The site of the Hoxton Theatre occupies two parallelograms of ground, whereof one, next High-street, 36 by 52 feet, is appropriated to a tavern and two entrance ways—and the other at the back, 150 feet by 110 feet, is occupied by the theatre and its accessories, as promenades, scene painters' rooms and carpenters' shop. Between the two main buildings is a corridor covered with glass. Into this both the entrances lead, and it is united by wide archways to a similar space in the theatre building, at the back of the pit, the stage together forming a promenade of 60 feet by 20 feet, which access is gained to the pit, and by the staircases to the other parts of the house. There are three tiers of boxes at the sides of the house, but in the centre, the space corresponding in height with the two upper tiers is occupied by one large gallery, which extends to the full limit of the building, or over the saloon, which itself corresponds with that part of the promenade which is immediately attached to the pit. The pit extends under the lower tier of boxes. It measures 76 feet in width, and is 55 feet from the back wall to the orchestra front. The stage is of the same width, 75 feet, and it measures 60 feet from the footlights to the back wall. The curtain opening in the proscenium is 35 feet across and 36 feet in height. A portion of the pit is arranged as stalls. The accommodation in that floor is estimated at 1,900 persons seated (1,000 in the general area, and 200 in the stalls); but bringing into consideration the standing room in the promenade, and at the back of the pit, the total number accommodated will be 1,900 persons. The seats in the lower tier of boxes are divided into two classes by framed partitions. The whole accommodation in this tier will give 800 sittings; but the standing-places in the refreshment-room and adjoining will raise the number to 650 persons. The side boxes in the upper tiers and the great gallery will altogether hold 1,250 persons; whilst the sum of accommodation in all parts of the house, at 1 foot 6 inches to each sitter, will be 3,250 persons. The two entrances from High-street are each of them 14 feet wide. There are in all five staircases; one of the number, however, is merely a staircase of communication between different parts of the house. Leading on from the ends of the promenade are two staircases to the boxes, each 5 feet wide, and at one end is a staircase of the same width to the galleries. The other staircases are those placed as before noticed. The refreshment room to the boxes is 50 feet by 60 feet; and the floor is fire-proof. Three doorways of 4 feet opening, and others of 4 feet 6 inches, give access to the boxes of the two classes on this tier. All doors are made to open outwardly, and within the thickness of the walls. Cisterns and fire-proof cocks are to be provided. In case of a rush from the house escape, in addition to that by the 14 feet ways, could be afforded by removal of some light framed partitions separating the inner bar of the tavern from the outer bar, or that next the street. The arrangements for the refreshment department, and in the provision of various conveniences, are extensive, as they are required to be in the practice of the house to avoid trouble in checks and re-admissions. Besides the tavern and the refreshment saloon of the boxes, there is a refreshment court communicating with the pit promenade, and measuring 28 feet by 25 feet, and an open court on the opposite side 50 feet by 15 feet. The main walls are 2 feet 3 inches in thickness at the piers, which carry the roof principals, the recesses being formed by arches above, and inverted arches below. The front of High-street, comprising that of the tavern, with the entrance to the theatre, is of stone, save the ground story, which is in cast iron. Piers or pilasters with ornament carried thereon at the upper part of the shaft, a plain cornice, and windows with moulded and splayed reveals are the chief features.—*BUILDER*.

LECTURE ON CHURCH MUSIC.

On Tuesday evening the Rev. T. Helmore, M.A., of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Manchester, delivered a lecture in the large room of the Free-trade Hall, on "Church Music." The Right Hon. the Earl of Wilton occupied the chair, and the large hall was crowded with a respectable audience. Amongst those present were Lord Grey de Wilton, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Grey, Lady Elizabeth de Roos, the Dean of Manchester, &c. &c.

The Earl of Wilton, in opening the proceedings, said:—Ladies and gentlemen, I have been requested to take the chair upon this occasion, for the purpose of introducing to your notice Mr. Helmore, who has undertaken to give a lecture upon church music in this hall. And it is with feelings of no common pleasure and satisfaction that I have undertaken to preside upon this occasion, having myself taken a deep interest in this important subject.—(Hear, hear.) And having again and again devoted no inconsiderable share of thought and attention to it, I am perfectly satisfied that the introduction of music into the services of our church—I mean music of a good, sound, and proper character—has been a means of improving and of diffusing a spirit of piety and devotion throughout this kingdom and people.—(Hear, hear.) And remember, ladies and gentlemen, in contemplating this meeting with your support, and in cultivating and nourishing a taste for music, you are performing a great national good.—(Hear.) You are adding a most important element to the advancement of social improvement by encouraging that to which these feelings and these impulses must invariably tend—I mean a sense of the value of order, an attachment to the constituted ordinances and authorities of the state, and above all a love of those great and varied institutions of this country, which has brought it to that state of social and moral eminence, which has made it regarded alike with feelings of admiration, and perhaps of envy, by almost every state in Europe. But, ladies and gentlemen, while we are speaking upon this subject, and the object for which we are most immediately brought together on this occasion, we must not forget that this is but a branch of the parent tree; it is but a branch of that parent institution which I am anxious to take this opportunity of recommending to your special notice and sympathy and support—I mean the Manchester Church Institute. (Applause.) This institution possesses news and reading rooms, which are supplied with the leading Church publications, London and other weekly and daily papers, magazines, and reviews. The institution contains also a library for reference and lending purposes, a class for vocal music, and also classes for acquiring French and German. Now these are the most important objects. It would indeed be a great subject for regret if an institution with such aims and objects did not meet with the support of the friends of the Church generally in Manchester, more especially of the younger portion of the community. Another most important object of this institute, which I wish particularly to draw attention to is, the promotion of unity in the Church. Unity, in my opinion, is the very soul of Christianity, and there is nothing that has ever appeared to me so subversive of that unity in the Church as the employment and the assumption of party watchwords and party titles, and above all, the habit of imputing unsound views to others. Would to God that anything I could say could tend to draw together that disaversion which has taken place, or to heal those wounds which have been inflicted upon our Church during the last few years. But I have often thought that a very few grains of common sense, and a very few drops of charity and indulgence to others, would contribute more perhaps than anything else to heal those wounds and to soften the asperity that so constantly enters into the discussion of religious subjects.—(Hear and applause.) Why should there be any party in the Church of England? For myself I belong to none.—(Applause.) The only party we should acknowledge in the Church is the reformed Protestant Church, and more especially "that pure and apostolic branch of it which has been established in these realms."—(Loud applause.) For myself I confess that I love to hear our beautiful liturgy, the compilation of the wisdom and piety and virtue of the ablest and the most virtuous men that ever existed—I say I love to hear

that liturgy read with reverence and decorum, I love to hear the services of the Church performed with decency and in order, and above all I love to hear the pealing organ calling upon the united congregation to join with one harmonious heart and voice to the praise and glory of God.—(Applause.) Having stated the objects of the Church Institute, I would ask you what objects could be greater and more ennobling than these I and, depend upon it, by cultivating church music and those feelings and impressions to which it is calculated to give rise, by affording to the young and the ardent the means of religious and literary instruction and, above all, by promoting unity in the Church itself, we are establishing one of the greatest means to improve the social advancement of the country, and to augment the contentment, the happiness, the prosperity, and the splendour of the empire.—(Loud applause.)

In our notice of the admirable illustration of Church music given by the Madrigal Society on the 22nd of April, 1858, we remarked upon the fact that the whole of the illustrations to Mr. Helmore's lecture, given in the Free-trade Hall on the previous evening, were of a mediæval character. The same was again the case on Tuesday evening; with the exception of a small anthem, 35 bars long, by the present professor of music at Oxford, and the concluding portion of an anthem by Croft, none of the music was much less than 300 years old. When Mr. Helmore thus limits his subject, the title of his lecture would be more appropriate if it was less comprehensive, for it were to place the music of the English church in a truly contemptible position to insinuate that such illustrations gave anything approaching to a fair exposition of the ecclesiastical music of England. The magnificent anthems of Purcell, the father of English Church music, are entirely ignored, and Mr. Helmore has not yet given a single specimen of the fine works of such worthy successors of that mighty genius as Clarke, Blow, Greene, Handel, Hayes, Boyce, Nares, Cooke, Battishill, Wesley, Atwood, Crotch, Walmisley, Elvey, &c. &c. And, the principal of foreign adaptations being conceded in the case of Palestrina, why is the privilege confined to that one composer, when the anthems of music contain such names as Bach, Graun, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, Righini, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn? The man who can be contented with the materials which are to be found in the works of Palestrina and his predecessors, and who would obstinately reject the splendid acquisitions which succeeding generations have accumulated, must have a strange notion of the history of the art, and must be devoid of all sympathy with that feature in musical composition on which Mozart placed the highest value and importance—*expression*, which is seldom obtained by the dull and monotonous rhythm, the timid and unvaried harmonies, or the meaningless canons, imitations, and other elaborate nonsense of the founders of our Church music. After giving a *resumé* of his first lecture, Mr. Helmore commenced by commenting on the striking difference between the old Church music and the music of the opera, the theatre, or the military band, forgetting, however, to inform his audience that the secular music of the period, which he considers the golden age of Church music, was in all respects precisely similar to the sacred, as any one may see by examining the madrigals, &c., of the period. The first illustration was the *Veni*, sung to the eighth Gregorian tone, the verses sung in unison alternately by men and lads, comprising the choir of All Saints, St. Andrew's, St. Matthew's, St. George's, the Holy Trinity, Manchester; St. Stephen's, Salford; St. Thomas's, Pendleton; All Saints, Newton Heath; St. James's, Birch; and St. James's, Disbury; assisted by four of the children of the Chapel Royal; the harmonies arranged by Mr. Charles Child Spencer, being given on the organ by Mr. Stevens, organist of Holy Trinity Church, Hulme, whom we must highly compliment for the smooth and judicious manner in which he played during the evening. Mr. Helmore resumed his lecture with quotations from the Fathers on the subject of music, incidentally mentioning that in the fourth century the choirs were divided into two bands, one of men and one of women, so that youths and virgins, old men and young, were all unitedly engaged in celebrating the praise of God in His Church. After alluding to the chants of St. Ambrose, he came to Pope Gregory, surnamed the Great, though

he called himself "*servus servorum Dei*;" to whose missionary zeal Great Britain is indebted for the introduction of Christianity. It was he who ordered the first antiphonarium, and he was the author of the suffrages, "Give peace in our times," the "Kyrie eleison," and the Hallelujah, translated in our liturgy, "Praise ye the Lord." The second illustration consisted of the *Magnificat* chanted, with the festal intonations, to the 7th tone, 4th ending. Mr. Helmore then noticed the gradual introduction of harmony, which was at first merely a succession of concertos now thought extremely offensive to the ear. The earliest efforts of contrapuntal skill were all based upon the old melodies. Byrde's anthem, "Bow thine ear," which is founded on an Ambrosian chant, might be cited as an instance. Palestrina was stated to have carried the art to the greatest possible perfection—that he had never been surpassed—and that in spite of all subsequent advances, he still remained the best exponent of ideal perfection. He composed a whole mass on the plain song of the hymn "*Eterna Christi Munera*," which formed the first illustration.

The specimens of hymnology were from Mr. Helmore's "Hymnal Noted; or Translations of the Ancient Hymns of the Church, set to their proper melodies." This work on its being presented to the Bishop of Exeter by the churchwardens of St. Olave's, Exeter, as inculcating Romish doctrine, and as being an object of offence, was declared by his lordship to contain phrases likely to excite scandal, and though the harmonies are in the prospectus stated to be "composed on the model of the great harmonists of the best periods of Church music," there are many points to which a sound musician would object. The very first cadence of the hymn, "The sternal gifts of Christ the King," or as it was called in the earlier advertisements "Eterna Christi Munera," presents neither the *Bachish* boldness of the leading note descending to the dominant, or the English stricter course of ascending to the tonic, and there remaining, but is an awkward jumble of the two. The latter half of the music to the hymn, "Ad ceenam Agni providi," consists of a series of "shopping and changing" the parts with the view of avoiding progressions grammatically incorrect, a result which is achieved at such a sacrifice of all that is natural and harmonious as scarcely to leave anything deserving the name of music. The first verse of the former hymn was sung in full harmony, the second by men in unison, the third by trebles in unison, and the last verse full again. Any one acquainted with the history of music must know that this is a series of *modern* effects, and by no means a genuine exhibition of the early hymns. We do not think Mr. Helmore has any right to abuse modern music and modern resources and yet fish from them when it suits his purpose to do so. With regard to the adaptation of the words to the music, it struck us that the multiplication of notes to the one syllable had a very clumsy effect. In short, they were far inferior to our standard psalm tunes—the Old Hundredth, St. Anne's, &c. Mr. Helmore then entered upon an eulogium of Gregorian music, apologizing for its apparent failure in the Free-trade Hall, and remarking that it ought not to be judged of by its accidents of time and place, but as the expression of the hearty worship of the sincere Christian, or as a means of edification. We confess that we could not see in what manner the selections from his favourite composer, the Sanctus and the Anthem, "O Saviour of the world," satisfied the latter requirement, as in the way of edification we imagine little can be obtained unless the words are distinguishable, which they certainly are not in such compositions as necessitate the singing of different words by each part simultaneously. In fact it was only once or twice in any of the anthems selected that with the closest attention and the programme in hand could a single syllable be detected. Anthems of this class have no accompaniment *proper*—if one is given it is a mere replication of the vocal parts; the organ was silent in two by Palestrina, but a most clumsy effect was produced by the use of the piano, which it seemed necessary to enable the singers to make up their points; this said little for the ability of the ten choirs. Mr. Helmore, on resuming his lecture, remarked that the professional musicians of England were generally against the church modes, but that as God had raised up Pugin to restore Christian architecture, so he would give the church

another Palestrina to compose Christian music. He then enumerated several authorities who had spoken highly of these modes and who had advocated them being made a subject of study by the musical student. He instituted a comparison between them and modern melodies, and protested against the advocacy of them being considered to have any connection with the controversy between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. After an eulogium of Pugin who he said was a great admirer of the Plain Song, and reading a very absurd account of his visit to Cologne Cathedral, the lecturer again asserted his belief that the works of Croce, Vittoria, and Palestrina, were superior to the Masses of Beethoven, the Seven Last Words of Haydn, and the Requiem of Mozart. Mr. Helmore proceeded at considerable length, but the expression of impatience on the part of the audience which at this period became constant, prevented us from being able to gather even the meaning of the lecturer. If Mr. Helmore visits the Free Trade Hall again we should recommend him to imitate the method adopted by the Madrigal Society, and have the lecture printed with the book of words to be read at leisure, so that it would be only necessary to give the illustrations. The Holy Communion Service was then sung to the plain song of Merbecke, with organ accompaniment; the only effect produced appearing to be that of extreme weariness. Four specimens of anthem music followed.

The anthem, "I will exalt thee," by Dr. Tye, of which the choir sang the first part, is the first anthem set to English words after the Reformation. It was the result of the failure of a notable work which the Doctor, learned in all the science of the age, had composed in imitation of those who had previously set the Genealogy of Christ to music, and turned the "Psalmes and Bookes of Kynges" into "ryme."

"The verse pleasant to make."

However "pleasant" the verse of Tye, the Doctor, according to Anthony a Wood, was "a peevish and humorsome man, especially in his latter days; and sometimes playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, what contained much music, but little delight to the ear, she would send the vergers to tell him that he played out of tune; whereupon he sent word that her Majesty's ears were out of tune." The Rev. William Mason on this story observed that it tells us "precisely what the merit and demerit of Dr. Tye's music and that of his contemporaries was; they had all the learning of their time, without knowing how to make it useful. The primary use of music is to please the ear, and of vocal to convey the words it is joined to in a pleasing and intelligent strain; the second, but much more essential use, is to convey sentiment and affect the passions." And Mr. Avison remarks, "that there are, properly speaking, but three circumstances on which the worth of any musical composition can depend. These are *melody, harmony, and expression*. When these three are united in their full excellence, the composition is then perfect; if any of these are wanting or imperfect, the composition is proportionately defective." The anthem, by Tallis, "If ye love me," was very unadvisedly given; the choirs were not only not up to the mark, but Mr. Helmore's *baton* did not mend matters, for he evidently knows little how to use it. The anthem by Redford, though a nice specimen of the style, made us recall, by way of contrast, the fine composition by Purcell, to the same words, "Rejoice in the Lord alway," which was given so well at the concert of the Madrigal Society. The short anthem by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, demands no remark. Three quaint carols appeared to afford as much relief to the audience as they did on the former occasion; they were the only illustrations which enlisted any sympathy during the evening, but how far they are to be considered Church music we do not pretend to say. The chorus part of an anthem, by Croft, concluded the programme. The music was much better sung than at Mr. Helmore's former lecture, ample time having been afforded for rehearsals, which were commenced with the intention of being ready for last Easter, the time originally fixed for the lecture. But was it really requisite to bring down four of the children of the Chapel Royal to enable the boys to sing a few chants and choruses? The trebles in point of quality were the best portion of the choir, the other parts were somewhat coarse and unmusical.

After the conclusion of the lecture the Rev. Mr. Lamb, incumbent of St. Paul's, moved that the best thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Helmore for the delivery of his most interesting and valuable lecture on Church music, and also to those gentlemen who had generously assisted him, and the united choirs who had so largely contributed to the efficiency of his illustrations on that occasion.—(Applause.)

Lord Grey: Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in seconding the motion which has just been proposed by Mr. Lamb; for I am quite sure our best thanks are due to Mr. Helmore. I think also that our thanks are equally due to the gentlemen who have so kindly assisted him. I therefore trust our motion will be carried unanimously and by acclamation. The motion was then put and carried, after which Mr. Helmore briefly acknowledged the compliment.

The Rev. Canon Marsden moved a vote of thanks to Lord Wilton for his kindness in presiding on that occasion, and for his readiness at all times to promote objects of public usefulness in connection with Manchester and the neighbourhood. The Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamation.

The Earl of Wilton acknowledged the compliment, and said it would always be a source of consolation to him to be able to reflect upon this and any other occasion on which he might have conduced anything to the welfare, happiness, comfort, or amusement of the town of Manchester.—(Applause.)—*Manchester Courier*, Oct. 23.

AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR.

"Give me old music—let me hear
The songs of days gone by."—H. F. CROWLEY.

O! come all ye who love to hear
An ancient song in ancient taste,
To whom all bygone Music's dear,
As verdant spots on memory's waste!
Its name, "The Ancient Concert" wrongs,
And has not hit the proper clef,
To wit, Old Folks, to sing Old Songs,
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away, then, Hawes! with all your band!
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!
Ours youthful voice, or youthful hand,
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!
No bird must join our "roal throng,"
The present age beheld at fong:
Away, then, all ye "Sons of Song,"
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you're in your prime!
Miss Romer, seek some other door!
Go, Mrs. Shaw! still, counting time,
You count your years nearly fifty-four.
Go, Miss Norval, soddy young!
Go, then compassing cavalier,
And roam the country towns among,
No newcome will be welcome here!

Our Concert aims to give at night
The music that has had its day!
So, Rooks, for us you cannot write
Till time has made you I have'n gray.
Your score may charm a modern ear,
Nay, ours, when three or four score old;
But in this Ancient atmosphere
Fresh airs like yours would give us cold!

Go Hawes, and Cawse, and Woodly, go!
Hence, Sheriff, with your native curls;
And Master Coward ought to know
This is no place for boys and girls.
No Messons here we wish to see;
Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,
And Mrs. B.—! oh, Mrs. B.—!
Such bishops are not reverend here.

What! Gria, bright and beaming thus
To sing the songs gone gray with age!
No, Gria, no—but come to us
And welcome, when you leave the stage.
Off, Ivanhoff!—till weak and harsh—
Rubini, hence! with all the clan;
But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache,
A little shrivell'd thin old man!

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please;
Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch,
You'd run us out of breath with gloes
And catches that we could not catch.
Away, ye leaders all, who lead
With violins—quite modern things;
To guide our ancient band we need
Old fiddles out of leading strings.

But come, ye songsters, over-ripe,
And into "childish treble break."
And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe
That cannot sing without a shake;
Nay, come, ye spinsters all, that spin
A slender thread of ancient voice—
Old notes that almost seem call'd in;
At such as you we shall rejoice.

No Thund'ring Thalbergs here shall baulk
Or ride your pet D-cadence o'er;
But fingers with a little chalk
Shall moderate—and keep the score!
No Broadwoods here, so full of tone—
But Harpsichords assist the strain;
No Lincoln's pipes—we have our own
Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome! St. Ceciliae now—
Ye willy-nilly, ex good fellows,
Who will strike up, no matter how,
With organs that surrive their bellows!
And brief, O bring, your ancient styles
In which our elders lord'd to roam,
Those flourishes that strayed for miles,
Till some good fiddle led them home!
O come, ye ancient London cries,
When Christmas Carols erst were sung!
Come, Nurse, who dron'd the lullabies,
"When music, heavenly maid, was young!"
No matter how the critics treat,
What modern sins and faults detect,
The copy-book shall still repeat,
These Concerts must "command respect!"

Hood's Own, 1858.

NOTTINGHAM—(From a Correspondent).—The following programme was performed at the third Concert of Chamber Music on Friday, the 19th instant:—

PART I.—Quartet, Op. 21 in E minor, for two violins, tenor and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby-Onslow. Sonata, Op. 21, in D minor, for violin and pianoforte, Messrs. Henry Farmer and Sheldemardine—Gade.

PART II.—Quintet, Op. 4, in E flat, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, Allsop and T. L. Selby—Beethoven. Trio, Op. 66, in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. White, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby—Mendelssohn.

The Onslow quartet, with its refreshing flow of melody, and the Beethoven quintet, one of the most captivating works of the great man's first period, were played with great precision and nicety, and elicited loud plaudits. Gade's sonata, one of those poetic effusions of that charming and highly-gifted composer, was beautifully interpreted. The evening closed with the trio *par excellence*, that miracle of symphonious part-writing, with its impetuous first movement, its love, and comfort-breaking andante, the witching fairy of the scherzo, and the plaintively passionate finale, with the glorious and triumphant chorus. There is an increasing interest manifested in these concerts, which augurs well for the future.

JOHN FIELD.
(From the Echo.)

JOHN FIELD is one of those few Englishmen whose name is inscribed in ineffaceable characters in the archives of art. He was born in 1782, in Dublin, and was a pupil of Clementi's. He soon took his place among the most distinguished pianists of his time; and, even up to the present day, has never been surpassed for touch and melodious tone. He gained his first laurels as a virtuoso in Paris and St. Petersburg. In 1822, he migrated to Moscow, where his concerts and lessons became very popular. From 1832, he travelled through England, France, and Italy. He was detained in Naples by sickness, until he returned, in 1835, with a Russian family, to Russia, and died at Moscow, in 1837. A great number of concertos and solo pieces for the pianoforte have given an imperishable importance to his name. But the compositions which have enjoyed the widest circulation, are his celebrated *noturnos*, which have been frequently imitated, but never equalled for unsurpassable and simple depth of feeling. F. Liszt characterises them as follows, in the preface to J. Schubert's admirable edition:

"Field's nocturnes are yet new by the side of much that has grown old; six-and-thirty years have elapsed since their first appearance, and a balmy freshness, a fragrant odour, is still wafted to us from them. Where else should we now find such perfect and inimitable *natures*? Since Field, no one has been able to express himself in that language of the heart, which moves us as a tender, moist glance does; which cradles to repose, like the soft, equal rocking of a boat, or the swinging of a hammock, which is so gentle and easy, that we fancy we hear around us the low murmuring of dying insects."

"No one has ever attained these indefinite harmonies of the Æolian harp, these half sighs, floating away into air, and gently complaining, melted in sweet pain. No one has ever attempted this, especially no one of those who heard Field himself play, or rather dream out his songs, at moments when, abandoning himself entirely to his inspiration, he departed from the first plan of the piece, as it existed in his imagination, and invented, in uninterrupted succession, fresh groups, which, like wreaths of flowers, he twined around his melodies, while he kept continually decorating the latter with this rain of nosegays, and yet so decked them out, that their languishing trepidulousness and charming serpentines were not concealed, but simply covered with a transparent veil. With what inexhaustible profusion did he vary the thought when it occurred! With what unusual felicity did he surround, without disturbing it, with a net of arabesques!"

(To be continued.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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IRRITATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, cured, and a perfectly Clear Voice, produced by the use of Wilkinson's, late Wilkinson, Bridge, and Co's BRONCHIO-THORACIC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day.

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"This is one of the few instances of religious music, especially composed for the Church, that we have seen from the pen of the illustrious author of the *Prophets*. But in the fine setting of the 'Lord's Prayer' we have proof that, were he to devote his attention to it, M. Meyerbeer would excel equally in the composition of religious or secular music. The 'Prayer' is written for four ordinary voices, without accompaniment. An organ part, however, has been added, 'in case any time the voices have a tendency to lower.' The melody, as is proper in a composition of this nature, is simple; yet it is so strikingly harmonized that the interest never flags for a moment, and hence the monotony and coldness so often complained of in religious pieces without accompaniment, are entirely avoided. We do not remember any composition in which the modulations are more beautiful than in this work of M. Meyerbeer. The *entrée* of the parts, in imitation, which occurs towards the middle of the prayer, could not have been effected in a more masterly manner. Indeed, throughout the setting, the hand of a consummate harmonist—or of a composer rich in all the resources of his art—is distinctly visible"—*Rev.*

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VOL. 36.—No. 49. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THREE POPULAR CONCERTS will be given in this magnificent Hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Dec. 7, Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Thursday, Dec. 9. Vocalists: Madame Weiss, Miss Fooks, Miss Stambach, Miss Isacoffa, Miss Mesent, Madlle. de Villar, Madlle. Behrens, Miss Elmore Armstrong, Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Dolby; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Sims Beever, the Swedish Singers, who will sing some of their most popular pieces. Violocello, Signor Piatti; Harmonium, Herr Engel; Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at 8 o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats (balcony), 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. May be obtained at the ticket-office of the Hall, 23, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48, Chopsaid; Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent street; and Chappell and Co.'s, 56, New Bond-street.

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During the present year, will take place on **MONDAY EVENINGS**, November 24th, December 6th, 13th, and 20th, at Eight o'clock, at the

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Members who desire to join these practices are requested to forward their names, and to state their description of voice, to the Honorary Secretary.

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—*Rev.*

NEW MUSIC FOR THE ORGAN.—Introduction.

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THE CHURCHES OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

At the commencement of the present century Stoke Newington is described as a pleasant village lying three miles north of London; having an ancient little Gothic church, standing in a well-stocked little graveyard, and presenting, as viewed in connection with the windings of the New River, which skirts the village, a very picturesque appearance. But London has now reached it, and the once sequestered little village of Stoke Newington is fast becoming absorbed in the great metropolis.

Although it is evident a church has existed here since the time of Edward the Confessor—perhaps from that of his predecessor, King Athelstan, about the year 940—yet the earliest records relating to the sacred edifice itself is in the continuation of Stow, which states that the church was “repaired, or rather new-built,” by William Patten, lessee of the manor, the date of which, carved in stone, still remains over the porch door thus:—

1563
AN ALTO.

Above another door a little more to the east—Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, used as the vestry—is the arms of that gentleman with the initials of his name, and his motto:—

W.....P.
PROSPICE.

The south arcade of the nave and the lower portion of the tower are undoubtedly remains of the former edifice, and date, probably, a century anterior. In the year 1716 the church was enlarged, and at the same time an exterior shell of brick was added; the ancient windows all removed, except that on the east side, and brick casements inserted. In 1806 a further enlargement of the edifice took place, together with a thorough repair, when the outside was covered with cement, to imitate stone, and the inside was embellished and newly paved, and an organ set up at a total expense of £3,500.

In 1828, the church, still too small for the wants of a growing neighbourhood, was placed in the hands of Mr. Barry (now Sir Charles, architect of the Houses of Parliament), for further augmentation and improvement; and in carrying out this, he gave to an irregular and shapeless structure the appearance of comparative uniformity the edifice now wears. He pulled down the northern arcade of the nave, re-built it on a larger scale, and added a second north aisle, placing a gallery in it; extended the edifice eastward for forming a chancel, replacing therein the old eastern window of five lights, with its stained glass; added a clerestory to the nave, and a shingled spire to the tower, in place of the old wooden bell-turret, and restored all the windows. Considering the age in which the restoration took place, it must be regarded as a very creditable work.*

The painted glass that ornaments the eastern window, was purchased out of a collection imported from the Continent, by Jonathan Eade, Esq., the then Lord of the Manor, and by him to the parish in 1806. The paintings represent the preaching of St. John the Baptist; the Levitical purification after childbirth; and the giving of alms. In the south aisle of the nave is an alabaster tomb with painted effigies of John Dudley and his wife, kneeling at falstools (1580) this widow having re-married with Mr. Sutton, the founder of the

* At this time, Mr. Barry had just been appointed by the Commissioners for Building New Churches, to erect the churches of St. Paul's, Ball's-pond, St. John, Upper Holloway, and Trinity, Cloudeley-square—these were all in the pointed style; and this may be considered as the commencement of the revival, in the present era, of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture; since, nearly all the churches decided upon by the Commissioners up to this date, were, in point of architecture, Grecian. Within ten years of this date, the same hand produced the designs for the greatest Gothic work ever executed.

Charter-house. The monument having become in a state of decay, was, about fifty years ago restored as now seen; the expense of which was defrayed by a subscription of gentlemen educated at the Charter-house. A monument on the east wall of the north aisle records the memory of John Tavener, rector of the parish, died 1638. He was the publisher of Mathew's Bible, and was an eminent musician, having taken degrees as such at Oxford, and was Professor of Music at Gresham College. And here rests the ashes of Dr. Watts, the sacred poet, who spent the last thirty years of his life, the guest of Lady Abney, at the Manor House close by, where he composed most of his beautiful hymns, and where he died on the 25th of November, 1748, at the age of seventy-four. The organ, previously advertised to, was the fixture of the elder Mr. England, and was of a single row of keys, and was reputed by Mr. Mann, organist of the church, who died 1808, as a very beautiful little instrument; however, it some time ago gave place to a new one by Robson. This is also of a single row of keys, it is in a general swell, and has eleven stops, with a full scale pedal and bourdon pipes.

Notwithstanding the various enlargements the edifice had undergone as related above, it is still but the village church of limited capacity, totally inadequate to the accommodation of the neighbourhood now covered with habitations; and, in 1853, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who had just been collated thereto, proposed to his friends and parishioners to erect a new church by subscription, on a grand scale, to serve as the parish church—a proposition that was well received, and the appeal for funds sufficiently liberally responded to as to justify immediate practical operations—and the new structure was commenced in that year on the site of the old rectory house and grounds on the other side of the road, from designs by Mr. G. G. Scott, the eminent ecclesiastical architect, and was consecrated June 25th, 1858.

It is a Gothic building of most noble proportions—one of the grandest of the sacred edifices that has been erected in the suburbs of the metropolis since the revival here, in our own time of the mediæval style. It is built of rag stone in horizontal courses, the walls resting upon a sub-plinth of grey granite, dressed, which gives an appearance of additional strength and durability; the after dressings externally and also internally, being of Bath stone. The style of the architecture is that of the transitional period between the early English and the early decorative. The plan of the church is cruciform, comprising nave with side aisles, transepts, and chancel, the latter having aisles of two bays, and terminating easterly in an apse semi-octangular, with tower standing square at the western end (not yet, however, carried up higher than the apex of the roof of the body of the church, but progressing) surmounted by a spire 220 feet high. The principal entrance to the church is through the basement of the tower, which latter here displays a stone ground roof carrying the floor of the bell-ringing chamber; the entrance arch, deeply recessed, having a double doorway separated by a clustered pillar of a Abigay stone. The tympanum over the doorway is filled by a circular window, and in the apex of the arch a block is inserted, intended for a carving of the Virgin, to be cut in position. Another entrance is by a northern porch, of very effective composition: this is a very deeply recessed arch, ornamented with circular columns; its frontage comprising a central pediment with a minor arm on each side, the tympanums over which are designed to receive carvings. One roof—very high pitched—covers nave and aisles, hence there is no clerestory; the side windows—triple lancets with cinquefoil heads—are each under a separate gable. The gable of the north transept has a noble five-light tracina window 22 feet in height to the springing of the arched head. The south transept—the unseen side of the church—has a pair of double lights, with a circular window in the apex.

The interior—wholly without galleries—is 180 feet long, inclusive of the chancel, which is 53; 60 feet wide (across the nave and aisles) and 89 at the transepts, and presents, from whatever point viewed, a general air of stately grandeur. The separation of nave and aisles is by arcades of pointed arches carried on circular columns, their capitals elegantly

carved with foliage, representing English plants, such as the birch, the oak, the mandrake, the vine, the currant, the mulberry, &c.; these very excellent carvings were executed by Mr. Farmer, of Westminster. The chancel, which is raised four steps, the apsidal sanctuary one more, is divided from the nave by a large archway, having deeply sunken mouldings, the piers being clusters of columns. The chancel aisles are divided off by two arches on each side, supported by coupled columns of Ambiguy stone; the soffits of the arches are embellished with forty deep sunken panels, on which are carved, in alto-relievo, single bearing musical instruments, and other emblematic scriptural figures. There is no rood-loft. The altar rail is of oak, supported on iron standards, gilded. The altar has fine, long windows, of two lights each, with tracery heads, and these are about to be filled with stained and painted glass, illustrative of the Te Deum: artist, Messrs. Clayton and Bell. A small beginning in the stained glass has already been made; of this material are the four clerestory windows of the chancel—triple trefoils. Also, a two-light window in the south chancel aisle, containing figures of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, and the raising of Lazarus; another small window on the east side of the north transept, and two very small lancets under the organ-stage in the south transept. The roofs of the body of the church show the constructive timbers, which are of deal stained imitation of old oak. The seats throughout, which are somewhat plain, though characteristic, are of the same material. The reading-desk is of oak, elaborately carved. The font is a rich and graceful work, the production of Mr. Westmacott, the eminent sculptor, and said to have cost £450, and a gift to the church by Mr. A. Burnand. The basin is, as it were, a vast goblet, hewn out of a block of Caen stone, and stands on an octagonal base of two steps. The plan of the inside of the basin is a quatrefoil, and on each side of it are carved patterns of leafage within a circular moulded rim. The basin is supported round by four dwarf pillars composed of pink marble, having richly carved capitals, on which rest four kneeling statuettes, emblematic of the sacrament of the baptism, cut in white marble. The pulpit (now being prepared by Mr. Farmer) is of Caen stone, from the design of the architect, and is to cost £400.

The organ—part only of which is yet fabricated, and intended, for a while at least, to suffice—stands in the south transept, on a platform of stained timber, raised about fifteen feet above the level of the church. It is not, as is usual, in a case, but the frame of the instrument filling the transept is parcelled off by a row of its double diapasons, ranging a little in advance of the face of the wall of the nave aisle. These pipes are handsomely illuminated, alternately white and gold and vermilion and gold, in patterns after the ancient style of organ pipe decoration. The key-boards are set at a console on the floor of the church, where the organist sits facing the congregation, the trackers from the keys passing downwards and under his seat, whence they ascend through a wooden shaft at his back to the organ above. The instrument is designed for one on a very grand scale, to contain forty stops, including a complete independent pedal organ,* but the only part as yet set up in the church is the swell, which is as follows:—

Compass CC to F.		
1. Double Diapason	Wood	16 feet.
2. Open Diapason	"	8 "
3. Kernalophon	Tenor C	"
4. Stop Diapason	Bass	"
5. Clarionet Flute	(through)	8 "
6. Octave	"	4 "
7. Fifteenth	"	2 "

* The pedal, regarded as in a state of entirety, is an unusual feature in an English church organ; it is the one great point in which our organs are compared with the German. Our model is yet short-coming. The usual English adjustment is not only deficient, but is in practice musically anomalous; and the *connoisseur* in the music of the "king of instruments" naturally feels interest in every instance of the erection of the correct thing in this way. But the large space required for standing-room of a German pedal organ, which few of our churches can afford, together with the high price in England of wood and metal, will ever be prohibitory to a general adoption here of the real "pedale."

8. Mixture	"	3 ranks.
9. Cornopean	"	8 feet.
10. Oboe	"	8 "
11. Clarion	"	4 "

A Tremulant.

With the Pedal

Open Diapason	16 feet.
Bourdon	16 "

The remaining portions are to be added as funds for the purpose shall be forthcoming. The spaciousness of the edifice, the loftiness of the roof, and the absence of galleries, combine to render the position of this instrument, remarkably favourable to sound, and the effect of the swell extremely fine. Messrs. Gray and Davison are the artists employed on this work, which is estimated to cost, when completed, £1,200.

The church contains 1,000 sittings for adults, one-third of which are free, and 200 more for children. The entire cost, when the whole design shall have been carried out, will, it is said, exceed £15,000.

At the onset of the scheme for the new church at Stoke Newington, it was intended as a rebuilding of the parish church. The new site was a matter of expediency resorted to in order to keep on church open until the other was ready for occupation; the intent was, to then close the old edifice—perhaps pull it down, as was done in the adjoining parish of Hackney sixty years ago, or to convert the building into schools. The plan adopted has, however, led to a difficulty. The two churches stand in juxtaposition, the road only separating them, and have assumed—to use a familiar phrase—the position of opposition shops. There is a very powerful and influential "old church" party in the parish, who strenuously oppose the virtual extinction of an old place of worship to which they feel a strong attachment, and in which they still may largely congregate, notwithstanding the attractions over the way, among which may be included the popular sermons of the reverend rector, who preaches twice every Sunday in the new church. The supporters of the old church have memorialised the bishop against the proposed consecration, or rather translation, of the parish church; and await his lordship's decision. Whatever may be it is certain that the closing of the old church would not only give great offence to many of the parishioners, but induce a deficiency of church accommodation, as both the old and the new buildings are simultaneously well filled, and the neighbourhood is a rapidly growing one. Under all circumstances, it is to be regretted that the worthy prebend* had not chosen a spot somewhat more distant for the erection of the new church. It is presumed that there could have been little difficulty in obtaining a suitable site for the purpose, considering that more than two-thirds of the lands of the parish is ecclesiastical property. † St. Pancras, Paddington, St. Marylebone, and Chelsea, afford an instance of the erection of a new parish church, and the conversion of the old one into a chapel of ease or district church.

There is another church at Stoke Newington, situate in

* The Rector, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, is Prebend of the Stall "Weland" in St. Paul's Cathedral. The position is one of dignity only, the revenue belonging thereto having been confiscated to the Ecclesiastical Commission at the last vacation, 1850, by the operation of the Act of 1836. It is understood that there are no cathedral duties appertaining to these prebendaries, of which there are 27, but in the stalls, under the title of each prebend, is that of a *Fidelis*, "which every Prebendary is in duty bound to repeat daily in private to the glory of God, and for the more fully answering the intent of the founders and benefactors herewith."

† The parish of Stoke Newington is comprised in 540 acres, of which 325 belong to the Prebendal Stall of "Newington" in St. Paul's Cathedral, which stall, lapsing in 1842, its revenues fell in to the Ecclesiastical Commission. The last incumbent of the stall was the Rev. J. Lonsdale, who retained the income at £1,251 per annum. But considering that ere long these lands will probably become covered with houses, ultimately Stoke Newington will be the source of immense revenues for Church purposes. The stall still exists, but with consolidated revenues; the present dignitary is the Rev. H. W. Browne, Professor of King's College, London.

Barrett's Green, south east division of the parish, consecrated 1813, and dedicated to St. Mathias. It is a Gothic structure, built from the designs of Mr. Butterfield, and presents some features of novelty and successful economic arrangement, by which a spacious interior has been given, and an unusual appearance of architectural grandeur and dignity, at the comparatively small cost of £7,000. The church has a fine "C organ," by Willis, standing in the south chancel aisle. This instrument is composed of three rows of keys and pedal, twenty stops (swell tenor C), and a rank of sixteen feet open pedal pipes, and embraces numerous modern improvements, such as the pneumatic lever, curved and radiating pedal board, and combination movements. The incumbent is the Rev. Samuel W. Mangin, B.A., who directs the sacred services of his church in strict accordance with high "Tractarian" views.

55, Regent Street.

F. C.

MESSRS. BROADWOOD'S PIANO MANUFACTORY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

It is not, perhaps, generally known that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and of course by consequence our dependencies abroad, are supplied with those universal household appendages, pianofortes, by the metropolis alone. As in all other of our great trades, this supply depends a good deal on certain large manufacturers with whose names every one is familiar. It was therefore with some interest that the public learned, in August, 1856, of the occurrence of a destructive fire which took place on the premises of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, in the Horseferry-road, Westminster. A new manufactory has since arisen on the site of that which was destroyed, and which is established on the largest and most perfect scale of anything of the kind in this country. On entering the premises, the first thing which strikes one is the large area which they cover, implying, of course, a corresponding employment of a number of workmen, and yet the business of the place goes on with an absence of bustle which is remarkable. The new range of workshops is on the left, on the right is the only remaining part of the old factory which escaped the fire. The new building is 393 feet 9 inches in length, by 46 feet in breadth. The large area within the walls is divided into thirty-two workshops, each 70 feet long by 21 feet wide, communication with which is obtained from without by a general entrance situated in the centre of the building, formed by a segmental-headed archway, 14 feet wide and 10 feet high. In this archway are the staircases and two lifts for the purpose of raising pianos and materials into the different workshops. Passing on we came to another yard, on one side of which is a shed covered with corrugated iron filled with dry timber from a wharf near Vauxhall-bridge, where the greater part of the valuable seasoned wood is kept, and the command of a large supply of which has been one of the main causes of the reputation which Messrs. Broadwood's pianos have attained. Near to this depository is the department for preparing glue, an item of expenditure which amounts to £2,000 a-year. The steam for the coppers in which the glue is boiled is supplied from the engine and boiler house, which, with a saw-mill and shed, a room for drilling and turning by steam power, and a foreman's room for matching veneers, &c., complete the subsidiary range of buildings on the left-hand side. At the northern end of the building are the counting-houses and store-rooms. The building is heated throughout with steam, by means of upwards of 10,000 feet of piping; one vertical pipe communicating with the various floors. The southern part of the building contains sixteen workshops, in one of which is a hot chamber for gluing, technically termed a "caulcheat." The ventilation is effected by cold air admitted under each of the windows, and the vitiated warm air is carried off by four shafts in each workshop. There is a square shaft for the carrying off of accumulated shavings every night, and which are burnt in the furnaces. On the roof is an iron tank containing 6,000 gallons of water, which is supplied twice daily, and from which five hoses are attached sufficiently long to reach to either end of the building. As further precautions against fire, there is a smaller

tank over the counting-houses, and another sunk tank containing 10,000 gallons of water, with all the necessary apparatus. To give some idea of the extent of this edifice, it may be added that it contains upwards of 800 large windows, and when fully lighted up with gas presents a very striking appearance. As a whole, the arrangements are as complete as it is possible to conceive, and reflect great credit on the builders, Messrs. Baker and Fielder, of Stangate.

Turning to the consideration of the operations carried on in the factory, we find that fourteen out of thirty-two workshops are occupied entirely by the manufacture of grand pianos, consisting of the large full-compass concert grands, the most powerful instruments ever yet manufactured, and the smaller grands of three strings and two strings; and as we understand that Messrs. Broadwood probably manufactured one half of the grand pianos annually supplied in the United Kingdom, as well as more of the cottage and square descriptions than any other makers, some idea of the extent of their manufactory may be formed. The space required for making a grand piano is equal to that requisite for three cottage pianos, and there is necessarily a difficulty in obtaining workmen sufficiently skilled for work of such delicate quality. The time required to complete a grand piano is generally from six to eight months, while a cottage piano may be finished in three. The number of pieces of wood and materials of different kinds employed in the construction of a grand piano amounts to nearly five thousand. In the case-making department also there are, we are told, usually more than a thousand pianos in different stages of progress; and the stock of finished instruments exceeds that number. The former department is that in which the cases are made and the veneer glued on. The place in which the most critical part of the work is done is what is called the marking-off shop, that is where the sounding-board is put into the instrument and the ironwork fitted, which resists the pull of the strings—a operation requiring mathematical nicety and precision. The following, in succession the grand top-making shop, the finishing and frosting shop, and, lastly, the finishing shop, where the several parts are at last combined in a piano complete.

The remaining range of the old factory is devoted to the making of small work, polishing, &c. Between the new building and the wing of the old one is the veneer vault, in which a large collection of very valuable veneers is kept. Upwards of 200,000 feet of rosewood veneers are used in the course of the year; but the most expensive is the walnut veneer, which, as seen in the factory, has much the appearance of damaged leather. Of necessity in an establishment of such extent a large number of skilled workmen are required. We are informed the number of men employed by Messrs. Broadwood on the premises above described, at a smaller factory in Bride-lane, Silver-street, Golden-square, and in Great Pulteney-street, amounts to between six and seven hundred. The wages which are earned by this able body of artisans exceed those of most handicrafts, and their comfort and welfare are well considered and under excellent regulation. Seven foremen besides clerks are engaged in the manufactory, and one of the principals of the firm, as manager, is constantly on the premises. The iron-work used in this manufactory is obtained from the foundry of Messrs. Bramah and Co., of Fimlico, who have supplied Messrs. Broadwood with this material for nearly forty years.

It may be interesting to add that the founder of this large and important business was a gentleman of Swiss extraction, Mr. Burkhardt Shudi, of whom there is a picture on the premises in Great Pulteney-street, in which he is represented tuning a harpsichord presented by him to Frederick the Great, and which we believe is still to be found in the palace at Potsdam. This gentleman established the business in the same house in which it is now conducted in the year 1732. Mr. Shudi was a great friend of Handel, who often visited him; and his favourite harpsichord is now to be seen in one of the water-rooms in Great Pulteney-street. During Mr. Shudi's time the harpsichord was the keyed instrument in use, but when he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. John Broadwood, later in the last century, that gentleman introduced the instrument since called the pianoforte, which has by degrees been brought to its present state

of perfection. Descendants of Mr. John Broadwood bearing his name, are still members of the firm, no one who was not of the family having been admitted into partnership. After the fire in 1856, when it was decided to re-estate the manufactory with every improvement which experience of the trade had shown to be necessary, and which modern science has rendered possible, three gentlemen long engaged in the establishment were taken into partnership, in order that the business might have the full benefit of their co-operation, the result of which arrangement has proved satisfactory to all concerned.

THE OPERA OF LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

THE reception with which Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* met three months since in Vienna, was so brilliant that a few remarks on the work may not, perhaps, be too late. We cannot say positively whether—as we have been assured in the case—the *Lohengrin* enthusiasm is already subsiding; the public, at any rate, still flock to the theatre in considerable numbers. The unexceptionably admirable *mise-en-scène*, not to be excelled at any other German theatre, would of itself be sufficient to account for this fact. At all events, a person devoid of the power of hearing, and merely capable of receiving the impression produced by the scenery, processions, groups, and the acting of the artists, would understand the public enthusiasm more readily than any one who knew nothing of *Lohengrin* but the music.

However unanimous the public were *en masse*, we have found great diversity of opinion in individual cases. The most amusing feature in all this, namely, the laboured enthusiasm of those persons who will not, on any account, remain in the rear of "Progress" and the "Future," we must leave to *Figaro* or *Kladderadatsch*. But even sincerity has wonderful extremes to show. It is a fact that persons of the most different ranks and degrees of education, who make no secret of their indifference for all kinds of music whatever, and who, as a general rule, are scarcely ever to be seen at any opera or concert, have been amused half-a-dozen evenings with *Lohengrin*. On the other hand, it is, also, a fact, that several of our most accomplished and impartial musicians were so impartially bored at the first representation of *Lohengrin* that they left the theatre after the second act.

A highly numerous and moderate "centre" very correctly characterise the novelty as "interesting;" but, on asking them to explain more definitely in what the interest consists, we meet with a remarkable uncertainty of judgment. Numerous partisans of *Lohengrin*, who can say only next to nothing in favour of the music, are perfectly compensated by the incomparable book.* I must undigressingly confess I am as little able to be enthusiastic for the book as for the music to it.

To begin with the book. We have unfortunately been doomed to hear that it was an independent work of art, of the highest poetical beauty, and of a perfect drama, which, without more ado, could be played as such. We ruthlessly wish the experiment had really been made on those who entertain this opinion. If we measure the *libretto* to *Lohengrin* as a poetical composition, we find that the sum of its merits consists in a few poetically, or I should rather say *picturesquely*, imagined situations. In plot and characters it is undramatic, and in diction painfully harsh and bombastic.†

* Verses in the following style may be found at every page:—

"Lass mich ihn sehen, wie ich ihn sah,

Wie ich ihn sah, sei er mir nah!"

(sixteen monosyllabic words). Or,

"Wie gab's es Zweifels Schuld, die grösser,

Als die an Dieln den Gissuben raubt?"

In *Tannhäuser* there are passages which might almost do in *Die Zauberflöte*. For instance:

"Thr Edlen mügt in diesen Worten lauen,
Wie ich erkannt der Liebe reinstes Wesen."

Or:

"Hoch über aller Welt ist Gott,
Und sein Erbarmen ist kein Spott."

We prized in *Lohengrin* a very skilfully formed operatic *libretto*, not alone more effective musically, but, in itself, more connectively imagined and more carefully worked out than most such productions; whoever is contented with a work of this description as an independent drama, may consider *Lohengrin* one.

In the first place, the choice of the Gral myth is a very unhappy one. It is doubly so, as far as regards Wagner's peculiar requirements, such as:—a *libretto* must, above all things, be popular and generally comprehensible; it must appeal to the most secret passions of a nation, &c. Now, no operatic hero can well be more exclusive than this Knight of the Holy Gral. Who is Lohengrin? Who is the Holy Gral? In what audience can we and ought we to presuppose an acquaintance with the medieval round of legends, on which everything in *Lohengrin* turns? We are separated by a whole world from the moral notions and poetry of those times, the pathos of which we might term armed ecstasy. Even the serious literary man, fond of plunging into these epics of the Middle Ages, will, in fact, guard against accounting them *dramatic*. The first thing we demand from the drama is that it should present us with characters, beings of flesh and blood, whose fate is brought about by their own acts and passions. We wish to see freedom of will acting against great struggles, in order to know, with the deepest emotion, how (according to Göthe) "man feels"—"dem Menschen zu Muth ist." What does Lohengrin know about this? He is a knight of the Holy Gral on Mount-salvat; of the blood of Christ, preserved in a costly vessel of precious stones, which the legend celebrates as the miracle-working and dominant centre of the heavenly kingdom on earth. The Holy Gral despatches his knights to seek adventures in its service: alone it decides and suggests their thoughts, feelings, and acts. Through it they are not liable to be deceived, but are free from fault, and endowed with divine nature, though they are bound to preserve the secret of their wondrous mission. Can Lohengrin's virtue and justice move us, when they are not the results of his own free will, but the mere reflection of the Gral? Can his love for Elsa excite our joy and sympathy, when we know he possesses no pathos but his secret? Must we not consider inhuman his desire that Elsa, "his beloved wife," shall never question him concerning his origin and name? The bond of love is confidence and not secrecy; we range ourselves on Elsa's side, when she yields to "culpable curiosity," and is, in consequence, abandoned by her husband. In vain she falls at Lohengrin's feet, and implores him to remain as "witness of her repentance." He has no answer for her, but: "I must, I must; the Gral will be angry with me if I stay any longer!" A being who must do anything ("No one must mist"—"nuss missen"—says Lessing), is no hero for a drama, for he is not a person like ourselves. He is, according to Stahl's striking expression, a "aeraphic soldier," whose will and conscience do not reside in his own breast, but "in the frowning forehead of his divine commander."

Taking into consideration the laudatory tone of Wagner's prefaces, we will not stop to notice the fact that Wagner himself designates *Lohengrin* as the "type of a real and only tragical material, especially of the tragedy of the life-element of the modern Present." It will ever be an act of perversity to have sought the revivification of opera in a return to those mystically symbolical subjects, which, destitute in themselves of all dramatic movement, have long since ceased to live in the consciousness of the nation. The real opera of the "Future" is the *historical*.

The superiority possessed by Wagner's mythical Christian operatic *libretto* over the surmounted classically mythological ones is the element of the *Fatherland*. They are German, and those scenes in *Lohengrin* which depict German manners, will always produce the most permanent results, however obstinately Wagner himself may continue to designate the mythically symbolical principle as the real path of opera. We cannot discover any eminent specific dramatic power in the poetry of *Lohengrin*, but simply lyrical capability combined with unusual theatrical

Such verses are not at all offensive in opera, but they must not be given out as the production of a great poet.

skill. How poor do the separate characters in *Lohengrin* appear, all of them being, from beginning to end, stereotyped, and without any development or gradual increase of intensity, compared to the life of the masses in it! The power of forming groups, and bringing about situations, which cannot prove aught but picturesque, is, perhaps, the most peculiar feature in Wagner's talent, and that which, in a fuller investigation than that which we are here enabled to make, ought to be especially discussed. Wagner is neither a great poet, nor a great musician, but he may be termed, in the highest sense of the word, a decorative genius. The highest pitch to which such decorative genius, assisted by intellect and education, can rise, is: *Wagnerian Operas*. We can admire their author for the penetration and energy with which he has provided his talent with a perfectly adequate art-form, the only artistic speciality attainable by him, but, at the same time, one which could have been attained by him alone. The highest artistic prize, however, to be gained by Wagner's staves, is still not the highest prize of art. One fact which is decisive against the pretended absolute greatness of his operas is their musical unfruitfulness. They are deficient in something we cannot acquire, but with which we cannot dispense: the divine gift, the creative power, the innate richness—in a word, the entire beautiful injustice of nature.

When the celebrated Jomelli was once called upon to decide a dispute concerning Puccini's talent, he did so by the solemn exclamation: "Questi è inventore!" He thought these three words were the strongest expression for his admiration of Puccini; and, in fact, he thus defined the essence of artistic productions, which, in music more than in any other art, is one continual course of invention and creation of novelty. Whoever is in music no "inventor," whoever wants the mysterious power of creating something independently beautiful in tone and by means of tone, may certainly become a most clever experimentalist in art-history,—a master of his art, but never a musical genius.

No one can object to our dwelling on the musical part of the subject, in Wagner's case, as long as his operas are sung and played from beginning to end, and as long as sensible people continue to go to an opera-house for the sake of music. It is only a melancholy proof of far-spreading infatuation that even persons who confess Wagner's musical helplessness, claim for him another and quite peculiar position, and celebrate, as the grand advantage newly gained, "the dramatic agreement of his music with the poem," an advantage which puts out of the question for the future the beauty of the music. It would be a sad thing, if the German public possessed so short a memory. Have we, then, really hitherto had no operas combining the most fragrant aroma of melody with the seriousness of dramatic truth? Have the greatest masters of three nations laboured in vain to become dramatic composers? Was the whole history of opera, as Wagner fain would persuade us, in truth nearly a continuous sin, awaiting redemption by means of *Lohengrin*?

I cannot see that, in pregnant and moving portrayal of situations, Wagner has gone farther than Beethoven, for instance, in *Fidelio*, which—apart from the dramatic quality—is all music in the fullest sense of the word. In there, in the whole of *Lohengrin* a single piece which causes the hearer's heart to beat like the trio or the quartet in the dungeon? Has Wagner, with his sublimated declamatory apparatus, ever produced such pulsations as Beethoven has by purely musical means? Or can *Lohengrin* even show one character which stands out from the background of the picture so plastically, and with so much truth to nature as the personages in *Don Juan*? What are Talamund and Ortrud, as theatrical models, compared to similar characters in the works of Weber and Spontini? Can the "Gottesgericht," indisputably one of the best scenes in *Lohengrin* be compared with the exactly analogous scene in Marschner's *Templer*, where Rebecca, condemned to perish by the flames, looks out anxiously, and yet believingly, for a champion of her innocence? We here quite leave out of the question the musical side of the subject, properly so called, and simply ask, whether Wagner has really obtained new and unexpected effects in dramatic truth, as has

been so remarkably asserted by him! whether in the delineation of a personage or situation, he has really surpassed or ever equalled, what has been done by the masters mentioned above? The latter knew and respected well enough the pretensions of the poet, but they were, at the same time musicians and inventors. They possessed a power, which Wagner would ignore, because he does not possess it, namely, the power of melody, of the independently beautiful musical thought. It is a great error to represent melody as being of itself, and as a matter of course, the foe to every kind of dramatic characterisation; this is only done by persons, who, naturally wanting in melody, endeavour to gain a small advantage by clever effects. On the contrary, there can exist in original musical thought, in the melody itself, a dramatic power to which declamatory pathos, and all the instrumental cleverness in the world will never attain.

We have mentioned names which render it completely unnecessary for us to adduce examples. But we need not at all confine ourselves to classical composers; let the reader recollect the *Huguenots*. The depreciation of Meyerbeer, one of the "Gesinnungs" articles, as is well known, for some time of the "German critics" (who, we may remark, are enraptured with one of the stupidest of all conductors), has, since the unbounded abuse of him by Wagner, risen to such a pitch that it is high time to remind people of the reverse of the medal. The delusive adventures expedients with which Meyerbeer disfigures his great talent, no one can regret more sincerely, or criticise more unreservedly than we did, when speaking of his *Étoile du Nord*, but the actual fact of his great musical talent is not to be disputed.

After the finest pieces, Meyerbeer disturbs our equanimity only too often by a few subtle bars, but we always again come across passages which only a musical genius of the first rank could have written. In every opera—perhaps in every act—of Meyerbeer's, there are musical thoughts of overpowering novelty and beauty; thoughts which no living composer can rival; in a word: thoughts which throw the public into ecstasies, and cause musicians to say, "Questi è inventore!" Can the same be asserted of Wagner? After studying, repeatedly and attentively, *Lohengrin*, I have not been able to find, in the midst of the author's clever intentions and touches, a theme of eight bars of which it could be said, "These eight bars could have been written only by a musical genius of the first rank; they are the work of a creator in his art."

(To be continued.)

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—To the new works already announced for performance in the course of the season by the members of this Society, we may add a new cantata, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, entitled *The Birth Day*. Mr. Sims Reeves has been especially engaged to sing the tenor music in Professor Bennett's *May-Queen*.

THE CONSUMPTION OF PARIS.—The amount of edibles and liquids consumed by the city of Paris is certainly something prodigious. Paris drinks annually 1,200,000 hectolitres of wine, 50,900 hectolitres of brandy, 21,000 hectolitres of vinegar, and 175,000 hectolitres of beer. It eats 1,000,000 of fowls, 500,000 hectolitres of grapes, 70,000 oxen, 20,000 cows, 82,000 calves, 500,000 sheep, 90,000 pigs and wild boars, 12,000,000 francs' worth of butter, 6,000,000 francs' worth of eggs, 8,000,000 francs' worth of game and poultry, and 6,000,000 francs' worth of salt-water fish, exclusive of 1,500,000 francs' worth of oysters. Finally, it eats above 22,000,000 francs' worth of vegetables, fruit, oil, cheese, *charcuterie*, ready-dressed meat, pies, jars of salted or preserved meats, shrimps, snails, lobsters, etc. Thus, Paris spends annually on eating and drinking more than 500,000,000 francs. Its pleasures, furniture, and dress, cost three times as much, or more—1,500,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 francs. Every year the women of Paris have 31,000 children, living, 10,000 of whom are illegitimate.

* A hectolitre is 3.5317 cubic feet, or 22.00668 imperial gallons, or 2.7412 Winchester bushels.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE

FRANÇOIS—This theatre will open on Wednesday, December 30 next, with a troupe of eminent artists, among whom, Madame Fauré from the Théâtre Lyrique de Paris, Madlle. Céline Mathis, (from the Grand Théâtre de Bordeaux), Mmes. Fougère, and Mmes. Emou (from the Opéra-Comique de Paris), will make their first appearance in England. Full chorus and complete orchestra under the direction of Mous. Bonneau (of the Académie Impériale and Opéra-Comique de Paris), comprising the principal performers of Her Majesty's Theatre and Royal Italian Opera. Full particulars will be duly announced. Every information respecting Boxes, Seats, &c., can be obtained at Mitchell's, Royal Library, 25, Old Bond-street. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barrett.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of **MACBETH** can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

Farwell Season of Mr. **CHARLES KEAN** as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH.
On Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. On Thursday **KING JOHN**. Saturday, **THE JEALOUS WIFE**. Freed every evening by a FARE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

MR. LA-T' FIVE NIGHTS, ending positively on Saturday next, Dec. 18th.—**EVERY EVENING**, at Eight.—Engagement of Madame ANNA BISHOP, who will make her first appearance on Tuesday next, Dec. 14th. **M. WIENIAWSKI**, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.

On Monday, December 13th, **M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE**

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL

BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 13th, 1858.—**M. JULLIEN'S** present **BAL MASQUE** will be given with an extraordinary splendour. Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d. Places and Private Boxes may be secured of Mr. CHATTERTON, at the Box-Office, Lyceum. Open at Half-past Nine, and the Dancing commences at Half-past Ten.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louise Fyde and Mr. W. Harrison.

The public are respectfully informed that the above new and elegant theatre will be opened for the **FIRST ENGLISH OPERA SEASON**, on Monday, Dec. 20th. The celebrated Fyde and Harrison English Opera Company every evening.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BRICKLITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DODDLE.

The engagement of the celebrated Mad. Celeste. Her last appearance at the East-end—Misses Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Eliza Arden. On Monday, **THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST**. Cynthia, Mad. Celeste; The Kinehen, Mr. Paul Bedford; Starti's Boss, Miss Eliza Arden. On Tuesday (last time), **SATAN**. Satan, Mad. Celeste. On Wednesday and Friday (last times), **THE GREEN BUSHES**. Marié, Mad. Celeste. On Thursday, **CHRISTMAS EVE**. Madeline, Mad. Celeste. After the first on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday (last times), **THE LITTLE BUTLER**. Natalie, Mad. Celeste. To conclude on Monday with **THE FLAG OF FREEDOM**. On Tuesday, to conclude with **VILLAGE SCANDAL**. To conclude on Wednesday and Friday with, last time, the burlesque of **NORMA**. Norma, Mr. Paul Bedford. Great preparations for the Comic Pantomime. Given by the celebrated **TOM MATTHEWS**.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORNET-A-PISTONS—(W. D., Ipswich).—We have no doubt that the works named are as perfect as described by our correspondent. He had better inform every person he meets of their great merits. The publishers will treat him liberally for a number of copies.

ERRATUM.—In the advertisement of the Musical Society of London, in last week's number, the name of Mr. Vincent Wallace was inadvertently inserted in the list of the Council, in the place of that of Mr. G. A. Osborne.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1858.

MADAME ANASTASIE DE BELLEVILLE OURY has addressed a letter to the publisher and manager of the *Musical World*, indignantly disclaiming the authorship of a certain communication "from a lady correspondent," which appeared in our last impression, and requesting (or, perhaps, we should say, insisting) that a notice to the effect that she was not the writer of the document may be inserted in the present issue. Always charmed to oblige one of Madame Anastasie de Belleville Oury's gentle sex, we hereby declare emphatically that the epistle was not either of her writing or of her composition—to which we may add that nobody but the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette* would have

been likely to lay such a misdemeanour to her charge; seeing that the letter itself gives evidence of her innocence,* which, though presumptive, would be received as undeniable by any jury ever empanelled, commented upon approvingly by any judge that ever sat on the bench, and accepted unconditionally by any person endowed with a grain of common sense. That grain, however, seems to have been wanting to the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*. But of this anon. Suffice it here that we exultate Mad. Oury, and that in doing so we are overwhelmed with astonishment at the fact of such an exultation being thought necessary by any one who knows Mad. Oury, who is aware how, during the course of a long and brilliant artistic career, she has invariably kept aloof from all kinds of petty bickering and intrigue, winning and sustaining the honourable position at which she aspired from the first entirely through the agency of her own talent.

One of the causes of the mystification of the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*, and, it would appear, of Mad. Oury herself, must be attributed to a misprint in the signature of the article which has caused so much offence in certain quarters. The signature, as printed, was "A. de B. O.," but the signature, as written, was "A. de R. Q." Now this mistake of one of our amanuenses (we keep copies of all letters addressed to the *Musical World*) was unfortunate, inasmuch as we can neither take the blame upon ourselves, nor attribute it to the compositors and readers. Nevertheless, we have said quite enough to eradicate the last vestige of suspicion that could possibly remain in the mind of any envious person, like Herr Block, or any simple person, like the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*.

With regard to a desire expressed that the name of the writer of the letter be given up, we have only to reply that such an act on our parts would not only be one of ill-faith, but superfluous. For both reasons, therefore, but especially for the first, we decline.

The *Brighton Gazette* is angry, but amusing. We always imagined ourselves on tolerably friendly terms with this periodical, and for that reason, have never lodged any complaint against its hebdomadal custom of appropriating large slices of our musical news and our musical criticisms, usually (unless the matter should be controversial, and the *Gazette* anxious not to incur responsibility) without acknowledgment of the obligation, without reference to the source which enables it to dispense with a London correspondent, and yet to appear extremely well informed on the art-topics of the day. It seems that we have reckoned without our *Gazette*. We, however, quote the rejoinder of our Sussex contemporary, who advocates the cause of Kube with as much enthusiasm (if with not as much eloquence) as the poet Shelley that of the post Keats. Here is the prose *Adonais* of the *Gazette*:—

*** CRITICISMS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.**

"In the *Musical World* of Saturday, appeared an article on Madame Dotti's concert at Brighton, on the previous Tuesday. It purported to be the production of a lady correspondent, and is not so much a criticism upon the concert, as it is a vehicle for the most fulsome praise of Miss Arabella Goddard, an attack upon us and our musical critic, and a cowardly stab in the dark at Herr Kube. With the first item we have nothing to do, feeling convinced that we did full justice to Miss Goddard. The attack upon ourselves we are also content to pass by, for we are bold enough to regard our opinion in the matter to be as good as that of the writer of the article in question. But it is to the attack on Herr Kube we would more particularly allude. We were bold

* The admirably accomplished Madame de Belleville Oury has announced her grand morning concert for the 29th inst."

enough to say that we preferred Herr Kuhe's interpretation of a certain piece to that of Miss Goddard. For this Herr Kuhe is designated as a *harmless individual*, and a *highly respectable teacher—how-to-shoot—of the young idea*, and we are told that *no one is better suited than himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard*. Further on we read that *Herr Kuhe endeavored to accompany M. Saindon in a duet, and afterwards made another attempt, &c.*

"The character, ability, talents and high standing of Herr Kuhe require no comments from us, but we feel it a duty incumbent on us to protect a kind-feeling, good-hearted man, and one of the most clever pianists of the day, from such unwarrantable attacks.

"We do not believe Miss Goddard to be in any way implicated in this. Her character in the profession stands too high, but justice to herself requires that she should rid herself of such 'friends' who seek to draw odious comparisons, calculated to involve her in quarrels with her brothers and sisters of the profession.

"The article concludes with an announcement of the forthcoming concert of *Madame de Belleville Oury*, and the article itself is signed A. de B. O., and dated from Brightonstone.

"On this every reader will say 'This is palpable, it is from the pen of Madame Oury.' Such, we admit, was our impression, but inquiry leads us unhesitatingly to say, it is not the production of this talented lady, nor is she at all aware who the writer is. Nay, more than this, we are requested by the lady to say that she has written to the *Musical World* to demand the name of the fair (?) writer who thus dares to attempt to injure Herr Kuhe, and shields himself or herself under the initials of Madame de Belleville Oury. Perhaps the writer may yet have cause to regret so ill-timed a composition."

Now really our friend near the Downs is a little bit too down upon "A. de R. Q." In her whole letter, which occupies a column and a-half of our type, the subjoined is a summary of what is actually written about Miss Goddard:—

1.—"Notamment, Arabella Goddard, the pianist."

2.—"A truly splendid performance by the above-named famous player, with which the audience were more than delighted, as was testified by the heartiness of their applause."

3.—"After rendering full justice to Arabella Goddard's superb execution of 'Robin Adair,' on being enquired in which the young lady subsisted 'Home, sweet home.'"

4.—"No one is better aware than Herr Kuhe himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard, from the diatonic scale of C major to the sonata Op. 106 of Beethoven."

The above is absolutely all upon which "A. de R. Q." ventures in praise of a lady who, by general consent, is the first pianist in the metropolis, and might, therefore, be highly rated throughout Great Britain, without offence to watering places, inland or outland. *First*—that Miss Goddard is "a pianist," will hardly be denied. *Second*—that Mendelssohn's second trio, by Miss Goddard, M. Saindon, and Sig. Piatti, should be a "splendid performance" was not surprising, considering that they are all three deservedly "famous players;" nor was it surprising that the audience should applaud. The *Brighton Guardian* pronounces the performance "almost perfection,"—while the *Brighton Gazette* surpasses "A. de R. Q." herself, by citing it as "perfection," without qualification.

Third—that Miss Goddard's execution of Mr. Wallace's "Robin Adair" is "superb" every connoisseur knows who has enjoyed the advantage of hearing it. (See what the *Gazette*, which accuses our correspondent of "fulsome praise," itself reports.) *Fourth*—the "immeasurable distance" between Herr Kuhe's playing and that of Miss Goddard is surely no paradox, if pianoforte playing is to be regarded from a serious point of view. For this reason the parallel between the German pianist and the English pianist, adverted on by the *Gazette*, most probably led "A. de R. Q." to suppose that the writer was not in earnest, and that, instead of intending a compliment to Herr Kuhe—one of the most highly

respected of the hundred and one respectable Teutons who gladden this realm with their presence, and make music and "hay" simultaneously—he was aiming at a species of Socratic irony. Now, however, we are fully convinced that the *Gazette* reporter is quite innocent of irony, if indeed he ever heard of the man of whom Plato was the chief disciple.

But, seriously, these questions had best be left alone. We have no doubt that our correspondent will be able, when necessary, to take her own part, and that she will write a rejoinder to the *Gazette*. If she does, however, we must request her to address herself to the Brighton journal, and not to the *Musical World*. We desire, as long as it is possible, to avoid consideration of the respective claims of foreign and native professors, whether public performers, like Miss Goddard, or—like Herr Kuhe—in strict truth merely teachers. The metaphor of the *sign-post* is inconveniently at hand—and as we do not like always to take the path conventionally indicated for our guidance, we would willingly avoid the subject. At the same time, if provoked, we are quite ready with materials for discussion.

THE present state of theatrical art is sickly enough, but is not quite so bad as some mourners for the good old times would have us believe. If there is no strong company capable of giving weight to the smallest part in a numerous list of personages, such as, for instance, we find in the old comedies, we are at any rate free from such utter rubbish as the pieces that, forty years ago, were considered not only tolerable but highly meritorious. Something like regularity of construction has been learned from the French dramatists, and though our national pride is wounded by our subjection to theatrical Paris, the chastisement has not been unaccompanied by instruction.

One peculiar feature of the modern play-going public is a love of brevity, which, by-the-way, is national enough, as we do not find it on the other side of the Channel. Much as we borrow from the French, we generally avoid those lengthy dramas that make the fortunes of the Porte Saint Martin, the Ambigu-Comique, and the Gaite, or at all events trim them down so liberally, that, instead of filling up an entire evening, they merely serve as the substantial fare to be followed by a spectacle or a couple of farces. Modern John Bull has an instinctive dread of the "slow;" slowness and length are with him equivalent terms, and the more genteel he becomes in his habits, the greater is his terror of being wearied.

One of the consequences of a love for brevity on the part of the public is a predilection for those pieces, in which an actor stands pre-eminent above the rest. A very complicated action becomes perplexing if it takes place within limits too narrow, and hence dramas of character, rather than of intrigue, appeal to the public taste. Again, a complete development of several characters within a small compass is impossible, while a single personage, or perhaps two, may, under similar circumstances, be elaborated to the highest degree. From a one-character piece, therefore, a modern audience derives greater enjoyment than from a broad *ensemble*, and it is moreover encouraged in its preference by the actual condition of the stage; for we have several theatrical companies, who can work efficiently, especially when under the guidance of an experienced and judicious manager, but of actors, who can make a strong impression on an audience, the number is exceedingly few.

All these circumstances being taken into consideration, we can scarcely wonder that a London manager is ever anxious to secure those pieces, that employ in the most striking manner the principal member of his company. This one member is probably the great attraction of the establishment, and if his fellow-labourers were allowed the same opportunities for distinction, the public who came to see the star, would be perplexed if it were nearly rivalled by a number of lesser luminaries.

Let not our meaning be perverted into an assertion that subordinate parts should be ill-played; that the minnows should become pany minnows, in order that the Triton may be a more magnificent Triton. No—let every part be perfectly acted, if possible, but at the same time let subordinates accept their position, and not mar their own usefulness by indulgence in ambitious dreams. Experience forces upon us the conclusion that from an English public one man in particular draws the money to a theatre, and that he had better be as forward as possible. How transient is the existence of those plays, that without any exhibition of marked individual character, depend altogether on the ingenuity of the intrigue; how long do those works remain on the stage and dwell in the memory, which are distinguished by the presence of one single personage, who is either the type of a class or an exceptional individuality.

Nor is this a mere peculiarity of modern degenerate days. From time immemorial, actors rather than dramatic writers have drawn the public to the theatre, and among the actors there has generally been one who was the constant object of curiosity and admiration.

LAURENT'S MAUD VALSE.—This popular *morceau de danse* has been one of the nightly attractions at M. Jullien's concerts during the past week.

STEPNEY TONIC SOL-FÀ CONCERT.—A very successful concert in aid of the Carr-street Ragged Schools, was given in Stepney Meeting School Rooms, on Wednesday evening, the 8th instant. The choir, consisting of 50 voices, selected entirely from two Tonic Sol-fà singing classes, gave the vocal music so satisfactorily, that five of the pieces, including Miss Stirling's Harvest Hymn, were encored. A selection from one of Bach's motets also went extremely well. Some instrumental pieces were well rendered, by Miss Stirling and Mr. Kemp.

THE BIXTON AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their second concert on Wednesday evening to a crowded audience. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Boosé. The concert opened with Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, which was well played, with the exception of a little wavering in the first few bars. This was fully atoned for by the spirited performance of the rest of the orchestral music, more particularly in Mozart's symphony No. 2, every movement of which was executed with an amount of care and steadiness seldom met with amongst amateur players. The same praise may be awarded to Rossini's overture, *L'Italiana*, and Weber's March from *Acron*, and two solos on the cornet-à-piston and clarinet were applauded. The latter was by Mr. Snelling, junior, a young and promising pupil of Mr. Boosé's. The vocal department, with the exception of Mrs. Lucas (always a favourite here, and well meriting the distinction), was weak throughout, especially in the case of one "professional," whose name is needless to mention. The third concert is announced for Wednesday, January 6th, 1859.

SELINGTON MUSICAL UNION.—Myddleton Hall was densely crowded on Monday evening, when the first concert of the Selington Musical Union took place. The artists were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Laura Baxter, the Misses Danby; Mr. Weiss, Mr. G. A. Cooper, and M. Sauton. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was conductor and solo pianist. For the next concert (on Wednesday in Christmas week) Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. H. Elsgrove, and M. Paque, are engaged.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

On Monday—the third "Beethoven Night"—the overtures to *Leonora* and *Egmont*, the symphony in C minor, and the piano-forte concerto in E flat, were repeated—Miss Arabella Goddard being once more the pianist, and once more re-called unanimously after her wonderful performance of the concerto.

To the above already rich selection M. Jullien added the Kreutzer Sonata for pianoforte and violin—Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski. This performance was in every respect perfect, and created an enthusiasm for which we scarcely remember a precedent. A tempest of cheers and plaudits greeted the two artists at the conclusion, and again when they were summoned back to the orchestra. A more brilliant success was never achieved.

The "Mozart Night" comes off this evening, when, among other things, Miss Goddard is to play the famous piano-forte concerto in D minor—its composer's masterpiece.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE "Mozart Concert"—which has now resolved itself into an "annual" entertainment on the anniversary of the death of the great composer—was given on Saturday, the 4th, in place of Sunday, the 5th, Mozart having died on that day, 1793. It is questionable whether such events should be "commemorated" in this fashion. To celebrate the birth-days of eminent men would be far more graceful and appropriate. At all events, if he deemed necessary to remind us annually that Mozart died on December 5th, it would be as well to select some of the greater works of the master for the occasion. The *Requiem* would be just the thing.

Apart from these considerations the programme on Saturday was admirable, comprising the *Symphony in C*, the piano-forte concerto in the same key, the overture to *Der Schauspieler Director* (*L'Impresario*), and a selection from the *Zauberflöte*, including the overture, grand march, and chorus of the Priests of Isis, the tenor air, "O cara imagine," the duet "La dove prende," the comic duet "Papagena, Papagena," the grand bass air "Qui sdegnò" ("In diesen heiligen Hallen"), &c. None of the music of the Queen of Night was attempted.

The *Symphony* was well played, and the accompaniments to the concerto left little to be desired. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte* was occasionally open to criticism. That to the comic opera, *Der Schauspieler Director*, which exhibits all the ease, grace, and versatility of the *Figaro*, and *Cool fan note*, was excellent throughout.

The Concerto in C (played by Miss Arabella Goddard last winter, on two occasions, at M. Jullien's concerts), was capably given by Herr Pauer, whose performance was characterised by vigour of style and great mechanical dexterity. His "cadenzas" in the first and last movements, however, were by no means Mozartean. Nevertheless, he was greatly applauded, and with good reason.

The vocalists were Mr. and Madame Weiss, and Mr. George Perren. The exquisite tenor air, "O cara imagine," sung by Mr. George Perren, was something wanting in expression. Mr. Perren has a capable voice, and with a little more refinement, would be a decided acquisition to the concert room. The lovely duet "La dove prende" (so well and long known to the English public as "The manly heart") was extremely well given by Mr. and Madame Weiss. Mr. Weiss declaimed the magnificent airs of the high priest, Sarastro, "Possenti numi," and "Qui sdegnò," with befitting solemnity. The comic duet (for Papagena and Papagena) requires the stage for effect. A foot note in the programme informs us that Rossini, in his *light and playful* opera, the *Barbiere*, was greatly indebted to the duet "Papagena, Papagena," which "light and playful" remark was no doubt made at hap-hazard. That Rossini is greatly indebted to Mozart, Rossini himself glories in acknowledging, but we cannot see what on earth the *Barbiere* owes to the duet. Had the writer affirmed that the duet "Papagena, Papagena," had suggested the trio "Papatà, Papatà," in the *Italiana in Algeri*, he would have been nearer the mark.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THESE concerts, denominated "Popular," were given at the above hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, ostensibly got up for the London public, but directly addressed to the visitors who flock to town at this period of the year, eager to behold certain unctuous beasts rolling their larded sides in stidling pens at the Bazaar, Baker-street. It is not always, however, that the lovers of fatted heaves and eyeless pigs are attracted by a musical programme, or moved by the concord of sweet sounds. Dearer to the ears of our cattle-surfing gentry are the low of beris, the bull's loud bellow, the neigh of the gelding, the grunt of the pig, the quack of the duck, the cackle of the goose, the bray of the donkey—the whole artillery of the farm-yard—than the finest symphony or the sweetest song. The crowds expected from Baker-street did not arrive, and so the great hall of St. James's was not as well filled as might have been anticipated. Certainly one great attraction was wanting the first night, in Mr. Sims Reeves, whose Newcastle influenza still lingering about him, prevented him from attending. On Wednesday and Thursday, however, he was able to attend, when the hall was better filled.

The three concerts were of the slightest possible contorture—such, indeed, as would have consoled better with entertainments given in remote suburban nooks, than in the splendid metropolisian hall. The programme exhibited a few eminent and several goonly names. A concert which shone conspicuously with the names of Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, Alfredo Piatti, Miss Dolby Mr. and Madame Weiss, Miss Mesent, Miss Stabbech, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Miss Poole, Madlle. de Villar, Madlle. Behrens, Herr Engel and the Swedish Singers, argued, *a priori*, an entertainment of excellence and variety. The "Three Concerts" have been denominated the "Cattle-Show Concerts." With greater justice, we think, they might be called "The Publisher's Concerts." Nearly every vocal piece sung was of the latest production; copies, still wet from the press, lying on the counter, crying out, "Who'll come and buy me!" As long as the compositions are good we do not find fault with this mode of advertising; but the attempt to force indifferent ware upon the public should meet with no forbearance. Of course with such practised artists nothing but success could follow, and we have only to chronicle the leading features of each night's performance.

On Tuesday the triumphs of the evening were awarded to Miss Arabella Goddard, in the first instance, in Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair;" and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," in both of which she created a furor, the latter being demanded with acclamations; afterwards to Signor Piatti, for his fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*: to Miss Dolby, for her expressive singing in Balfe's charming song, "Daybreak;" to Miss Stabbech, in Linley's ballad, "Bonnie new moon;" and to the Swedish singers in all they sang.

At the second concert, on Wednesday, Mr. Sims Reeves made his appearance and was received with uproarious delight. He sang Balfe's never-tiring song, "Come into the garden, Maud," and with Mr. Weiss, the duet, "All's well," and was enthusiastically encored in both. Miss Arabella Goddard again enraptured her hearers in Faunigall's "Clarice" and Thalberg's "Prophète." Miss Dolby sang in her most finished and expressive manner Duggan's new song, "Many a time and oft;" and the Swedish singers again distinguished themselves in several of their national melodies.

At the third concert Miss Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's fantasias on "Masaniello," and "The Last Rose of Summer;" Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Bonnie Jean," and "Pucke, dearest;" Mr. Weiss gave his own song, "We were boys together," also a song by Angelina, called "Sir Marmaluke," a very pleasing composition, by the way; and Miss Dolby sang Faithful's ballad, "These dear old times." All these pleased more or less, and constituted the features of the performance. Miss Goddard, receiving five "encores" too marked and unanimous to be resisted, thus played eleven times during the series of concerts instead of six!

The three concerts were conducted by Mr. Benedict with his accustomed ability, and with more than his accustomed indefatigability.

FUNKÉ.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can you inform me whether Mr. J. Funke (a composer for the pianoforte) was ever in England? He was, of course, only a spark, but perhaps in your extensive researches you may have seen or heard of him.

I am yours, &c.,

STYKA.

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—In the paragraph you have inserted in to-day's *Musical World*, on the late concert given by the Torquay Choral Society, you have omitted to give the name of the duet for violin and piano, played by Mr. Rice and myself. It was the "Krentzer Sonata."

Had it been an unimportant composition, I should not, of course, have troubled you with this note; but as it is about the most important composition for the violin and piano ever written, and also extremely important to find that it was enjoyed by a tolerably large audience in so out-of-the-way a place as this, I trust you will kindly mention in your next number that this was the duet performed. Faithfully yours,

Torquay, Dec. 5.

C. FOWLER.

"ELLA TREMANTE."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me in which opera of Donizetti's is to be found the tenor aria "Ella trumante," as I have in vain endeavoured to procure the same. Should you be unacquainted with it, possibly some of your many readers may oblige me with the information. Your obedient servant,

TENOR ROBERTO.

EPIGRAMS.

No. 1.

Lo! Fashion scorns the gifts of health and wealth,
Upon her altar hid by Folly and by Vice;
The pampered goddess now demands by stealth
Of wives and daughters a *barst sacrifice*.

No. 2.

You pretty birds, whom Fashion now encages,
The better to display how fine you're plumed,
Mind, only phoenixes—my little sages—
Rise from their ashes when by fire consumed.

DUBLIN.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews made their first appearance here, after their recent successful engagement in London, in the brilliant and cleverly written comedy of *London Assurance*. The acting of Mr. Charles Mathews is so familiar to the theatrical public, so easy and assured, and marked by such self-possession under the most startling circumstances, that he imparts the impress of a conventional reality in scenes which are meant to test the coolness of the men of the world, and leaves the idea on the mind that he could light a cigar at the crater of Vesuvius, without being disturbed in his equanimity by the sudden outbreak of flames that Pliny could not speak of without peculiar emotion. As the fashionable and worldly Dazzle, Mr. Mathews acted with his wonted quiet piquancy of manner, and telling *abandon*, producing a commendable effect upon the audience. Mrs. Mathews does not make her appearance in Lady Gaa Spauker, until a late period in the comedy, and when her joyous laughter was heard behind the scenes, the applause was initiated. In person, and face the lady is attractive, her voice is clear and judiciously modulated, and the dashing fox-hunting woman of the country was depicted with great vivacity. In the well-known passage in which the exciting race, and the rivalry of the opposing horses, was described, the dash and animation of the actress renders justice to the author's word-painting.—*Saunders*.

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE."

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*)

Berlin, Sept. 30, 1858.

DEAR DWIGHT,—Remembering how very interesting to me, years ago, any operatic programme from a foreign city was; how it seemed to give me a clearer idea of the manner *how* things were done, I translate complete the "Zettel" of last evening, leaving it for you to drop it into the basket or not, as you see fit.

ROYAL DRAMA, OPERA-HOUSE.

Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

(187th performance.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Opera in 2 parts, by E. SCHICKANEDER.

Music, G. MOZART.

Sarasro	Mr. Fricke.
Tamino	Mr. Krüger.
Queen of Night	Frau Koser.
Pamina, her daughter	Fraulein Wippera.
Papageno	Mr. Krause.
Monastatos, a negro	Mr. Basse.
Speakers (of the Priests)	Mr. Bost, Hr. Koser.
Ladies	Fraulein Carl, Frau Bötticher, Fr. Baldamus.
Papagens	Fraulein Baur.
Two men in black armour	Hr. Lieder, Hr. Friese.
Geeli	Fr. Gey, Fr. v. Meddhammer, Frau Stürmer.
Retinue of Priests, Slaves, People.	

Text books, 12 1-2 cts. Programme, 2 1-3 cts.

Middle Prices.

Strangers' Boxes	\$1 50.
1st Rank and its Balcony with Proscenium boxes and orchestral seats	1 00.
Parquet, Parquet Boxes, and Proscenium, 2nd Rank,	75.
2nd Rank Boxes	50.
3d Rank and its Balcony	44.
Parquet	37 1-2.
Amphitheatre (Gallery)	25.

Notice.

Thursday, September 30. 168th Performance. Die Capuletti und Montecchi. Opera in 4 parts, translated from the Italian by J. C. Gröbbaum. Music by Bellini. Middle Prices.

Sick. Fraulein Triet-eh, Herr Schaffer.

Beginning 6 1-2 P.M. End about 9 1-2.

Ticket Office will be open at 5 1-2 P.M.

I have no long disquisition to write upon the music of the *Magic Flute*. It is enough to say that I consider it as possessing more truly beautiful and popular music, both melodic and harmonic, than any other opera ever written. *Don Juan* is greater, because there are greater passions in it to pourtry; but nothing can be more beautiful than the constant succession, the heaping up, of the loveliest melodies, together with accompaniments and harmonic combinations, which are as extraordinary and marvellous to the contrapuntist now as in 1791. Sometimes when I have not read *As You Like It*, or the *Tempest*, or the *Winter's Tale*, for several months, I reprieve them with the feeling that I never felt their beauty adequately before. So last evening, solos, duets, quintets, choruses, overture, accompaniment and all, familiar as all are,—constantly to be met with as most of them are in our song-books, glee-books, psalm-books in all sorts of shapes and all kinds of texts—seemed almost for the first time to open to me their delicious perfection.

Near the close of the opera, as I listened with "John"—whose emotions were written in his face—it was the first hearing—both of us in that rather rare state, one of perfect satisfaction with the music—I was startled by something peculiarly familiar. Ah, Mozart, I should not have thought this of you! I hope I

shall find myself mistaken, when I hear it again or get the music to examine; and I shall be so, if it does not prove that you, in the ritornello, in this air of Monastatos, and in a part of the vocal motives, have stolen the idea bodily from the *Largo* of *factotum*, in Rossini's *Barber*.

(Interruption from the reader.) "But, Mr. Diarist, Rossini's opera was not written until twenty-three years after the *Magic Flute*!"

Is that so, reader? Well, then, Mozart is free from the imputation of plagiarism in this case. But what right had he to compose such prophetic music? He was always doing it. It at the opera you are struck with a concerted piece for any number of voices up to the sextet, which naturally springs out of the dramatic situation, in which, at the same moment, as many different passions are depicted in music upon the stage, as there are parts, you will be sure to find something almost perfect of the same kind, as a model, in one or more of his operas; if you are struck with the effect of a concealed chorus, singing solemn music, as in so many modern operas, this had Mozart did the same thing again and again, and save by Gluck, with almost unparalleled effect; in this very *Magic Flute*, you have two come upon the stage and sing an old Lutheran choral, while the orchestra works up a fugue subject about it. Now, what right had this man to forestall Meyerbeer's greatest effects in the *Huguenots* and *The Prophet*? If the man had lived twenty years longer, I don't see that he would have left a single new musical idea for his successors to have wrought out—his European successors, of course, for when our "free, independent, and enlightened citizens" take to operatic writing, we shall beat the world, as we do now in architecture, sculpture, painting, landscape gardening, railroad building, steamboat exploding, and I know not what all. John Smith assures me, that we do lead all Europe in these things, and this being so, we shall soon also lead the way in opera. Then where will Mozart be with his *Don Juan* and *Magic Flute*? This brings me back again, from my ride on the American eagle.

A vast amount of matter has been printed upon the history of the *Magic Flute*, but much of it is scattered, and has escaped both Holmes and Oulibiehoff. Without waiting for the fourth volume of Jahm, which, judging from the first three, will give us the story in full, here are two or three matters, which I think will be new to the reader.

The authorship of the text is almost universally attributed to Schickaneder, as it is by the programme given above, by Nissen, and after him by Holmes and Oulibiehoff. Yet, many years ago, I think in an early volume of the *London Musical World*, some twenty-five years since, there is a notice of the death of a German teacher in Dublin, Ireland, who claimed it. So far as my reading goes, no notice of this has ever been taken—not even so much as to question the man's veracity. And yet a text is a matter of some importance at least—many a one has carried good music with it to the shades, and some have saved music in itself hardly good enough to be worthy of contempt—and its author is worth finding out.

I translate a short article on this point from the *Neue Berliner Zeitung*, of June 13, 1849.

"The real author of the text to the *Magic Flute* was not Schickaneder, but his chorus singer, Giesecke, who drew up the plan of the action, made the division of scenes, and manufactured the familiar naive rhymes. This Giesecke—as J. Cornet relates in his interesting book, *Die Oper in Deutschland*—a student born in Brunswick, and expelled from the University at Halle—was author of several magic operas, also of the *Magic Flute* (after Wieland's *Lulu*), Schickaneder having no other share in it than to alter, cut out, add, and—claim the whole. The poor devil of a Giesecke contrived to keep soul and body together by singing small parts, and in the chorus on Schickaneder's stage in the *Freihaus auf der Wieden*—the Theater an der Wien not yet being built.

(To be continued.)

* Wieland's *Lulu*! I know of no play or tale of this title in Wieland's Works. The poem "Schick Lulu," has nothing in common with the text of the *Magic Flute*. Who can tell us?

MUSIC AND MUSICAL TASTE IN HAVANA.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO TO A FRENCH FRIEND IN CUBA.
(Translated for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* from the
Courrier des Etats-Unis.)

HAVANA, February 25th.

MY DEAR V.—We have often conversed during the present season of the Havana Italian Opera, and you have seemed to attach some value to my observations, rather, I fancy from the recollection of the days when we were chums at the college of Henry IV., than on account of my personal importance in this theatre. Allow me, in leaving h—re, to give you my impressions with the candour of which you know that I am possessed.

I have, during my stay in your fine country, written a dozen letters that I design for publication. I will send you what I have written from Paris or from London. In the meantime I will give you a summary, as brief as possible, of all in those letters that touches the question of art.

You have often smilingly asked me, "What do you think of our Italian theatre?" My dear V., you know Mrs. Glass's receipt for a potted hare: "the indispensable thing is first a theatre."

"But, say you, the great Tacon theatre?" Well, the Tacon theatre is an immense building, which might do admirably for a ballet or a fairy spectacle, but never, never for hearing singing, and especially Italian singing. Built in violation of all the best known rules of acoustics, without any regard for draughts of air (I appeal for this to the musicians of the orchestra, whose cigar smoke darkened the foot lights and choked the singers during rehearsals), open to every wind, to every noise, to every smell; not far from a railroad, whose American engines, with a most unmelodious screaming, add new effects to Verdi's harmonies: finally, covered with a kind of zinc roof, which, on rainy days, makes cymbals entirely useless in the orchestra, the great Tacon theatre has not even a retiring room (for the singers that would be a luxury) which, communicating with the orchestra, would allow the musicians to tune their instruments at the beginning and between the acts of the opera.

You call this a theatre for Italian Opera! I do not speak of the stage—that *sanctum impenetrabile* of every theatre that respects itself, to which, in Paris and St. Petersburg, no one is admitted except by a permit of the Minister. Here the stage is a mere tobacco-shop. Smoking is prohibited in the lobbies of the theatre; but behind the scenes one may smoke in the *continence* in the very faces of the singers, who may have taken, during the day, every precaution to keep their voices clear and their lips fresh; so that Lucrezia, or the Favourite of King Alphonso, or the niece of the very noble Don Ruiz Gomez de Silva, have to sweep up, with their velvet or satin robes, the saliva of Messieurs the subscribers. The chorister smokes, the machinist smokes, the soldier on guard smokes, dressers, sweepers, servants, black and white—all smoke. Is there any need of all this, to remind us poor artists that our art, our ambition, our glory, everything, is only smoke? We know it well enough, without having to pay so dear for it.

An Italian theatre requires, moreover, an orchestra and a chorus. I know your opinion, and the press has been unanimous in regard to the orchestra and chorus of this season. I have, therefore, no hesitation in testifying to their worthlessness. But by what right can you demand at Havana an orchestra and a chorus? Have you ever done anything to procure them? You do not pretend that Maretzek, or any other director, should bring you from Europe or the United States, twenty-four chorists, and as many first-class musicians for the orchestra, which are necessary to put your theatre on a level with other establishments of the kind? We have often laughed, I assure you, when your journals have anthematized the first performance of *La Favorita*, on account of the general effect and the scenic appointments. Do you know that, to produce this work in Paris, six months of rehearsals were required, with the orchestra and chorus of the Grand-Opéra! Do you know that, in London, for two months, our chorus have been rehearsing every day the works that we are to produce next summer? You say the *mise-en-scène* is deplorable. And whose fault is it? Did not Maretzek

have to pay \$500 for the right of not having in *Norma* a view of the Rue de la Paix, with the Vendôme column in the background, and in *Maria di Rohan* a Pompadour chamber and ornaments, in *Ernani* a portrait nailed to the wall, so that, the bandit was obliged to hide himself in the antechamber—in a word, pitiable appointments, and disgustingly dirty!

When, Havanaese, you shall have established by a private subscription—which is the easiest thing in the world with your penninary resources—a conservatory of music, where you can train vocal and instrumental performers; a Philharmonic Society, such as are found now-a-days in the small cities of Italy, France, England, and Germany—a society which will promote a taste for music in all classes—when you shall bring out at your monthly concerts and in a grand annual festival, the productions of the great masters; when, in a word, you shall know, otherwise than by name, the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Cherubini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., &c., then you will have a right to be hard to please, and to demand of foreign managers, to whom you furnish resources found in your own country, a perfect performance; then, but then only, you will have the right to call your country a musical country. Why, you have not even a quartet *soirée* in Havana! You have not a single house where people meet for music, or where artists are received! You know, my dear V., how much the art of music at home owes to the *salons* of your countrywoman, the Countess Merlin, to the Rochefoucaults, the Cazes, the Orfilas, the Cremieux, the Girardins, and others, among whom the greatest artists of all kinds were the peers of the greatest names of France.

To return to the theatre. You have a queer word in your island, which shocked me a good deal at first. It is the word *Trabajar* (to work) applied to the profession of a singer. "When do you work?" people would ask me. "Do you work in *La Sonnambula*?" "How well Madame Gazzaniga worked last evening in *La Traviata*?" This word, I soon learned, was perfectly appropriate to these who sang at the Tacon Theatre.

You are right. The art of singing here, is not the *modèste*, the most perfect expression of the feelings of the soul. It is work, work for the throat, the lungs, the arms, the legs, the whole muscular system. There is only one way to sing at the Tacon Theatre, it is to scream. *Cantare es gridare!* And this will explain the success of every singer who, consenting to sacrifice his artistic convictions, seeks to produce effects, for example, by that eternal holding of the dominant, on which he seems to hang with his whole strength, to fall afterwards with all his weight on the tonic. Everywhere else this is a mark of bad taste, but in Havana it excites frenzies of applause, especially if the thing is accompanied by a blow of the fist in the air, or by several rapid slaps with the open hand on the chest; (probably a sign of *mea culpa*!) This is sublime, according to Havana taste.

"But," say you, "the great Marty company." When you say these words you produce in me all the effect of most old grumblers of the first Empire, who, when reading the reports from the Crimea, never failed to exclaim, "Ah, the Old Guard! Where is the grand army?" The artists of this great company have been our friends and comrades of the theatre, at London or St. Petersburg, before they dreamed of coming to Havana, where, it is true, they had their greatest success, but where also they terminated their career, with one exception, and (between ourselves) without getting rich, for their wardrobe, left in pledge in your hands, alone saved them from Moro Castle, the Clichy of the Antilles.

"*Il ne chantent plus*," as Marcel says in the *Huguenots*, and the exception I have made proves the rule in the Tacon Theatre. In fact, I have read all the papers of the time, and I have found that Mdm. Bosto was daily accused of sparing her voice, of singing carelessly, of being cold, in a word, of not working as hard as her associates. Mm. Bosto is now the first cantatrice of Europe. She is, said lately one of your friends, the only one of the "great company" who understood the Tacon Theatre—the theatre still full of their voices. That does not surprise me, I answered; they left their voices here!

I would not speak to you of the press and the public (that is

hard for me, who owe them nothing but praise)—of the public, whose judgment is always sovereign, if not infallible—of the press, whose duty it is first to express the impressions of the public, and then (and it is its most important mission) to enlighten it, to guide it, to instruct it, to teach it, to regulate its sympathies, so that art may not fall into the hands of the parties that cannot fail to arise in a country like yours, far removed from the great centres of light, progress, and civilisation. I have certainly read all that has been written in the journals upon the Italian Opera, during the season, and I candidly declare there are not two lines from which an artist could derive benefit, or which could in the least degree assist the public in forming their opinion.

One paper, in the beginning, with a very slightly disguised opposition to Maretzek's undertaking, hazarded some technical musical words, confounding style with method, blaming one artist for altering, and another for transposing his airs, without troubling itself about the voices, the proprieties, nor even the traditions of the great opera of Europe. This, happily, did not last long; the critic soon found himself at the end of his vocabulary, and then began wittily to call the "proof before letters" the criticism before performance. Here is a specimen: "On such a day, such an opera was given. Why does such an artist sign in it, and why not another? We should like to know, Mr. Manager, how many rehearsals you are going to have. Ah, ah! eight years ago we heard the same opera given by the great company. Take care, *caramba!* for we shall be there, we the Cils of criticism, the Don Quixotes of the feuilleton!"

But of rational appreciation there is none; of analysis of the good points of this artist or the defects of that one, none. No, I am mistaken. A certain sergeant of my acquaintance was blamed for having, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, kicked away a piece of bread which annoyed him on the stage, without regard for the public! But this poor sergeant had tight pantaloons, and an accident might happen to him so easily. To go higher; Ronconi was to be the star of the season. What is the amount of the criticism on this artist? In *Maria di Rohan*, they have proved clear as day that it is always imprudent for husbands to look through key-holes; also that in seizing a woman by the hair, there is danger of pulling off her head-dress. We have read all these things! In *L'Elisir d'Amore* he has been advised not to embrace the Notary, as he does when he has to say, "T abbraccio, o mio saluto, ufficiale d'amor." These are observations full of delicacy and propriety, when they relate to two of the grandest creations of that great artist, called Ronconi. Poor Ronconi! has he not been advised by a journal—I will spare it the shame of naming it—to engage himself in the comic *troupe*, to take the place of Ruiz, the clown and buffoon of the place? O glory! That the greatest dramatic genius of the time, the actor whose name is inscribed by London critics next after that of Rachel on the list of celebrities of the stage, should come to Havana, to be disposed of in this way! *Habent sua fata, historici!*

I have told you that, under such circumstances, parties are inevitable, especially with an ignorant and foolish public. So we have had them this season here, instead of a public—*ilustrado publico*," as the bills say—we have had two parties; where, instead of an Italian *troupe*, we have had two *prima donnas* eclipsing all the rest; vehement, fanatical, insane parties, and *prima donnas* much amazed, I am sure, at the excess of honour or of indignity offered them. One evening I asked one of these rude partisans the cause of this inexplicable worship of an idol who was certainly far from reckoning perfection among her divine attributes. He answered me, "I love Gog, because I hate Mazog." "And you hate Mingog?" "Because I love Gog!" I asked no more.

What idolatries have we not witnessed! You recollect, my dear V., that temple ringing with frantic hurrahs, the seats shaking under the blows of the knights of the chandelier (the *claques*) the bouquets strewn the stage (they were swept away at each fall of the curtain to serve for further triumphs in succeeding acts); the crowns of artificial flowers, of gold or tinsel acorns, with which the goddess had to cover her breast; the doves—that emblem of peace ever since the flood—carrying in their claws the symbols of discord, the colours of the

parties; and finally the sonnets, the caricatures, the journals, the papers, large and small, rough or satined, of every form, of every colour—this was the ordinary ceremony.

But on the great days, the benefits, the ancient *stornalia* was revived in all its splendour. After having exhibited the goddess in a glory, surrounded by little loves, in a blaze of Bengal lights, amid a shower of scraps of gold paper, the adepts conducted her to her chariot, and the march of the ox *Apis* began. Nothing was wanting—neither the yelling of the crowd, nor the torches waving in the dark night, nor the boys hanging to the trees, the windows, everywhere, and crying "Long live the goddess! Death to her rival!" At last and above all, the inexpressible *ziti bomboum* of two military bands, playing two different airs at the same time (what airs! what music!) accompanied and completed this tropical masquerade.

"What!" they will exclaim in Europe, "all that for a scale well done, a note finely given, or a trill skillfully executed!" Well, well, voice, singing, talent had nothing to do with this party. People had first to amuse themselves, to belong to a party, to pretend to be connoisseurs, and as, at the end of the account, the result was no small amount of golden ounces and Spanish quadruples, for the manager and the artists, everybody found the fun charming. But *pour l'amour de Dieu!* my dear V., ask me no more what I think of your Italian Opera. Come and see Ronconi and me in London, next summer. We will show you the Royal Italian Opera; and you shall see for yourself, as we used to say at college, *quod erat demonstrandum*. Bring us some cigars! Yours, D. TAGLIAFICO.

HARMONSWORTH.—(From a Correspondent)—A concert, aided by professional talent, was given in the National School-room of the united parishes of Harmondsworth and West Drayton, Middlesex, in aid of the school funds, on Saturday last, and attracted a very numerous audience. The amount realised was considerable. We submit the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (Soprano), pianoforte à Quatre Mains. Messrs. Clinton and J. P. Clinton—Rossini. Song, "To Julia," Mr. Bristow—H. Bristow. Ballad, "Oh! believe me not, my mother," Mrs. Thrupp—Mrs. B. Hawes. Song, "Di Provenza" (Travolta), Mr. Thorley—Verdi. Canzonet, "La Primavera" with Flute Obligato, Mrs. Thrupp, and Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—T. C. Skeffington. Song, "A tanto amor" (Favaria), Mr. Chaple—Donizetti. Song, "Il segreto" (Lucrezia Borgia), Mrs. Thrupp—Donizetti. Song, "The maiden's dream," Mr. B. Witt-wait.

PART II.—Andante and capriccio, pianoforte, Mrs. Thrupp—Mendelssohn. Song, "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee," Mr. Bristow—London. Song, "The three Bakers," Mr. Thorley—Hilliah. Fantasie, flute, on airs from Rigoletto, Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—Clinton. Song, "Noit donna" (Hagueotte), Mrs. Thrupp—Meyerbeer. Song, "Il Ballo (Trovatore), Mr. Chaple—Verdi. Song, "The minstrel boy," Mr. Thorley—Moore. Buffo song, Mr. Bristow—Finale, "God save the Queen." Conductor, Mr. Clinton.

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THE GREEK SCALES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you, or any of your correspondents, be kind enough to inform me upon what authority we term the scales upon which the church tones are founded "GREEK?" I know, of course, that successive writers have for a long period been in the habit of so calling them; but I desire to understand whether any certainty exists on the subject, and, if so, how derived. Have the tones been founded on the scales, or vice versa? Furthermore, is it positively known, or only surmised, that Gregory the Great added those tones called "Fingal." And what proof have we that these are not just as ancient as the authentic—popularly so named? I have waded through many treatises on the subject, but can only meet with unsupported statements which may or may not be correct, and which too often appear to have been reiterated by musical theorists upon very loose authority, as an easy means of glossing over the history of a matter beyond their learning. ZULENDORF.

CONDUCTING AND CONDUCTORS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The following observations which I have to offer are neither prompted by a wish for notoriety, nor to show how little I know about it, but for the simple benefit of those who, like myself, occasionally marmur in secret.

To criticise the art of conducting, or conductors themselves, is not my wish, but simply to remind conductors that their motions are seldom as intelligible to the performers as they imagine, (I speak with respect to choral bodies). With a body of voices, no one will deny that unless certain given rules are strictly adhered to, musical rhythm must fall to the ground; and even the smallest degree of precision could not be hoped for, unless one uniform plan were laid down to commence with, and never deviated from. We often wish to convey innuendoes without speaking out, especially to those who are so far our seniors, and if those interested can be benefited, without incurring the displeasure of others, to whom doubtless it does not occur that their ideas are misunderstood, or sometimes unintelligible, a point is gained which many would think (foolishly) a presumption to comment on. Having sung myself in a choral body for some years, I do not speak without some experience, and I have no doubt that many will echo my sentiments. In the first place, that the commencement of a part song (for instance) should always be preceded by a whole bar, and not sometimes with, and sometimes without, thereby occasionally causing part of the chorus to start, and part to stay behind; and secondly, that all eyes should see the baton perfectly motionless and elevated, that a certainty may be obtained that they all start at the same beat. I am perfectly convinced that the real success of Mr. Leslie's choir is mainly owing to this extreme nicety, as the deviation of a few inches suffices to ent all the voices off dead, which creates such a fine effect, particularly in part singing. If you can find a corner for these remarks, you will oblige a former contributor, and many readers of the Musical World.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant, REFORMER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Hoyle Lodge, Woodford, Dec. 9th.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in some of the daily papers an account of the fearful accident that occurred on Monday evening last, the 6th, at the Hackney Station of the North London Railway, and thinking that some account of it might appear in your Journal, the Musical World, I have been induced to trouble you with this to correct a misstatement, viz. that it was not myself, but that it was my dear son, Mr. F. W. Bates, who was so severely injured on that occasion by the gross negligence of the railway servants.

He has been removed home from Dr. Pye Smith's residence at Hackney, and I feel happy to state that he is progressing favourably; he has one fractured leg, his face much contused, and otherwise severely bruised.

I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

FRANCIS BATES, Sen.

ELLA TREMANTE.*

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Tenore Robusto" will probably find the song he wishes to procure is by Bellini, in *I Puritani*. I believe the second movement of "Cecilia si misera." Yours &c., &c.

* See last week's Musical World.

MUSIC AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I read your paper constantly, and, therefore, I feel a kind of familiarity towards you, as the Editor, which gives me courage to insist upon at least half-a-column of your valuable space. I hope you will have the decency to insert this letter.

I like your paper for several reasons.

Firstly.—Because it is lively, for it has usually four or five lives going on at the same time (may I instance your excellent biographical articles upon Weber, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven and Haydn).

Secondly.—I like your notices of new organs, and that careful and interesting manner in which you allude to open diapasons, clarabella trebles, doublettes, three ranks and preparation for trumpets, &c., &c.

Thirdly.—I like Haydn Wilson's poetry.

Fourthly.—I am fond of class newspapers, and consider the *Pawnbroker's Gazette* one of the best conducted periodicals of the day. You will excuse me. You'll find me, generally, pretty correct.

But Sir,—I am speaking seriously—if you allow that "Old Truepenny" to write any more of his nonsense about Music and Social Improvement, I'll make my scullery-maid use your enlightened pages for cruel purposes. I can stand a good deal, but there are some ideas which, &c., cannot brook, &c., and are indelicate, &c., tell a gentleman by his cloth, &c. Trusting to your sense of justice, I remain,

STRAIGHTFORWARD AND SO UNDERWORK.

[Our correspondent—our humorous correspondent—our witty, nay, ironical, correspondent—must have just returned from the Antipodes. "Old Truepenny" was cashiered for insubordination and insults to the sub-editor as far back as February last. He has since been writing a novel. "What will he do with it?"—Ed. M. W.]

LOLA MONTEZ.—A letter from Dublin, dated Thursday, says:—"The news of the day is all about Lola Montez. Nothing less is spoken of. She has created quite a furor here. Last night she effected a triumph, as they say in the theatrical world. A few preliminary notices in the newspapers, that the 'Countess of Lansfeld' would deliver a lecture at the Rotunda, sufficed to attract the largest audience which has appeared in the great room of that building for many years. It is capable of accommodating about 1,600 persons comfortably; but there was little room left for comfort last night. Every available spot was packed. The lecture was announced to commence at eight o'clock, but long previously the doors were shut against the incoming throng, the ticket-takers hallooing, 'Full, full!' The platform, which was set apart for the holders of 'reserved' tickets, which, by the way, cost 3s. each, was just as densely packed as the body of the room, to which access was obtained for half the money. There were but very few ladies present; in fact, it was nearly altogether a 'gentleman's party.' At half-past eight o'clock Madame Montez made her way to the platform, and after a round of applause proceeded to deliver her lecture 'On America and its people.'"

PROFESSOR WILHELM FRIEDEL.—Nearly 3,000 persons were present in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on several evenings during the engagement of this popular conjuror.

BANCROFT.—A concert was given in the Town Hall, for the benefit of the Choir Fund. Miss Hulme and Miss Heywood, assisted by the members of the Choir of St. John's Church, sang several pieces, and more than one encore was awarded. The Honorary Organist of St. John's played some solos on the piano.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

AFTER an absence of ten years Madame Anna Bishop has returned to the country of her birth, the scene of her early artistic successes, and with humble ambition has at once placed herself before the tribune of public opinion. "Am I," she might invidiously have speculated before the numerous audience assembled on Monday night, in Exeter Hall, to welcome her, "Am I much changed since I last sang before you—have I retrograded, or have I advanced as a proficient in my art?" In both cases the response, had the interrogation been audibly tendered, would have been decidedly favourable. Mad. Anna Bishop, if changed, is changed for the better, being now stout and buxom, while retaining all those attractions of physiognomy that used to lend a charm to her slender personal exterior. As an artist she must also be congratulated, for besides the perfect justness of intonation, agreeable quality of tone, fluency and uniform correctness of execution for which she was deservedly renowned from the first, her voice has considerably gained in force, her style in expression and what may be termed dramatic vigour.

Mad. Bishop's reception on Monday night was enthusiastic beyond measure; and her performance in the old-fashioned sacred *bravura* of Gaglianini (a contemporary of Mozart's) entitled "Gratias agimus tibi," with clarinet *obbligato* (Mr. Lazarus), was so irreproachable as at once and unequivocally to entitle her to the highest honours. Later in the evening, the fire and passion she infused into Mendelssohn's superb "concert scene," known in Italian as *Isfelice*, showed her equally at home in another and a nobler school. A duet from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* (with Signor Belletti), with a couple of sentimental ballads, "Oft in the stillly night," and a ballad about Mr. Dickens's "Little Nell," act quite up to the calibre of Thomas Moore, were Mad. Bishop's other contributions to the programme. In every piece she was successful, her ballad singing being quite on a par with her *bravuras*, and with her more serious exertions in the fine composition of Mendelssohn. She was recalled after each performance, and enthusiastically encored after "Oft in the stillly night." In short, our great harmonic societies, sacred and secular, and it may be surmised our lyric stage, have now at command a new singer, thoroughly efficient and more than ordinarily endowed—an artist at all points, equal to any emergency, and exactly suited to fill up the gap which has so long yawned in the *terra firma* of metropolitan musical entertainments. Madame Clara Novello has found an honourable competitor in the concert room, and Miss Louisa Pyne on the operatic boards.

The concert was otherwise rich in attractions, although the members of the orchestra were at fault all the evening, and even in Weber's familiar *Concert-stück* played so badly, so out of time and out of tune, that had not the pianist been the accomplished Miss Arabella Goddard, whose executive proficiency is so great that nothing can wholly disconcert her, it is doubtful whether they would have got to the end of it. Happily the audience were not over-critical, and Miss Goddard was loudly recalled at the termination of the performance; while in her solo "Home, sweet home," where she had no such antagonistic elements to fight against, she took what our friends on the other side of the Channel term *une éclatante revanche*, playing with such exquisite refinement and such dazzling brilliancy of finger as fairly enraptured the audience, who recalled her with acclamations and compelled her to repeat the whole. Another interesting feature was the masterly performance by M. Wieniawski (from M. Jullien's concerts) of a solo by Vieuxtemps. This being unanimously redemanded, the great Polish violinist introduced the popular Caravan, in which the well-known variation in harmonics was, as usual, encored. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and Signor Belletti swelled the list of vocalists, and the Italian artist was deservedly recalled, after Ricci's air, "Sulla coppa del mio brik," which he gave with genuine spirit, and repeated with increased effect. The conductor, Mr. G. Loder, did not seem to have much control over his orchestra, except in a somewhat inglorious overture of his own composition, "suggested" (according to the programme) by Scott's "Marmion," but which we are

rather inclined to think must have been "suggested" by certain inspirations of Carl Maria von Weber, composer of the opera of *Der Freischütz*, &c. This overture, at least, went well; but of all the other pieces with which the band had to do—and, beyond all, the unfortunate *Concert-stück*—the less said the better.

[The other morning papers are agreed with the *Herald* as to the merits of Madame Anna Bishop, but at issue with regard to those of Mr. George Loder's overture, which they pronounce extremely clever, and which we were not fortunate enough to hear.—Ed. M. W.]

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE"

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.)

(Concluded from our last.)

At length Giesecke disappeared, nobody knew whither. (During Napoleon's continental embargo he was in Poland indulging his taste for natural history and collecting mineralogical specimens.)

"In the summer of 1818," says Coruet, "at Vienna, a not looking old gentleman, in a blue swallow-tailed coat, with neckcloth, wearing the ribbon of an order, seated himself one day at the table in an inn, where Ignaz von Seyfried, known thence as Jull. Laroché, Küstner, Oued and I met daily to dine. The venerable snow-white headed, his carefully chosen words and phrases, his demeanour in general, made a very pleasant impression upon us all. It proved to be Giesecke, once chorus singer, but now professor in the University at Dublin, who had now come directly from Iceland and Lapland to Vienna with a collection of specimens of natural history from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms for the imperial Cabinet. Seyfried was the only one among us who knew him. The delight of the old man in Vienna, and at his reception from the Emperor Francis—who had presented to him a really splendid gold box, sparkling with jewels, and filled with the newest Kremnitz gold pieces—was a sufficient reward for his labours and necessities of many years. Here was opportunity to learn many things in the past; among them, that in his way saw the real author of the text to the *Magic Flute* (he was a member at that time of the persecuted order of the Freemasons)—a fact which Seyfried indeed in some sort suspected. I relate this from his own assertions, which we had no reason whatever to doubt. He made the statement to us in connection with my singing of the cavatina from the *Mirror of Arcadia*,* which was introduced into Mozart's work. Many have supposed that Helmbock, the prompter, was Schickaneder's assistant in the work. Giesecke corrected us in this, and moreover stated that, nothing but the parts of Papageno and his wife belonged to Schickaneder."

The character of Schickaneder, as shown in his treatment of Mozart, is not such as to lead any unprejudiced person to doubt his readiness to claim anything in his power, which could be for the benefit of his establishment, or of his own reputation.

Some additional light as well as doubt is thrown upon the matter by Treitschke, the poet who, in 1814, revised the text of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. He states that, just as Schickaneder was engaged upon the text of the first finale, in 1791, the Leopoldstädter Theatre announced *The Magic Cither*, or, *Causerie Fagotique*, prepared by Isacelin Perinet (for thirty years past of that theatre), from the same Märchen of Wieland, and as the main closely following the original story. Just this lamentable occurrence (for Schickaneder) proved the salvation of the *Magic Flute*, for he was compelled to change the entire character of the opera. For instance, Sarastro, who was to have appeared as a monster, took the new character of a Priest of Wisdom. Treitschke does not state it, but from other testimony in connection with his, I infer that it was now that Papageno and Papagena were introduced into the play.

The splendid success of the *Zauberflöte* induced the manager to prepare a second part under the title of *The Labyrinth*, &c.

* *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, by Büssemeyer.

the *Strife of the Elements*, and Winter was employed to compose the music. It was a failure.

Oulibicheff can hardly find words to express his disgust and contempt for the text of the *Magic Flute*. It has found but two or three defenders during the sixty-nine years of its existence—but one of these was Goethe! Perhaps defuding is too strong a term to use—but here is his expression—"Es gehört mehr Bildung dazu, den Werth zu erkennen, als ihn abzuleugnen" a higher intellectual culture is necessary to appreciate its value than to deny it.

This letter from Goethe to Paul Wranitzky, Schickaneder's Kapellmeister, dated Jan. 26, 1786, I think will be new to most, if not all the readers of the *Journal*:

"The immense success of the *Magic Flute*, and the difficulty of writing a piece to rival it, has awakened the thought of taking it as the fundamental idea of a new piece, both in order to meet the public in the line of its taste and to lighten the task, both for managers and actors, of producing a new and complicated piece. I have to reach my object most directly, by writing a Second Part to the *Magic Flute*; the characters are all well known, the actors practised in them, and the author, having the first part before him, is enabled to paint the situations and relations of the characters in stronger colours without overdoing them, and thus give such a work much life and interest. In how far I have reached my aim, the effect must show.

"That the piece may at once make its way throughout Germany, I have so arranged it, that the dresses and scenery of the first *Magic Flute*, will nearly suffice for the production of the second; still if a manager should see fit to add expensive decorations, the effect would be greater! but, at the same time, it is my desire, that even in these, the first *Magic Flute* be constantly kept in mind.

"J. W. V. GOETHE."

No one at a performance of the *Magic Flute* can help feeling the utter insipidity of the verses, the weakness of the plot—hardly worthy the name—and the looseness, almost at times incongruity of the succession of scenes. But great things could not be expected from a chorus singer in a minor theatre, even though an expelled student of Halle, where the grand aim was to produce another "taking" Magic Spectacle for the delectation of by no means the higher classes of society. It is clear, however, that the writer had a leading practical idea in his mind, however incapable he was of adequately reproducing that idea either in plot or poetry; and this is, the triumph of light over darkness—the certainty that the earnest, persevering effort of a courageous, steadfast, unflinching soul in the pursuit of wisdom, shall not fail of obtaining its aim and receiving its reward. Mozart perceived the idea, felt it, and to the priests' music gave a nobleness and grandeur which places it among even his greatest conceptions.

But what is the *Zauberflöte*, the *Magic Flute* or *La Flûte Enchantée* all about? asks the reader; just as I asked in vain from my childhood on, until I saw and heard it here in Berlin—and that too more than once. I have never found in any book or periodical any such account of this opera as a drama, as enabled me to form any satisfactory conception of its plot, or to follow its story. Although it forms one of the grand stages in the historic progress of the operatic drama, all who have written upon it, so far as their writing have come under my notice, have either taken it for granted, that the story was already known to their readers—or they did not have any clear conception of it themselves. The various editions of the opera, which have come under my notice, are all printed without the spoken dialogue, and without stage directions; this is also true of the text books; it is then no easy matter to follow this opera as a drama. My late friend, "Brown," seems to have felt this difficulty, and to have considered both the *Magic Flute* and *Don Juan* as epoch-making works, worthy of a careful study not only as musical but as dramatic works; for among his papers both are found written out as tales. A pretty poor tale the former proves to be, but the poorer it be the brighter shines the genius which could compose such music to it! I send it to you for the *Journal*, if you think proper to use it,

A. W. T.

THE OPERA OF LOHENGRIN.

(Continued from page 791.)

HOWEVER paradoxical it may appear, it is, at bottom, a fact that Wagner's music is, essentially, composed of *declamation and instrumentation*. These two component elements, hitherto employed to adorn and support the musical part, properly so called, of a work, rule, in Wagner's case, the foreground, like great emancipated powers. Wagner's skill in declamation is one of the things in which he most decidedly excels; that he fancies he can supply the place of melody by a rising and sinking in the recitation is at once the root and the fruit of the error. The place of true song is occupied by agreeable recitations. The question which now arises is, whether Wagner was really led to adopt this theory by independent conviction, or by the limited nature of his capabilities; I believe the latter was the case, for, as long as there has been a history of music, contempt for melody, and deficiency in it have been identical. *Language*, therefore, is predominant, and goes first, while music follows it, through every turn, at the sacrifice of its own importance and dignity. It is the true characteristic of music, such as we find it in the works of all great composers, not to throw down the edifice of the musical connection, in order to fit the words of the text, one by one, with separate little stones—it looks to the spirit of the whole. There is nothing more lamentable than this characteristic in duodecimo, such as we meet with every day in songs composed by amateurs; at certain words, such as "Horror" and "Dismay," we have a *tremolo* on the bass, while "forest" is represented by a passage on the horn, and "bird" by a shake on the upper notes, by which course the connection of the piece and the hearer's sympathy are simultaneously and completely crushed. A great many lovers of music, both male and female, are rationally fond of this; they sit with the book of the words in their hand, and are delighted the libretto agrees so magnificently line for line, nay, word with word, with the music. We know from Haydn's *Creation*, which first became popular from the instances of tone-painting it contains, what a charm there is for a large audience in such an employment of the understanding; in such a comparison of a characteristic series of sounds with a definite object. The more Mosaic the relation between the words and the music, the better pleased are a great number of "accomplished dilettanti," while the musician keeps to the musical connection, which asserts itself independently beneath the poetical one.

The despotic degradation of music to a mere means of expression produces in *Lohengrin* those spun-out scenes, in which we do not hear much more than a continuous surging of shapes, and, as it were, fluid sounds, for that which forms the body of music, properly so called, namely melody, independent tune, is wanting. Let the reader call to mind Telramund's scenes with Ortrud, and the finales of the second and third act. Whatever real melody there is in *Lohengrin* is partly quite commonplace, and partly strikingly suggestive of reminiscences of C. M. von Weber. If we examine many of the passages for Elsa, the trio in the marriage march, the procession to church in the second act, the first boisterous finale, conceived in Weber's or Marschner's worst style, etc., we do not feel so much inclined to call Wagner a pioneer of the "Future," as the last of the romantic school. Yet these few melodies are most thankfully welcomed, for what real tune could be so insignificant as not to produce the effect of manna in the desert, after the declamatory exercises of the King and his Herald?

Let us see how Wagner employs the separate musical elements for his dramatic end. In order to correspond to each turn in the dialogue by an unexpected instance of colouring the music, he has resource to the expedient of uninterrupted modulation. I know nothing in the world more fatiguing than the half recitative songs in *Lohengrin*, which do not remain for four bars, or close, in the same key, but, restlessly changing, deceive, with one false conclusion after the other, the ear, until the latter, deadened and resigned, submits to everything. Wagner is fond of modulating on the basis of immediate pure triads; the strange legendary impression, which he at first produces by this plan, is

naturally soon lost by exaggeration. In this shower-bath of harmonious surprises it quickly comes to pass that the hearer is no longer surprised at anything.

The painful want of composure, combined with the pretentious character of these molinations, give Wagner's music that *dilatante* and forced expression which was censured by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Harmony is developed in his works not according to its own laws; he arbitrarily subjects it in the service of his unfettered melody "growing out of the verbal verse."

It was one of Wagner's partisans, who first asserted that these pretended characteristic transitions were nothing more than "hard attacks on our ears" (Harte Geis in unsex Gehör Hirsch). We feel the accidental, capricious element; the melody cannot possibly always serve as motive, by pregnant turns, for the instances of harmonic harshness; we soon perceive the latter are caprices, and we receive these knock-down blows of the orchestra with silent submission; without any free exercise of our will, we allow things to take their course, like Fate. We might say, shortly: Wagner ill-treats music, in order to keep us in a state of nervous excitement. But he is successful;—he surprises us at every bar, and speaks in nothing but musical points. There is something about this plan which keeps the mind so on the stretch, that it really preserves the declamatory pathos in *Lohengrin* always up to a certain level; but on this level it moves forward with the hollow monotony of certain preachers. Hand-in-hand with the sameness of the wearying chase after the modulations, we have the sameness of a rhythmical poverty. No music is got out of the trailing rhythmical periods of two and four bars. Now, moreover, as contrapuntal resources and everything which called "thematic treatment," have, so to speak, no existence as far as Wagner is concerned, what has to be put on the scale, as a counterbalance to the depressing weight of this monotony?

It is his management of the orchestra. In this particular, Wagner is not only admirable, but partly new. Mendelssohn and Berlioz (if we leave out of the question some few youthful attempts speedily forgotten) have not written for the stage. Thus Wagner, who has formed his instrumentation mostly after their model, was the first person to avail himself of the magical charm of new and bold orchestral effects, to their fullest extent, for dramatic purposes. His instrumentation, from the clever employment of the various kinds of instruments, and its elastic twining and clinging to the text, interests the musician and captivates the non-professional hearer. It is this, principally, which gives his music the dazzling appearance of novelty, strangeness, and legendary charm, and completely compensates so many persons for the absence of real music.

The dramatic vivification of the orchestra, which Berlioz had in view for the symphony, has been employed for the stage by Wagner in quite a peculiar manner. The only material objection to this is the far too glaring and deafening use of the brass instruments, and the stereotyping of many effects, such as the *tremolo* of the distributed violins in the highest notes, etc.

To what a degree the orchestral brilliancy alone helps many of the scenes in *Lohengrin* over the poverty of the musical thought, the reader may convince himself, with mathematical certainty, by studying the so-called "complete pianoforte edition, with the words." He will be astonished to find how small the hero looks in his dressing gown.

Despite its brilliant outwardness, the music of *Lohengrin* leaves behind it a general impression of unifying vacuity. Excited at first by the charm of the instrumentation and the uncommon nature of the modulation; the hearer finds himself, the longer he listens, more and more fatigued by a composition destitute of a musical backbone. He never feels in a quiet and certain frame of mind, but as if plunged in the agitation caused by the incessant working of a mill-wheel.

I have been spoken to very earnestly by several persons, but I cannot remember in *Lohengrin* a single piece anything like great, of which I feel bound to say that it seizes the hearer with irresistible power, and moves the inmost recesses of his heart. Wagner's music affects the *soul* less than the nerves; it does

not stagger us; it is merely indescribably exciting, painfully sharpened to a point, and sensually and poetically subtle. The last fact can escape the notice of only the most credulous enthusiasts. This subtlety, which, in *Tannhäuser*, frequently made way for the original cry of the feelings, is, in *Lohengrin*, predominant. Wagner produces far less the impression of a volcanic nature, hurling away all its fetters, than that of a man with an acute talent for combination, and who, with the secret consciousness of his insipidity, is continually and violently exalting himself.

The most estimable and finest side of Wagner's exertions is their sincerity and power. Wagner can be accused of nothing as far as artistic morality is concerned. With uncommon and indomitable energy, he pursues the path, which, according to his conviction, is the only right one. This ethical warmth pervades, also, *Lohengrin*. Everybody feels instinctively that he has before him a work of the greatest and most honest exertion. Nor is there an absence of detailed passages, which, in the midst of the deafening uniformity of the whole, produce an edifying impression. These are nearly all such as move in Wagner's own special sphere, namely: the *fantasia*; of this kind are *Lohengrin's* first appearance, with the beautiful choral movement in A major, and then a few other movements, treated simply and in a connected manner, as, for instance, the Bridal song, etc. We do not think the lover's duet in the third act so moving and deeply imagined as interesting, from the mysterious expression of a certain lurking excitement.

Consideration for our reader's patience forbids our going, on the present occasion, any further into details. It has, for the moment, been our aim to characterise our subject generally as a whole, and if the negative sides have come out prominently into the foreground, this was not from any wish of ours to blame, but because they struck us as being that which most needed explanation.

In conclusion, we will just make a few remarks upon the relation, which has been so much discussed, between *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. The latter appears to us decidedly more successful, both in the words and music, than the former. The legend of *Tannhäuser*, and that of the Wartburg war, so skillfully interwoven with it, are nearer to us, historically and socially, than the myth of the Holy Grail. The demoniacal principal is employed in *Tannhäuser* not only with moderation, but, which is decisive as an effective contrast, Elizabeth on the one side, and Frau Venus on the other—here the Wartburg, and there the Hirsberg—are pitted against one another as extreme contrasts, each standing out the more strongly in consequence. In *Lohengrin*, the demoniacal element is not contrasted with the human, but contained inseparably from it, in the person of *Lohengrin*. As a rule, wherever we expect amorous feelings and conduct from him, the hero wraps himself up in his heroic dignity, and thus prevents our sympathy. In a technical point of view, also, the *libretto* of *Tannhäuser* was much more cleverly mapped out, the motives being more intelligible, the knot tighter, and the catastrophe more touching.

Although Wagner himself, and all his champions, assert that *Lohengrin* is a decided improvement on *Tannhäuser*, so much so, indeed, that the heavenly reign of the "Future," properly so-called, first began with the former, we do not hesitate ranking *Tannhäuser* higher, even musically. We find in it incomparably fresher life, terribly kept down, it is true, by wearisome declamation, but still ever and anon agreeably peeping through such melodies as the chorus of sirens in the Hirsberg, the song of the "Evening star," &c. We no more find in *Lohengrin* than concerted pieces of the musical symmetry and effect of the sextet for male voices. The misfates which Wagner's disciples lament, that, despite everything, some few melodies escaped him in *Tannhäuser*, was at any rate, not very great. In *Lohengrin*, he is more one-ful and consequent, but he has become a fanatic as far as all absence of melody is concerned. In addition to its "future-ish" intentions, *Tannhäuser* contained so much musical present, that we were justified in believing that the composer, progressing in all that was beautiful and important, would soon rule the German stage. The music and poetical tendency of *Lohengrin*,

* "Klangfarben," literally, "sound colours."

and all we have heard concerning *Nibelungen*, have rather diminished our hopes of anything of the kind. Wagner will, nevertheless, continue to shine as a star in the German operatic firmament—as long as everything remains about him as dark as it does now. What portion of the interest manifested by the public is to be separated as the pure gold of enthusiasm from the dross of curiosity, is something which the next few years must determine. Everything will turn upon the question: will a thorough knowledge of Wagner's music be more prejudicial than advantageous to it? If we may be allowed to indulge in a conjecture, we believe that the public will grow tired of these dainties, the moment three or four other composers take it into their heads, to write in "Wagner's only true" manner.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC—(From a Correspondent).—The programme of the fourth concert, on Friday, December 3rd, was as follows:—

PART I.

"Quartet, No. 1, in G minor," pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. White, H. Farmer, Prager, and T. L. Selby—W. A. v. Mozart. "Sonata, Op. 45, in B flat," violoncello and pianoforte, Messrs. T. L. Selby and White—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

PART II.

"Quartet, Op. 44, in A minor," two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Prager, and T. L. Selby—B. Molière. "Grand Trio, in D," (Op. 71), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Shielmerline, H. Farmer, and T. L. Selby—L. v. Beethoven.

The Mozart quartet was heartily welcomed. The persuasive slow movement, and the sparkling rondo especially pleased Mendelssohn's violoncello sonata in B flat, a romance throughout, was rendered with feeling and brilliancy. Molière's quartet was heard for the first time. It is full of happy and original points, which did not fail to be appreciated. The last piece on the programme was Beethoven's trio in D. Although one of the later works, it exhibits all the early vigour of the great composer. The *adagio* is unique, and stands unrivalled even by the author's own efforts.

There was a slight misprint in the last notice. For love and comfort breaking *andante*, read *comfort breaking*.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society recently gave Haydn's *Creation* in the Town Hall, under the conduct of Mr. Webbe. Mr. Redshaw presided at the organ. Mr. Ainsworth was leader of the orchestra, Herr Haussmann principal violoncellist, and Madame Enderssohn, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Irving principal vocalists. The choruses went well throughout. "A new created world," and "The Heavens are telling," may be specially mentioned as worthy praise. The last chorus was repeated at the end of the oratorio. Madame Enderssohn sang, "With verdure clad" most charmingly; as also "On mighty pens." The duet, "Graceful Consort," of Madame Enderssohn and Mr. Irving was perhaps the most expressive piece of the evening, though "In native worth," by Mr. Tennant, was highly effective. Mr. Tennant has a good voice, and Madame Enderssohn is too well known here to need any recapitulation of her merits. The oratorio was completely successful, and the audience large. Some little improvements had been made in the Hall, and the place was more endurable than on the last occasion, but it is still not what a concert room ought to be on a winter's evening, and we suppose the fact must be dimmed a thousand times into the ears at the Town Hall Committee before they can be made aware of it.

DR. MAIR and his young pupils have been giving concerts in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, during which, a solo on the violin by Master Joseph Sturge, and a duet for two cornets, by Masters Crosswell and Sterge, were among the attractions.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Choral Society have commenced a series of concerts in the Protestant Hall, under the patronage of the mayor, the vicar, &c. Mr. Scholey is the conductor.

It has struck us, as remarkable, that so many articles beginning enthusiastically about Wagner, should, as they went on, contain a greater and greater number of more and more important objections. See, for instance, the clever notices by Hinrichs, Joseph Bayer, etc.

LEEDS.—(From our own Correspondent).—Last Monday the late Festival Committee dined together at Fleischmann's Hotel, under the presidency of the mayor, and I am informed on good authority, they decided to give the next festival as a triennial gathering in 1861. Dr. Bennett's health was drank with great enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that his services as conductor will be secured for the next festival. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society have been presented with a complete set of Dr. Bennett's *Mass Queen*, by John Tiper, Jan. 25th, hon. sec. to the Society, and it is to be performed at the annual *soirée* on the 5th January, under the direction of Mr. Spark, the Society's conductor.

The cheap concert given on Saturday evening last in the Town Hall was but thinly attended. The singers were Mad. Enderssohn, Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. A. Irving; Signor Belletta accompanying the piano. If the operetta which these artists perform so well had been given, instead of a miscellaneous and a meagre programme, large numbers would have attended. I am informed that the Town Hall sub-committee objected to anything like drama being enacted within "their" building!

The members of the Harmonic Union gave a concert in the model infant school-room. Mrs. Fox presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. Dodd was conductor. The principal vocalists were Miss Cliff, Master Simpkins, and Mr. G. Leaf. A concert has also been given for the benefit of the Eye and Ear Infirmary, at which a surplus profit of £100 was made. Mr. and Mrs. Wood undertook the arrangement. The vocalists were Miss Dobson, Miss Hirst, Miss Newbound, Miss Pilling (pupils of Mrs. Wood), Mr. A. Mann, and Mr. Baraclogh. Various songs were entered, and the concert went off with spirit. Mrs. Wood presided at the pianoforte.

WORCESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—The receipts of the Infirmary Concert amounted to £165 6s. (including a donation of £10 10s. by Miss Goddard, in the shape of an abatement of her terms to that amount), and the expenses to £137 4s. 10d., leaving a balance of profit of £28 1s. 2d. for the benefit of the institution—certainly a very inconsiderable, and by no means satisfactory, result. The cause of this failure does not appear upon the surface. A correspondent of the *Worcestershire Chronicle* hints that professional jealousy was infused into the management from the outset, and that this marred the arrangements, by excluding the most eminent musical names in the city from taking part in the performance, and causing the Worcester Harmonic Society to be treated with great lack of consideration, if not want of courtesy. The total sum paid over to the secretary, in connection with the late movement on behalf of the Infirmary, is £375 3s. 4d., which is made up as follows:—Collection at the Cathedral, £232 15s. 2d.; donations since received, £74 7s.; profits at the concert, including a donation of £10 10s. from Miss Arabella Goddard, £38 1s. 2d.; E. Bickerton Evans, Esq., life governor, £20.—Two concerts by the Harmonic Society were given at the Music Hall, on the 7th instant. The artists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Briggs, as vocalists, with Herr Molière as solo violin, Herr Randegger as pianist and conductor of the morning performance, Mr. Harper solo trumpet, Mr. D'Égville leader, Mr. W. Haynes organ and harmonium, and the full band of the society. In the first part, the principal portions of Rossini's *Sabat Mater* were given. The most effective were: the duet, "Quis est homo," and the "Inflammatus" sung by Madame Rudersdorff. The second part was made up of ballads, songs, trios, &c., and a violin solo by Herr Molière, whose performance was a marvel of perfection in the legitimate school of violin playing. A selection from Handel's oratorio *Samson*, with full orchestral accompaniments, formed the programme for the evening. The principal parts calling for notice were, Madame Rudersdorff's "Let the bright Seraphim," which met with an encore; Miss Palmer's "Return, O God of hosts;" and Mr. Thomas's "Honour and arms." The choruses were effective, and well supported by the band and organ.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL have been giving their *Patchwork* at the Pavilion, Brighton.

ABERDEEN FESTIVAL.—A musical festival will, it is reported, be instituted at Aberdeen in 1859.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—All the arrangements for the next Norfolk and Norwich Music-meeting, to take place in 1860, are, we understand, completed. Of course we merely allude to the preliminary steps.

BOSTON.—Mr. Buck's second subscription concert was given in the Corn Exchange, The Swedish National Singers, assisted by Madlle. Sophie Hamler, the violinist, were the attractions.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Fyde and Mr. W. Harrison.

THIS New and Elegant Theatre will be opened for its **FIRST ENGLISH OPERA SEASON**, on Monday evening, Dec. 20th, with a New and Original Opera, by M. W. Balfe, entitled, **SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE.** Characters by Miss Louisa Fyde, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Louisa Fyde, Miss Mortimer, Mr. Waine, Mr. George Hoadly, Mr. A. S. Allyn, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. The managers, in making permanent arrangements for the establishment of English opera in London, have taken advantage of the improved construction of the audience portion of the new theatre, and have made such arrangements as they trust will materially contribute to the comfort and convenience of their visitors. The pit tier and grand tier of boxes will be converted into two dress circles, each chair will be numbered and every person on entering will receive a ticket with a corresponding number, securing him a specified seat; a specially printed programme of the performance will also be presented gratis to each person on exit-rug; fees to box-keepers, so generally exacted, will thus be avoided. Nor will there be any charge made for booking seats beforehand. Private boxes, male, placed in the dress-circle, and amphitheatrical, may be secured at the box-office (and retained the whole evening) at the same price as that charged at the doors. Private boxes, 61. 1s. to 42. 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 6s.; amphitheatrical, 3s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; sang; theatre, 1s. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farwell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

MONDAY, MACBETH; Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Wednesday, MACBETH (being the last time before Christmas) preceded every evening by a **FARCE**. On Monday, December 27th, (Boxing night), will be given the **Christmas Edition of THE CAUTION WIFE**, followed by a new grand **CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**, entitled **THE KING OF THE CASTLE; OR, HARLEQUIN PRINCE DIAMOND AND THE PRINCESS BRIGHTYLES.**

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPERA-COMIQUE.

This theatre will open on Wednesday, December 29th next, with a troupe of eminent artists, on which occasion will be presented Aubert's celebrated opera, entitled **LA FART DU DIABLE**, in which Madame Fauré, Madlle. Céline Mathieu, Mmes. Fougère, and Mmes. Benoit (from the Théâtre Lyrique and Opéra-Comique de Paris, &c.) will make their first appearance in England. Full chorus and complete orchestra, comprising the principal artists from Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Mons. Benoit (of the Académie Impériale and Opéra-Comique de Paris). Private Boxes, 44 4s., 25s., and 23 2s., nightly; Stalls, 18s. 6d.; Box seats (res. pred.) 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatrical seats, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Subscriptions and tickets to be procured at Mr. Cibber's Royal Library, 33, Old Broad-street, City Agent, Mr. J. Alvey Turner, 10, Poultry. Box-office open daily, from Eleven till Five, under the care of Mr. C. Nugent. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barnett.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

Last Two Nights of Performing before Christmas. Change of entertainments, and powerful attractions. The **Christmas Edition of THE CAUTION WIFE**, Mr. Clerk, when the following artists will appear, positively for this night only—Mr. Alfred Bayner, Mr. John Young, Mr. Henry Bignold, Mr. Henry Butler, Mr. John Lindquist, Mr. Henry Bignold, Mr. George Hoadly, Mr. Hugh Campbell, Mr. Alfred Bayner, Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. R. Brown, and Messrs. Campbell and Mathews, and their wonderful dogs. Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Ellen Arden will perform, on Thursday, the **Subscription of NORMA**.—On Monday, Dec. 29, to commence with **RICHARD III.** Richard, Mr. A. Bayner; Bismarck, Mr. John Young. To conclude with **THE AVENTURER; OR, THE DOGS OF GLENT**. On Tuesday, to commence with **THE SUBSCRIBER**.—Mr. George Hoadly, Mr. John Young, Mr. H. B. Bignold, with **NORMA** and the **DOG OF GLENT**. **NOTICE.**—On BOXING DAY, at 12 o'clock, the Great National Standard PANTOMIME will be produced.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS AND DESTITUTION,

addressed to the **MUSICAL PROFESSION AND TRADE**, and all other benevolently disposed persons.—The sudden death by rapid consumption of Clement Levett aged thirty years, more than sixteen of which were passed in the Music Trade (in the neighbourhood of Messrs. Lawson & Gibson, Music-Dresser, T. Stubb, and B. Mills), has just placed his widow (now near her confinement, and with three small children, two of whom are mentally and bodily afflicted, in a state of great destitution). Any further particulars respecting this distressing case may be obtained of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 25, Holles street, London, in whose service C. Levett resided twelve years of his life, or of Messrs. Hale and Son, Chesham, in whose service he died on the 10th of October 1858. It would also be happy to receive subscriptions towards the support of the poor widow and her little family.

—Mrs. Levett is a good needlewoman, and will be thankful for employment in that line.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANCE.—Our fair correspondent should know that a sonnet contains fourteen lines—exactly the number of letters which make up her own name, by the way.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1858.

A NEW association of musicians has just sprung into vigorous life. Rejecting all big Greek wordiness, it calls itself, simply and intelligibly, "The Musical Society of London." There is that much of plain-spokenness in its favour. It makes profession of large and liberal objects. So have others; but that is nothing the less to its credit. It began work in earnest on Wednesday evening with a *concerazione*; and of what that amounted to and promised we shall speak hereafter.

Seeing that this Society commenced its preparatory operations in May last; that its executive council comprises many of the best-known musicians and amateurs of London; and that the muster-roll of its members at this time numbers close on five hundred names, it is almost strange that its existence and intentions should have hitherto attracted such an infinitesimal amount of public comment. We say "almost," for anywhere else in the world such a state of things would be impossible. Here, however, the cry of "wolf" has been so often raised in vain, that the new Society suffers with the shepherd in the fable. Musical association and "National Opera" speculations are all but non-quotable articles in the market of public opinion. They *have risen*, one after another, but to fall in similar succession, until at length the play is played out and the audience is wearied. Promises call forth no confidence, and prospectuses fish vainly for guineas. Thus it has hitherto been, and by this fact only can we account for the slight notice bestowed on the new Society by that portion of the press which usually deals with musical matters. Its formation has been announced, the stereotyped hopes and fears have been expressed, the usual morsels of advice tendered,—and there the subject has dropped.

But is the "Musical Society of London" to share the too common fate? Is it to struggle through its first year, merely then to fall in pieces out of its own sheer rottenness, or from the envious and dissensions of its members, or in utter despair of public sympathy? Is this new association, with all its show and healthy proposals, to live but just long enough to wise us what might be done, and then, expiring according to pattern, leave all music among us to the commercial mercies of one certain Italian Opera (perhaps two), one uncertain National Opera, a select Society in Hanover-square where people do congregate to fiddle the same symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven they were wont to fiddle full thirty years ago, and a large Society in the Strand, where, so long as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation* can be counted on for gain, the shopman will never be found to suggest the "next article" to an anxious customer? We hope not. We should be sadly wanting to our conviction of how much yet remains to be done if we did not hope earnestly for the success of this, and every other, honestly-planned Society. But, also, we believe not. The constitution of the new Society unfolds certain original elements of combination which seem to promise stability to an extent but seldom indicated in similar

attempts. At all events we have faith. Any scheme, however admirably devised, may fail; but, in this case, we cannot resist a very unusual sensation of confidence that if the announced plans of the Musical Society of London are honestly and zealously worked out, there is nothing to forbid its permanent existence as the great musical institution of England.

Of course the new Society has already its enemies. The chief crime charged against it is, as we hear, that it is an "opposition," and "intended to destroy" the Philharmonic Society. For the sake of argument, let us suppose this charge substantiated. Let us suppose the new Society was intended to, and does, oppose the Philharmonic. What then? What has the Philharmonic Society done and deserved that it should not be opposed if needful? Have its objects been so all-embracing, and their application so hyper-energetic, that nothing remains unaccomplished? Has its patronage of musicians and their music been so open-armed that not one worthy specimen of either genus, *homo* or *opus*, remains unrepresented in its councils and performances? Is its legislation the ablest, are its concerts the finest, that the times can afford? Can no spot of *clique*, jobbery, malice, be pointed at in a course of action that should have been pure, generous, artistic, guileless? Even had it been all that its partisans assert, without believing, is this metropolis just of the preciseness to accommodate one great musical Society, and necessarily to exclude a second? Above all, is not competition a good healthy stimulant, seldom complained of, except by the garrulous and disabled in anticipation of defeat?

This cry of "opposition to the Philharmonic" is, however, we are convinced, suggested rather by the fears than the reason of its promoters. The council of the new Society openly disavow rivalry with "any existing institution;" and although the announcements of a prospectus must generally be received with caution, a very slight examination of the proposals of the new Society shows its objects, constitution, and modes of operation to be so entirely different to those of the Philharmonic, that no antagonism, in the proper sense of the term, can be contemplated. What these differences are, and in what manner we conceive them to promise fairly for the permanence of the new Society, we propose to discuss in a future article.

At present we have only space to add that the *conversations* with which, on Wednesday evening, the Society formally commenced its labours was, in the novelty and interest of its arrangements, a complete and deserved success. A large collection of important and interesting items connected with the history and present state of music—consisting of rare portraits, engravings, manuscripts, autographs, old English instruments, instruments from every quarter of the world, drawings and models of modern inventions—was tastefully arranged in the rooms, and afforded much gratification. In the course of the evening an address explanatory of the Society's objects was delivered by the Rev. Sir William Cope, one of the council, and some delightful music was contributed by members of the Society, among whom we must specify, as professors, Misses Stabbach, Hughes, and Leffer, and Messrs. Osborne, Sloper, Salaman, Silas, Jansa, Pollitzer, Blagrove, Lidel, Lazarus, and Herr Mengis. The rooms were inconveniently crowded—above four hundred ladies and gentlemen being present, and the evening passed off as brilliantly as the warmest friends of the new Society could have desired.

We don't mean to say, that when two gentlemen meet each other on the stage, the one on the right is to remark on the fineness of the day; and that the one on the left is to object that it is rather cloudy;—that the one on the right is to comment on the changeable character of English weather in general, with an accompaniment of affirmatory ejaculations by the one on the left; that the one on the right is to ask if there is any thing stirring, to be answered by the one on the left by an unequivocal negative. We don't mean, we say, to insist on all this, seeing that a conversation so ultra-natural would be the reverse of amusing. But we have a right to expect that when a play is called a comedy, it shall be a picture, in some sort, of life as it is, or was. The common-places of conversation that belong to all personages alike, and bear no reference to any definite course of action, should, of course, be omitted; the wits should utter their pleasantries more uninterceptedly than they would in an actual drawing-room; the fools likewise should narrow the intervals between their follies; and the same economy should be observed with respect to the succession of incidents.

An improbable compactness of wit, of folly, of adventure, is therefore conceded; else our comedy would last ten years, instead of terminating at the end of two hours and a-half; and few would care to see the last act. But having made this concession in the interest of art, and for the sake of our own personal comfort, we will not concede any more; but protest strongly against impossible wit, impossible folly, impossible wisdom, impossible adventures, in the thing called a comedy. The dialogues and incidents upon the boards need not, nay, ought not, photographically to depict real life; but they ought to be deduced therefrom, not distilled from a heterogeneous mass, compounded of antiquated conventions, moral dissertations, cosmogonical treatises, pantomimic tricks, and worn-out farces. Human nature has a right to revolt against the exhibition, and to exclaim: "I did not contribute towards this mass; it is a fantastic mass and an untrue. Wherefore, then, shouldst thou say, that it means me, or anything belonging to me?" Those who would push to the extreme the demand that the stage should be a mirror, go too far in their requisition for prosaic accuracy, and, as fitting punishment, should be condemned to see ten pieces of the sort which their theory would elicit. But, in good sooth, there is a difference between the looking-glass that encumbers us with an oppressive exhibition of wearisome trivialities, and the phantasmagoria that makes us crow with puerile delight, because it shows us nought but grotesque caricatures; and this difference ought to be hit upon by the dramatic genius.

Also, we demand, that the scenes, situations, and dialogues that occur in the course of a comedy, shall be connected together in accordance with some fixed design, the departure from nature in this respect being most laudable. For it is the very essence of art to be regulated by a more obviously teleological principle than nature, showing causes final as well as efficient. More obviously apparent, we say, for our own view is that of Pope:—

"Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
MAY, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labor'd o'er with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single aim his end produce;
Yet serves a second to some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some spher's unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole."

Now the true artist accommodates our finite perception; and *docs* exhibit to us a whole, wherein we clearly see the coherence of the parts. And here, what we expressed above, in the form of a concession, we again repeat as the substance of a law.

The theatrical season is now fairly setting in, and we learn from certain horoscopes that many pieces, termed comedies, will be produced. We therefore appeal to dramatic authors in general, and beg of them, that if they are about to present the public with a piece, in which all the personages are essayists or caricatures, in which the incidents are purely farcical, and in which the action is altogether incoherent, they will refrain from putting the word comedy in the bills. Let the dramatic genius affix the term "hodge-podge," or "mish-mash," or "Saltingundy," or "piccalillo" to his work, and then we will not go to see it.

THE MESSIAH.—The usual Christmas performances of this immortal master-piece by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have both taken place—the first on Friday se'night, the second yesterday evening. At the first the principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims, Reeves, and Sig. Belletti; at the last, Miss Louisa Vinning was substituted for Mrs. Sunderland, and Mr. Weiss for Sig. Belletti. Mr. Costa conducted. On both occasions dense multitudes assembled, and Exeter Hall was literally "crammed." Mr. Hullah gives his Christmas *Messiah* on Monday.

M. KEMSBY having completed all preliminary arrangements, the St. James's Theatre will open on the 28th inst. with a French operatic company (comic).

ROSSINI has been composing music for the pianoforte, with which all who have heard it (played by the master himself) are enchanted. *Bravissimo!*

SAINT JAMES'S HALL.—The popularity of the new hall increases, notwithstanding that the directors exhibit no intention of making the alterations, which the universal voice of London cries out are necessary for the proper conveyance of sound. On Thursday, Mr. V. Chalmers Masters gave a *Societe Musicale*, for which he engaged the services of Misses Stabach, Mahlah Homer, E. Armstrong, Gérard, Rosa Evelyn, and Upton; Messrs. George Crozier and Wallworth, as vocalists; and Madame Rosalie Thémur, pianoforte, M. Bezeth, violin, and Mr. W. Graeff Nicholls, flute, as instrumentalists. Beethoven's Sonata in G, for pianoforte and violu, was well executed by M. Bezeth and Mr. Masters. Mr. Masters also played in two compositions of his own—"Duo Concertante," for pianoforte and flute, in which he enjoyed the co-operation of Mr. Graeff Nicholls, and duet on two pianofortes, with Madame Rosalie Thémur. The lady pianist performed Dohler's fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*, and a composition of her own, in both of which she exhibited a good deal of talent, and was loudly applauded. There was but one encore, and that was awarded to Miss Stabach, in Linley's "Bonnie new Moon," extremely well sung. The other vocal performances were too many and unimportant to demand special notice. Mr. G. Crozier, who, we believe, made his first appearance in public, showed decided promise in Beethoven's *Adeleida*. He has an agreeable tenor voice, seems to have been taught well, and with time, may become an acquisition to the concert room. He was very nervous, and should have commenced with something less trying than Beethoven's aria.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY have made a donation of £50 towards the erection of the statue of Handel in his native town of Halle. This gift has been received by Sir George Smart, chairman of the London committee for carrying out the object, having been transmitted to Mr. Klingemann, secretary of the committee. Some months ago a donation of the same amount was received by Sir George Smart from the Sacred Harmonic Society. The statue (which is said to be a fine work of art) is nearly completed, and its erection will form a part of the centenary commemoration, at Halle, of the death of the great master.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE "Mozart Night" came off on Saturday, before an enormous audience, and with triumphant success. Two symphonies were played—the E flat and the Jupiter—besides the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the incomparable pianoforte concerto in D minor, performed from end to end in a style worthy of the music (than which higher praise cannot be given) by our young and gifted pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, who, in the first and last movements, introduced the masterly "cadenzas" of Hummel, executing them as Hummel might have executed them himself. The impression created by this admirable exhibition was, as might have been anticipated, immense. Miss Goddard was recalled to the orchestra at the end, amid volleys of applause, from boxes, gallery and promenade. The sensation, in short, was as unanimous as it was truly enthusiastic, and better still, it was *legitimate*.

To night brings the series of concerts to a close. Mad. Anna Bishop (who, with M. Wieniawski, accompanies M. Jullien on his provincial tour) has been the *prima donna* since Tuesday—the night after the *Bal Masqué*—creating the utmost enthusiasm, both by her "bawura" and ballad-singing. She was nightly encircled by the "Arctics" and the "Jupiter"—besides the overture to the silly nightgown, or "Come again to-morrow," when she substituted "Home, sweet home," which created a furor.

Next week we shall offer some general remarks on the season. Of the *Bal Masqué* on Monday night, we have nothing new to say. The theatre was handsomely decorated and brilliantly lighted, and although the size of the theatre was no less opposed to the convenience of the lovers of dancing at the Ball than to the lovers of music at the Concerts, as much accommodation was obtained from the stage and pit as ingenuity could devise. Dancing commenced at about a quarter past ten, and at that time there were hardly one hundred persons in the house. Towards eleven, they came in by flocks and herds, and at supper time the crowd was so immense as greatly to impede the pleasures of the dancers. The separation of the pit and stage was a happy thought, as by these means the pressure of the mass was divided into two channels. The characters and costumes were hardly up to the average of former years, and we missed sundry familiar faces who were wont to enliven these exciting scenes by their vivacity and droll perforinations. M. Julien presided in the orchestra until long past supper, and gave most of the favorite dance-pieces of the season, including the "Indian" quadrille, the "Trab Trab" quadrille, the "Fern Leaves," the "Campbell is Coming" quadrille, the "Frikell" polka, the "Kiss" polka, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE last (the fifth) Saturday concert was again a good one, and again well attended. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor; the overtures were *Benedetto Cellini* (Berlioz) and *Oberon*. M. Sainton played the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto (why only the first movement we are at a loss to guess), and his own *concert-solo* magnificently; and Miss Louisa Vinning gave the same master's, "Ah! perfido," besides two ballads, "Scenes that are fairest" (Benedicti), and "Where the bee sucks," in the last of which, she was encored. Herr Manns conducted.

MADAME PERSIANI A MUSIC MISTRESS.—Madame Persiani, as long a brilliant ornament of the Opera Italiana, has lately fixed her residence in Paris, with a view to devote herself wholly to tuition in the art of which she is so eminent a mistress.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—Madlle. Finoli's concert was very numerously and fashionably attended. The fair artist sang "Non più mesta," the *brindisi* from *Luceria Bergina*, and the duet from Rossini's *Barbire*, "Dunque io son," with Signor Lorenzo. In the *brindisi* Madlle. Finoli was honoured with an encore. Mr. Horace Vernon, a new tenor, sang "Come into the garden, Maud," with taste. Herr Knhe, M. de Paris, and Miss Sophie Wright, were the instrumentalists.

SWANSEA.—Miss Julia Bleaden has been giving her musical entertainment, in conjunction with Messrs. Alfred and Henry Nicholson, with great success.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH's second concert (on Wednesday night) was one of the very best he has ever given. The programme included the "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, the second symphony of Beethoven, and Professor Stredale Bennett's *May Queen*, which was no less triumphantly successful than at the Leeds Festival in the autumn. Of this charming pastoral we shall shortly have to speak in detail, a printed copy having reached us from Messrs. Leader and Cook, the publishers. At present it is enough to say that the performance, though not irreproachable, was highly creditable for a first attempt; that the overture and orchestral accompaniments were, on the whole, well played (allowing for the absence of what the Italians term "claroscuro"); that the lighter choruses were more fortunate for intonation and precision than those of a graver character; and that the principal singers—Miss Banks, Mdlle. Behrens, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss—were all careful, if not all perfect. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who was engaged to fill the place of Mr. Sims Reeves in the "Lauda Sion," undertook, with friendly readiness, and in a thoroughly artistic spirit, the same difficult task in the *cantata* of Professor Bennett, at only one hour's notice. The audience appreciated this conduct, and, much as the absence of our great English tenor was regretted, were most kind and considerate to his substitute, whom they encored unanimously in the air, "O meadow clad in early green." Miss Banks was similarly honored in the charming roundelay of the *May Queen*, "With the carol in the tree," in which the chorus is allotted so conspicuous a part; and Mr. Weiss, in the very characteristic song of Robin Hood, "'Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight," the gentleman deserving the compliment fully, the lady (who made us regret Mad. Novello) in a lesser degree.

Applause of the warmest kind awarded every piece; and at the end, the composer, being in the hall, was summoned by the whole audience, and brought forward into the orchestra by Mr. Hullah, amid enthusiastic cheering. No success could have been more complete.

Professor Bennett," says an excellent writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "was not summoned and re-summoned seventeen times like an Italian composer of operas, but the applause with which he was met, when he *did* appear, was given not merely with the hands, but also from the heart. Professor Bennett favours the public but rarely with a new work, and we believe the *May Queen* is one of the only important compositions for voices that he has written. Of course we do not imagine that popular success alone can, or ought to have, any effect on the intentions of a great composer. He produces what he feels to be good, and does not aim merely at pleasing the public taste. Nevertheless, as he means his music to convey certain impressions to those who listen to it, he must rejoice when he has before him the palpable proof that the desired end has been gloriously attained. Therefore, Professor Bennett cannot be indifferent either to the high appreciation of musicians, or to the enthusiastic applause of the general public. Those who have studied music profoundly—those who possess musical sensibility without any deep knowledge of the art—and, in short, all who have ears to hear—are delighted with the *May Queen*. We consider, then, that, if only from a feeling of benevolence, our cleverest composer—who is, at the same time, one of the greatest composers of Europe—should produce another *cantata*. We say a *cantata*, because compositions for the orchestra alone can never give the same universal pleasure which is derived from those in which the voices are also employed. Symphonies are seldom appreciated by persons who have not made music a special study; but among the audience last night at St. Martin's Hall there were numbers who might have felt the beauty of Professor Bennett's melodies, just as a child is pleased and affected by the charm of a simple nursery tune. Nothing can be more refreshing, after a long course of emphatic and exaggerated opera music, than to hear such sweet strains as those of the *May Queen*. It lasts about as long as one act of a modern opera, and contains no noise. But it will be listened to long and long after the *mascheri* of the spasmodic school shall have ceased to bray. Their trumpets and trombones will, one day, be

silent; and lovers of music, after hearing the *May Queen*, will say of Professor Bennett what Horace, in a celebrated line, has said of himself: "He has raised a monument more lasting than brass."

DRURY LANE.

THE operatic season was brought to a termination with an English version of *La Figlia del Reppianto*, which Miss Louisa Pyne selected for her benefit, playing Maria for the first time in London. Unfortunately for the completeness of the performance, Mr. Harrison was taken ill, and could not appear as Tonio, and the part in consequence was allotted to Mr. St. Alban, who not being up in the music, and knowing nothing of the dialogue, was compelled to omit nearly the entire of one and read the other from book. At which a part of the audience were by no means pleased. There was no help, however, and no one was to blame.

Miss Pyne sang the music of the "Vivandière" with exceeding brilliancy and admirable taste. The *cadence* in the lesson scene could hardly have been surpassed in facility, ease, and brilliancy. The trio of the "Rataplan" was no less excellent, and was encored with acclamations. In her acting, Miss Louisa Pyne was natural and unaffected throughout, and, occasionally, even earnest.

At the end of the opera, Miss Louisa Pyne was called before the curtain, and received with boisterous enthusiasm. Mr. Harrison was then summoned, and after some delay, appeared in plain clothes. He, too, obtained an uproarious welcome. When he could obtain silence, he addressed the audience, and thanked them for the patronage shown him at Drury Lane, which he trusted would be extended to him in his future home at the Royal Italian Opera.

"To be doing," seems the motto of the Pyne and Harrison Company. On Saturday, Drury Lane was evacuated; on Monday, the prospectus for the new campaign, at Covent Garden, was issued. The prospectus certainly contains nothing that asks for serious consideration. Little is said about music, beyond the fact, that Balfe's new opera, *Satanstoe*, and the *Power of Love*, will be produced on the opening night. No reference occurs to any other composer, or any other work. Liberal promises are made respecting the internal arrangements of the theatre, all of which will find favour in the eyes of the public; but we should like to have obtained a little information regarding what the management intends doing up to April, when Mr. Gye wants the house.

Monday night is to be the opening night, and what with the curiosity to see the new home of the English Opera, the eagerness to hear Balfe's new work, and the desire to welcome a "national" company in so magnificent a theatre, the excitement is at the highest. Let us entertain the hope that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison will do all in their power to render their administration worthy of public approval.

COMMON SENSE AND JUSTICE.

(From the Era.)

On the first night of the popular concerts in St. James's Hall Mr. Sims Reeves was unfortunately unable to appear, owing to a severe cold and hoarseness, and though on the following evening he gave the beautiful song, "Come into the garden, Maud," with a sweetness and power of voice worthy of his high and deserved reputation, traces of recent indisposition were strongly visible in his features. The absurd notion entertained by some unthinking people, that these disappointments of the public are only due to the caprice of the singer, would hardly require refutation if those who entertained such an opinion would only reflect upon the serious pecuniary loss our popular English tenor thus sustains. There are few who appear so often before the public, and none who work harder, and the high value set upon his exertions would show at once that the sacrifice of all remuneration could only be made when the vocalist was physically incompetent to fulfil his engagement.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The end of comedy is to amuse; instruction should be conveyed by implication. Better far that indoctrination should be dispensed with altogether in a comic drama, than not be made subservient to entertainment. Nobody goes to a theatre to be taught; pleasure and relaxation are what are especially looked for and expected. If a comedy fail in pleasing and unbending the mind, no amount of fine writing, no profound insight into humanity, no subtle knowledge of character will suffice. The author had better take his piece to the Literary Institution, in Edward-street, and read it to a select public, than have it performed on the stage. The most perfect acting cannot compensate for the absence of humour, when humour is anticipated. A comedy is no comedy, if, instead of amusing and interesting, it bores from beginning to end. Of all our modern writers of comic pieces, none has proved more successful than Mr. Bayle Bernard, most of whose dramas, particularly those written for poor Power—such as *The Nervous Man and Man of Nerve, His Last Legs, The Gateway Attorney, &c.*—some of them of old date, still support a respectable standing on the stage. Mr. Bernard's aim in these comedies was to keep up a continual discharge of fun and whimsicality, and never deviate into the slow tracks of the moralist or preacher. In his new work, *The Tide of Time*, he not only preaches and moralises, but attempts to philosophise. Now, abstractedly considered, Mr. Bernard exhibits a deeper train of thought in this play, and a greater command of poetical language and imagery, than in any piece that has hitherto proceeded from his pen; but in accomplishing what is fine, he has ceased to be amusing, and *The Tide of Time* may be pronounced a sermon rather than a comedy. When Spalding, the hero of the piece, is on the stage, we hear nothing from his lips but moral disquisitions on social progress, the unmeaning distinctions of rank, or the affections of the heart, and, every time he speaks, we are tempted to exclaim with Sir Peter Teazle, "Daun your sentiment, Joseph." None of the characters possesses the slightest vitality, nor stands out prominently from the canvas, if we except Sir Dormer de Draxenby, played by Mr. Compton, who lives on one idea, and that more strange than funny, of desiring to establish his theory of the curvilinear line to the utter annihilation of straight lines and angles. The character sustained by Mr. Buckstone has no individuality whatever. He is just what the bills describe him—"A neighbour"—no more. Pendarvis, the aristocrat, does not exhibit one single trait, good, bad, or indifferent, of high life; while Grainger, the solicitor, shows as little of the lawyer in feeling, instinct, or manner, as Spalding, the manufacturer, or Quillet and Griffiths, whose avocations are not even hinted at. The comedy, brought out on Monday night, achieved a *succès d'estime*—that was all. No one could be indifferent to the merits of the writing and the excellence of the acting. These insured the piece a favourable reception; wanting them *The Tide of Time* could hardly have flowed calmly into the harbour of popular estimation. Sir William Don has given up playing John Small in *Whitechapel at Greenwich*, and has taken to Mr. Timothy Toodles, in the farce of *The Toodles*. The baronet will be due shortly at some metropolitan or provincial theatre, so that his services are nearly run out at the Haymarket. Signora Perla Neua is also about to leave. Mr. Buckstone, doubtless, will experience no difficulty in filling the places of the popular Spanish *dansense* and the longitudoous knight-baronet.

AMERSHAM, Dec. 15th, 1858.—(From a Correspondent).—The fifth annual concert, given by the young gentlemen at Mr. West's Grammar School, took place on Thursday, the 9th instant. Mr. W. H. Birds conducted. Several of that gentleman's vocal miscellany, viz.:—"The gondolier's serenade," "In de woods ob Carolina," "The British Army and Navy," new national anthem, were sung with great effect. The band performed Mozart's overture to *Così fan Tutti*, and to Beethoven's *Prometheus*. Beethoven's trio in D was performed by three concertinas. Some songs and piano solos were rendered by Messrs. F. and A. West, Beaumont, Roldorf, Glover, and Hurdale. The concert was throughout successful.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL UNION.

(From the Birmingham Daily Post.)

THE second concert, which took place at Dee's Hotel last evening, was, if possible, more successful than the former one. The weather had decidedly set its face against the entertainment with edifying earnestness of purpose, and invested the town in general, and the vicinity of Dee's Hotel in particular, with a thick London fog, sufficient to damp the spirits of a hang-dog, but the attractive powers of Messrs. Duchemin and Co. over weather proof, and at an early hour of the proceedings every corner of the saloon was crowded with a brilliant and speculative company. The programme presented one of the rarest musical treats that it is possible to compress into the space of a couple of hours' performance, as will be seen by the following sketch:—

Quartet in F—No. 1, Op. 18	Beethoven
Song—Miss Amelia Hill	Hesselt
Solo—Pianoforte—Op. 27, No. 1	Beethoven
Sonata in B flat—Pianoforte and Violin	Mozart
Quartet	Weber
Song—Miss Amelia Hill	Mendelssohn
Solo—Violin	Lipinski
Quintet—C major	Mozart

Beethoven's Quartet, written for stringed instruments was entrusted to Messrs. Wallerstein, Hayward, Baeten, and Elk, and, with the exception of a little unsteadiness in the opening movement—*Allegro con brío*—was admirably executed. Miss Amelia Hill, the solo vocalist of the evening, is an old favourite with Birmingham audiences, and her sweet and graceful delivery of the two songs by Hesselt and Mendelssohn, made a sensible impression and fully vindicated her title to the high local position which she enjoys. The pianoforte solo—Beethoven, Op. 27—to which Mr. Duchemin rendered ample justice, is better known as the Moonlight Sonata. Its execution left nothing to be desired, and it may be set down as one of the finest performances of the evening. Mozart's Sonata, stated in his diary to have been composed on the 21st of April, 1781—some eight years prior to his decease, was listened to with all the interest which its merits, no less than the associations arising out of its performance at this period, are sure to inspire. Messrs. Flavell and Hayward performed their parts admirably, and the audience were by no means backward in their applause. Weber's quartet for piano and stringed instruments was a fine performance, and Lipinski's violin solo, in the hands of Herr Wallerstein, raised the audience to enthusiasm. On the whole the entertainment was most creditable to so young an association.

The arrangements for the comfort of the audience were exceptional. The fog, of course, prevented its burning in every time a door was opened, and in the early part of the evening produced a good deal of dry coughing, suggestive of the reflecting mind of the advantages derivable from Keating's lozenges, Christian's pâtes de lichen, and other nostrums by allaying pulmonary irritation, but this state of things soon wore off, and the audience abandoned themselves, without reserve, to the enjoyment of the musical banquet prepared for them.

ORATORIO IN DERBY.—All lovers of the higher class of music will learn with pleasure that Mr. T. A. Johnson, Musician and Concert Agent of this town is making arrangements for the performance, in Derby, of the oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great masters. Mr. Johnson has already on many occasions, proved himself entitled to the thanks and support of the public, for his spirited conduct in entering into their amusement. But none of his previous efforts give him a good claim as this; and we are glad to perceive, from a list of subscribers who have already promised their patronage, that he has reason to anticipate a successful issue to his undertaking. We are told that eminent solo singers will be engaged, and that the band and chorus will be thoroughly efficient. The first oratorio will be Handel's *Messiah*.—*Derby Mercury*.

LOUTH.—The post of organist has been filled up by the appointment of Dr. Dixon, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and organist of the Retford.

BASTOL.—The Concert given by Mr. P. J. Smith, in the Victoria Rooms, attracted a numerous audience. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas: the instrumentalists, Herr Molique, Signor Randegger, Messrs. Waite, Nicholson, Waetzig, T. Harper, Brooke, Man, and Priest. The orchestra and chorus were principally members of the Harmonic Union. The chief features in the concert were a symphony of Beethoven, (minus the first movement), Bach's "Chaconne" for violin, played by Herr Molique, a Violoncello Solo by Mr. Waite, and the *Finale* to Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, which concluded the first part. The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Mendelssohn's *scena*, "Infelice," "O 'tis a glorious sight," (*Oberon*), by Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," brought the concert to a conclusion.

BELFAST.—The second concert of the Classic Harmonists' Society was very successful. The first part of the programme consisted of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, in which Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Wynn bore away the palm. The second part was miscellaneous, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Crosland, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Winn, assisting as vocalists, and Mr. George B. Allen as pianist. A four-part song, by Mr. Allen, "I love my love in the morning," was well sung and greatly applauded. Mr. Allen played a solo on the pianoforte, with Thalberg, with great applause, and the concert gave general satisfaction.

AN OVERTURE TO VERDI—(*Rejected by Mr. Pencil*)—Signor Verdi, who, from disinclination or incapability, somehow writes an orchestral prelude to his operas, has had an overture made to him by Mr. Lumley, to come to London and superintend the production of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* next season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Should this work of the Italian maestro be brought out here, it is to be hoped that the public will not be visited with a fit of the vapours.

MR. RANSFORD'S Annual Concert took place on Tuesday evening in St. James's Hall. A programme of "monster" proportions was provided, and a crowded room was the result. The vocalists were so numerous that we cannot find space to particularise. Mr. Sims Reeves was the "star," and managed to get through his labours admirably, although creditably suffering under hoarseness, indeed anything but in a condition to come before the public; the audience applauded everything he sang, and insisted on a repetition of "Plume d'argent." Miss Ransford was in excellent voice, and was obliged to repeat "Peace inviting" (Bishop) with trumpet obbligato by Mr. Dainton. Mr. Ransford, among other pieces, gave "Madin's ballad" "The Tokens," and a comic duet with his daughter. Other "vocalisms" were contributed by Misses Wells, Lancelotti, Messent, Pool, Rebecca Isaacs, Anna Baxter, George Perree, George (enrolled in "Sally in our alley"), Ferdinand Glover, Winn, and Miss Teresa Jefferys. The last mentioned, a young aspirant, bids fair to attain a high position in her profession. She sang "Di Piacere" in a style that would have done honour to a much more experienced vocalist, and the applause she received was richly merited.

The instrumental performances consisted of various pieces by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. G. Miller, one of which was so well played as to be unanimously demanded. A violin solo, the "Carnaval de Venise," was played by Mr. Viotti Collins, who was recalled after his performance, and a pianoforte solo, "Variations on Weber's Last Waltz," capably played by the composer, Mr. Hrinley Richards, who was loudly applauded at the conclusion. The programme, which altogether appeared to please Mr. Ransford's patrons, also included the music of *Macbeth*, with new words by Mr. Harcourt Russell. With regard to the *Macbeth* music, the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* observes—"The *Cantata* which had been announced as one of the special attractions of the evening, was simply Locke's celebrated music to *Macbeth*, with new words by Harcourt Russell, Esq." We confess we prefer the original poetry by William Shakespeare, Esq., and it is almost superfluous to remark that if Matthew Locke had had Mr. Russell's, instead of Mr. Shakespeare's, lines to write to he would not have wedded them to the immortal music, which is so perfectly appropriate, to the incarnation scene of our great dramatic tragedy. Mr. Russell's subject is Spring, and we admit that his verses are not without grace. But if he really believes that a poem on Spring is suited to the music composed for *Macbeth*, we advise him to try his hand next at adapting Milton's *Allegro* to Mozart's *Requiem*. These remarks would have still greater weight if "Mr. Shakespeare" had really been guilty of all the doggerel to which Locke's music is set. But, unfortunately or fortunately, he was guiltless of most of it.

MANCHESTER.—Miss Louisa Kealey has made her *début* at the Monday Evening Concerts, in the Free Trade Hall. Notwithstanding a severe cold, she contrived to secure a decided success. Miss Armstrong and Mrs. Brooke, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Perry, were the other vocalists.

At M. Hall's Orchestral Concert on Wednesday week, we had the Overtures to *Leonore*, *L'Elisir du Nord*, and the *Pré aux Clercs*; the Audante from Spohr's *Power of Sound*, one of Haydn's symphonies in D, and the ballet music from the *Prophète*. M. Hall played the second concerto of Mendelssohn, and a solo by Liszt. The vocalists were Miss Helen Walker and Mr. George Cooper.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LINCOLN.—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln preached in the morning at St. Mary's Church, on the occasion of the opening of a new organ in that place of worship. His lordship took for his text the 74th and 75th verses of the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke—"That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." The Rev. J. Thorold, the vicar, presided in the afternoon and evening, taking for his text in the afternoon, the 1st to the 10th verses of the 8th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and in the evening, the 7th and 14th verses of the 6th chapter of the 11. Book of Kings. The congregations were very large. The collections amounted to £14 10s. The organ, which is from the well-known manufactory of Forster and Andrews, of Hull, consists of two rows of keys and a pedal organ. The Great Organ, compass CC to G, contains:—1, open diapason, all metal; 2, viola di gamba; 3, stopped diapason, bass; 4, clarinet; 5, principal; 6, fifteenth; 7, sequentia of three ranks; 8, wood flute. The Swelling Organ, compass tenor C to G, contains:—1, double diapason; 2, open diapason; 3, principal; 4, oboe. The Pedal Organ, compass CC to E, 29 notes, contains a bourdon from the 16th foot note. The Complex are—1, swell to great; 2, great to pedals. There are three composition pedals for the instantaneous shifting of the stops without employing the hands. The bellows are double feeding, with internal waste valves. The key machinery works in cloth bushes for silence, and every modern improvement of value is adopted in the construction of the instrument. It is enclosed in a stained case of very neat and appropriate design, having gilded pipes in front, forming not only a very useful but an exceedingly ornamental addition to the church. The full organ is powerful, and we believe the instrument, under the hands of Mr. F. M. Ward, the clever organist, will be productive of great assistance to the congregation. The "Hallelujah Chorus" at the conclusion of the morning's service was very effective. The idea of having an organ at St. Mary's church originated with the vicar some two or three years ago, and he set himself to work to obtain it with a zeal which he has pursued successfully. He personally contributed £50 on the condition that the remaining £200 be raised, the cost of the organ being 300 guineas, and the necessary alterations before fixing it, £40. The rev. gentleman has actively canvassed his own parish by himself, but has not asked the parishioners of any other parish for a farthing, in consequence of the claims made, and about to be made, upon them for improvements in their own churches.

MOBLEY.—A concert and ten meeting was held in the Zion Independent Chapel, for the purpose of getting funds for the improvement of the organ. Selections from the *Orestes*, *Macbeth*, &c., were sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newell, Mr. Baines, and Mr. Bykes. Mr. Bowling was the conductor, and Mr. Naylor presided at the organ. A handsome surplus is expected.

WORCESTER.—The Chorists' annual concert, at the Musical Hall, was successful. The young singers were applauded in several pieces. Messrs. Mason, Berkeley, Briggs, Brooks, and Simms, lent their assistance, and gave the piece, "Come, bounteous May." The Recreation Band, conductor's programme had the names of Mrs. Evans, Messrs. Pugh, Wood, Parker, and Comber, in it. Mrs. Evans and Mr. Pugh were several times encored. Mr. Langdon was conductor.

ALTRINCHAM.—The Choral Society gave their third concert for this season in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, the 6th instant, to a large audience. These meetings have gradually increased since their commencement, which shows how they are appreciated by the inhabitants of the town. The music for the evening was selected from the works of Hutton, Calcott, Webb, Shield, Fests, and other popular authors. A variety of songs were sung by members, but the choir, each being warmly encored. In the interval of the concert, the members of the society adjourned to the commercial room in the Unicorn Hotel, and presented their conductor with a silver-mounted baton, enclosed in a box, with a silver plate inlaid in the centre of the lid, bearing a suitable inscription. At the close of the presentation, the meeting gave three cheers for the conductor.—*Manchester Times*.

ADDITIONAL REMINISCENCES OF BEETHOVEN.

(From the *N. Y. Musical Review*.)

A GERMAN PAPER, *Der Dresdener*, has recently published some communications on the latter years of Beethoven's life, from the diary of a lady, which we deem so lightly interesting that we translate them for the benefit of our readers. The author of them was at that time a young girl, daughter of a Mr. del Rio, who, in the year 1816, was the head of a large school at Vienna. The observations were written down evidently with no thought of their ever being published:

"As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Leonore Prokaska*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melodrama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand *Funeral March* from his *Piano-forte Sonata*. Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with the exception of the *Funeral March*, are still in our possession. We had given the permission to publish them with the name of 'Friedrich Duncker,' but it never came to that. The splendid *March*, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the 'Hunting chorus,' and even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the accent upon the first syllable.

"When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humour to compose, or to seclude. It was in 1815, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1798. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Landras Glacis, he also took lodgings in our neighbourhood, and the next following winter was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it. I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood.

"One night, when he brought up his song, 'To the Beloved far off,' words by Jetteles, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompany himself. I must say here, that to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes; but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, 'It was good, but here,' putting his finger upon a note where the sign of a tie was placed, 'you must draw over.' He had missed that.

"At another time, I remember that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks behind the chairs, &c.

"I very often wondered that Beethoven cared so much for the opinions of people; and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: 'What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!' But this nobly could have believed, who had ever seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently allowed to clamber over him, and pull him almost from his chair.

"At one time, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: 'I bring you Spring.' He had been unwell for some time; he had suffered a good deal from colic, and said: 'That will be once my end!' When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: 'He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known it since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art, I have as yet done but little.' 'O! as for that, you can die with ease,' I said, upon which he murmured: 'There are quite different things floating before me.' At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, 'To Hope,' from Tiegel's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedesche, and not in fun either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby."

EPITAPHS.

(TO BE SET TO MUSIC.)

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—I have been a gleaner in epigrams and epitaphs. Among the epitaphs there are two that were deemed the happiest of the past age. The first was on a lady whose name has escaped my memory, but the object of the inscription was to describe the greatest degree of beauty and the highest virtue which could exist in the human form of a female (said to be written by Ben Jonson):—

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, when alive, did rigour give
To as much virtue as could live.

The next relates to two noble families:—
ON THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF PSARROKE.
Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all tears,—
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Half so good and fair to see,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

ON A BAD FIDDLER.

Old Orpheus play'd so well he moved Old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

ON A DOCTOR WHO SCRIBBLED VERSES.

Thou essence of doct, valerian, and sage,
At once the digresser and the pest of the age,
The worst that we wish thee for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own rhymes.

ADDENDUM.

The wish must be in form reversed

To suit the doctor's rhymes.

For if he take his physic first

He'll never read his rhymes.

ON A DOCTOR WHO WROTE BAD FARCES FOR THE STAGE.

For physic and farces:
His equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

AN INBREDMAN'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

O Death, how could you be so unkind
As to take her before 'n' love me behind?
Why didn't you take both of us, if either,
Which would have been better for the survivor?

A READER.

ENGLISH ARTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Canadian papers report that Mr. H. C. Cooper and his opera *troupe* are doing exceedingly well in the colony. We make an extract or two at random. The *Daily British Whig*, published at Kingston, says:—"The City Hall was crowded to excess, and the opera (*le Tricolore*) a great success. Miss Annie Milner sang charmingly from first to last. She is really a first-class *prima donna*. Another writer speaks of Miss Milner as possessing a voice and abilities "beyond what most professional ladies possess." The *Daily Colonist*, published at Toronto, says:—"Miss Milner is an *artiste* of the first water." The Canadian critics are even more loud in their praise of Mr. Cooper's violin playing. One says:—"He is one of the most magnificent violinists that ever delighted the citizens of Toronto." Another,—"His conception of every movement is such as to satisfy every educated musician that a great performer is moving the multitude." And a third,—"We cannot describe the effect he produced. Those who did not know that Mr. Cooper was one of the greatest violinists of the age, found it out last night to their heart's content."

CHAPELTOWN.—Mr. J. M. Roberts gave a concert in the Church School-room. The principal vocalists were Misses Charisworth, Sykes, Mary Clark (pupil of Mr. Roberts), and Messrs. Parker, Reddyhoff, and Naylor. The concert went off well, and several encores were obtained.

SONG.
(FOR MUSIC.)

The countries that like my their marvels boast,
In symphony grand and in song;
Orim is the God, the Apollo we toast,
In this land of the Royal and strong.
Hark to the voices of England's loud quire,
In forge and in foundry singing;
Hark to their tones, English hoarsets they inspire
In clangorous concert ringing.
Richest of tenors, our hammers beat fast,
Whilst the ponderous beam marks time;
The hiss of the steam, and the furnace blast,
A good treble and bass do chime.

No soft hunting horn, over hill and dell,
Shall with dulcet echoes lure us;
From lone content height, no deep drowsy bell
Shall in dismal thought immerse us,
And our tally-ho! henceforward shall be,
But the screeching shrill of the train;
Nor trumpet nor drum for solemn needs we,
Our freedom and rights to maintain;
For each wind pipe, in the quire's old hall
Shall be red with the furnace glare,
From smoke of the mill a shadow shall fall
O'er the glitter of State and War.

J. G.

CLYDEACH.—The Choral Society have given a concert of sacred music. Selections from the works of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, &c., were well sung. The principal vocalists were, Miss Hagbes, Miss Dunlop, Messrs. Griffith and Davies. The instrumentalists were, Mr. Fricke (harmonium), and the conductor was Mr. J. Rees. Mr. Trevor A. Williams and Mr. J. J. Strick addressed the meeting on the advantage of joining the society.

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On leaving Drury Lane Theatre, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison abandoned the "National English Opera"—that is, relinquished the title to Mr. E. T. Smith, or any other speculator who might choose to assume it. The alteration of the name into "Royal English Opera" would seem to imply that the managers intend carrying on their present campaign under royal in preference to popular banners. We cannot perceive the necessity for any change in the nomenclature. The original title had been acknowledged, and would have answered every requisite purpose.

The English Operatic Company, under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, opened the new theatre in Covent Garden, on Monday night, with Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Satanella*; or the *Power of Love*. The interior has undergone some necessary alterations to adapt it to the convenience of the general public now admitted at play-house prices. The number of rows in the stalls is reduced to four, and the pit and grand tiers, with the exception of a few boxes reserved on each side approximating to the stage, are converted into dress circles. In other respects, the theatre is unaltered, and looks still the magnificent home of the Royal Italian Opera.

Everything on Monday night conspired to draw a large audience. A new opera by Mr. Balfe; the opening of the Royal Italian Opera to the play-going multitude, whom high prices had heretofore kept out; the natural curiosity to hear an English lyric work executed by English artists in an Italian house; and an anxious desire to lend a helping hand to a national establishment on its first starting, were all powerful sources of attraction. The theatre, in fact, was crammed from gallery to pit, and included one of the most numerous assemblages that have been witnessed in any London theatre for a long time.

Mr. Balfe is proverbial for his indifference to the merits or demerits of a *libretto*. To poets he is the most obliging and condescending of composers. Having undergone a severe course of Bunce, he might naturally be supposed to have qualified himself for overlooking any amount of librettorial inefficiency.

With all his amount of poetical apathy, nevertheless, it was to be wondered at that he did not shrink from the task of setting *Satanella* when it was presented to him. The new *libretto*, by Messrs. A. Harris and E. Falconer—poets of the *Rose of Castille*—is said to be taken from the once highly popular ballet of *Le Diable Boiteux*—produced many years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, for Fanny Elssler—written by M. Barot de Gurgy. There is no similarity whatever between the two works, beyond the incidents of the devil attending on the hero, and the latter being implicated with three ladies. In *Le Diable Boiteux* the hero, Cleofas, after encountering the three dominions at the Opera ball, gets into a row, and, in making his escape from his pursuers, clambers into an attic studio belonging to a necromancer. He overhears some strange noise in the room, and fancying it proceeds from the interior of a bottle, breaks it, whereupon out jumps Asmodeus, who has been imprisoned therein for ever so long a time by the arts of the magician. Asmodeus accompanies Cleofas through all his adventures with the three ladies, and finally persuades him to choose the most deserving. Here is a plain tale, and, allowing for the supernatural element, a perfectly consistent one. In *Satanella* there is no "concatenation accordingly." The *prima mobile* is not only supernatural, but every consequence arising from it is unnatural.

When the devil is evoked by Rupert, there is no logic in his being accompanied by a female fiend. Why does he come double? Could he not transact his own business single-handed? It was a shrewd thought of the poets, however, while everything else in the opera betrays the purely comic element, to make the arch-fiend, the prince of darkness, the,—

"Oh, thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie!"—

the only serious personage in the plot; a real hideous Apollyon, yelling, anathematizing enough to fright the soul out of Chris-

tian himself. Why did not the poets of the *Rose of Castille* transfer to their adaptation the fiend Asmodeus, a jolly, harmless, good-natured devil, full of fun and frolic, and with no more mischief or evil in him than becomes a born enemy of man? The crowning extravagance of the piece is the fact that, the arch-fiend who is employed by the arch fiend to ensnare the soul of Rupert, repents at the end, becomes virtuous, and is taken up to heaven. It is due, however, to the poets of the *Rose of Castille*, to acknowledge that, although the dialogue is strangely diffuse, the versification and style in *Satanella* shows an improvement on their first production.

With such materials, what could Mr. Balfe do? Fortunately, he possesses his own abstract notions of the poetical, and does not too closely examine the details. He was, therefore, but little trammelled by incongruities, inconsistencies and impossibilities. He caught the leading idea, or, in lieu thereof, conceived one for himself, and sprinkled his gold-dust over the doubtful matter. The music, indeed, is worthy of the name of Mr. Balfe, although here and there he has found himself unable to grapple with the story or its treatment, and has failed to do his talent complete justice. The exceptions to the general excellence, nevertheless, are few and far between, and, taking it altogether, the opera may be pronounced one of the most successful of the composer.

The opening chorus, "Donor of this lordly *fete*," with dance, is animated and taking, and was admirably sung throughout. The first ballad, "Our hearts are not our own to give—sung by Miss Rebecca Isaacs in the character of Lelia—is after the old-fashioned pattern—almost stereotyped by Mr. Balfe—in which sentiment, putting on a molodious dress, assumes the form most likely to captivate the public. The gambling scene, in which Rupert is ruined by his betrothed, the Princess Stella—a startling incident, by the way—is busting, but lacks variety and dramatic colouring. Moreover, it is strongly reminiscent of the famous play-scene in *Robert le Diable*, where Robert loses his whole fortune. The first encore was bestowed on the ballad by Karl (Mr. St. Albany), "Oh would she but name the day," which is tuneful, and without the slightest pretension.

The duet following between Arimanes (Mr. Weiss) and Satanella (Miss Louisa Pyne), may be dismissed with the observation that Mr. Balfe does not seem to shine conspicuously in supernatural music, and, if he did, that the scene is hardly capable of being moulded to tuneful purposes. Mr. Harrison's first song, "The glorious vintage of Champagne," is certain to become popular, being exceedingly bold and catching, and written in the true hebraic vein. It was sung with immense spirit and energy, and unanimously encored. The next song—"The power of Love," sung by Satanella to Rupert in a dream—is the gem of the opera and cannot fail to obtain an equal celebrity with "When other lips" in the *Bohemian Girl*, "The Convent Cell" in the *Rose of Castille*, or, indeed, with the most popular compositions of Mr. Balfe. It is eminently graceful and melodious, and, being sung to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, and was redemanded by the whole house.

The second act opens with what, we may suppose, was intended to be the grand *coup* of the opera, namely, a scena of the requisite form and proportions for Miss Louisa Pyne, containing a recitative, and *andante* and *allegro* movements. As this scena has been withdrawn, being too onerous for Miss Pyne, we may simply state, that it indicated Mr. Balfe's thorough knowledge of the Italian method of writing for the voice, and that the *andante* was given with great expression, and the *allegro* with almost unsurpassed brilliancy. The next ballad for Rupert, "An angel form in dreams beheld," of the ultra-sentimental kind, is characterized by much sweetness and simplicity, and was awarded the fourth encore. This will be another special favourite. The concerted *maestros* in this scene, "Behold she's here," in which Satanella discloses to Rupert a means by which he may discover the truth or falsehood of Stella's protestations—namely, by using his "beaver" handwise or headwise—is highly dramatic and effective, and obtained a success similar to the "Ila, ha" scene in the *Rose of Castille*—to which, no doubt the poets had an eager eye when they concocted it. Its extreme length and repetitions, however, were rather injurious to its thorough appreciation the

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE.—

Opening Night, Wednesday, December 23. Auber's opera, LA PART DU DIABLE. Carlo Francini, Madame Faure; Casilda, Mollie Cline Mathews; Marie Therese, Mrs. A. Helen Moral; Rafael d'Estanga, Maria Fongueux; Ferdinand VI, Meza. Henry D'Ongval; Fray Antonio, Meza, Nostler; Gil Vargas, Mons. Precept. &c., their first appearance in England. Conductor, Meza. Remains: Private Box, 4/4s., 4/2s., and 4/2s., nightly; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Box seats (reserved), 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 6d. Subscribers' seats and tickets to be presented at Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Broadstreet, City Agent, Mr. J. Avery Turner, 10, Finsbury. Box-office open daily, from Eleven till Five, under the superintendence of Mr. C. Noyce. Doors open at half past Five, commencing at Eight. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barrett.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS AND DESTITUTION, addressed to the MUSICAL PROFESSION AND TRADE, and all other benevolently disposed persons.—The sudden death by rapid consumption of Clement Levett, aged thirty-one years, more than sixteen of which were passed in the Music Trade (in the establishments of Messrs. Hoovey and Sons, Hale and Son, Broadway, T. Smith, and E. Miles), has just placed his widow (now near her confinement), and three small children, two of whom are mentally and bodily afflicted, in a state of great destitution. Any further particulars respecting this distressing case may be obtained of Messrs. Hoovey and Sons, 55, Holborn-street, London, in whose service C. Levett passed twelve years of his life, or of Messrs. Hale and Son, Chesham, in whose service he died last October, either of whom will also be happy to receive subscription or to lend the support of the poor widow and her little family.

N.B.—Mrs. Levett is a good needlewoman, and will be thankful for employment in that line.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1858.

WE cannot hold with those who insist that not only is the system of musical instruction almost unexceptionably wrong in the present day, but that everything is wrong in consequence, and, above all, the taste of the public generally, in whatever relates to art and its professors. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that experience encourages a wholly opposite doctrine. Those who maintain the pessimist view of the question overlook the fact that in this country there is a special musical public, no less than a special public for the fine arts, literature, and the drama. This special public must not be confounded with the public that attends Evans' supper-rooms, flocks to what a morning contemporary has styled the "Cattle-show Concerts" (where artists are exhibited unch in the same light as kine and bees), or applauds Mr. Henry Russell in those rare effusions to which he is indebted for fame and fortune; any more than the public that upholds Shakspeare and the refined drama must be confounded with the public that prefers burlesque and pantomime, or, last, not best, weak translations from the French *Vaudeville*. True in the special sphere to which this journal is dedicated, we have a good deal of burlesque and pantomime, and weak translations from the French *Vaudeville*—or, at least, their equivalents in kind—pretty nearly all the year round; but a real musical public exists, nevertheless,—a public, not by any means favourable to the huckstering which degrades music, nor indeed disposed to admit that such huckstering can have anything to do with art.

Such a public is attracted to the Italian opera-houses by *Fidelio* and the works of Mozart, and knows the vast superiority of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber over the pet composers of the "Omnibus" exquisites. It attends the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies; flocks to M. Jullien, when that popular *entrepreneur* devotes half of his programme exclusively to one of the great masters; may be seen at the pianoforte *soirées* of Miss Arabella Goddard, Professor Sterndale Bennett, and Mr. Hallé; likes quartets and all forms of chamber-music; is found at St. Martin's-hall when Mr. Hullah gives the Ninth Symphony, or Mr. Henry Leslie some of the music of Bach—

goes here, there, and everywhere, in short, where good music may be heard.

Art, like religion, admits of proslitism. Why, then, should we not try all in our power to convert the scoffers, to form true amateurs as well as true believers? The nucleus exists, and has of late years been increasing as rapidly and as visibly as the head of Donat's comet in the heavens. The nucleus is represented by the many true and uncompromising artists, most of whom are, at the same time (contrary to the scening belief of the Rev. Mr. Skeffington, author of an engaging little work but recently noticed in our leading columns*), teachers. The tail, too, is becoming both brighter and more extended—a symbol of the lovers of genuine art, who, while not professors of music, are still among the most enthusiastic advocates of its purity.

On the other hand, there never was, and there probably never will be, a time when the taste for art is universally pure, or when, for one honest and enthusiastic artist, there are not fifty shallow mediocrities and at least half as many downright impostors. To make laws for the regulation of such matters is of course out of the question. We can no more abolish free trade in art than we can abolish free trade in anything else. They who hold art in veneration must be satisfied with doing their utmost, each in his particular sphere—whether as composers, performers, teachers, or simply amateurs. Every one who is sincere, no matter how modest his position, can effect something; and upon those who rank highest devolves the highest responsibility. Meanwhile in opposition to the pessimists—we entertain a strong conviction that, instead of having passed "the zenith of our greatness" (to cite a phrase from the Rev. Mr. Skeffington) as a musical nation, we have yet to attain it; that at no period of our history were there so many earnest labourers in the cause; that never, in short, was a genuine love of music so prevalent in this country. Certainly, of recent years, the music-master has been abroad; and this we owe, in a large measure, to the repeated visits of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who exercised a greater and a happier personal influence among us than any foreign musician since the immortal composer of *The Messiah* made England his home.

Let not honest musicians, then, despair; but let them rather look around, and view with satisfaction the progress their beloved art is making.

ALBERT SMITH has a fine new house, whither he invites as many of his friends as are pleased to crowd chiefly into his area and gallery or to luxuriate expensively in his stalls. He has rubbed out everything like Helvetian simplicity from his walls, and all that surrounds him is pure Chinese. Pagodas, pavilions, bells, junks, feet-compressing shoes, josses and tea-cups dazzle the eye and impregnate the atmosphere in which he moves. Slanderers whisper that he has turned Buddhist, and worships that singularly large golden joss, which shines on the spectator from the left-hand corner. Slanderers are wrong. Albert Smith does not worship the joss, but the British public worships Albert Smith; and such a mob of devotees as crowded into his hall on Wednesday last, will not often be seen elsewhere.

Great store of trinkets and toys does Mr. Albert Smith bring from the celestial empire, and the pencil of Beverley has largely illustrated his narrative. So we pass over two

* Handy Book of the Musical Art.

hours and a half in a strange new region, in which, however, we gladly recognise many old faces, such as Mr. Brown, and the pipe-smoking engineer, and in which our ears are regaled by those epic-lyrical compositions, incorrectly termed "patter-songs," by modern professors of argot.

Let us hasten to declare that we highly approve the tone of Mr. Albert Smith's new entertainment. He went into the East to see John Chinaman, and he would not allow the snobbish John Bull, who reside at Canton, and who know nothing of the country, save its commercial utility, to divert him from his purpose. Everybody bored him to see Shang-hai, because it was the place most distinguished by British improvement, but go thither he would not, for why should he study so many thousand miles from home, what he might as well have studied at Liverpool? The mummion-worshippers of the place could not make out what he was driving at, when they saw him poking about the nooks and corners of the old city, taking more interest in the trumpery that records the presence of a stagnant civilisation, than in the best hotel or the most populous quay. But he went his own way.

We observe that the disgust with which the worldly-minded British settlers of China naturally inspired a man so thoroughly artistic has had a beneficial effect. He quizzed the Sphinx a little as he passed by the pyramids, but it was not with the derisive scowl of former years. He has felt that Chinese antiquities are worth studying for their own sake, and a conviction that the relics of ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt are worth a similar expenditure of time and trouble, has doubtless taken possession of his mind.

In Albert Smith, considered as a thinker, there is this great virtue, that his theories are the result of his own observations and inferences, and that he never wants to humbug his auditors. He knows well enough, that out of every hundred persons, there are ninety-nine who, merely to seem fashionable, or learned, or refined, or sentimental, pretend to like things that afford them no pleasure whatever, and he is so determined not to follow in the wake of these self-tormenting pretenders, that he would be an iconoclast rather than an idolater. When he first visited the East, he had an honest contempt for archaeological fanaticism, and no one could bully him into an admiration of the Sphinx; an equally honest veneration for the monuments of the old world is now gradually taking hold of him, and we are so sure that he will not be laughed out of his humour, by the tag-rag and bobtail of the fast school, who swear by his name, but who cannot appreciate him in spirit, that we should not wonder if he ended by becoming an antiquary in the best, largest, highest sense of the word. He would be no mere potterer over old stones, but they would, in his eyes, be so many symbols of life, to which his quick fancy would readily supply an interpretation.

As for those vituperators of Mr. Albert Smith, who depreciate his talents, and hint that he is but a "lucky charlatan," we cannot too strongly express our abhorrence of their petty attempts to tarnish an honestly and hardily-earned reputation. If there is in the world one man, who is less a charlatan than his brethren, it is Albert Smith, whose fault hitherto has rather consisted in forcing his genuine convictions upon the public, than in feigning any sentiment or vaunting acquisitions not fairly his own. The things that he describes with his own lips, he has seen with his own eyes; no wish to dazzle tempts him to wander beyond the sphere of his own personal observation, and his promises in the programme are fulfilled to the letter in the entertainment.

His only fault is a success far beyond any that has hitherto been achieved in a similar line; and of that fault, though it has brought him many enemies, we sincerely hope he may never be cured.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The second concert of the season was given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, the 13th ultimo, but want of space in our last impression compelled us to defer our account of it. The programme was as subjoined:—

PART I.			
Symphony in C	Beethoven.
Part-song, "Song to May morning"	Henry Leslie.
"Ave Maria"	H. Smart.
Overture (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
March, "Victoria"	Val. Morris.
PART II.			
Méditation sur une Prelude de Bach	Mr. S.		
W. Waler, Mr. J. D. Pawle, and Mr. John C. Ward	Gounod.
Overture (La Gazza Ladra)	Rossini.
Part-song, "Orpheus with his lute"	G. A. Macfarren.
"The dawn of day"	S. Reay.
Overture (Masanelli)	Auber.
Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.			

The performance was in all respects a better one than at the first concert, and we may particularly commend the manner in which the "andante" and "minuet" of the symphony were played.

The vocal music was sung with great effect by some thirty ladies and gentlemen, and was received with enthusiasm by a crowded audience.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The nomination for the two Kings' Scholarships, vacant at this time of the year, took place on Monday the 27th instant.

The Board of Examiners consisted of Mr. Cipriani Potter, chairman, Mr. John Goss, Mr. Charles Lucas, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Henry Biagore, Mr. W. Wallace, and Mr. W. Lovell Phillips. The number of candidates examined was thirty-six. Thirteen young gentlemen and twenty-three young ladies.

The following were elected scholars—Miss Charlotte Tasker and Master George Hale Thomas.

The following candidates were specially commended—Misses L. A. Jindley, G. Bailey, C. M. Wallace, M. A. Walsh, H. Clint, and C. Fitzpatrick; Messrs. F. J. Amor, P. Waddell, J. T. Hill, L. Lee, H. C. Allison, B. Mullatrat, E. R. T. Terry, and R. T. Jefferies.

The following was commended—Miss H. Coudroy.

EPIGRAM.

"Thirdly—I like Haydn Wilson's poetry,"
STRAIGHTFORWARD AND NO UNDERWORK.*
 My bellows full, and large box charg'd,
 With palate openings enlarg'd,
 I've wind enough within my chest
 To fill my pipes that on it rest,
 In hundreds, rang'd both large and small,
 For tones their sizes short and tall.
 My scale the uttermost extent
 Of music notes, when I give vent
 From smallest tone,—harmonic sound
 To roar tremendous pealing round.
 Stops my voice subdue keep under
 (Change my sounds from soft to thunder!
 When filling the vast fabric wide
 Frame vibrating on ev'ry side.
 I can all music imitate
 When I my tubes with air inflate.
 As king of instruments I'm known,
 Now tell my name, or pay a crown.

HAYDN WILSON.

* See *Musical World*—"ante" page 803.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This theatre remains yet without a tenant. The noble lessee, who has £135,000 at stake, is in Paris, and although several persons have publicly stated Mr. Lamley has settled, we have positive information such is not yet the fact. The ideas of the agent and proprietor for rent far exceed what ought to be a fair rental for the premises—hence the want of competition, when we consider that £9,000 is asked for rental and £8,000 for properties. It would be certain ruin for a man to launch into a concern unless he had artists that would play for nothing, which is not the case with foreigners in this country, and more especially when we know that the expense of last season amounted for foreign artists to £30,000.

REUNION DES ARTS.—The last *Soirée Musicale* of the season took place on Monday. The attractions offered to the subscribers were, a quartet by Mendelssohn (in D), and Beethoven's quartet No. 7 (in F). The artists were M. Wieniawski, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque. Mr. Silas also played an impromptu of his own composition for the piano. The vocalists were Mdlle. Thelet and Herr Mengis. The rooms were well attended. M. Wieniawski created a furore by his splendid performance in the quartet.

ISLINGTON MUSICAL UNION.—(From a Correspondent).—The second or Christmas concert of this Society took place on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at Myddleton Hall, the principal vocalists being Madame Anna Bishop, the Misses Broughnan, and Mr. Winn, with Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Henry Blagrove, and M. Paque, as instrumentalists. Madame Bishop was announced to sing the "Gratias agimus tibi," of Guglielmi, with flute *obbligato* by M. Reichardt, but in consequence of the absence of that gentleman, substituted "Robert, toi que j'aime," and in the second part gave "Oft in the stillly night," which, being vociferously encored, she re-appeared and sang "Home, sweet home," with touching expression. The years which have elapsed since she left England have greatly increased the volume of her voice, while the coldness and apparent want of feeling which were so great a drawback to her former efforts, have entirely disappeared. Miss Arabella Goddard (who is a great favourite with the Islingtonians) was warmly received and enthusiastically "bissed" in Wallace's *fantasia* on "Robin Adair," upon which she delighted her audience with Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*, and in the "Duo Concertante," on the *Huguenots*, with Mr. H. Blagrove, left nothing to be desired. The conductors were Herr Wilhelm Gauz, and Mr. George Loder. The concert began with a quartet by Mayseder, in which Miss Goddard (at the piano) was associated with Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove (violin and viola), and M. Paque (violinist), who also played a solo with great applause. Another solo on the violin, an admirable piece of execution, was contributed by Mr. Blagrove.

VIOLINS.—M. Otto, of Weimar, in a treatise on the construction of the violin, gives rules for the proper preservation of that instrument. It should be put in a wooden case, lined with flannel or cloth, to preserve it from extreme heat or cold, and especially from sudden changes of temperature. Heat either cracks the dry wood or produces a disagreeable tone. Flies should also be guarded against, and dust kept from the instrument; the inside should be cleaned every six months with a little barley warmed, and introduced into the interior, to which the dust will adhere.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S JUDITH.—A performance of Mr. Henry Leslie's *Judith* is to take place at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of its composer, with Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti as principals. *Judith* will occupy the first part of the concert. The second part will consist of a miscellaneous selection, in which Miss Arabella Goddard will play the *Concertstück* of Weber.

MADRID.—The Spanish journals are in raptures with Signor Giuglini, who has lately commenced his engagement at the Italian Opera in the capital. They declare his success to be "stupendous," and pronounce him the most gifted tenor ever heard in Madrid.

REDFORD.—Mrs. Wood has given a concert in St. George's, Hall, assisted by Miss Sara Dobson, Miss Horst, Miss Pilon, and Miss Pilon.

HALIFAX.—(From a Correspondent).—The Halifax Glee and Madrigal Society gave its third concert in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening, before a very crowded audience, Mr. Barton, of Leeds, using the baton. The programme included the following pieces:—

Madrigal, "O, who will 'er the downs so free"—Pearsall. Part Song, "Ave Maria"—Smart. Choral Glee, "Are the white hours for ever fled"—Calcott. Part Song, "Good Morrow"—Jackson. Chorus and Solo, "Now Tramp"—Bishop. Choral Glee, "The Fishermen's Good Night"—Bishop. Choral Glee, "By Cein's Arbour"—Horsley. Choral Glee, "In the lonely vale of streams"—Calcott.

After these came a selection from Dr. Bennett's *May Queen*. The soloists were Miss Witham (Huddersfield), Mr. Inkersall (Sheffield), and Mr. Hinchcliffe (Halifax). The singing of the Society was the object of general remark and admiration. Miss Witham gave Mozart's "Non temer," Mr. Barton playing the pianoforte part with great ability. The audience was also much pleased with Beethoven's Sonata, No. 3, for piano and violin: Mr. Burton pianist, and Mr. W. H. Whelake, a tradesman, violinist. The singing, too, of Mr. Inkersall and Mr. Hinchcliffe gave every satisfaction. The concert reflected equal credit upon the committee and the members of the town at large.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—(From a Correspondent).—The fifth subscription concert for chamber music took place on Friday, December 17th. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

"Quartet, Op. 18, No. 5, in A," for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Fraeger, and T. L. Selby—L. van Beethoven. "Trio, Op. 26, in A," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Shmeiderman, H. Farmer, and T. L. Selby—Sternedale Bennett.

PART II.

"Quartet, Op. 45, No. 2, in E minor," for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Fraeger, and T. L. Selby—Louis v. Spohr. "Quartet, Op. 2, in F minor," for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. White, H. Farmer, Fraeger, and T. L. Selby—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Professor Bennett's graceful trio and Mendelssohn's second quartet, interesting as any of the earliest works of the great master, were the two pianoforte pieces selected for the evening. Beethoven's well-known fifth, never fails, with variations upon one of the most simple subjects, never fails to delight, but the great achievement was the Spohr quartet, in the most creditable style.

At the conclusion of the first series of our chamber concerts, it is but just to express the high satisfaction felt at the untiring, real and hearty goodwill with which all the gentlemen engaged in the performance of the music have worked together. The first concert of the next series is fixed for January 14, 1859.

AMHERST.—A concert has been given in the Town School-room, in aid of the funds of the Youth's Guardian Society. The pianist was Miss Rhodes, and the vocalists Messrs. Grier, Kirk, Pickersgill, Oates, Master Switlenbank, &c., &c. Messrs. Porrett and Witham's band played several pieces during the evening.

BRAMHAM.—A concert has been given in the Church School-room, with Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Shaw, Messrs. Westmoreland, Dolson, and Reddell, as vocalists; Mr. J. Holt, as violinist; and Mr. J. Shaw, as pianist. A glee party from the Church Choir, also assisted.

TOQUAY.—Mr. Fowler's first Recital of Pianoforte Music took place in the Bath Saloon. Mr. Fowler deserves every encouragement, as he was the first to introduce classical pianoforte works in our town. On the present occasion he played Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata with a delicacy and finish that were duly appreciated, and a sonata for piano and violin of Mozart (with Mr. Rice). Mr. Fowler's pupil, Miss Isabel Gedge, made a very successful *debut* as a pianist, and did credit to her instructor. The vocalist was Miss Deane, formerly, we believe, well known in London.

WONCHESTER.—Mr. and Mrs. Penny's concert took place at the Music Hall, in the presence of the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Sandy, &c. The vocalists were—Miss Julia Smith, Signor Almansi, Signor Nappi, Mr. Mason, and the *Konfessionisten*. Mr. Blagrove gave a violin solo on Scotch airs, and the concert afforded great satisfaction.

STRAND THEATRE.—A new comedietta, entitled *The Rule of Three*, was produced on Monday evening with success. The story is soon told. An old gentleman married to a young and pretty wife is, as a matter of course, jealous, and adopts the plan whenever a "young fellow" comes daubing after her, to send for a card, so as to prevent any chance of the lady being left *tit-a-tat*, illustrating "the rule of three," as it were. After a time, however, a third "young fellow" makes his appearance, and by representing himself as a married man, and the father of a family, deceives the old gentleman, and thus has the opportunity of apparently flirting with his wife. Some amusing scenes occur among the three bachelors, which excite the risible faculties of the audience to a high degree. The characters were well played by Mr. Turner, as the jealous husband, Mrs. Torrens as the young wife, Mr. Swanborough, Mr. Parselle and Mr. Morbey, as the three "young gentlemen." There is a certain Miss Arabella, whose good graces the young gentlemen are desirous of obtaining. Hence the court paid to the old gentleman's wife, who is supposed to have some influence over the young lady. Mr. Morbey, who has the principal weight of the piece on his shoulders, acquitted himself admirably.

NEW MUSICAL TOY.—(Duncan Davison and Co.)—A clever invention, entitled "The Scale for Beginners," has been forwarded to us for inspection. A few words from the preface of the book, which accompanied it, will sufficiently explain its use:—

"The box containing the apparatus is divided into three compartments. In the first, two staves made of wire are fixed in relief upon a cushion. The second contains a hundred movable notes and other signs used in writing music. In the third is a small model of two octaves from the keyboard of a pianoforte, the keys marked with the names of the note each represents. With the help of this model the manner of writing the notes in every octave, and the fingering of each scale, can be learned with very little trouble. To make use of the movable notes, the pupil should begin by placing upon the staff the clef, the necessary sharps and flats, and the signs to indicate time. He can then copy an example, the scale of C for instance, selecting the notes one by one from the second compartment, and fitting them into their proper places on the staff in the first. After several repetitions of this process he can easily reproduce the scale from memory, and having thus become intimately acquainted with the several notes and their relative values, he will be prepared to derive from professional instruction in music all the advantages it can confer in the shortest possible time."

Bristol.—A concert was given in the Lecture Hall, last week, by Mr. George Lister, assisted by Misses Billingworth, Pickles, Newbound, Messrs. Pearnly, Delavante and Porrett. Mr. Hogg presided at the piano.

A WREATH FOR CHRISTMAS.

By JOHN ELLISON.

Sing we, while twining
A coronet shining,
Gay on the old man's white locks to repose,
Songs fraught with gladness,
Banishing sadness,
Round as the wine-cup exultingly goes!

Not from a far land
(O'er the garland,
But of mistletoe weave it, and holly so green;
While sparkling so merry,
Keen bright mingling berry,
Like coral or pearl 'mid the verdure is seen.

Fill him a measure
Brimming with pleasure;
On his dear forehead no wrinkle we trace;
Joy's magic wiling,
Dull care beguiling,
Cheerily smiling, shall beam in each face.

Sing then, while twining,
A coronet shining,
Gay on the old man's white locks to repose,
Songs fraught with gladness,
Banishing sadness,
Round as the wine-cup exultingly goes!

Christmas, 1858.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE.
IRRITATION of the BRONCHIAL TUBES cured, and a perfectly Cure produced by the use of Wilkinson's, late Wilkinson, Blake, and Co.'s BUCCHINO-TUBERAC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt one of us is most eminent Physicists of the day.

They are especially useful to Vocalists, Members of Parliament, Clergymen, Preachers, Public Speakers, &c. and as a general Cough Lozenge, in all cases of Cough, Hoarseness, &c. and in all cases of Catarrh of the Throat, &c. at 6d. per box, and 2s. each, by The late Wilkinson, late Blake and Co., the Chemist, at 10, 11, & 12, St. Paul's Church-yard, near the Theatre Royal, and Cannon-street, 25, Regent-street, London, W.

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I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
THOMAS FRANCIS, Vice Consul.

To Mr. Keating.

MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 53, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely new description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, but without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguishable from the originals by the closest observer. They never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth heretofore used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to secure articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth stopp'd and rendered sound and useful in mastication. 53, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 6.

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"The *clavier* Ben *fourter* comprises all the prelude and fugues of the older Bach (his organ compositions *ex-ceptis*), with which the majority of amateurs and professors in this country are familiar. But it is notorious that he composed a vast number more, between the period of his residence at Weimar and his appointment as Cantor at Leipzig. Some of these, too, are as ingenious and beautiful as any of the famous "Forty-eight." Of these, Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. are publishing a selection, which, in judge by the two numbers before us, promises to be highly attractive. The "Fugue Scherzando" (in A minor) is one of the most characteristic and charming of the master's lesser works.

"The Fugue in B flat, on the letters composing his name—BACH—which represent four natural notes in German, standing for the name of Buxtehude, although it cannot precisely be traced to Bach, is nevertheless well worth preserving, and is both valuable and interesting as a sort of comparison between good and bad counterpoint, when viewed in conjunction with the very inferior fugue on the same theme composed by John Christian Bach, the patriarch's youngest and least-accomplished son. At the same time the former contains examples of common-place "sequences" that induce us to side with those who refuse to admit that it is genuine Bach.

"Now that Miss Arabella Goddard is making fugues popular by playing them before large audiences, the publisher's of "Bachiana" (which we assume are responsible for the invention of that derivative) have not done unwisely in commencing their Serial with specimens already introduced in public by that young lady, whose dauntless faith in classic melody is one of the secrets of her success."
—*Literary Gazette.*

NEW POLKA by ALBERT DAWES.—The "Southern Folk," for Piano, 1s.; played with immense success by the composer at Southdown and other halls. London: Duncan Davison, 24, Regent-street.

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VOCAL.

THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR (De Thou art mir nah und doch so fern): Lied, Sung by Herr Reichardt at the Howard Glover's Concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, and at the Crystal Palace Concert, and enthusiastically encored, is published, price 2s., by D. Davison and Co., 24, Regent-street. Dépôt Général de la Maison Brandaus de Paris.

I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER.—Balfie's New Song, sung by Madlle. Victoria Balfie and Miss Louisa Vinning. Is published, price 2s. 6d., by Duncan Davison and Co., 24, Regent-street, where Reichardt's popular Lied "Thou art so near and yet so far," 2s., and Balfie's "Oh, take me by heart again," 2s., may be obtained.

MERRILY, MERRILY SHINES THE MOON (The "Shy's" Song), by Alice Foster, sung by Madame Baskerville and invariably encored, is published, price 2s., by Duncan Davison, 24, Regent-street.

G. A. MACFARREN'S NEW SONG.—"THE GUY'S THOUGHTS OF YOUTH." Poetry by Longfellow. 2s. London: Duncan Davison, 24, Regent-street.—The whole of Longfellow's beautiful poem is printed on a separate page of this edition.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER for four voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) and organ, ad lib., with English and Latin text, by G. Meyerbeer. Price, in vocal score, 3s.; separate vocal parts 6d. each. Song by Mr. Bennett's Vocal Association, &c., &c. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 24, Regent-street.

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—*Rev.*

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