

2. BALLAD, 'I saw her at the Fancy Fair,' the poetry by EDMUND SMITH, Esq.; composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
3. SWISS AIR, 'O happy are the Swiss Man's hours, sung by Madame Stockhausen, the poetry by BARRY CORNWALL, arranged by F. STOCKHAUSEN. (Chappell.)
4. SONG, 'Think on that look,' composed by WM. CAHUSAC. (Chappell.)
5. BALLAD, 'When my Soul wings her flight,' the words by LORD BYRON; composed by EDWIN J. NIELSON. (Aldridge.)
6. SONG, 'I'll meet thee,' the poetry by CHARLES SWAIN, Esq.; composed by E. NIELSON. (A. Novello.)
7. BALLAD, 'The Broken Hearts,' composed by CHARLES H. PURDAY. (Z. T. Purday.)
8. SONG, 'The Golden Girl,' the words by BARRY CORNWALL; composed by HENRY PHILLIPS. (A. Novello.)
9. BALLAD, 'Oh there ne'er was a moment,' the poetry by C. SWAIN; composed by G. HARGREAVES. (Hawes.)
10. BALLAD, 'My dear Mountain Home,' the poetry by Mrs. C. R. HUXLEY; composed by A. LEE. (Welsh.)
11. SONG, 'I will be thine,' the words by T. H. BAYLY; composed and published as the preceding.
12. ROMANCE, 'Where are those Days?' the words by Miss DE PONTIGNY; composed by A. DONNADIEU. (Boosey.)

No. 1 is one of Rainer's melodies. The duet runs in a series of almost unbroken sixths and thirds for a treble and tenor.

No. 2 is a light pretty air, though it seems to us that the words have been forced on it, they agree in point of accentuation so ill together.

No. 3 is so like other Swiss airs, that, unless we had received it as a new publication, we should have set it down as one that we had heard twenty times in as many different places.

No. 4 is short, easy, composed with taste, and rather ex-

pressing the words correctly than in any very original notes.

No. 5 exhibits more novelty in the accompaniment than in the vocal part. The words, however, are set with judgment.

Of No. 6 our opinion is precisely that which we have formed of the preceding. The good musician is obvious in both.

The music of No. 7 is harmless enough, but the words are really entertaining!

No. 8 is an animated air, and when sung by the composer himself, no doubt is effective. It is, in fact, a masculine song. The long note on the word 'man,' changes poor Lucy's sex completely—

'Lucy is a golden girl—
But a man—a *man* should woo her!'

says the poet; and it reads well enough; but notes have not the power to preserve the writer's meaning; unless, indeed, he meant a joke.

No. 9 is a graceful melody, and the words are well expressed. An A # in the sixth bar of page 1, should be a b. In the following page it is correctly written.

No. 10 is vastly common; but the setting of the word 'jealousy' is original, and we hope will never have a copy taken from it: e. g.



On playing the first few bars of No. 11, we concluded that the song 'What can you give us for dinner, Mrs. Bond?' was actually before us, but as we proceeded it did not prove half so amusing.

No. 12 is a very feeble affair. The phrases and cadences vie with each other in triteness: but there is no other offence in it.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

[Resumed from page 212.]

August 30th. I HAVE already mentioned the premature death of a great musical genius. The following particulars, from *The Nottingham Journal*, will be read with interest by not only amateurs, but by all who admire talent, and can sympathise with a parent who has in so short a period met with such severe afflictions:—

On Sunday evening last, at Leamington, where he had been lately residing for the benefit of his health, Mr. George Aspull, aged 18. The death of this celebrated pianist will be deeply regretted by our musical friends, to whom his talents were well known. He had for some time been in a delicate state of health, and the opinions given by Dr. Billing and Dr. Roots forbade all hopes of recovery; but as travelling had not been tried, Dr. James Johnson was consulted. His opinions coincided with those of the above

eminent physicians; but he recommended an interior climate in preference to London. Leamington was visited, and has proved his last dwelling-place on earth. Dr. Jephson endeavoured to produce a re-action of the system, but failed, and this truly amiable young man expired on Sunday without a struggle or a pang. His life and some of his compositions will be shortly published; but we unfeignedly regret that many splendid compositions, played in public as well as in private society, are not written, and are for ever lost. His concerto, which, like an epic poem, would have served to hand his name to immortality as a composer, has never been written. The orchestral accompaniments are only in existence; it was produced for his last concert in Cambridge, as a compliment for the success and kind attentions he received. He played it without a single

page of it before him, as he did also in this town. His remains arrived here yesterday (Thursday) for interment, at St. Mary's church, as it had been anxiously and earnestly desired by his brother and friends. Last year Mr. Joseph Aspull fell a victim to the same disease, and the loss of two such youths is irreparable; one of whom may be said to have been, for his age, the greatest musical genius this country has ever produced, having no similar instance on record.'

Sept. 3. Another foreign wonder, something akin to the famous bottle conjuror. The good folks of Sudbury, it appears from a paragraph in a daily paper, have still 'a fund of honest gullibility,' as Sterne calls such credulity, to boast of; for it is stated that—a Signor Jacobowitch, a Pole, announced, in the last week of August, a subscription concert at the town-hall, Sudbury, avowing that of music he knew nothing; but that the volume of his voice was so immense, that if he put forth all his strength, it would cause such a vibration of the windows as to break them into small pieces. Its sweetness, he said, was equal to its strength; and their union sometimes made him fancy that he had an angel within him. A respectable audience attended, at five shillings each, but were miserably disappointed. The Signor's voice was certainly strong, but wholly devoid of sweetness; and instead of feeling any inclination to agree in opinion with him as to the angelic sweetness of his tones, the audience felt horrified at the barbarian's voice.' By this we are to understand that the sagacious company assembled were disappointed that the Pole did not break every pane of glass in the room. It is to be presumed that the weather was intolerably hot at the time, and that the 'respectable audience' were panting for fresh air. They, of course, calculated on paying the glazier as well as the piper, had the experiment succeeded.

6th. The following account of what the narrator calls 'mountain music' is given by the Rev. Mr. Liddiard, in his 'Three Months' Tour through Switzerland and France,' just published. He was passing the Schucken, in his way to Grindelwald.—'My thoughts,' he says, 'were fully occupied with the scene around me,—now looking with delight at the luxurious growth of trees nearer to us, and now gazing with awe, and a new-felt mixture of delight, at the unexpected glacier-mountain which seemed immediately before us, when the sound of not very distant vocal music struck upon my ear. The sound, the place, the nature of the music, wild as the track we were traversing, with which it was in perfect keeping, enchained me for a moment to the spot. It seemed like the music of another sphere: nothing, however, was to be seen; it evidently was nearer the skies than we were. Still all was as mysterious as captivating, till the guide, who, no doubt, had observed how much it had attracted my notice, told me, with a smile, that it came from above—in plain matter of fact, that the music was the native music of the country we were travelling through;—an assurance, the truth of which was soon proved by the appearance of two or three females, the songstresses, who presented flowers to us, and requested, at the same time, to be remembered by their auditors, whom they had seen approaching, though unseen themselves by us, whom they thus welcomed to their hills. A few *batzen* seemed amply to satisfy them, not only for their vocal exertions, but for the wild flowers which they appropriately presented to us before we bade them adieu, with our thanks, and now, in our turn, left them below us.

'The sound of their wild airs remained in my ears long

after the fair performers had ceased to be visible. I could scarcely persuade my guide that this was absolutely the case. But these hills, like the enchanted island described by Shakspeare, are "full" of these "sweet sounds," which, from the nature of the place and its echo, we heard at a great distance. Nothing could have been substituted in the way of music for these wild strains, which were so completely in keeping with the scenery around. Though singularly rude, yet the sounds were perfectly harmonious, apparently easy to imitate, as I thought at first, but by no means so *imitable* as I supposed; a strange, but to me most pleasing mixture of what are called head and chest notes, rising from a low note to its octave—requiring a very correct ear and melodious voice, and calculated to be heard at a great distance—it seemed as if the music had been borrowed from the mountain echoes.

'The singers at first appear as if they were only trying their voices in thirds, fifths, and octaves, and this at length seemed to be followed by a regular air, in which the several singers took their part, but all in perfect counterpoint, constituting a sort of peculiar and free style, adapted to the mountains, of which the component parts, like the well-known Tyrolese Song of Freedom, were lightness, sweetness, and freedom. I never have heard a Swiss or Tyrolese air since, that it did not at once bring me back, in a sort of dreamy imagination, to these captivating paradisaic hills.'

"One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul."—MOORE.

9th. THE MARCH OF DISAPPOINTMENT—A prudent chancicler never crows till the victory is achieved. But though I am compelled to smile at the imperial confidence and simplicity exhibited in the following story from a Buenos Ayres paper, I cannot help sympathising with a brother dilettante. To lose a battle is mortifying enough, but to be robbed of the product of one's genius is a downright calamity. The whole Brazilian court ought to have gone into deep mourning. The Emperor might reasonably complain of the enemy having stolen a march on him and from him, at the same moment:—

'It is well known,' says the South American writer, 'that the ex-Emperor of Brazil is an accomplished musician, and has composed many pieces of striking merit: among others a national hymn, and the *Te Deum* which was sung at his marriage. At the commencement of the last war between the Brazilians and the Buenos Ayreans, the Emperor composed a triumphal march, which, when completed, he sent to the commander of his troops, ordering it to be played on the occasion of the first victory they might gain. Unluckily, however, his troops sustained so severe a defeat at Ituzaingo, by the sudden advance of the enemy, that they lost all their baggage, not excepting that of the General-in-chief, among which was the royal composition in question. It thus fell into the hands of the enemy, and has become a part of their national music!'

12th. If the annexed statement, which lately appeared in the *Original*, one of the cheap publications of the day, be correct, it is quite clear that composers who publish their works in Germany cannot sell the copyright of them in England. I have always doubted the legality of injunctions in cases of foreign publications, and am persuaded that if the question were properly argued, Chancery would never interfere. But I am also decidedly of opinion that a law should be passed in every civilized country, giving

composers, as well as authors of all kinds, an exclusive right in their own works in all places, during their lives:—

* **DRAMATIC MUSIC IN GERMANY.**—A German composer no sooner publishes his labours than he loses his right in them: by the publication they become as much the property of any third person as his own, and he cannot restrain that third party from pirating them. The result of this law is, that he sells only a few MS. copies to the directors of the theatres in the different provinces, and can never depend upon an exclusive maintenance from his works. These evils dissipate our astonishment at the limited number of distinguished composers in the dramatic style who have appeared in Germany during the past thirty years, even though the Germans possess a peculiar and remarkable genius for the art.

14th. How many have judged of Signor Paganini's playing, and indeed of many other performers, upon the same kind of evidence and principle, that influenced the lady whose faith stands recorded in the *Globe* newspaper!

* **PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.**—A lady belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre, who had never heard Paganini, requested leave to be present at one of the rehearsals of his concerts. It happened that Paganini did not bring his violin with him, but borrowed one from a member of the orchestra, and, instead of playing, made a kind of pizzicato obligato. After the rehearsal was finished, the lady addressed Mr. Cooke—'Oh dear, Mr. Cooke, what a wonderful man he is! I declare, I may say, that till this morning I never knew what music was capable of.' Cooke replied, 'Indeed, Madam, he is truly wonderful; but allow me to observe, that on this occasion you are indebted rather to your imagination than your ears for the delight you have experienced.' 'How, Mr. Cooke?'—'Why, Madam, this morning Paganini has not played at all—he has not even touched a bow.' 'Extraordinary!' exclaimed the lady, 'I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion of him, for if without playing, he can affect in such a manner, how much more wonderful are the sensations he must produce when he does!'

16th. The Chevalier Neukomm is at Berlin, getting up his oratorio, *Mount Sinai*, which will be performed in the garrison church of that city at the latter end of the present month, or the beginning of next, for the benefit of the Institution for the Blind. The arrangements for this purpose are on a large scale: the chorus will amount to 400 voices, supplied by the Royal Academy of Music, and the orchestra will be proportionately full. The wind instruments are to be double the usual strength, and among the number will be six trumpets, six trombones, eight horns, &c. After this M. Neukomm will return to England, and devote himself to the completion of a new oratorio which he is composing for the Festival to take place at Birmingham next year, on the opening of the new grand music-hall.

18th. The *Académie Royale de Musique* has published a programme of the pieces which are intended to be performed during the season, commencing the 14th of September, 1832, and terminating at the beginning of April, 1833:—

Le Serment, an Opera in two acts.

Nathalie, a Ballet in two acts, composed by M. Taglioni; the principal character by Madlle. Taglioni. This ballet, say the French managers, which was first performed at Vienna, has obtained the greatest success in London [at what theatre, or under what title?] and at Berlin.

An Opéra in five acts, written by M. Scribe, composed by M. Auber.

The three works above will be produced before the 1st of next January.

At the beginning of 1833, a translation of the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart will be brought out, performed by Messieurs Nourrit, Le Vasseur, Dabadie, and Mesdames Damoreau (Cinti), Dorus and Falcon. This translation will be succeeded by a new Ballet in two acts, of which the principal part will be allotted to Madlle. Taglioni.

The season will be concluded by the representation of an opera in three acts, entitled *Ali Baba, ou Les Quarante Voleurs*, the score of which is from the pen of M. Cherubini, and will probably (says the announcement) be the last work of that great composer.

All these new works, which will alternate with *La Tentation*, *La Sylphide*, *Robert le Diable*, and others of recent as well as older date, promise great variety in the performances at this theatre.

18th. The Contessa Rossi (late Madlle. Sontag) has, in reply to an application made to her by a London agent, formally and unequivocally contradicted the statement which appeared in many of the foreign and British journals relative to her return to the lyric stage, any intention of which she utterly disclaims.

20th. A Dublin paper thus speaks of a military and musical gentleman, who has recently become very conspicuous in the only theatre of war at present open to the European public:—

* Colonel Hughes, who is now taking so distinguished a part in the cause of Don Pedro, is the author of the volume of Portuguese melodies (of which a full and favourable review appeared in the *Harmonicon* some years ago.) He served in the British army in Portugal during the late war, during which time he employed his leisure in collecting the most popular and best airs of the country. He entered the service at a very early age, as ensign in the 61st Foot, and afterwards exchanged into the 31st Dragoons.

It is worthy of remark, that the last sanguinary war was a great promoter of the peaceful art of music. Our military men when abroad were constantly in the society of amateurs; indeed, they could hardly join any party in which music was not the chief, if not the sole amusement,—and thus acquired a taste, and had a knowledge forced on them, which some afterwards turned to good account, and all carried with them in their various places of retreat; which circumstance partly accounts for the widely-extended cultivation of harmony in this country during the last fifteen or twenty years.

21st. A correspondent of the *New Monthly Magazine*, states as authentic the following curious fact, which is quite sufficient to prove how extravagantly fond the French are of music:—

'So great is the enthusiasm felt in the French capital for Meyerbeer's really grand opera, that a linen-draper in the *Rue de Richelieu* has lately opened a very grand establishment, to which he has given the striking designation, "*Au Robert le Diable*." It is rather bold, a jocose friend of mine observed, to dedicate the gauzes and muslins of a linen-draper's shop to so flaming a personage as M. le Diable. At what risk must the fire-offices insure the stock of so imprudent a tradesman? A shop devoted to the devil can only desire to have diabolical customers,

and whoever enters it must not be surprised if they find themselves walking out on cloven feet, and with a monstrously long tail. Horns would be nothing remarkable in the eyes of a Parisian.'

23rd. It is far more profitable to make musical instruments than to play on or compose for them, witness the collection of pictures by the old masters made by M. Sebastian Erard, the famous harp manufacturer of Paris, which in number and value were greater than were ever possessed by any private individual in France. They were sold by auction in August last, and produced upwards of 32,000*l.* sterling. The most choice and rare gems were bought on commission, to be sent to England.

26th. Would that the report of the recovery of Mad. Fodor's voice were true to the letter!—but I have heard this rumour so often, and also of the resuscitation of Mad. Ronzi's vocal powers, that I cannot lay the flattering unction to my soul. Such paragraphs as the following are commonly fabricated abroad,—got, which is easily done,

into some minor journal, then sent over here, and translated for the chit-chat column of the English papers:—

'The musical world in Italy,' says the *Globe*, 'will be divided next season between three principal syrens—Malibran at Milan, Pasta at Venice, and Fodor at Naples. The latter *artiste* during three years, [for three read twelve] from a fit of illness, had an extinction of voice; two years ago it returned to her in all its force and freshness, and those who have heard her sing at Naples lately, say that she never sung better. A pupil of hers, Signor Jranow, a Russian, lately made a very successful *début* at the San Carlos, in the opera of *Anna Bolena*, and is considered a second Rubini, such is the sweetness of his voice and the purity of his style.' No doubt the Russian boor with the unpronounceable name made 'a successful *début*,' according to his own account, as all performers do, when they are the historians of their own attempts; but let us not be deceived by these ingenious narratives; and, above all, let our managers of operas, concerts, &c., be on their guard against such covert appeals to their credulity.

A PREVENTIVE OF CHOLERA.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

[WE received the following many months ago, when the cholera appeared on the decline in this country. Now the disease is, unhappily, in a reviving state, we insert our German friend's means of prevention. 'Nothing like leather,' the old fable tells us, and a *fanatico per la musica*, doubtless, thinks his art a specific for all evils. The curing of diseases by means of music is not, however, a new practice; Athenæus relates cases where it proved eminently successful. Aulus Gellius tells us that Theophrastus remedied the bites of venomous reptiles by the same means. And even Galen himself acknowledges the medicinal power of music. If, then, it can cure, why not prevent? At all events, our readers shall have the benefit of our correspondent's communication: we should be criminal in any longer withholding its contents from the public. Should the proposed plan prove successful, we shall look for a basket-full of civic crowns, or a cross of the Guelphic Order at least. As to D. R., the vacant throne of Greece will be the least that can be offered him.]

MR. EDITOR,

If you think the following communication (being a translation of a letter I have just received from a friend at Lemberg) would be acceptable to the public at the present crisis, it is quite at your service.

Yours, &c.

CONSTANT READER.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Lemberg, 1st November, 1831.

Knowing that everything connected with music is interesting to you, I have to communicate some circumstances which have recently occurred here, and yet prevail in this place.

Since the *cholera morbus* made its appearance amongst us, music has been much more cultivated, by even the poorer classes. The nobility, the gentry, the merchant, and nearly every one, learn music; our professors, therefore, are reaping a rich harvest, and were there even more,

I think they would find employment at the present time; and all arising from a belief that music is an antidote to the prevailing cholera.

The observation has been made, that in this neighbourhood musical persons have, except in very few cases, escaped this dreadful scourge; and, indeed, that those who play the flute, the guitar, or the piano-forte, or have had many opportunities of hearing good performances on those instruments, have escaped altogether. I have also to add, that I have recently received letters from different towns in Hungary, and many other places, where the cholera has been prevalent, in all of which the same belief strongly prevails.

You will, probably, laugh at my belief, and ridicule the idea; but I assure you that it has been with considerable and persevering trouble and anxiety that my inquiries and studies have been directed to discover a preservative from the disease; and really, after consulting the most eminent men and the best writers on the subject, I have found nothing satisfactory till now. Here, then, we are at once presented with an antidote—in the cultivation and enjoyment of a most *beautiful science*—a science which not only affords us the means of prevention, but is also associated with our best feelings, is so agreeable to, and so highly estimated by, the great mass of society. Is not the matter worth some inquiry? Has it not been fully allowed in all ages—in all countries, that music elevates our minds, that it soothes our sorrows and griefs, and at least promotes cheerfulness?—Does not every experienced medical man recommend *cheerfulness* as both a prevention and means of cure?

Now if music is capable of so much, may it not also be a *preservative* against this fatal complaint?—and if against this, also against many other disorders to which the human frame is subject? How far the instruments specified may be more particularly applicable to the purpose in view, I am not quite prepared to say,—except thus far—that this peculiar influence may be in some degree ascribed to



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