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THE
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OR,
The JOURNAL of a TOUR through those
Countries, undertaken to collect Materials for
A GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

By CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES:

V O L. I.

*Auf Virtuosen sey stolz, Germanien, die du gezeiget;
In Frankreich und Welschland sind grössere nicht.*

Zacharia.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. BECKET and Co. Strand; J. ROBSON, New Bond-
Street; and G. ROBINSON, Paternoster Row. 1773.

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T H E

INTRODUCTION.

IT is well known that such merchandise as is capable of adulteration, is seldom genuine after passing through many hands ; and this principle is still more generally allowed with respect to intelligence, which is, perhaps, never pure but at the source.

Music has, through life, been the favourite object of my pursuit, not only with respect to the practice of it as a profession, but the history of it as an art ; and that my knowledge might be free from such falshood and error as the plainest and simplest facts are known to

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gather up in successive relations, I have made a second tour on the continent, taking nothing upon report, of which I could procure better testimony, and, accumulating the most authentic memorials of the times that are past; and as I have, in a late publication, endeavoured to do justice to the talents and attainments of the present musicians of France and Italy, I shall now make the same attempt with respect to those of Germany, hoping that the testimony of one who has himself been witness of the particulars he relates, will have a weight which integrity itself cannot give to hear-say evidence, and that the mind of the reader will be more entertained, in proportion as it is more satisfied of the truth of what is written. For if *knowledge be medicine for the soul*, according to the famous inscription on the Alexandrian Library *, it seems as much to concern us to obtain it genuine, as to procure unadulterated medicine for the body.

* ψυχῆς ἰατρείον.

Travelling for information concerning the transactions of remote countries, was much more practised by the writers of antiquity than it has been by those of later times, who have found it more convenient to compile books at their own fire-side, from books which have been compiled before, than to cross seas, mountains, and deserts, in foreign countries, to seek for new and authentic materials. But Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Plutarch, and Pausanias, who were great travellers, either lived in times when there were few books to consult, or, if they were not possessed of more wealth than modern authors, must have met with more than modern hospitality; for long voyages, however necessary, would otherwise have been scarcely practicable.

For my part, who have travelled without these advantages, and who pretend not to the character of *sage*, if it be said, that the object of my pursuit is by no means

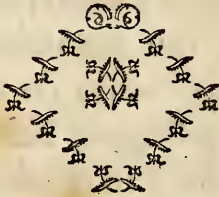
means equivalent to my labour and expence; I can only answer, that though I am unwilling to allow the knowledge of a science which diffuses so much blameless pleasure, through a circle of such vast extent, to be of small importance, yet I most sincerely wish that I could have procured it upon easier terms, and have visited remote countries after the deliberate and parsimonious manner of Asclepiades, who, according to Tertullian, made the tour of the world on a cow's back; and lived upon her milk.

It is however certain, that whatever will justify my rambling through France and Italy after the *materia musica*, or apologize for it, may with the same force and propriety be pleaded for my having visited Germany; for though Italy has carried *vocal* music to a perfection unknown in any other country, much of the present excellence of *instrumental* is certainly owing to the natives of Germany,

many, as wind and keyed instruments have never, perhaps, in any age or country, been brought to a greater degree of refinement, either in construction or use, than by the modern Germans.

The notice and assistance with which I was honoured by several persons of distinction on the continent, are acknowledged in the course of my narrative; but to avoid repetitions in my book, and to follow an impulse of gratitude, perhaps not unmixed with vanity, I must here declare, that for these and many other advantages which my journey produced, I am principally indebted to the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich, who, to assist me in calling the attention of the public to the history of his favourite art, and in recording the talents of its most illustrious professors in remote countries, was pleased to honour me with recommendatory letters, in his own hand, to every nobleman and gentleman of this
coun-

country who resided in a public character in the several cities through which I passed; the influence of which was so powerful as to gain me easy access to those who were not only the most able, but whom I was so fortunate as to find the most willing to forward my undertaking.



T H E
P R E S E N T S T A T E
O F
M U S I C, &c.

St. O M E R S.

I Must confess, that my appetite for French music was not very keen when I now landed on the continent, July 6th, 1772. However, being detained at St. Omers a day longer than I expected, I visited some of the churches there, as well as the theatre; but heard nothing in either which inclined me to change my sentiments concerning the national taste of France, for music.

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A company of strolling players, from Dunkirk, acted, on the night of my arrival, a tragedy and a comedy. I went to the playhouse, which I found small and dirty; and though the tragedy was half over when I arrived, there was no other company in the boxes, than two or three English families, and a few of the officers of the garrison. It is impossible for Englishmen to judge, accurately, of French acting, and declamation; but these performers seemed much more at their ease, and appeared more like the characters they were to represent, than those on the English stage, who, except a few of the principal actors, are generally so awkward and unnatural, as to destroy all illusion.

At the cathedral of St. Omer there is a very fine sixteen feet organ, which is played in a masterly, but old style, by a priest, father Thomas, who teaches the harpsichord to many English people, as well as other inhabitants of that city.

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But the most considerable instrument there, in figure and grandeur, is the organ at the abbey of St. Bertin: it was built but five years ago, by a country mechanic, who could neither write, read, nor play on his instrument when it was made. I had, as yet, seen nothing so elegant and magnificent as the case and ornaments of this organ; the stops are numerous, and the movements light and tolerably quiet; there are pedals, but there is no swell, or great variety in the solo stops, nor do I think the tone so sweet as that of the cathedral. But the best organ in this part of the world, for sweetness of tone, is an old one at the monastery of Clairmarais, about a league from St. Omers. The organist there is a friar; and that of the abbey of St. Bertin is a nephew and scholar of father Thomas.

There is a little organ, called a *positif*, consisting of four stops only, in the chancel of the abbey, which is used on

common occasions; it is nearly such a one as I remember to have seen and heard Colista play upon, to accompany the voices, at the church of St. John Lateran; at Rome, in 1770.

At mounting guard in the *Grande Place* of St. Omer, I observed that the *serpent* was used in the military band, as a double base to a great number of bassoons, horns, and hautboys, and had a very good effect.

L I S L E.

To persons who stay but a short time in French garrisoned towns, the military affords considerable amusement; there are not at present above four battalions, or two thousand men, quartered in the city; though it is usual for the garrison to consist of ten thousand. The mounting guard upon the *Grande Place*, or square, is, in itself, a gay and entertaining sight; yet it always gives me a melancholy, and painful sensation,

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to see the people out-numbered by the military. So many stout and robust fellows kept from the plough, and from manufactures, must be a great burden upon the community, and totally useless in time of peace, to any thing but ambitious and oppressive views.

Having visited this city, in quest of musical information, so lately as the year 1770, I expected to find nothing new, that was very interesting; however, I attended to the military music, which is much changed here since I was last in France. The marches, as well as musicians, are chiefly German. The *crotolo* is used here as I had seen it at Florence; it serves very well to mark the time in marching, though it has only one tone, like that of a side drum: it is the same instrument as that which the ancients called the *cymbalum*. The Turks were the first among the moderns who used it in their troops; the form

is that of a bason, or the cover to a dish ; there is one for each hand. It is made of brass, but the vibration is so stopt by its being in contact with the hand, that it cannot be called sonorous, it is rather a clashing than a sounding instrument of percussion ; however, its effect in marking the time is so powerful as to be distinctly heard through the stunning noise of forty drums.

In speaking of military music, it seems not unworthy of remark, that drums, *monotonous* as they are, frequently play in *two parts*. I observed to-day, at mounting guard, that, of forty drums which began to beat together isochronous, or in equal time, one half continued to beat the march, and the other half accompanied them with a continual roll for several bars : the effect of this is admirable, as it contributes to animate the troops, without destroying or altering the division of time, by which they are to measure their steps.

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In other music, during a long note, which is either simply sustained in a swell, or *diminuendo*, or has a continued shake, the time is wholly unmarked, unless its accents and proportions are pointed out and regulated by some other part; a single drum, while one hand rolls, has frequently the time marked by the single strokes of the other, given at stated periods. The use of music, in marching, as well as in dancing, is more to mark the steps than delight the ear; and the best instruments, perhaps, for both purposes, are the drum and tabor, neither of which has more than one sound.

After Moliere's *Ecole des Maris*, I heard here *l'Amitié à l'Epreuve*, taken from one of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel, by Favart, with *ariettes* by Gretry: the music is full of pretty things, and it is an honour to the French to admire the compositions of this ingenious composer, who seems, in

gratitude, to conform, as much as he can, to the national taste; though his melodies are more frequently Italian than French, and his modulation and accompaniments are new and pleasing. To criticise the execution of this pretty opera would be firing at carrion crows, not worth powder and shot. But in this severe censure I must distinguish the actors from the singers, and the voices from the corruption and abuse of them.

Both the pieces were well acted; but, as to *singing*, nothing could be more offensive; and yet there was not one bad voice among the performers; one of the young actresses had, indeed, a voice that was sweetly toned, and of great compass; but the songs were too difficult for her execution, and she joined to the national false direction of voice, to forcing, screaming, and bad taste, that incurable and insufferable expression, which is equally disgusting to the learned and the ignorant of other countries.

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In travelling through French Flanders, I could not help observing that the singing of the common people is strongly tinged with the *plain-chant*, which they hear so frequently at church. All the labouring people and *bourgeois* go to matins as soon as it is light on common days, and on Sundays and festivals two or three times in the course of the day; so that by their constantly hearing the priests, and singing with them, they acquire that kind of melody and expression which is used in the church, and apply it to their songs, in their work-shops, and in the street.

Though I omitted no opportunity of hearing all the instruments and performers I could, in my way through French Flanders, yet they furnished no new ideas or reflections concerning either the taste, or style, of French musicians. To describe them, therefore, would be only to repeat what I have already said on the subject, in my former musical tour
through

through this country. I must, however allow, and it would discover a total want of candour to be silent on the subject, that upon keyed instruments, particularly the harpsichord, the French, in point of neatness, precision, and brilliancy of execution, are not excelled by the people of any other country in Europe ; and it is but just to observe likewise, that the French military music is now not only much better in itself, but better performed than it was a few years ago : and a very intelligent English officer, who was with me on the parade, remarked the same improvement in the discipline, dress, and appearance of the French troops in the same space of time. The men are now select, the manœuvres shortened, and there is some appearance both of the gentleman and the soldier, even in the common men.

C O U R T R A Y.

When I arrived at this place, which is the first considerable town in the Austrian Netherlands, I found a remarkable change in the language, manners, and music of the people. It is very embarrassing to a stranger to find within the compass of a hundred English miles, four languages very different from each other: French, Flemish, Walloon, and Low Dutch. At Courtray, the common people speak the Walloon language: I accosted several in the streets, in French, but they did not understand me; so that the Abbé du Bos' assertion, and the consequence he draws from it, that French is the universal language of the Flemings, fall to the ground, for it is a common thing, even at Lisle, for two people to converse in two different languages; the inhabitant of Lisle asks the country-man, who comes to market,
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the price of his commodities in French, and is answered in Flemish; and both understand each other's dialect, though unable to speak it.

In the town of Courtray, the organ, at the collegiate church of *Notre Dame*, is disposed of in a very singular manner; it is placed in a gallery at the west end of the building; but, in order to preserve the window, which was necessary to light the body of the church, the organ is divided in two parts, one of which is fixed on one side of the window, and one on the other; the bellows run under the window, and communicate with both parts of the instrument, which is a large one of sixteen feet, with pedals, and seems to have been but lately erected. The keys are in the middle, under the window, but not to be seen below; the choir is accompanied, even when the organ does not play, with a *serpent*, as at Paris, and a double base, as at Rome. It was in
this

this town that I first perceived the passion for *carillons*, or chimes, which is so prevalent throughout the Netherlands. I happened to arrive at eleven o'clock, and half an hour after the chimes played a great number of cheerful tunes, in different keys, which awakened my curiosity for this species of music so much, that, when I came to

G H E N T,

I determined to inform myself, in a particular manner, concerning the *carillon* science. For this purpose, I mounted the town belfrey, from whence I had a full view, not only of the city of Ghent, which is reckoned one of the largest in Europe, but could examine the mechanism of the chimes, as far as they are played by clock-work, and likewise see the *Carillonneur* perform with a kind of keys communicating with bells, as those of the harpsichord and organ do with strings and pipes.

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I soon found that the chimes in these countries had a greater number of bells than those of the largest peal in England; but, when I mounted the belfrey, I was astonished at the great quantity of bells I saw; in short, there is a complete series or scale of tones and semitones, like those on the harpsichord and organ. The *Carillonneur* was literally *at work*, and *hard work* indeed it must be; he was in his shirt with the collar unbuttoned, and in a violent sweat. There are pedals communicating with the great bells, upon which, with his feet, he played the base to several sprightly and rather difficult airs, performed with the two hands upon the upper species of keys. These keys are projecting sticks, wide enough asunder to be struck with violence and velocity by either of the two hands edgewise, without the danger of hitting the neighbouring keys. The player has a thick leather covering
for

for the little finger of each hand, otherwise it would be impossible for him to support the pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to be given to each key, in order to its being distinctly heard throughout a very large town, requires.

The *carillons* are said to be originally of Alost, in this country, and are still here, and in Holland, in their greatest perfection. It is certainly a Gothic invention, and perhaps a barbarous taste, which neither the French, the English, nor the Italians have imitated or encouraged. The *Carillonneur*, at my request, played several pieces very dexterously, in three parts, the first and second treble with the two hands on the upper set of keys, and the base with the feet on the pedals.

The *Carillonneur* plays four times a week, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; from half an hour past eleven till twelve o'clock: it is constant

employment for a watch or clock-maker to attend the works of the common chimes; here he has an apartment under the belfrey, and it is by him that the *Carillonneur* is paid. This place and Antwerp are, according to the inhabitants, the most celebrated cities in the Netherlands, and perhaps in the world, for carillons and chimes.

The great convenience of this kind of music is, that it entertains the inhabitants of a whole town, without giving them the trouble of going to any particular spot to hear it; but the want of something to stop the vibration of each bell, at the pleasure of the player, like the valves of an organ, and the red cloth in the jacks of a harp-fichord, is an intolerable defect to a cultivated ear: for by the notes of one passage perpetually running into another, every thing is rendered so inarticulate and confused as to occasion a very disagreeable jargon. As to
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the clock-work chimes, or those worked by a barrel, nothing, to my thinking, can be more tiresome; for, night and day, to hear the same tune played every hour, during six months, in such a stiff and unalterable manner, requires that kind of patience, which nothing but a total absence of taste can produce.

As Ghent was the first town which I had been in, that had a German garrison in it, or, rather, troops in the pay, and under the discipline of Germany, I was curious to hear the military music. I found two Walloon regiments here; and though no general officer was on the spot, yet there were two bands attending every morning and evening, on the *Place d'Armes*, or parade. The one was an extra-band of professed musicians, consisting of two hautbois, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two French horns; the other were enlisted men and boys, belonging to the regiments; the number of these amounted to twenty. There were four trum-

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pets,

pets, three fifes, two hautbois, two clarinets, two *tambours de basque*, two French horns, one *crotolo*, or cymbal, three side-drums, and one great kettle-drum. All these sonorous instruments, in the open air, have a very animating and pleasing effect.

I soon found, in visiting the churches of this country, that splitting an organ in twain, in order to preserve a window, was no uncommon thing. At the Jesuit's church, for Jesuits have still an existence here, there is a small organ, for this country, placed in a gallery at the west window, divided in that manner. I found but one set of keys, from C, to G, no pedals, and but few stops, the tone was coarse and noisy when heard near, but, by the size and construction of the building, it was so softened and meliorated, as to sound very agreeably, at a distance.

At the great church of St. Bavo, two *serpents* and a double base accompany the
chant,

chant, when sung in parts, even when the organ is not played. The organ here is placed under the arch of the left-side aisle, at the entrance into the choir, in order to preserve the center, or broad aisle, from being intersected with an organ-loft, which frequently destroys all the symmetry and proportions of a building; as an organ, when placed over the west door, frequently darkens the whole church, by shutting up a principal window, originally intended for other purposes, by the architect, than mere external ornament.

I did not quit Ghent without visiting the principal libraries there, in hopes of meeting with ancient manuscript music, which might ascertain the assertion of Lod. Guicciardini, that counter-point took its rise, and was first cultivated in Flanders; but I neither found at the abbey of St. Peter (the oldest and richest in Flanders) nor at the Augustines, or

Dominicans, where the libraries are very considerable, any thing to my purpose.

A L O S T.

Here I found, in the church of St. Martin, a noble organ, built by Van Petigham, and son, of Ghent, but five years since, which fills the whole west end of the church; its form is elegant, and the ornaments are in a good taste. It has fifty-three stops, three sets of keys, great organ, choir organ, and echo, down to F, on the fourth line in the base*. The touch is not so heavy as might be expected from the great resistance of such a column of air as is necessary for so considerable a number of stops. The reed stops are well toned, the diapasons well voiced, and the effect of the whole chorus rich and noble: I was the more particular in my observations upon this instrument, in order to enable myself to compare its contents with those of the large
organs.

* The pedals went down two octaves lower.

organs which I expected to see hereafter in Holland and Germany. The French organ-builders are much esteemed by the Germans themselves, for the simplicity of their movements, and the mechanism of the whole; but the variety which these stops afford is not proportioned to their number; we have frequently more solo stops in an English organ of half the size and price; however, Silbermann, the most celebrated organ-builder in Germany, who died not long ago, resided and worked many years in France, from whence he brought several improvements in the construction of organs, that he afterwards applied to those which he erected in his own country.

The voices in the church at Alost are accompanied, besides the organ, with six or eight instruments every day, and on festivals by a great band; and the musical taste here, as far as I could judge by the

performance of the organist and his son, is more Italianised, or at least Germanified, than in any of the churches of France.

B R U S S E L S.

The theatre in this city is one of the most elegant I ever saw, on this side the Alps; it is constructed in the Italian manner; there are five rows of boxes, nineteen in each, which, severally, contain six persons in front. There are seats in the pit, five or six of which are railed off for the accommodation of strangers, who, otherwise, would be in danger of obtaining no good places, as the boxes are usually let to subscribers, and there are no galleries.

The orchestra of this theatre is celebrated all over Europe. It is, at present, under the direction of M. Fitzthumb, a very active and intelligent *maestro di cappella*, who beats the time, and is indefatigable

fatigable in preserving good discipline, and M. Vanmaldere, brother of the composer of that name, whose symphonies are well known in England. M. Vanmaldere, since the death of his brother, plays the principal violin, though the violoncello is his instrument.

The piece that was performed to night, July 15th, 1772, was *Zemire and Azor*, a species of *Comedie larmoyante*, written by M. Marmontel, and set by M. Gretry; it is interspersed with airs and dances. As the drama is French, the performance was after the French manner, and consequently subject to much criticism. As an opera, it might be divided into the following constituent parts: *Poetry, Music, Singing, Acting, Dancing, Orchestra, Theatre, Scenes, and Decorations*; and, it is but justice to say, that, of these, a great majority were good; however, let us discriminate, for to judge a performance of this kind in the gross, by saying that the whole was very good, bad, or in-

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different,

different, would be unjust as well as tasteless. The subject of the *Poetry* is a fairy tale, which is wrought into an interesting drama with great art, taste, and genius; and is wholly worthy of its elegant and refined author. If it were, however, permitted to doubt of the perfection of particular parts of the production of so able a writer, it might perhaps be said that some of the songs contain too many words and ideas for a simplicity of air, if compared with those of Metastasio, the true model of perfection in this particular; it also struck me, as an impropriety, for the daughter of a great Persian merchant to sing two or three duets with her father's slave. Several parts of the piece too are made to be sung, which should, in this kind of drama, be declaimed, particularly in the last scene of the first act.

The *Music* of this opera, is, in general, admirable; the overture is spirited and full of effects; the ritornels, and other
pieces

pieces of symphony, are full of new ideas and imagery; now and then, indeed, with the assistance of the singing, the airs bordered too much on the old style of French music. However, the melody is more frequently Italian than French, and the accompaniments are both rich, ingenious, and transparent, if I may be allowed the expression, by which I mean, that the air is not suffocated, but can be distinctly heard through them.

The *Singing* may be pronounced to have been but indifferent: there were three male and three female voices employed, no one of which was good, and out of the whole number, not one had either a shake, or the faculty of singing in tune; at best, they would have been called in England, only pretty ballad-fingers. One of the females, Defoix, who performed the part of *Zemire*, had something like execution, and a compass of voice; yet, with these advantages, her performance was unsteady and unfinished.

The *Acting* was, in general, charming, full of propriety and grace.

The *Dancing* was below criticism.

The *Orchestra* was admirably conducted, and the band, taken as a whole, was numerous, powerful, correct, and attentive: but, in its separate parts, the horns were bad, and out of tune; which was too discoverable in the capital song of the piece, when they were placed at different distances from the audience, to imitate an echo, occasioned by the rocks, in a wild and desert scene. The first clarinet, which served as a hautboy, was, though a very good one, too sharp the whole night; and the basses, which were all placed at one end of the orchestra, played so violently, that it was more like the rumbling reverberation of thunder, than musical sound. The four double basses, employed in this band were too powerful for the rest of the instruments. There was no harpsichord, which, as there were but two pieces of recitative, and those accompanied, was perhaps not wanted.

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The *Theatre* has been described above, and I have only to add, that it is lofty and noble ; but though constructed much after the Italian model, it is far inferior in size to most of the theatres of Italy. The *Scenes* and *Decorations* were rich, ingenious, and elegant.

July 16. This evening, after a pretty comedy, by Boissy, called *le Mercure Galant*, the *Huron* was very well acted, though poorly sung. However, the little Defoix, who did the part of *Zemire* last night, was much more at her ease now, as all her songs were such as suited her powers. She is rather less French in her manner of singing than the rest ; but she is ignorant of music, and a Frenchwoman, no trivial objections to her singing well.

The method of playing the march in this piece had a very fine effect, by the judicious use of the *Crescendo* and *Diminuendo*. It was begun behind the scenes, at the end of the stage, so soft as to be

scarcely heard; and after the band had gradually approached the audience, and were arrived at the greatest degree of force, they retired in the same slow manner, insensibly diminishing the sound to the last audible degree of *Piano*.

A N T W E R P.

It was in this city, that I expected to meet with materials the most important to the history of counter-point, or music in different parts, as it was here, according to Lodovico Guicciardini, and, after him, several others, who took the fact upon trust, that most of the great Flemish musicians, who swarmed all over Europe in the sixteenth century, were bred. I arrived here Friday evening, July 17th: it is a city that fills the mind with more melancholy reflections concerning the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the transient state of worldly glory, than any other in modern times: the exchange,
 which

which served as a model to Sir Th. Gresham, when he built that of London, and which, though still intire, is as useles to the inhabitants, as the *Coloseo* at Rome: The Town-house, constructed as a tribunal, for the magistrates, at the head of two hundred thousand inhabitants, which are now reduced to less than twenty thousand: the churches, the palaces, the squares, and whole streets, which, not two hundred years ago, were scarce sufficient to contain the people for whom they were designed, and which are now almost abandoned: the spacious and commodious quays, the numerous canals, cut with such labour and expence, the noble river Schelde, wider than the Thames at Chelsea-reach, which used to be covered with ships from all quarters of the world, and on which now, scarce a fishing boat can be discovered: all contribute to point out the instability of fortune, and to remind us that, what Babylon,

Carthage, Athens, and Palmyra now are, the most flourishing cities of the present period, must, in the course of time, inevitably become!

The cathedral of *Notre Dame*, except the choir, was destroyed by fire, in the year 1533, as a great part of Rome was in 1527, which renders it difficult to find any manuscript music of anterior times, in either of these cities.

It was rebuilt again the year following, more beautifully than ever, and is esteemed superior to all the Gothic buildings of this country, especially the steeple, which is extremely light and elegant. The church was, however, pillaged and much defaced in 1560 by the *Iconoclasts*, or image breakers, as the Dutch rebels, or heretics, are called; but ever since the year 1584, when it was taken by the duke of Parma, it has continued to be enriched with superb altars and monuments, together with paintings by the first masters;

ters; it is five hundred feet long, two hundred and forty wide, and three hundred and sixty high, and is supported by a hundred and twenty-five pillars; it was first built in the thirteenth century. The emperor Charles V. laid the first stone of the present choir. In 1521 the chapter of canons was instituted by Godfrey of Boulogne, king of Jerusalem; their number at first was only twelve, but it is now twenty-four; there are eight minor canons, with a number of chaplains, &c. which altogether form an assembly in the choir, to the amount of seventy beneficed clergy. There are three organs in this church, one very large, on the right hand side, at the west end of the choir, and a small one in a chapel on each side the broad aisle.

The organist at present is M. Vanden Bosch, he is a spirited and masterly player. The chanting here, as in other churches of this country, is accompanied by

by the double base and *serpent*; an excellent service was sung on Saturday afternoon, July, 18th, out of a printed book, which had for title, *Octo Cantica Divæ Mariæ Virginis, secundum Octo Modos, Auctore Arturo Aux-Couteaux, Parisiis, 1641.*

At the Jesuit's college, I was treated with great politeness, and assisted in my researches by the learned father Gesquiere, together with father Newton and brother Blithe, two Englishmen of that college. The former shewed me a manuscript treatise on music, which, from the kind of writing, is judged to be nine hundred years old; and a fine ancient manuscript of our famous *Magna Charta*; both of which seem to have come from England, or at least to have been in the possession of an Englishman, as there is the signature of *John Cotton* in both.

At the Dominicans church, there are two organs, which are esteemed the best
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in the town; the one is very large, with pedals, fifty-four stops, and three entire sets of keys, from C to c; it was built in 1654. I found the pipes of these instruments well toned, but so miserably out of tune, as to give more pain than pleasure to the hearer. One of the four monkish organists who attended me in a very obliging manner, pleaded poverty upon this occasion, and said, they could afford to have their instruments put in order but seldom, on account of the expence.

As no picture worth looking at here, is shewn to a stranger, without a *Schelling* or two, a curtain being placed before each, which *Simony* only can draw, I asked, not indeed with much expectation that it would be taken, whether I might venture to tender any thing to the venerable person above-mentioned, and, upon an answer in the affirmative, I made my humble offering, which was, as elsewhere, received with great good nature and condescension.

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Sunday,

Sunday, 19th. I this morning at seven o'clock attended the first mass. There were a few violins, two bassoons, and a double base placed with the voices in the organ-loft, over the west door of the choir; but before these were employed, a considerable part of the service was chanted in *Canto Fermo*, with only a *serpent*, and two bassoons in accompaniment; and, afterwards, the voices and instruments in the organ-loft performed the usual services in three or four parts, I mean voice parts, with instruments. However, the small number of violins, in so large a building, and those not of the first class, had but a mean effect.

At nine o'clock high mass began, and continued upwards of two hours. I attended this in the choir, in different parts of the church, and in the organ-loft, to hear the music, and its effects, at different distances, and in different situations; but I found none which pleased me. The performances to which I had been accustomed in
Italy,

Italy, and, indeed, in the choirs of London, were greatly superior to this. Whatever merit the Antwerpians may have had, in surpassing the rest of Europe, in arts, sciences, and commerce, two hundred years ago, they certainly have no claim to pre-eminence now; no part of their ancient grandeur is visible at present, but in the church: there, indeed, riches, splendor, and expence are still as conspicuous as ever, though but a small part of this expence is appropriated to music. The church revenues are applied to the maintenance of the several orders of the clergy, to that almost innumerable quantity of wax-lights, for ever burning, and to those sumptuous vestments, and tawdry ornaments, with which they dazzle the eyes of the multitude; but as for music, they have been so long accustomed to inaccurate and slovenly execution, that they seem to have lost all distinction. I did not meet with one single organ in the whole town that was in tune; and

as to the few violins employed in the church, they are mere scrapers. The bassoons, players in common use, are worse than those nocturnal performers, who, in London, walk the streets during winter, under the denomination of *Waits*; and for the *serpent*, it is not only over-blown, and detestably out of tune, but exactly resembling in tone, that of a great hungry, or rather angry, Essex calf.

Before the service in the choir began with the organ, the canons and boys marched in procession round the church, with each a lighted taper in his hand, chanting the psalms, in four parts, with the two bassoons, and *serpent* above-mentioned; but all was so dissonant and false, that notwithstanding the building is immense, and very favourable to sound, which it not only augments, but meliorates, and in spite of two or three sweet and powerful voices among the boys, the whole was intolerable to me, who remained in the choir, from whence I expected to
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enjoy the natural *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo*, of a large body of sound retreating and advancing by such slow degrees.

While that part of the service, which succeeded this procession, was performing, I went up into the organ-loft, and was very politely treated by the organist, M. Vanden Bosch, who is a man of considerable merit in his profession; his style of playing is modern, and he is very dexterous in the use of the pedals *. This instrument of *Notre Dame*, contains upwards of fifty stops, and has a full compass; it has been built about a hun-

* When I use the epithets *old* and *new*, I mean neither as a term of reproach, or stigma, but merely to tell the reader in what style a piece is conceived, or written; and he will suppose it to be better or worse, as he pleases. In Italy, though an old opera is as useless and neglected as an almanac of last year, yet an old composition, if it be the best of the time in which it was made, I shall always speak of with respect; but as to *Performance*, an old fashioned manner, whether the consequence of ignorance or obstinacy, will not, perhaps, be treated with equal indulgence.

dred and fifty years, and would be well toned, if it were in tune.

After church, I went home with M. Vanden Bosch, who was so obliging as to shew me his instruments and books. Several compositions for the harpsichord of this master, have been engraved at Paris; he has a very good taste, and great fire, both in writing and playing.

In my researches after old music in this place, I was directed to Monsr. — the singing master of St. James's church, a Frenchman. Indeed, I was obligingly conducted to his house, by one of the canons, and upon my acquainting him with my errand, and asking him the question I had before put to all the musicians, and men of learning that I had met with in France and Italy, without obtaining much satisfaction, "*where, and when did counter-point, or modern harmony begin?*" the Abbé's answer was quick, and firm. "O Sir, counter-point was certainly invented in France."

"But,

“ But, said I, L. Guicciardini, and the
 “ Abbé du Bos, give it to the Flamands.”
 This made no kind of impresson on my
 valiant Abbé, who still referred me to
 France for materials to ascertain the fact.
 “ But, Sir, said I, What part of France
 “ must I go to ; I have already made all
 “ possible enquiry in that kingdom, and
 “ had the honour of being every day
 “ permitted to search in the *Bibliothèque*
 “ *du Roi*, at Paris, for more than a
 “ month together, in hopes of finding
 “ something to my purpose, but in vain ;
 “ and as you were in possession of the
 “ old manuscript music belonging to your
 “ church, I was inclined to believe it
 “ possible, that you could have pointed
 “ out to me some compositions, which,
 “ if not the *first* that were made in
 “ counter-point, would at least, be more
 “ ancient than those which I had found
 “ elsewhere.” “ *Mais, Monsf. soyez sùre que*
 “ *tout cela étoit inventé en France.*” This
 was all the answer I could get, and upon

my pressing him to tell me where I might be furnished with proofs of this assertion, *Ah, ma foi, je n'en fais rien*, was his whole reply. I had been for some time preparing for a retreat from this ignorant coxcomb, by shuffling towards the door, but after this I flew to it as fast as I could, first making my bow, and assuring him, sincerely, that I was extremely sorry to have given him so much trouble.

In the afternoon I attended vespers at the church of our Lady; there were rather more instrumental performers than in the morning, but all of the same kind, as to excellence. The responses in the cathedral here, and indeed in all the other churches of Flanders, where instruments are employed, are made in four vocal parts; but the instrumental performers flourish and scrape with as much violence as at our theatre, when Richard the Third enters, or the king of Denmark carouses; which, in my opinion, betrays a barbarous taste, and total want of decency. The
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only entertainment I received from the whole music, was that which the long voluntary afforded me, which M. Vanden Bosch was so obliging as to play, at my request, after church, in which he displayed great abilities.

After this I went to a very large building on a quay, at the side branch of the Scheld, which is called the *Oosters Huys*, or Easterlings house; it was formerly used as a ware-house by the merchants trading to Lubec, Hamburg, and the Hanseatic towns; it is a very handsome structure, and has served, in time of war, as a barrack for two thousand men. I should not have mentioned my visiting this building, if I had not found in it a large quantity of musical instruments of a peculiar construction. There are between thirty and forty of the common-flute kind, but differing in some particulars; having, as they increase in length, keys and crooks, like hautbois and bassoons; they were made at Hamburg,
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and are all of one sort of wood, and by one maker; CASPER RAVCHS SCRATENBACH, was engraved on a brass ring, or plate, which encircled most of these instruments; the large ones have brass plates pierced, and some with human figures well engraved on them; these last are longer than a bassoon would be, if unfolded*;

The inhabitants say, that it is more than a hundred years since these instruments were used, and that there is no musician, at present, in the town who knows how to play on any one of them, as they are quite different from those now in common use. In times when commerce flourished in this city, these instruments used to be played on every day, by a band of musicians who attended the merchants, trading to the Hans towns, in procession to the exchange; they now hang on pegs in a closet, or rather press, with folding doors,

* The long trumpet, played lately in London, seems only to have been an ordinary trumpet straitened.

made on purpose for their reception; though in the great hall there still lies on the floor, by them, a large single case, made of a heavy and solid dark kind of wood, so contrived, as to be capable of receiving them all; but which, when filled with these instruments, requires eight men to lift it from the ground; it was of so uncommon a shape, that I was unable to divine its use, till I was told it.

At six o'clock this evening a splendid procession passed through the streets, in honour of some legendary saint; consisting of a prodigious number of priests, who sung psalms in *canto fermo*, and sometimes in counter-point, all the way to the church, with wax tapers in their hands, accompanied by French horns, and *serpents*; a large silver crucifix, and a *Madonna* and child, as big as the life, of the same metal, decorated this solemnity.

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The Spaniards have left this good people a large portion of pride and superstition ; the former is shewn by the dress and inactivity of the nobles, and the latter by the bigotry and lively faith of the rest ; there are more crucifixes and virgins, in and out of the churches here, than I ever met with in any other Roman catholic town in Europe.

The procession above mentioned seemed to have been as much the occasion of riot and debauchery, among the common people, as the *beer* and *liberty* with which an English mob is usually intoxicated on a rejoicing night in London ; there were bonfires all over the town, and the huzzas, rockets, squibs, and crackers, were so frequent, and so loud, all night, in the *Place de Mer*, where I lodged, that it was impossible to sleep ; and at two o'clock in the morning the mob was so vociferous and violent, that I thought all the inhabitants of the town had fallen together by the ears ; and yet,
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on other nights, no one of the citizens is allowed to walk in the streets later than half an hour after ten, without a particular permission from the governor.

This morning, at seven o'clock, I attended the singing master of St. Andrew's church; M. Blaviere, a Liegeois, in whose possession I expected, in old manuscript music, to meet with examples of the early progress made in counter-point by the Flamands. I found him to be very rational, intelligent, and well read in musical authors, of which he shewed me several; but there was only one among them which I had not seen before, and that was a treatise in Italian, by Francesco Penna, Bolognese, printed at Antwerp, in 1688. He likewise shewed me several of his own compositions, for the church, which convinced me that he had studied hard, and was an able contra-puntist.

I spent the rest of the morning in the Jesuit's library, with father Newton, and father Gesquiere, who were indefatigable in ferreting out books and manuscripts

scripts that were likely to furnish any thing necessary to my work; the latter is one of several Jesuits who have been long employed in writing the lives of the saints, as they are placed in the Romish calender of each month of the year; it is the intention of those authors to purge the lives they are writing, of all the fables which have crept into the legendary accounts of saints: upwards of fifty volumes in folio are already printed, and more than twenty are still behind. The work is written in Latin, and has for title, *Acta Sanctorum a Johanne Bollandi, S. I. Collegi felicitæ cæpta a Godfredo Henschenio, et Daniele Pæbroschio, aucta, digesta, & illustrata.* Antwerpæ, 1768. I consulted several articles in the volumes already printed, for information concerning the first establishment of chanting in the church, its reformation by pope Gregory the Great, with other particulars relative to the history of church music; in some of these I obtained more satisfaction than other books, which I had frequently

quently read on the subject, had afforded me.

The famous harpsichord makers, of the name of Ruckers, whose works have been so much, and so long admired all over Europe, lived in this city: there were three, the first, and the father of the other two, was *John Ruckers*, who flourished at the beginning of the last century. His instruments were the most esteemed, and are remarkable for the sweetness and fullness of their tone. On the left hand of the sound-hole, in the bellies of these instruments, may be seen a large H, the initial of Hans, which, in the Flemish Language, means John. *André*, the eldest of John's sons, distinguished his work, by an A, in the sound-hole. His large harpsichords are less esteemed than those made by any one of that name; but his small work, such as spinets, and virginals, are excellent. *Jean*, the youngest son's harpsichords, though not so good as those of the father, are very much esteemed

teemed for the delicacy of their tone ; his instruments may be known by the letter I, in the found hole. The harpsichord-maker of the greatest eminence, after them, was J. Dan. Dulcken ; he was a Heffian. At present there is a good workman at Antwerp, of the name of Bull, who was Dulcken's apprentice, and who sells his double harpsichords for a hundred ducats each, with only plain painted cases, and without swell or pedals ; the work too of Vanden Elsche, a Flamand, has a considerable share of merit ; but, in general, the present harpsichords, made here after the Rucker model, are thin, feeble in tone, and much inferior to those of our best makers in England.

I cannot quit this city, without mentioning a particular mark of attention, with which I was honoured by father Gesquiere, the night before my departure. In the morning he had communicated to me a very ancient Latin manuscript upon music ; but though the writing proved it

to be of great antiquity, we could not exactly fix the date of it; there were likewise some letters of the alphabet, used as musical characters in it, which were not easy to determine, as it was difficult to distinguish an A from an O, or a D, on account of the great resemblance of these letters in the manuscript; but by a note written in elegant Latin, with which he favoured me at night, I found that these difficulties had occupied his mind the whole day; indeed he seemed entirely to have spent it in trying to clear up the first, and offered his future service in removing the last.

B R U S S E L S.

At my return hither, from Antwerp, I employed myself in visiting churches, as I had before only been at the theatre. On the day after my second arrival, there was a mass, in music, performed in the little, but neat and elegant, church of Mary Magdalen; here are a few good
 E pictures,

pictures, with some excellent sculpture in wood; and the portraits of the Apostles are boldly represented in relief, or medallions, at the sides of this church. The band of musicians, on occasion of the festival, to day, was but small; however, the organ was played in a masterly manner, by M. Straze, who is esteemed the best performer upon keyed instruments in Brussels; and several symphonies were well executed by the whole band, during the course of the service. Some pieces of Italian church music were sung, not indeed so well as they would have been in their own country; but the voices here were far from contemptible. Two boys, in particular, sung a duet very agreeably; but there is generally a want of steadiness in such young musicians, which makes it to be wished that females were permitted in the church, to take the *soprano* part, which is generally the principal, as the voices of females are more permanent than those of boys, who are almost always

always deprived of theirs before they know well how to use them.

From this little church I went to the cathedral of St. Gudula, where high mass was likewise performing, by a considerable band of voices and instruments. This is the largest church in Bruffels, the pillars are too massive, but, upon the whole, it is a neat and noble building; all the best pictures, and some very fine tapestry, were exposed on occasion of this festival, which, on common days, cannot be seen; it is rather loaded with tawdry ornaments, and too much begilded, as is the case of most of the Brabant churches, which the inhabitants think they can never make fine enough.

There is some admirable old painting upon glass, in this church, with figures, as large as the life, well preserved; these paintings were by Rogiers, cotemporary with Holbens; they were presents from several princes of those times, particularly John, king of Portugal, Mary, queen

of Hungary, Francis the first, of France, Ferdinand, brother to the emperor Charles the fifth, and by Charles the fifth himself.

The *maestro di capella*, who directed the band here, was M. Van Helmont. The music had no great effect, as the instruments were too few for so large a building; but there was a performer with a tenor voice, who sung several Latin *motets*, composed by Italian masters, reasonably well; his voice was good, and he sung in tune. The singing in the churches here is less French than at the theatre, as the words are always Latin, and less likely to corrupt the voice, and the taste of the performer, than French words and French music.

In the evening I heard two musical pieces, at the theatre, in the Flemish language; both were translated from the French; the one was *le Tonnelier*, originally set to music by M. Duni, and the other, *Toinon et Toinetti*, set by M. Goffec;

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the natives seemed highly diverted by these performances, which, as dramas, have great merit, in the original. The music of messrs. Duni and Goffec, was preserved entire, except in a very few places, which had been altered for the accommodation of the Flemish poetry, by M. Fitzthumb.

In hearing this performance, I could not help reflecting how easy it was to adapt Italian music to any language, however rough and barbarous; that of the pieces in question, is, for the most part, certainly composed of passages taken from Italian songs and symphonies, though grafted on French words; all the present composers of French comic operas imitate the Italian style, and many of them pillage the *buffe* operas of Italy, without the least scruple of conscience, though they afterwards set their names to the plunder, and pass it on the world as their own property. I wish this may not, sometimes, be the case in England; but, however that may be, it is certainly

an irrefragable proof of the superiority of that melody which is become the common musical language of all Europe : not like the French tongue, by conquest, or policy, but received every where, by the common consent of all who have ears susceptible of pleasure from sound, and who give way to their own feelings.

Indeed, the French seem now the only people in Europe, except the Italians, who, in their dramas, have a music of their own. The serious opera of Paris is still in the trammels of Lulli and Rameau, though every one who goes thither, either yawns or laughs, except when roused, or amused, by the dances and decorations. As a *Spectacle*, this opera is often superior to any other in Europe ; but, as *Music*, it is below our country psalmody, being without time, tune, or expression, that any but French ears can bear : indeed the point is so much given up, by the French themselves, that nothing but a kind of national pride, in a few individuals, keeps the dispute alive ;

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the rest frankly confess themselves ashamed of their own music; and those who defend it, must soon give way to the stream of fashion, which runs with too much rapidity and violence to be long stemmed.

July 23d. Prince Charles, and the principal personages of his court, were at the play to night. The *Gageur*, a French comedy, written by Sedaine, was admirably played, in which Mad. Verteil, an excellent actress, did the principal part; after which, I heard, for the first time, *Les deux Miliciens*, a comic opera, set by Gretry; the music was worthy of that fertile and ingenious composer*. The instrumental parts were extremely well

* This author, in his scores, is however sometimes negligent of the most common rules of counter-point, which may proceed from writing with too much rapidity; as it is hardly to be conceived that a man of such acknowledged genius should have studied seven or eight years, in a Conservatorio at Naples, without acquiring a competent knowledge of musical grammar, and the mechanism of his art.

executed ; great effects were produced in the ritornels, and the poetry was much heightened by the rich and varied colouring of the orchestra. In a musical drama, it frequently happens that a numerous and well disciplined band, has the power of imagery, of awakening ideas, and describing the passions, more than a single voice, or even a chorus of many voices can attempt, with propriety ; indeed the little opera of to-night nearly approached perfection in all its parts, as it was well written, well set, well spoken, well acted ; and, with respect to the instrumental parts, was well played : how sorry I am that truth will not allow me to add, that it was *well sung !*

During my residence at Bruffels, I had the pleasure, of being made acquainted with M. Girard, secretary to the literary society in this place. He is now employed, in arranging and cataloguing the books and manuscripts of the Burgundy library, which have been more than two centuries

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ries here ; but they have so long remained in obscurity and disorder, that it is not yet known, what they all contain. It was by the zeal and good offices of prince Starhemberg, that these books had a new room built for their reception, and that they will soon form a public library.

The manuscripts are the best, and most beautiful, in point of illuminations, which I ever saw : most of them were brought to Brüssels from Burgundy, and are very ancient. It is even wonderful, to what a degree of perfection miniature painting has been carried in some of them, particularly in one transcribed and illuminated at Florence, in 1485 : it was a present from Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, to the duke of Burgundy.

The arms of Burgundy are pasted in all these ancient manuscripts, which are divided into three classes ; theology, history and arts, poetry and romances. In the two first, - I found several curious and interesting particulars, relative to my work.

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In 1745, at which time the French were in possession of Bruffels; the commissaries, and even some of the officers, took away books and manuscripts from the Burgundy library, notwithstanding the cartel; some of them were, indeed, returned; after the peace, upon being claimed, particularly, such as had been carried to the king's library, at Paris; but many others of great value, are now in the Sorbonne, and in other private hands, and cannot be recovered.

I was very politely treated by M. Girard, who attended me at the library at six o'clock every morning, and afforded me all possible assistance, even to the helping me to make extracts. He likewise favoured me with a visit at my lodgings, and gave me a letter to the elector Palatine's librarian at Manheim, and all from a very slight acquaintance, brought about by means of a note, written by M. Needham, celebrated for his
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microscopic discoveries, and his difference with M. de Voltaire.

At Bruffels I heard a young lady play extremely well on the harp with pedals, some pretty pieces composed by Godecharle, a German, who likewise plays a good violin, and accompanied the young lady in these pieces; she is his scholar: the harp is very much played on by the ladies here, and at Paris. It is a sweet and becoming instrument, and, by means of the pedals for the half notes, is less cumbrous and unwieldy than our double Welsh harp. The compass is from double Bb to f in *altissimo*; it is capable of great expression, and of executing whatever can be played on the harpsichord; there are but thirty-three strings upon it, which, except the last, are the mere natural notes of the diatonic scale; the rest are made by the feet*.

* This method of producing the half-tones on the harp, by pedals, was invented at Bruffels, about fifteen years ago, by M. Simon, who still resides in that city. It is an ingenious and useful

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In attending the high mass at the collegiate church of St. Gudula, on Sunday 26, I again heard the performance of a considerable band of voices and instruments; and I was glad to find among the former two or three women, who, though they did not sing well, yet their being employed, proved that female voices might have admission in the church, without giving offence or scandal to piety, or even bigotry. If the practice were to become general, of admitting women to sing the *soprano* part in the cathedrals, it would, in Italy, be a service to mankind, and in the rest of Europe render church-music infinitely more pleasing and perfect; in general, the want of treble voices, at least of such as have had sufficient time to be polished, and rendered steady, destroys the effect of the best compositions, in which, if

contrivance, in more respects than one: for, by reducing the number of strings, the tone of those that remain, is improved; as it is well known, that the less an instrument is loaded, the more freely it vibrates.

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the principal melody be feeble, nothing but the subordinate parts, meant only as attendants, and to enrich the harmony of the *whole*, can be heard.

L O V - A I N.

This is the last considerable city of the Netherlands, in the empress queen's dominions, east of Bruffels; it has a university, in which the youth of the ten catholic provinces are educated, as Leyden has for the other seven. It was founded by John the Fourth, duke of Brabant, in 1425; at present the number of students is said to amount to upwards of two thousand. I remained but a short time in this place, as I was informed, that the library, which is said to be very rich in manuscripts, was in such great disorder, that it would be difficult to find any one to my purpose, without a longer residence than the work which I had allotted myself in Germany would allow. I therefore contented myself, with

gaining what information I could, relative to the state of modern music in that city; and I found, that M. Kennis is the most remarkable performer on the violin, in point of execution, not only of Lovain, but of all this part of the world. The solos he writes for his own instrument and hand, are so difficult, that no one hereabouts attempts them but himself, except M. Scheppen, the *Carillonneur*, who lately, piqued by the high reputation of M. Kennis, laid a wager, that he would execute upon the bells one of his most difficult solos, to the satisfaction of judges, appointed to determine the matter in dispute; and he gained not only his wager, but great honour by his success, in so difficult an enterprize. This circumstance is mentioned in order to convey some idea to my English readers, of the high cultivation of this species of music in the Netherlands. For there, the inhabitants of every city think it an indispensable point of honour, to tell every

every stranger, that their *carillons* are better than all others. At Lovain, M. Vandengheim, the organist, has the care of the chimes, and M. Scheppen plays them, by his appointment.

L I E G E.

This city has lately produced several good musicians, which I had met with in the Low Countries; but I found in it little worthy of remark. The organ in the cathedral is small, and divided into two parts, placed on each side the choir. There is a theatre here for Flemish plays, and sometimes for comic operas; but it was not open while I continued at Liege. The organist of the cathedral is likewise *Carillonneur*, as is often the case in the Netherlands; but here the passion for chimes begins to diminish.

M A E S T R I C K.

Here I visited the collegiate church, belonging to the catholics, and found in

it a very large organ, but it was out of tune ; and the organist, M. Houghbrach, who is likewise *Carillonneur*, is no conjurer. There was a Hessian regiment, in the Dutch service, quartered in this city, which had an excellent band of music, consisting of hautbois, clarinets, *cymballa*, or *bassins*, great drum, side-drums, and triangles ; and at the time of beating *la retraite*, I heard them play a considerable time on the *Place d'Armes* ; at the inn too, where I lodged, I was entertained on the *dulcimer*, by a strolling boy, who seemed to have a musical genius, far superiour to his instrument and situation.

AIX LA CHAPELLE.

It was here that I first remarked the High Dutch, or German language, to be spoken by the common people, and Gothic letters to be used by printers.

Where the English acquired their pronunciation of *th*, I know not : it was natural to suppose that they had it from
 their

worthy of much attention. M. Kuckelkorn, organist of the famous cathedral where Charlemagne, and several succeeding emperors, were crowned, accompanies the church service very judiciously, but has no hand for extemporaneous playing. M. Wenzlaer has, however, a great hand on the violin ; but he is a wild, half mad character, and not a deep theorist.

The passion for *carillons*, and chimes, seems here at an end ; however, in the streets, through which a procession had lately passed, there were hung, to festoons and garlands, a great number of oblong pieces of glass, cut and tuned in such a manner, as to form little peals of four and five bells, all in the same key, which were played on by the wind. In walking under them, I was some time unable to discover from whence the sounds I heard proceeded ; they are hung so near each other, as to be put in contact by the most gentle breeze, which may truly be called the *Carillonneur*.

J U L I E R S.

In my way through this town, to Cologne, I was entertained at the post-house, while I changed horses, by two vagabonds, who, in opposite corners of the room, imitated, in dialogue, all kinds of wind instruments, with a card and the corner of their hats, so exactly, that if I had been out of their sight, I should not have been able to distinguish the copy from the original; particularly in the clarinet, French horn, and bassoon, which were excellent. After this they *took off* the bellowing noise of the Romish priests, in chanting, so well, that I was quite frightened; for, being in a catholic town, where the inhabitants are very zealous for the honour of their religion, I thought it might be imagined that this *ludere sacrâ*, was at the instigation of the English heretic.

C O L O G N.

I have but little to say concerning the music of this place. There was no public exhibition during the time I remained in it; however, I visited the great church, or cathedral, which is built upon the model of the *Duomo* at Milan, but of common stone; whereas, that at Milan is of white marble. There is a similarity likewise in the fate of these two famous churches, as both have remained many ages unfinished. The plan of that at Cologne is not above half completed; perhaps it is owing to this, that the choir appears much more lofty than that at Milan. What was intended as the approach to the choir is very low, and arched over with bricks.

In a very small chapel, behind the altar, I was shewn the famous shrine, in which, it is said, are the entire skulls of the three kings, who came with offerings to our Saviour, immediately after his birth; it has been said that every great town has a

lion

lion to shew to strangers, and this *shrine* is the *lion* of Cologne: it is immensely rich in gold, sculpture, jewels, antique gems, intaglios, and cameos.

The organ in this cathedral is of the most noble and beautiful form I ever saw; its front is flat, and spreads from pillar to pillar, over the nave of the church; it has three columns, or rather compartments, of great pipes on each side; in the middle are three ranks of small pipes over each other, which form three complete and elegant buffets, and which, separately, would be regarded as complete fronts to small organs; the choir organ is placed below all these, at the back of the player.

Mr. Westmann is at present the organist. I only heard him accompany the choir in the first service, which was begun when I entered the church; the second was chanted in *canto fermo*, without instruments. It is very difficult in Roman catholic countries, to hit upon a proper time for trying an organ, or hearing an organist, as the several services continue

from five o'clock in the morning, till twelve at noon ; and, afterwards, from two, till near night ; and even during the small recesses from duty, the servants of the church are either at dinner, or from home upon their own concerns ; so that, except during the time of divine service, I could hardly ever get an opportunity of hearing an organist or an organ.

In the church of St. Cecilia, I heard a nun play the organ, to the coarse fingering of her sisters ; her interludes would have been thought too light for the church in England : I soon discovered that they were not extemporary ; however, they were pleasing, and well executed.

B O N N.

The elector of Cologne was not here, so that I heard no music in this city ; however, during winter, his highness has a comic opera, at his own expence, performed in his palace. Most of his musicians

ficians were now at Spa, they are all Italians, and the *maestro di capella* is Signor Lucchese, who is a very pleasing composer; when I was in Italy, I heard Mansoli sing a *Motet* of his composition, in a church near Florence; which was charming.

I had the honour of being very well received by Mr. Cressener, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary at this court, who, not only countenanced me during my short stay at Bonn, but kindly furnished me with recommendatory letters to several persons of distinction in my route.

C O B L E N T Z.

Italian operas are frequently performed at this court. The elector has a good band, in which M. Ponta, the celebrated French horn from Bohemia, whose taste and astonishing execution were lately so much applauded in London, is a performer.

The princess Cunegonde, sister to the elector of Treves, and youngest daughter of Augustus, king of Poland, is a very great harpsichord player. There is likewise a most extraordinary performer on the double base at this court, who plays solos on it, even worth hearing. The *maestro di capella* of this court is Signor Sales, of Brescia.

FRANKFORT upon the Main.

In travelling on the banks of the Rhine, from Cologne to Coblantz, I must own, that I was astonished and disappointed, at finding no proofs of that passion for music, which the Germans are said to possess, particularly along the Rhine; but even at Coblantz, though it was Sunday when I arrived there, and the streets and neighbourhood were crowded with people walking about for their recreation, I heard not a single voice or instrument, as is usual in most other Roman catholic countries; I
had

had therefore a mind to try another part of Germany, and crossing the Rhine, and the terrible mountains of Wetteravia, arrived at Frankfort on the Main, much more fatigued than I was formerly after passing mount Cenis. Here indeed, I found a little of that disposition for music, which I expected; and though I met no great performer vocal or instrumental, music, such as it was, might be heard in all parts of the town.

The great church of St. Bartholomew, famous for being the place where the emperors are crowned, was not furnished with singers of great talents, but yet there were a number of girls, who, though the service was that of the Roman catholics, were many of them Lutherans or Calvinists, that chanted with the priests and canons, without the organ*.

* Though the Catholics have the great church here, yet the Lutherans are in possession of the steeple, upon which they constantly keep a guard. A precaution, which, in peaceable times, *is said* to be used in order to give the alarm, in case of fire; but, in war, they make no scruple to confess, that

In the streets, at noon, there was likewise a number of young students singing Hymns in three or four parts, attended by a chaplain; these are poor scholars designed for the church, who in this manner excite the benevolence of passengers, that contribute towards their cloathing.

At the inn, called the Roman Emperor, where I lodged, after dinner there was a band of street musicians, who played several symphonies reasonably well, in four parts. All this happened on a day which was not a festival, and therefore it is natural to believe, that the practice is common.

The organist of the cathedral is one of the vicars, and much in years; the instrument is not ill toned, but, like most of the others which I had heard in my route, miserably out of tune, and the touch so heavy, that the keys, like those of a *carillon*, severally required the weight of the whole hand, to put them down.

it is to watch the motions of the catholics, from whom they are in fear of a massacre.

The

The labels of some stops in this instrument excited my curiosity ; such as the *Pofaun*, *Solicional*, *Cymbel*, *Suavial*, *Violon*, &c. in the great organ, and in the choir organ, the *Großgeduēt*, *Kleingedukt*, *Violdgamba*, &c. but, from being out of order, they were totally unfit to be played, as solo stops. I could juſt diſcover that the *ſuavial* was meant for that ſweet ſtop in Mr. Snetzler's organs, which he calls the *Dulcian* ; and the *Violon*, for the *Violone*, or double baſe ; it is a half ſtop, which goes no higher than the middle C.

There *has* been a contrivance in this organ for tranſpoſing half a note, a whole note, or a flat third, higher ; but it is now uſeleſs : the inſtrument was built many years ago by Meyer, and repaired, with an addition of new ſtops, ſix or ſeven years ago, by Groſſwald, of Hanau. But an organ whoſe foundation is not good, is generally rendered worſe by attempts at mending it ; and I remember Mr. Snetzler honeſtly telling ſome church-wardens, who aſked him, what he

he thought an old organ, which they wanted to have repaired, was worth, and what would be the expence of mending it: he appraised it at one hundred pounds, and said, if they would lay out another hundred upon it, perhaps it would then be worth fifty.

The first instrument I heard during my stay at Frankfort, was the organ, at the Dominicans church; it was better toned, and more in tune than the rest, but it was not so good as many I have heard in England, nor was the *Vox humana* remarkably sweet, or like the human voice, though it is much admired here.

This organ has an arch cut through it, to let the light into the church from the west window; it is in a handsome case, the ornaments over the arch are in a good taste, and the side columns are well disposed. The keys are on the right hand *side* of the instrument, over which there is a small front; the compass is
from

from C to C, the pedals have an Octave below double C.

The principal musicians in this city are, at present, M. Sarrazin on the violin, M. Pfeil, a gentleman performer on the harpsichord, and M. Haueifen, organist to the Calvinists of Frankfort, at their church at Berkenheim, a little distance from the city, in which they are not allowed a place of public worship.

D A R M S T A D T.

In passing through this place to Mannheim, I was so fortunate, as to alight from my chaise just as the landgrave's guards were coming on the parade. I never heard military music that pleased me more; the instruments were, four hautboys, four clarinets, six trumpets, three on each side the hautboys and clarinets, and these were flanked by two bassoons on each side; so that the line consisted of eighteen musicians; in the rear of these were cornets and clarions.

The

The whole had an admirable effect, it was extremely animating, and though trumpets and clarions are usually too thrill and piercing, when heard in a small place, yet here, the parade or square where they mounted guard is so spacious that the sound has room to expand in all directions; which prevents the ear from being hurt by too violent a shock.

Before I proceed further in my musical narrative, I must make two or three memorandums concerning the villainous and rascally behaviour of postmasters and postilions, in this part of the world; the effects of which it is impossible to escape. In going over the mountains of Wetteravia, under the pretence of bad roads, *three* horses were tied to the hurdle, called a post-chaise, and after I had once submitted to this imposition, I never was allowed to stir with less. At Frankfort I tried hard, but in vain, though the inn-keeper and his guests, who were natives, all assured me, that they never had more than two horses,
when

when they travelled *extra post*; yet here, though no mountains were to be crossed, the sands were made a plea, notwithstanding the roads from Frankfort to Manheim are, in every particular, the least bad of any that I had yet travelled in Germany.

The women, among the common people in the country, are miserably ugly, not, perhaps, so much in feature, as from dress, and a total neglect of complexion. They entirely hide their hair, by a kind of a skull-cap, usually made of tawdry linen or cotton; they are hardly ever seen with shoes and stockings, though the men are furnished with both, such as they are.

I could wish to speak of these people with candour and temper, in despite of the bile which every stranger, travelling among them must feel at work within him; but, as I neither mean to abuse or flatter them, I must say, that the numberless beggars, clamorously im-

bust, and fit for any labour ; the embarrassments of perpetual change and loss of money ; the extortion, fullness, and insolence of postmasters and postilions, are intolerably vexatious.

M A N H E I M.

The first music I heard here was military. I lodged on the *Place d'Armes*, or parade ; the *retraite* had only drums and fifes ; and in the morning there was nothing worth listening to. If I had had an inclination to describe, in a pompous manner, the effects of wind instruments in martial music, there had been no occasion to quit London ; for at St. James's, and in the Park, every morning, we have now an excellent band ; and hitherto, as I had not seen more soldier-like men in any service than our own, so the music and musicians, of other places, exceeded ours in nothing but the number and variety of the instruments ; our military music at present must seem to have made great and hasty strides towards perfection,

tion, to all such as, like myself, remember, for upwards of twenty years, no other composition made use of in our foot-guards, than the march in Scipio, and in our marching regiments, nothing but side-drums.

The expence and magnificence of the court of this little city are prodigious; the palace and offices extend over almost half the town; and one half of the inhabitants, who are in office, prey on the other, who seem to be in the utmost indigence.

The Jesuits house, built by the present Elector, close to the palace, has thirty windows in front, apart from the church, which is the most superb in the city; the front of the theatre, which is only a small wing of the palace, has likewise thirty windows.

The town itself is more neat, beautiful, and regular, than any which I had yet seen; its form is oval; the streets, like those of Lisle, are *tirés au cordeau*, running in strait lines from one

end to the other. There is a great number of squares; it contains about 1548 houses, and in the year 1766, its inhabitants amounted to 24190.

Thursday, August 6th. In the evening I went to the public theatre in this town, where *Zemire and Azor*, translated into German, and accommodated to the pretty music of Mr. Gretry, was performed; it was the first dramatic exhibition at which I was present in Germany.

In summer the Elector Palatine resides at Schwetzingen, three leagues from Manheim; and during that time a strolling company is allowed to entertain the citizens. The performance was in a temporary booth, erected in the square of the great market-place. Yet, though nothing better than deal boards appear without, the stage was well decorated, and the scenes and dresses were not without taste or elegance.

I was curious to hear a German play, but still more curious to hear German singing:
and

and I must own, that I was astonished to find, that the German language, in spite of all its clashing consonants, and gutturals, is better calculated for music than the French. I am sorry to return again to the charge; but I must say, that the great number of nasal sounds and mute syllables in the French language, seem to corrupt and vitiate the voice, in its passage, more than the defect of any other language, of which I have the least knowledge.

The girl who played the part of Zemire had not a great voice, but her manner of singing was natural and pleasing. She had a good shake, and never forced her voice, or sung out of tune; there were two of the men who had reasonable good voices, and whose *portamento* and expression would not have offended such as had been long conversant with the best singing of Italy.

Upon the whole, I was more pleased with this singing, than with any which I had

heard since my arrival on the continent : indeed the Germans are now so forward in music, and have so many excellent composers of their own country, that it is matter of astonishment to me, that they do not get original dramas for music written in their own language, and set by the natives : or, if they must have translations, why they do not get those translations new set*.

The orchestra here was far inferior to that at Bruffels, in number and discipline ; for all the great performers of this place were now with the elector at Schwetzingen, so that the singers had no support but their own merit.

August 7. I spent in the public library, which is a very fine room, with

* When I advanced farther into Germany, I found that M. Hiller, of Leipfick, had furnished his countrymen with a great number of comic operas, in which the music was so natural and pleasing, that the favourite airs, like those of Dr. Arne in England, were sung by all degrees of people ; and the more easy ones had the honour of being sung in the streets.

fine books, but none very ancient, and few manuscripts, these being all taken away by the Bavarians in the war of 1622, and given to the Pope : they are well known in the Vatican library, by the name of the Heidelberg or Palatine Collection. The present library is said to consist of forty thousand volumes ; but though the pompous account in the *Etrennes Palatine*, speaks of manuscripts, and says, that they are kept in a chamber apart, M. Lamey, the librarian, to whom I was favoured with a letter by M. Girard, of Bruffels, confessed to me, that the collection had been too short a time in forming to be yet very rich in manuscripts, and that it contained but few of any consequence.

SCHWETZINGEN.

A list only of the performers in the service of his electoral highness, would convey a very favourable idea of the excellence of his band ; it consists of near

a hundred hands and voices. I shall only mention here, however, some of the principal musicians employed in this orchestra, whose names are already known in England. M. Holtzbauer, is one of the chapel masters. M. Christian Canabich, and Charles Toeschi, are the principal violins; the former leads in the Italian operas, and the latter in the French and German. These three masters are authors of several excellent *symphonies*, some of which have been printed in England. M. J. Baptist Wendling, is the principal flute here, and among the violins are John Toeschi, Frenzel, Fr. and Charles Wendling, and Kramer. This last is reckoned one of the best solo players in Europe; however, I shall say but little about him here, as he is now in England, and my countrymen have an opportunity of judging of his talents for themselves. There are twenty-three vocal performers in this band, several of which deserve to be distinguished, particularly

cularly Mademoiselle Wendling, Mademoiselle Danzy, and Madame Kramer. Signori Roncaglio, Pesarini, and Saporosi.

Many of the performers on the court list, are either superannuated or supernumeraries; but of the former, after having served the elector for a number of years, if by sickness or accident they happen to lose their voice or talents, they have a handsome pension, which they enjoy as long as they live at Manheim; and even if they chuse to retire into their own country, or elsewhere, they are still allowed half their pension.

I wanted very much to come to my principal point of hearing the best of these performers; but nothing can be done precipitately in Germany. *Festine lente* seems here a favourite motto. It was necessary to visit, the first day, and to be visited the second; and, on the third, there was some chance, but no certainty, of obtaining the favour I required.

It has frequently been said, that bluntness, and a thorough contempt of every person and thing, which is not entirely English, mark my honest countryman, *John Bull*, in every part of the world. I am unwilling to indulge national reflections; however, now and then a *single* character certainly appears, which calls to mind, all that has been said of a *whole* people. The French Abbé I met with at Antwerp, was what many would have called a *true Frenchman*; and I met with several afterwards, who would be called *true Germans*, for slow apprehension and inactivity. If, in the morning, I had explained as clearly as I could, the object of my journey, and shewn the general plan of my future work, to a man of letters, a librarian, or a musician, it was common for that individual, in the evening, to say “the History of Music, I think
 “ you are going to write—hum—ay,
 “ the History of Music—hum—well,
 “ and what do you wish I should do for
 you?”

“ you ?” Here I was forced, in a painful *Da Capo*, to tell my story over again, and to beg his assistance.

Travelling is not very common in this country ; and people here, like the English, are shy of strangers, and wishing to shake them off. In France, and Italy, the inhabitants are used to do the honours, and do them well. As to my particular enquiries here, which, in fact, concerned their honour more than my own, I gained but little assistance ; it was difficult to discover who *could* afford me any, and much more to find those that *would*. I sometimes wished to employ the town cryer, at my first entrance into a German city, to tell the musical inhabitants who I was, and what I wanted ; for it frequently happened, where his majesty had no minister, that I was on the point of quitting a place before this was known.

Sunday, 9th August. This evening I was at the representation of *La Contadi-*

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na in Corte, a comic opera, at the Elector's theatre, adjoining to his palace. The music was composed by Signor Sacchini, and was full of that clearness, grace, and elegant simplicity, which characterise the productions of that author. The vocal parts were performed by Signor Giorgietto, an Italian *soprano*, whose voice was but feeble, nor were his abilities very considerable in other particulars. Signora Francesca Danzi, a German girl, whose voice and execution are brilliant; she has likewise a pretty figure, a good shake, and an expression as truly Italian, as if she had lived her whole life in Italy; in short, she is now a very engaging and agreeable performer, and promises still greater things in future, being young, and having never appeared on any stage till this summer. Signor Zonca, an Italian tenor, who was in England some years ago; his highest praise is, that he does not offend; and Signora Allegrante, a young Italian, under the care of M.

Holtz-

Holtzbaur, sings in a pretty unaffected manner; and though her voice will not allow her to aspire at the first part in an opera, she seems likely to fill the second in a very engaging manner. There were two dances between the acts, one of which, representing a German fair, was the most entertaining I ever saw; one of the principal dancers here is the daughter of the late celebrated Stamitz, from whose fire and genius the present style of *Sinfonies*, so full of great effects, of light and shade, may in a considerable degree be derived.

The Elector, Electress, and princess royal of Saxony, were present at this performance. The theatre, though small, is convenient; the decorations and dresses ingenious and elegant, and there was a greater number of attendants and figures than ever I saw in the great opera, either of Paris or London: in the dance, representing a German fair, there were upwards of a hundred persons on the stage

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at one time ; but this opera is very in-
 considerable, compared with that at
 Manheim, in the winter, which is per-
 formed in one of the largest and most
 splendid theatres of Europe, capable of
 containing five thousand persons ; this
 opera begins the fourth of November,
 and continues generally, twice a week, till
 Shrove-Tuesday.

I was informed that the mere illumina-
 tions of the Manheim theatre, with wax
 lights, cost the elector upwards of forty
 pounds, at each representation ; and that
 the whole expence of bringing a new
 opera on this stage, amounted to near
 four thousand pounds. The great theatre,
 the ensuing winter, was to be opened
 with an opera composed by Mr. J. Bach,
 who was daily expected here from Lon-
 don, when I was at Manheim.

I cannot quit this article, without do-
 ing justice to the orchestra of his electo-
 ral highness, so deservedly celebrated
 throughout Europe. I found it to be
 indeed

indeed all that its fame had made me expect : power will naturally arise from a great number of hands ; but the judicious use of this power, on all occasions, must be the consequence of good discipline ; indeed there are more solo players, and good composers in this, than perhaps in any other orchestra in Europe ; it is an army of generals, equally fit to plan a battle, as to fight it.

But it has not been merely at the Elector's great opera that instrumental music has been so much cultivated and refined, but at his *concerts*, where this extraordinary band has " ample room and verge enough," to display all its powers, and to produce great effects without the impropriety of destroying the greater and more delicate beauties, peculiar to vocal music ; it was here that Stamitz first surpassed the bounds of common opera overtures, which had hitherto only served in the theatre as a kind of court crier, with an " O Yes !" in order to awaken attention, and bespeak
silence,

silence, at the entrance of the fingers. Since the discovery which the genius of Stamitz first made, every effect has been tried which such an aggregate of sound can produce; it was here that the *Crescendo* and *Diminuendo* had birth; and the *Piano*, which was before chiefly used as an echo, with which it was generally synonymous, as well as the *Forte*, were found to be musical *colours* which had their *shades*, as much as red or blue in painting.

I found, however, an imperfection in this band, common to all others, that I have ever yet heard, but which I was in hopes would be removed by men so attentive and so able; the defect, I mean, is the want of truth in the wind instruments. I know it is natural to those instruments to be out of tune, but some of that art and diligence which these great performers have manifested in vanquishing difficulties of other kinds, would surely be well employed in correcting
this

this leaven, which so much fours and corrupts all harmony. This was too plainly the case to-night, with the bassoons and hautbois, which were rather too sharp, at the beginning, and continued growing sharper to the end of the opera.

My ears were unable to discover any other imperfection in the orchestra, throughout the whole performance; and this imperfection is so common to orchestras, in general, that the censure will not be very severe upon this, or afford much matter for triumph to the performers of any other orchestra in Europe.

The Elector, who is himself a very good performer on the German flute, and who can, occasionally, play his part upon the violoncello, has a concert in his palace every evening, when there is no public exhibition at his theatre; but when that happens, not only his own subjects, but all foreigners have admision gratis.

The

The going out from the opera at Schwetzingen, during summer, into the electoral gardens, which, in the French style, are extremely beautiful, affords one of the gayest and most splendid sights imaginable; the country here is flat, and naked, and therefore would be less favourable to the free and open manner of laying out grounds in English horticulture, than to that which has been adopted. The orangery is larger than that at Versailles, and perhaps than any other in Europe.

His electoral highness's suite at Schwetzingen, during summer, amounts to fifteen hundred persons, who are all lodged in this little village, at his expence.

To any one walking through the streets of Schwetzingen, during summer, this place must seem to be inhabited only by a colony of musicians, who are constantly exercising their profession: at one house a fine player on the violin is heard;

at

at another, a German flute ; here an excellent hautbois ; there a bassoon, a clarinet, a violoncello, or a concert of several instruments together. Music seems to be the chief and most constant of his Electoral highness's amusements ; and the operas, and concerts, to which all his subjects have admision, forms the judgment, and establishes a taste for music, throughout the electorate.

L U D W I G S B U R G.

It is no uncommon thing, in Germany, for a sovereign prince, upon a difference with his subjects, to abandon the ancient capital of his dominions, and to erect another at a small distance from it, which, in process of time, not only ruins the trade, but greatly diminishes the number of its inhabitants, by attracting them to his new residence : among the princes who come under this predicament, are the elector of Cologne, removed to *Bonn* ; the Elector Palatine,

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removed

removed from Heidelberg, to *Manheim*; and the duke of Würtemberg, from Stutgard to *Ludwigsburg*.

The ground upon which this town is built, is irregular and wild, yet it contains many fine streets, walks, and houses. The country about it is not pleasant, but very fertile, especially in vines, producing a great quantity of what is called Neckar wine.

Though Stutgard is nominally the capital of the dutchy of Würtemberg, it has not, for ten years past, been the residence of its sovereign; and though the operas, and musical establishments of this prince, used, during the seven years direction of Jomelli, to be the best and most splendid in Germany, they are now but the shadow of what they were: indeed the expence so far exceeded the abilities of his subjects to support, that the Germans say the duke of Würtemberg's passion for music was carried to such excess as to ruin both his country and people, and to

oblige his subjects to remonstrate against his prodigality at the diet of the empire.

At present his highness seems œconomising, having reformed his operas and orchestra, and reduced a great number of old performers to *half* pay : but, as most musicians have too great souls to live upon their *whole* pay, be it what it will, this reduction of their pensions is regarded, by the principal of those in the service of this court, as a dismissal ; so that those who have vendible talents, demand permission to retire, as fast as opportunities offer, for engaging themselves elsewhere.

The German courts are so much dazzled by their own splendor, as to be wholly blind to what is doing at the distance only of a day's journey among their neighbours ; hence, I never found, in any of them, exactly what report had made me expect. Upon quitting Schwetzingen, I deviated somewhat from the direct

road to Vienna, in order to visit Ludwigsburg, at which place I was told I should not only find the duke of Würtemberg, but likewise hear fine operas, concerts, and great performers; but, alas! after being roasted alive, and jumbled to death, in a *wagon*, which the Germans call a post-chaise, for fourteen or fifteen hours, while I travelled seventy-five miles; when I came to Ludwigsburg, I found the information which I had received so far from exact, that the duke of Wurtemberg was at Gravenic, thirteen leagues off, and scarce a musician of eminence left in the town. However I obtained an exact state of the present musical establishment of the Wirtemberg court, stage, and church.

The first *maestro di capella*, is Signor Boroni. The *soprano* voices are, Signora Bonani, and Seeman, Signor Muzio, and Signor Gurreieri, *Castrati*; *Contralti*, Rubinelli, and Paganelli. Among the tenors, the duke had last winter a great loss by the death of the admirable Cav.

Ettori,

Ettori, who was reckoned, by the Italians, the best singer of his kind on the serious opera stage: there are eighteen violins, with Signor Lolli at their head, among the rest, are Curz, and Baglioni; this last is a very good player, and of the famous Bologna family; there are six tenors, three violoncellos, and four double basses; the principal organists are, Frederick Seeman, and Schubart; four hautbois, Alrich, Hirsch, Blesner, and Commeret; flutes, Steinhardt, a very good one, and Augustinelli; three horns; two bassoons, Schwartz, an admirable one, and Bart.

For the *Opera Buffa*, Signore Bonani, Seeman, Liberati, Frigeri: Signori Messieri, Roffi, Cofimi, Liberati, and Righetti.

Dancers, male and female, thirty-two; principals, Balliby, Franchi, and Riva. Upwards of ninety persons are on the pension list for these operas; but many are kept in it long after they become unfit for service; and it is likewise swelled

with the names of persons of no great importance, such as instrument carriers, copyists, and bellows-blowers.

This prince had two new serious operas last winter, the one composed by Jomelli, and the other by Sacchini. The theatre is immense, and is open at the back of the stage, where there is an amphitheatre, in the open air, which is sometimes filled with people, to produce effects in perspective; it is built, as are all the theatres which I had yet seen in Germany, upon the Italian model.

The duke of Würtemberg, who is so expensive in the music of his court and theatre, has no other instruments among his troops, that I heard, than trumpets, drums, and fifes. The most shining parts of a German court, are usually its *military*, its *music*, and its *hunt*. In this last article the expence is generally enormous; immense forests and parks, set apart for a prince's amusement, at the expence of agriculture, commerce, and,
indeed,

indeed, the necessaries of life, keep vast tracts of land uncultivated, and his subjects in beggary.

The soldiery of this prince's present capital are so numerous, consisting never of less than six thousand in time of peace, that nothing like a gentleman can be seen in the streets, except officers. The soldiers seem disciplined into clock-work. I never saw such mechanical exactness in animated beings. One would suppose that the author of "*Man a Machine*," had taken his idea from these men: their appearance, however, is very formidable; black whiskers, white peruques, with curls at the sides, six deep; blue coats, patched and mended with great ingenuity and diligence. There are two spacious courts, one before, and one within the palace, full of military.

This prince, who is himself a good player on the harpsichord, had, at one time, in his service, three of the greatest performers on the violin in Europe, Fe-

rari, Nardini, and Lolli; on the haut-bois, the two Plas, a famous bassoon, Schwartz, who is still here; and Walther, on the French horn; with Jomelli to compose; and the best serious and comic singers of Italy. At present, indeed, his list of musicians is not so splendid; however, his œconomy is, I believe, more in appearance than reality; for at *Solitude*, a favourite summer palace, he has, at an enormous expence, established a school of arts, or Conservatorio, for the education of two hundred poor and deserted children of talents; of these a great number are taught music, and from these he has already drawn several excellent vocal and instrumental performers, for his theatre: some are taught the learned languages, and cultivate poetry; others, acting and dancing. Among the singers, there are at present fifteen Castrati, the court having in its service two Bologna surgeons, expert in this vocal manufacture. At Ludwigsburg there is likewise a Conservatorio

torio for a hundred girls, who are educated in the same manner, and for the same purposes ; the building constructed at *Solitude*, for the reception of the boys, has a front of six or seven hundred feet.

It is the favourite amusement of the duke of Wurtemberg to visit this school ; to see the children dine, and take their lessons. His passion for music and shews, seems as strong as that of the emperor Nero was formerly. It is, perhaps, upon such occasions as these, that music becomes a vice, and hurtful to society ; for that nation, of which half the subjects are stage-players, fiddlers, and soldiers, and the other half beggars, seems to be but ill governed. Here nothing is talked of but the adventures of actors, dancers, and musicians.—In this article I have perhaps gone beyond my *last*.

I can proceed no further in my account of this place, without making my acknowledgements to M. Schubart, organist of the Lutheran church : he was the first real great harpsichord player
that

that I had hitherto met with in Germany, as well as the first who seemed to think the object of my journey was, in some measure, a national concern. I travelled not as a musician usually travels, to *get* money, but to *spend* it, in search of musical merit and talents, wherever I could find them, in order to display them to my countrymen. M. Schubart seemed sensible of this, and took all possible pains to please my ears, as well as to satisfy my mind. He is formed on the Bach school; but is an enthusiast, and original in genius. Many of his pieces are printed in Holland; they are full of taste and fire. He played on the Clavichord, with great delicacy and expression; his finger is brilliant, and fancy rich; he is in possession of a perfect double shake, which is obtained but by few harpsichord players.

He was some time organist of Ulm, where he had a fine instrument to play on; but here he has a most wretched one.

His

His merit is but little known where he is at present planted: the common people think him mad, and the rest overlook him.

We communicated our thoughts to each other in a singular manner: I was not, as yet, able to keep pace with his ideas, or my own impatience to know them, in German; and he could neither speak French nor Italian, but could converse in Latin very fluently, having been originally intended for the church; and it amazed me to find, with what quickness and facility he expressed whatever he would, in Latin; it was literally, a living language in his hands. I gave him the plan of my History of Music to read, in German; and, to convince me, that he clearly understood my meaning, he translated it, that is, read it aloud to me in Latin, at first sight. My pronunciation of Latin, if I had been accustomed to speak it, would not have been intelligible to him; but as he understood Ita-
lian,

lian, though he could not speak it, our conversation was carried on in two different languages, Latin and Italian; so that the questions that were asked in one of these tongues, were answered in the other. In this manner we kept on a loquacious intercourse the whole day, during which, he not only played a great deal on the Harpsichord, Organ, Piano forte, and Clavichord; but shewed me the theatre, and all the curiosities of Ludwigsburg, as well as wrote down for me, a character of all the musicians of that court and city.

And, in the evening, he had the attention to collect together, at his house, three or four boors, in order to let me hear them play and sing *national music*, concerning which, I had expressed great curiosity.

The public library here has not been formed many years, and is as yet not very rich in manuscripts, or ancient books; the history professor and librarian

M. Urot, a native of France, was very polite, and took great pains to satisfy my curiosity, particularly, in shewing me a very extraordinary astronomical machine or orrery, which M. Hahn, minister at Onstmettingen, in the bailiwick of Balingen, invented and executed, in the space of eighteen months, and which his serene highness the duke of Würtemberg has purchased for the public library.

It is composed of three parts, that are put in motion by the weights of a common clock; which is wound up every eight days, and whose *pendulum* vibrates seconds.

In the middle part are three dials, placed perpendicularly.

The upper one simply marks hours, and minutes.

The next, in which are fixed the signs of the zodiac, indicates the hours of the day, the days of the week, and the days of the month, without its ever being

being necessary to regulate the index, for the unequal number of days in different months.

And the last dial, upon the great circle, on which are distinguished, the centuries of 8000 years, has two principal indices, one of which points out the present century, and the other, the present year.

Of the two collateral parts of this machine, that on the right hand represents the Copernican system; and that on the left, the apparent course of the heavenly bodies. These parts are put in motion, by the principal spring of the clock in the middle, and correspond so perfectly, that no variation in their movements, or in the different aspects of the heavenly bodies has ever been discovered; and both have been found constantly conformable to the calculations of the most exact ephemeris.

This whole machine is so constructed, that without any risk of putting it out of order,

order, or spoiling it, the reciprocal positions of the planets and constellations, such as they *will* be in any future minute, or such as they *have* been, in any one that is past, may be seen; so that this machine takes in all time; the past, present, and future; and is, not only an orrery for these times, but a perpetual, accurate, and minute history of the heavens for all ages.

The description of this piece of mechanism, by professor Vischer, librarian of the public library, taken from the writings, and experiments, of the inventor, M. Hahn, will give the public a more perfect idea than I am able to do of this amazing machine, which in Germany, is greatly admired by the learned in astronomy and mechanics*.

* This description was published at Stutgard, in the German language, in 1770. It contains twenty-eight pages, in quarto, and has for title, Beschreibung einer Astronomischen Maschine, welche sich in der öffentlichen Herzoglichen Bibliothek zu Ludwigsburg befindet.

U L M.

I cannot say much for the beauty of this old city; however, its cathedral is one of the largest, highest, and best preserved Gothic buildings I have seen. Its organ is so much celebrated by travellers, for size and goodness, that it excited in me a great desire to see and examine it; but I was somewhat disappointed in finding it neither so ancient, so large, or so full of stops as I expected. It was built but thirty-eight years ago; the builder, M. Schmahl, is still living, and he and his son, who were cleaning it, were so obliging as to furnish me with an account of its contents.

The Gallery, and ornaments of this instrument, are a hundred and fifty feet high; it contains forty-five stops, three sets of keys, and pedals; the largest pipes are sixteen feet long, and the sum total of pipes amounts to 3442.

The German flute in this organ seems the best of the solo stops, the reed-work is pretty good, but there is no swell.

The present organist is not reckoned a great player; and I could not find, upon enquiry, that this city is now in possession of one capital performer upon any instrument.

Ulm used to be famous for its company of *Minnensingers*, or *Laudisti*, like that at Florence; but it now no longer subsists.

My nearest and cheapest way, from hence to Vienna, would have been down the Danube, which is a passage of 600 miles by water; but I could not resist the desire of seeing Augsburg and Munich, or indeed reconcile to myself the neglect of those two cities, which had so fair a claim to my notice among the principal places in Germany. I therefore determined to cross, not descend, the Danube, in order to visit

AUGSBURG.

I arrived here on Saturday morning, the 15th July, about seven o'clock, after

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travelling all night, and luckily went to the cathedral between eight and nine, where I heard part of a German sermon, and a mass, in music, performed by two choirs*; being a festival, the church was very much crowded. It is a small and ordinary building, but richly and tawdrily ornamented; there are, however, two large and elegant organs, one on each side the west end of the choir. One of these was well played, but in a way more masterly than pleasing; the rage for crude, equivocal, and affected modulation, which now prevails generally all over Germany, renders voluntary playing so unnatural, that it is a perpetual disappointment and torture to the ear; which is never to expect any thing that comes, or to have one discord resolved, but by another. A little of this high

* This church is in the possession of the Catholics, one half of the inhabitants of this free city are Protestants, who have not only churches allowed them, but also an equal share in the government.

fauce, discreetly used, produces great and surprizing effects; but, for ever to be seeking for far-fetched and extraneous harmony, is giving a man that is hungry, nothing but *Chian* to eat, instead of plain and wholesome food.

The music of the mass was in a good style; there was an agreeable mixture of ancient and modern, and some of the vocal parts were pleasingly performed; particularly by two boys and a tenor, whose voices were good, and who had several solo verses and duets given them; and from what I heard this day, I was confirmed in my opinion, that, except the Italian, the German manner of singing is less vicious and vulgar, than that of any other people in Europe. There was a *solo concerto* introduced on the violin, which, though difficult, was neatly executed. The rest of the violins were weak and ordinary.

There was a rude and barbarous flourish of drums and trumpets at the elevation

of the Host, which was what I had never heard before, except at Antwerp.

Having been told, that M. Seyfurth, the cantor, a celebrated singer, and scholar of M. C. P. E. Bach, to whom I had letters, was out of town, I stayed but a short time at Augsburg; for, to say the truth, I was somewhat tired of going to imperial cities after music; as I seldom found any thing but the organ and organist worth attending to, and not always them; for they, like those in our country towns, are sometimes good, and sometimes bad. These cities are not rich, and therefore have not the folly to support their theatres at a great expence. The fine arts are children of affluence and luxury: in despotic governments they render power less insupportable, and diversion from thought is perhaps as necessary as from action. Whoever therefore seeks music in Germany, should do it at the several courts, not in the free imperial cities, which are generally inhabited

habited by poor industrious people, whose genius is chilled and repressed by penury; who can bestow nothing on vain pomp or luxury; but think themselves happy, in the possession of necessaries. The residence of a sovereign prince, on the contrary, besides the musicians in ordinary of the court, church, and stage, swarms with pensioners and expectants, who have however few opportunities of being heard.

Augsburg is a very large and fine old city; some of the houses are whimsically pretty, from the manner in which they are plaistered and ornamented, and a few of the streets are rather wide; but the generality of the houses have their gable ends in front, as in the Netherlands. The town-house, with some of the spires are well worth seeing; and at going out on the Munich side, there is a very fine building, just constructed, for the use of a cotton manufactory, which is of an immense size, and in a pleasing style of architecture.

The head dress of the women here is very singular; they wear a kind of gold skull-cap; some a broad border of gold lace; and the rest filled up by work in different colours, but mostly all gold embroidery; and here, as well as throughout Bavaria, the Roman catholic women constantly walk the streets with a rosary in their hands, which is a fashion and ornament here as much as an implement of devotion.

I was much distressed during my short stay in this city, by the following adventure. I had sent my servant, and, at present, my interpreter, Pierre, a Liegeois, that I had brought with me from Antwerp, to enquire out, while the mass was performing, the habitation of M. Seyfurth, to whom I had been recommended by a friend at Hamburg. I had desired him to return to the church when he had executed his commission, in order to conduct me back to my inn. I waited patiently till ten o'clock, when all the music was over, but no Pierre! I walked about the
 church,

church, till I was tired, and ashamed to stay any longer, but no Pierre! I walked round the church, and up and down the streets in sight of it, for I durst venture no farther, not knowing even the *name* of my inn; and I had, indeed, very little language in which to explain my situation to these cold, and, in appearance, surly people. What could I do, but return to the church and walk about again? this I did till past two o'clock, when I feared being suspected as a stranger, of a design to rob the church of some of its treasures; but no Pierre! at length I was compelled to take courage, and try to make my circumstances, known: I perused every idle countenance to discover good nature in it. I accosted several in vain, till an old beggar-man applied to me for relief; I gave him two or three *creuzers*, and thought that "one good turn deserved another." I recollected the having been set down by the post-wagon, on my arrival, at a post-house: there are several in large German cities. *Welches ist der Weg nach dem*

Posthaus guter Freund ? here was a gibble-gabble, which ended with, die Briefe? meaning, was it the post-house for letters ? Nein, said I, der Postwagen nach Ulm gehet hierab — Ja, ja, ich verstehe sie. At length we found this house ; but then I knew not either what to say or do. I blundered out as well as I could, that I wanted the Haus where my baggage had been carried in the morning. But could not recollect the word Wirths, an inn ; it turned out to be the Lamb, das Lamm, and when I found it, my joy was as great as that of a good christian pilgrim would have been in a Pagan country, at the sight of an *Agnus Dei*. Where should the faithful Pierre, my honest Liegeois, have been all this while, but on his bed, comfortably and fast asleep ? and I did not discover, till two months after, that he had never sought Mr. Seyfurth, to whom I had sent him, but had deemed it easier to find a bed, and to make me believe he was out of town, than to wear out his shoes in strolling about a strange place,

place, after a person, with whom he had no business which concerned himself. But, in order to make the disappointment somewhat more palatable to me, he said, that the gentleman was only gone to Munich, for a few days, and that I should certainly find him there.

M U N I C H.

I was amply rewarded for the trouble I took in visiting this city, as I not only found in it materials of great importance to my History, but a great number of modern musicians of the first class, whose performance and conversation were delightful and instructive. I had likewise the honour of being well received, and even assisted in my enquiries, by persons of all ranks; a happiness for which I am greatly indebted to the friendly and active zeal of our minister at this court, M. de Visme, whose learning, knowledge, and experience, joined to a steady benevolence and hospitality, all conspired to
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render my residence at Munich both profitable and pleasant.

I arrived here on Sunday morning, the 16th August. The first thing I did was to wait on M. de Visme, with my credentials, that is, my recommendatory letters; which having read, and received a more particular information of the object of my journey from myself, he sent immediately to Signor Don Panzachi, an excellent tenor singer, of the Elector of Bavaria's serious opera, who having resided several years in this city, was well qualified to inform me of such persons as were best worth hearing and conversing with; and he gave every day, during my residence here, proofs of his zeal and intelligence. I was likewise indebted to this gentleman for a very particular account of the music of Spain, where he had resided nine years; and he was not only so kind as to lend me many curious Spanish books, on the subject of music, but to sing to me several *Tonadillas* and *Seguidillas*, which
he

he is said, by persons who have been in Spain, to do as well, that is, as truly, as is possible for one not a native of that country.

I was so fortunate as to find here, Signor Guadagni, and Signora Mingotti, who both rendered me very singular services, in the most polite and agreeable manner; and I was the more flattered and pleased by their attention, as they are performers of such high rank, who have seen so much service, and by whose great abilities, in their profession, I have been so frequently delighted in England. They both profess the highest respect, gratitude, and reverence for individuals in England, but make great complaints against the public, with what reason I shall not pretend to determine, as it is not my intention to fight the battles o'er again, of two such able champions: I own myself so partial to talents, wherever I find them, that when they are attacked, I constantly incline to their side.

Gua-

Guadagni complains of illiberal treatment from the public, who, when he sung in the opera of Orfeo, merely to oblige them, and Sir W. W. without fee or reward, hissed him for going off the stage, when he was encored, with no other design than *to return in character*.

Signora Mingotti says too, that she was frequently hissed in England, for having the tooth-ach, a cold, or a fever, to which the good people of England will readily allow every human being is liable, except an actor or a singer. I know that the public are infidels in these matters, and with reason, as their hearts are hardened by repeated imposition; but, however, notwithstanding the many *pseudo* colds and fevers among theatrical performers, it is just possible for these people to have *real* disorders, otherwise they would bid fair for immortality.

Signor Guadagni came to Munich from Verona, with the Electress dowager of Saxony,

Saxony, sister to this Elector, and daughter of the emperor Charles the seventh. This princess is celebrated all over Europe for her talents, and the progress she has made in the arts, of which she is a constant protectress.

Her highness is a poetess, a painteress, and so able a musician, that she plays, sings, and composes, in a manner which *Dilettanti* seldom arrive at. She has, among other things, written in Italian, two operas, which she has herself set to music, *Talestri*, and *il Trionfo della Fedeltà*; both are printed in Score, at Leipzig, and are much admired all over Germany, where they have frequently been performed. This is bringing about a reconciliation between music and poetry, which have so long been at variance, and separated. Among the ancients, the poet and musician were constantly united in the same person; but modern times have few examples of such a junction, except in this princess, and in M. Rousseau, who
was

was not only author of the poetry, but of the music of his little drama, the *Devin du Village*.

Signora Mingotti has not, as I could find, any pension from this court; but she has friends, to whom she is attached, and says that she can live much cheaper here than in England, otherwise she should have spent her small income, and the remainder of her days, there.

The first singer in the serious opera here, is Signor Rauzzini, a young Roman performer, of singular merit, who has been six years in the service of this court; but is engaged to sing in an opera composed by young Mozart, at the next carnival at Milan; he is not only a charming singer, a pleasing figure, and a good actor; but a more excellent contrapuntist, and performer on the harpsichord, than a singer is usually allowed to be, as all kind of application to the harpsichord, or composition, is supposed, by the Italians, to be prejudicial to the voice. Signor Rauzzini

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ni has set two or three comic operas here, which have been very much approved; and he shewed and sung to me several airs of a serious cast, that were well written, and in an exquisite taste.

The day after my arrival, I had the pleasure of dining with Guadagni, Rauzzini, and Ravanni, an Italian counter-tenor, in the service of this court, and after dinner of hearing them sing trios most divinely.

At night I went with them to the comic opera, at the little theatre; at which were the Elector, the Electress, the Electress dowager of Saxony, the Margrave of Baden, and the Duchess of Bavaria; the piece was called *l'Amore senza Malizia*, and was set by Signor Ottane, of Bologna, a scholar of Padre Martini, mentioned in my Italian musical journey. Signora Lodi, who performed the principal woman's part, pleased me much, by the clearness and brilliancy of her voice, as well as by her elegant manner of singing

ing and acting ; if there is any defect in her voice, it is that sometimes it meets with a little obstruction in the throat ; and one would wish that she had, as to person, a little less *embonpoint*. There was a tenor in this opera, a German, M. Adamont, whose voice and manner of singing were very pleasing ; and a Baritone, Signor Guglielmini, a man whose action and humour make some amends for a total want of voice. After the opera, I supped with the same company which I had dined with, and was again delighted with trios, sung in such a way, as one never can hope to hear in public, and the chances are many against it in private.

The library of the Elector is more rich in old musical authors, and in old compositions, than any one that I have yet seen in Europe. M. de Visme, the day after my arrival, not only sent his secretary with me to the librarian, in the morning, but did me the honour of going to the
 library

library with me himself after dinner.

The books I wanted were not classed under one head, in the general catalogue, but mixt with mathematics and other arts; it was necessary, therefore, before I began to seek, and examine these books, to draw them out of the miscellaneous catalogue: the reader will form some judgment of the number of musical authors, when he is informed that the list of their works only, when extracted from the rest, filled near twenty large folio sheets of paper; and these are chiefly confined to the sixteenth century. There were few books of any kind printed in the fifteenth, and since the sixteenth this library has received but a small augmentation; in the chapel, however, there is an immense quantity of manuscript music, from the earliest time of counterpoint to the present.

K

N Y M-

N Y M P H E N B E R G.

During summer the court usually resides here; it is a magnificent *Chateau*, belonging to the Elector, three miles from Munich, where the principal musicians attend, and where his serene highness has a concert every evening.

On my arrival at Munich I had the pleasure of meeting with M. Naumann, the celebrated *maestro di capella* of the Elector of Saxony, who was brought up in Italy, and who was now on his way thither, to compose an opera for Venice, and another for Naples. He did me the favour to call on me, and to carry me, on Wednesday morning, to Nymphenberg, where I was engaged to dine with Signor Guadagni. During our ride I obtained from M. Naumann an account of the present state of music in Saxony, from which court he was just come. At Nymphenberg he attended the rehearsals of the
Electress

Electress dowager of Saxony's opera of *Talestri*, which was on the point of being performed at court, and in which Signor Guadagni was to sing. Here I found M. Kröner, the Elector's first violin, Rauzini, and Panzachi, who, as well as M. Naumann and myself, dined with Guadagni.

The gardens of this *Chateau* are reckoned the finest in Germany, and are really as beautiful as they can be made, with innumerable fountains, canals, *jets d'eau*, cascades, alleys, bosquets, strait rows of trees, and woods, where, "Grove nods at grove," in the true French style.

There is a beautiful porcelain manufacture at Nymphenberg, which the Bavarians say rivals that of Dresden.

Upon my arrival here, I was informed by Signor Guadagni that he had mentioned me, and the business I was upon, to the Electress dowager of Saxony, and to the Elector, and had arranged every thing for my being presented to that princess before dinner, and to his

Electoral highness, and the rest of the family, afterwards. Accordingly, about half an hour past one, a page came to acquaint us that the Electress dowager was ready to receive us; and I was conducted through a great number of most magnificent apartments, by Signor Guadagni, to an anti-chamber, where we waited but a very short time, before the Electress entered the *Salé d'Audience*, into which we were called, and I was very graciously received.

I had enquired into the *Etiquette* of this ceremonial: I was to bend the left knee upon being admitted to the honour of kissing her hand; after this was over, her highness entered into conversation with me in the most condescending and easy manner imaginable; she was pleased to speak very favourably of my undertaking, and to add, “ that it was not only
 “ doing honour to music, but to myself,
 “ as she believed I was the only modern
 “ historian who thought it necessary to
 “ travel, in order to gain information at
 “ the

“ the source, without contenting myself
 “ with second-hand, and hear-say ac-
 “ counts.” This strong compliment,
 joined to her gracious and pleasing man-
 ner, took off all restraint; she was just
 returned from Italy, where, she said, that
 “ By the great hurry and fatigue of tra-
 “ velling and talking loud, as is custo-
 “ mary at the *Conversazioni* there, she
 “ had almost totally lost her voice, which
 “ had been much debilitated before, by
 “ having had a numerous family, and
 “ several very severe fits of sickness.”

Guadagni had told me that her highness
 spoke English pretty well, and understood
 it perfectly. I ventured, after some time,
 to entreat her to converse in the language
 of my country, which, I had been in-
 formed, she had honoured so far as to
 study. She complied with my request,
 for a short time, and spoke very intelli-
 gibly; but said that she had learned it
 of an Irishman, who had given her a vi-
 cious pronunciation; which, with the

few opportunities she had for practice, made it impossible for her to speak well; but added, that she both read and wrote English constantly every day, and had great pleasure in the perusal of our authors.

I then said that I had seen a great work, both in poetry and music, by her highness, in England, meaning her opera of *Talestri*, in which she had united those arts which had been so long separated. This produced a musical conversation, which I wanted, and in the course of it she said that she could not possibly sit idle; hers was an active mind, and since she had ceased to have matters of more importance upon her hands, she had attached herself seriously to the arts. She then asked my opinion of the comparative merit of Guadagni, and several great singers of Italy: he was out of hearing. She said that Guadagni sung with much art, as well as feeling; and had the great secret of hiding defects.

She

She told me that she would try to prevail on her brother, the Elector, to play on the *viol da gamba* at night; adding, that he was a good performer, for one who was not a professor; but that we had a very great player upon that instrument in England, M. Abel, with whom I must not compare him; and added, *nous autres*, “ We, “ who are only *Dilettanti*, can never expect to equal masters; for, with the “ same genius, we want application and “ experience.” After this, and some farther conversation, I had again the honour, when I retired, of kissing her hand.

After dining at Guadagni's, I was carried into the *grande sale*, where the Elector, his family, and his court dined, and were still at table. It is one of the finest rooms I ever saw. I was glad to find M. de Visme of the company; he had been so kind as to speak of me to the Elector, and to the Electress dowager of Saxony, which, with what Guadagni had already done, prepared every thing for my reception;

ception; so that when his highness got up from table, his sister of Saxony treated me as one descended from the *Saxon Race*. For as soon as she had discovered that I was in the room, she mentioned me to the Elector, and brought him towards me. Here I had the honour to kiss his hand, and had a short conversation with him. I was then presented to the Electress, and the Margravine of Baden; after which I returned to the Elector and his sister, the Electress dowager, and had a long conversation with them.

The Elector is a very handsome and gracious prince, has an elegant appearance, and a figure which is neither too fat, too lean, too tall, nor too short, if I was not too much dazzled by his condescension, to see any of his defects. He told his sister that he supposed I could not speak German, and that she, therefore, who spoke English, must serve as my interpreter; but she said that as I spoke French and Italian, there was no occasion for that slow method

thod of conversation. Upon which his highness began to talk to me in French. He told me that mine was a very uncommon journey, and asked, if I was satisfied with what materials I had hitherto found. This afforded me an opportunity of telling him, what was most true, that in point of books on my subject, and ancient music, I had as yet met with nothing equal to his electoral highness's library; and I had reason, from the reputation of the performers, and eminent musicians in his service, to expect great satisfaction, as to modern practical music. You will hear some of them to-night, said the Electress dowager, and I hope my brother will play, who, for one that is not a professor, sometimes plays very well. The Elector, in revenge, told me, that his sister was both a composer and a singer.

At this time some wild beasts were brought to the palace gates, which all the company running to see, put an end, for the present, to our conversation.

This

This was wholly a musical day; for after dinner, even in seeing the gardens and buildings, Guadagni and Rauzzini sung a great part of the time, particularly in the bath, where there was an excellent room for music; here they went successfully through all Tartini's experiments, in order to produce the *third sound*.

At eight o'clock the Elector's band assembled, for his private concert. The Electress of Bavaria, and the ladies of the court were at cards, in the music room: the concert was begun by two symphonies of Schwindl; M. Kröner, who played the first violin, is rather a bold strong leader of an orchestra than a solo player. The first song was sung by Signor Panzachi, who has a good tenor voice, a pleasing expression, and a facility of execution: he is likewise said to be an admirable actor.

After this song, the Electress dowager of Saxony sung a whole scene in her own opera of *Talestri*; M. Naumann accompanied her on the harpsichord,

chord, and the Elector played the violin with Kröner. She sung in a truly fine style; her voice is very weak, but she never forces it, or sings out of tune. She spoke the recitative, which was an accompanied one, very well, in the way of great old singers of better times. She had been a long while a scholar of Porpora, who lived many years at Dresden, in the service of her father-in-law, Augustus, king of Poland. This recitative was as well written as it was well expressed; the air was an *Andante*, rich in harmony, somewhat in the way of Handel's best opera songs in that time. Though there were but few violins, in this concert they were too powerful for the voice, which is a fault that all the singers of this place complain of.

After this the Elector played one of Schwindl's trios on his *Viol da gamba*, charmingly: except Mr. Abel, I never heard so fine a player on that instrument; his hand is firm and brilliant, his taste and expression are admirable, and his steadiness

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ness in time, such as a *Dilettanti* is seldom possessed of.

Rauzzini had, in an obliging manner, thrown himself in the Elector's way, on purpose to be asked to sing, that I might hear him, which I had expressed a great desire to do, with a band : for though he is first singer, at the serious opera, in winter, yet he never performs at the summer concerts, unless particularly desired. He sung an air of his own composition admirably well ; then Guadagni sung a pathetic air by Traetta, with his usual grace and expression, but with more voice than he had when in England.

The concert concluded with another piece, performed by the Elector, with still more taste and expression than the first, especially the *Adagio*. I could not praise it sufficiently ; it would really have been thought excellently well performed, if, instead of a great prince, he had been a musician by profession. I could only tell his highness, that I was astonished as much as if I had never before heard how great a performer he was.

After

After this, his highness and the court supped in the same great hall and public manner, in which they had dined. I went with Guadagni, and the rest of the principal performers, to make my court during the supper. The Elector was pleased to speak a considerable time to Guadagni, concerning my future History of Music; which encouraged me to desire him to entreat his highness, to honour me with a piece of his composition, as I had been informed by all the musicians of this place, that he had composed several excellent things for the church, particularly, a *Stabat Mater*: he agreed to give me a *Litany*, provided I would not print it; but Guadagni quite teased him to let me have the *Stabat Mater*, as he said, it was the best of all his musical productions; and even a promise of this was granted before my departure*.

* Both these compositions were transcribed for me, after I left Munich, and delivered to M. de Visme, by whose care and kindness they have been since transmitted to me in London.

The lords in waiting offered us refreshments ; and the Elector condescended to ask Guadagni, if he gave a supper to the Englishman, and his other company ? meaning Panzachi, Rauzzini, and Naumann ; he answered, that he should give us bread and cheese, and a glass of wine. “ Here,” cried the Elector, emptying two dishes of game on a plate, “ send that “ to your apartments.” His highness was implicitly obeyed. We supped together, after which I returned to Munich, abundantly flattered and satisfied with the events of the day.

M U N I C H.

The next morning was spent in the library. I had afterwards the pleasure of dining with Signora Mingotti, who invited to meet me, father Kenedy, a worthy Scotsman, of real parts and learning. After dinner, a long and spirited conversation took place ; for the lady is animated, eloquent, and well informed :
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ſhe related her adventures in Spain, and other parts of the world, and interſperſed them with reflections concerning muſic, upon which it is impoſſible to hear her ſpeak unimproved, as ſhe treats the ſubject with uncommon depth, preciſion, and perſpicuity.

From hence I went to ſee the Elector's theatre, where his ſerious operas are performed in winter. It is not large, having but four rows of boxes, fifteen in each; but it is more richly fitted up, than any that I had ever ſeen.

On Thursday, father Kenedy was ſo obliging, as to carry me to the academy, where he ſhewed me all that was worthy of notice, in machines, mathematical instruments, models, minerals, foſſils, and other curioſities; but what moſt attracted my attention, as coming neareſt to my *buſineſs*, if not my *boſom*, was a collection of thirty-fix thouſand tracts and diſſertations on different ſubjects, bound up in near nine hundred volumes;
they

they were bought for the present Elector, at Leipfic. There is an index of authors, but as yet, none completed of things; there is one begun, but it goes no farther than the letter M, and this father Kennedy, who is at the head of the academy, was so obliging as to lend me. This institution has not been founded above eleven years; however, several volumes of its Transactions are already printed, and it seems, at present, to be carried on with spirit.

To-day I had the honour of dining with M. de Visme, who after dinner, was so kind as to go with me to the Jesuit's college, where I had a very particular enquiry to make, which not only concerned the History of Music, but its present state. In my progress through Germany, I had frequently heard music performed in the churches, and streets by *poor scholars*, as they were always called, but never could make out how, or by whom they were taught, till on
my

my arrival here. M. de Vifme, who neglected to inform me of nothing, which in the least related to my design, told me, that there was a *music school* at the Jesuits college. This awakened my curiosity, and made me suspect, that it was a kind of *Conservatorio*; and, upon a more minute enquiry, I found, that the *poor scholars* whom I had heard sing, in so many different parts of Germany, had been taught, in each place, where the Roman catholic religion prevailed, at the Jesuits college; and, further, I was informed, that in all the towns throughout the empire, where the Jesuits have a church or college, young persons are taught to play upon musical instruments, and to sing. Many musicians have been brought up here, who afterwards have rendered themselves eminent. This will, in some measure account for the great number of musicians, with which Germany abounds, as

well as for the national taste and passion for music.

The music school in Munich takes in eighty children, at about eleven or twelve years old; they are taught music, reading, and writing, and are boarded, but not cloathed. A Jesuit, to whom we applied for information, promised to write down, in Latin, an account of this foundation, as far as it might be necessary to the History of Music in Germany, and send it to M. de Visme next day; and he kept his word. The boys that are admitted here, in order to be taught music, must play upon some instrument, or know something of the art, to qualify them for admittance. They are kept in the college till twenty years of age; and, during the time of their residence there, they are taught by masters of the town, not by the Jesuits themselves.

There are others, under the denomination of *poor scholars*, who are intended
for

for the church, and who are taught the learned languages, mathematics, and theology.

From hence I went to the burletta of *Le Finte Gemelli, Farza per musica, à quattro voci*, set by Matteo Rauzzini, brother to the singer of that name, a young man of only eighteen years of age. The music was most of it common, but pretty, and in good taste. The Lodi sung charmingly; her voice and figure would make her a capital singer in a serious opera, if she were well taught. Her voice wants only a little more room in its passage through the throat; in every thing else, she is admirable; having a pretty figure, a good expression, and an exquisite manner of taking *appogiature*.

The second singer of this company, Signora Manservigi, deserves to be mentioned; her figure is agreeable, her voice, though not strong, is well-toned, she has nothing vulgar in her manner, sings in tune, and never gives offence.

There was a tenor, Signor Fiorini, who sung to-night, whom I had not heard before; he has perhaps been a better singer than he is at present; but now, neither his voice, nor manner, had any thing interesting in it, though both were free from any common defects; for he sung in tune, had a shake, and was far from vulgar.

In going home from the opera, I heard a very good concert in the street; it was performed at the door of M. de Visime, by torch-light, and attended by a great crowd: after I returned to my lodgings, I heard the same performers at the inn door; upon enquiring who they were, I was told, that they were *poor scholars*; but I did not discover till the next day, that this concert was intended, as a regale, for M. de Visime and me, on account of our having been at their college to inform ourselves concerning their institution.

Friday. I spent the greatest part of this morning with Signor Rauzzini; he was

was so obliging as to sing to me a great number of excellent songs, in different styles, among which there were many of his own composition. As to his abilities in singing, I think his shake is not quite open enough, nor did I then think his voice sufficiently powerful for a great theatre; but in all other respects he is a charming performer; his taste is quite modern and delicate; the tone of his voice sweet and clear; his execution of passages of the most difficult intonation amazingly neat, rapid, and free: and his knowledge of harmony is far beyond that of any great stage-singer I ever knew: he has likewise a very good person, and, I am told, is an excellent actor.

The rest of this day was employed in the Elector's, and in other libraries. At night I heard the *poor scholars* again in the streets, where they performed some full pieces very well: there were violins, hautboys, French horns, a violoncello, and bassoon. I was informed, that they

were obliged frequently to perform thus in the streets, to convince the public, at whose expence they are maintained, of the proficiency they make.

Saturday 22d. I was this whole morning at Signora Mingotti's, from whom I obtained, in conversation, a sketch of her musical life. I am doubtful as to the propriety of publishing these anecdotes; however, as no secrecy was enjoined, and as they contain nothing disgraceful to the person who furnished them, I shall venture to do it, supposing a curiosity concerning the most trivial circumstances, relative to eminent persons, to be as strong in others as in myself.

Her parents were Germans; her father was an officer in the Austrian service, who being called to Naples, upon duty, his wife travelled with him thither during her pregnancy, and was there brought to bed of this daughter; who, however, was carried to Gratz, in Silesia, before she

ſhe was a year old; and her father dying while ſhe was young, her uncle placed her in a convent of Urfulines, where ſhe was educated, and where ſhe received her firſt leſſons of muſic.

She told me, that during her childhood, ſhe remembers being ſo pleaſed with the muſic performed in the chapel of her convent, particularly with a Litaney ſung there one feſtival, that ſhe went to the abbefs, with tears in her eyes, and trembling, both with fear of anger, and of a refusal, to intreat her to teach her to ſing, as *ſhe* did in the chapel. The abbefs put her off, with ſaying, that ſhe was very buſy that day, but would think of it. The next day ſhe ſent one of the elder nuns to aſk her who bid her make that requeſt, when the little Regina (as ſhe was then called) replied, that nobody had bid her, but that it was merely her own love for muſic, which inſpired the thought. After this the abbefs ſent for her, and told her, that

she had very little time to spare; but, if she would promise to be diligent, she would teach her herself; adding, that she could only afford her half an hour a day; but with that, she would soon find what her genius and industry were likely to produce, and she should go on with, or discontinue, her instructions, accordingly.

Regina was in rapture with this compliance of the abbess, who began to instruct her the next day, *à table sec*, as she expressed it, without a harpsichord, or any other instrument*.

In this manner she was taught the elements of music, and *solfeggi*, with the principles of harmony, and was obliged to sing the treble, while the abbess sung the base. She shewed me a very small

* She applied herself to the harpsichord several years after, and still accompanies upon it very well. But it was perhaps owing to her manner of learning to sing *without* an instrument, that she acquired the firmness in her performance, for which she has always been remarkable.

book, in which all her first lessons were written ; the explanations were in the German language.

She remained in this convent till she had attained her fourteenth year, at which time, upon the death of her uncle, she went home to her mother. During the life of her uncle, she had been intended for the veil. When she quitted the convent, she appeared, in the eyes of her mother and sisters, to be one of the most useless and helpless of beings ; they looked upon her as a fine lady, brought up in a boarding school, without knowing any thing of household concerns ; and her mother neither knew what to do with her, or her fine voice, which both she and her sisters despised, not foreseeing that it would one day be productive of so much honour and profit to the possessor.

Not many years after she quitted the convent, Signor Mingotti, an old Venetian, and manager of the opera at Dresden, was proposed as a husband for her.

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She detested him, but was at length worried into a compliance, which was the sooner extorted from her, perhaps, as she, like other young women, imagined that by losing, she should gain her liberty.

People talked very much of her fine voice, and manner of singing. Porpora was at this time in the late king of Poland's service, at Dresden : he had heard her sing, and spoke of her at court as a young person of great expectations ; which occasioned a proposal to her husband for her entering into the service of the Elector : he had before marriage promised never to suffer her to sing on the stage ; however, he came home one day, and asked her, if she should like to engage in the service of the court. She thought this was done in derision, and gave him a short and peevish answer ; but he continuing to teize her on the subject, at length convinced her that he was in earnest, and had a commission to treat with her. She liked the thoughts of sing-

singing, and turning her voice to some account, and therefore gladly entered into articles for a small stipend, not above three or four hundred crowns a year.

When her voice had been heard at court, it was supposed to raise a jealousy in Faustina, who was then in that service, but upon the point of retiring; and consequently in Haffe, her husband, particularly when he heard that Porpora, his old and constant rival, was to have a hundred crowns a month for teaching her. He said it was Porpora's last stake; the only twig he had to catch at; *un clou pour s'accrocher*. However, her talents made such a noise at Dresden, that the fame of them reached Naples, to which place she was invited, to sing at the great theatre. At this time she knew but little Italian; however, she now went seriously to work in studying it.

The first character she appeared in was *Aristæa*, in the opera of the *Olimpiade*, set by Galuppi. Montecelli performed

the part of *Megacles*. On this occasion her talents, as an actress, gained her as much applause as her singing: she was bold and enterprising; and, seeing the character in a different light from what others had done before her, would, in spite of the advice of old actors, who durst not deviate from custom, play it in a way quite different from any one of her predecessors. It was in this original and courageous manner that Mr. Garrick first surpris'd and charmed an English audience; and, in defiance of contracted rules, which had been established by ignorance, prejudice, and want of genius, struck out a style of speaking and acting, which the whole nation has ever since continued to approve with acclamation, rather than applause.

After this success at Naples, Signora Mingotti received letters from all parts of Europe, to offer her terms for engaging at different operas; but she was not then at liberty to accept of any of them,
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being obliged to return to the court of Dresden, in which service she was still a pensioner; however, her salary was considerably augmented, and she frequently expresses her gratitude to that court, and says she owes to it all her fame and fortune. Here she repeated, with great applause, her part in the *Olimpiade*; every one agreed, that in point of voice, execution, and acting, her powers were very great; but many thought that she was wholly unfit for any thing pathetic or tender.

Haffe was now employed to set *Demofoonte**; and she imagined that he kindly gave her an *Adagio*, accompanied by the violins, *Pizzicati*, merely to expose and shew her defects. But suspecting the snare, she studied hard to escape it; and in the song, *Se tutti i Mali Miei*, which she afterwards sung in England, with great applause, she succeeded so

* This happened in 1748.

well,

well, as to silence even Faustina herself. Sir Ch. H. Williams was English minister here at this time, and being intimate with Haffe and his wife, had joined their party, publicly declaring that Mingotti was utterly unable to sing a slow and pathetic song; but when he had heard her, he made a public recantation, asked her pardon for doubting of her abilities, and ever after remained her firm friend and adherent.

From hence she went into Spain, where she sung with Gizziello, in the operas under the direction of Signor Farinelli; who, she told me, was so severe a disciplinarian, that he would not allow her to sing any where but in the opera at court, or even to practise, in a room next the street. She was requested to sing at private concerts, by many of the first nobility and grandees of Spain, but could not obtain permission from the director; who carried his prohibition so far, as to deny a pregnant lady, of great rank,

rank, the satisfaction of hearing her, though she was unable to go to the theatre, and declared that she *longed* for a song from Mingotti. The Spaniards have a religious respect for these involuntary and unruly affections in females thus circumstanced, however they may be treated as problematical in other countries*. The husband, therefore, of the lady, complained to the king of the cruelty of the opera director, who, he said, would kill both his wife and child, if his majesty did not interfere. The king lent a favourable ear to the complaint, and ordered Mingotti to receive the lady at her house, in which his majesty was implicitly obeyed, the lady's desire was satisfied, and the child prevented, perhaps, from being marked, in some part of its body, with a music paper, or from having an Italian song written with indelible characters on its face.

* See *l'Histoire Naturelle*, de M. de Buffon, tom. ii.

Signora Mingotti remained two years in Spain, from whence she came to England, for the first time. How much she was then admired, at our opera, is too recent to need being mentioned here. She afterwards sung in every great city of Italy; but she always regarded Dresden as her home, during the life-time of the Elector Augustus, late king of Poland. She is now settled at Munich, more, it is thought, from cheapness than attachment. She has no pension from this court, as was reported, but, with œconomy, she has just sufficient, from her savings, to bring her through the year. She seems to live very comfortably, to be well received at court, and to be esteemed by all such as are able to judge of her understanding, and to enjoy her conversation.

It gave me great pleasure to hear her speak concerning practical music, which she does with as much intelligence as any *maestro di capella* with whom I ever conversed.

Her knowledge in singing, and powers of expression, in different styles, are still amazing, and must delight all such as can receive pleasure from song, unconnected with the blandishments of youth and beauty. She speaks three languages, German, French and Italian, so well, that it is difficult to say which of them is her own. English she likewise speaks, and Spanish, well enough to converse in them, and understands Latin; but, in the three languages first mentioned, she is truly eloquent.

In the afternoon father Kenedy was so obliging as to attend me again at the academy, in order to assist in finding such tracts, among the great number which are bound up together; as I had marked in the catalogue.

From hence I returned, by appointment, to Signora Mingotti. She had got her harpsichord tuned, and I prevailed on her to sing, to no other accompaniment, for near four hours. It was now

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that I discovered her superior knowledge in finging. She is wholly out of practice, and hates music here, she says, as she can seldom be well accompanied, or well heard; her voice is, however, much better than when she was last in England.

Prince Sapieha, a Polish nobleman, and his princess, lodged at the same inn as myself, the Golden Hart. The prince is very musical, and plays well on the violin. I had the honour of being known to him a little by living in the same house; but M. de Visme was so kind as to explain to him the nature of my musical enquiries, and to tell him how curious I was after national music of all kinds: upon which his highness was pleased to send me word, that if I would call upon him about nine o'clock, any morning, he would gladly give me a specimen of the music of his country, as it depended so much on the *coup d'archet*, that seeing it on paper, without hearing it performed, would afford but a very imperfect idea of it.

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The day before my departure from Munich, when I had the honour of paying my respects to this prince, he condescended to receive me in a most obliging manner, and to play to me a great number of very pretty Polish pieces, which he executed very well, and to which he gave an expression that was at the same time delicate and singular. He had two German musicians to accompany him in these pieces; the one on the violin, and the other on the violoncello; every movement was in triple time, or $\frac{3}{4}$, with the clofe constantly on the second note in the bar, instead of the first; but upon my asking if there was no such thing as Polish music, in common time, the prince told me that there were some Cossack tunes in $\frac{4}{2}$, used chiefly in dancing, and he played me some of them. The accompaniment was constantly the $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{4}{8}$, of the key, played a bar full, or four quavers of each, alternately.

His highness told me that they have no church music in Poland, which is not Italian; and the kind of music which we call Polonoise, is played quicker for dancing than at other times. The military music of Poland is like that of other countries, consisting only of marches in the usual time. I enquired after the Polish instruments, in order to know if there were any of a different construction from ours, but found that they had only guitars and lutes, somewhat differing in form, and in tuning, from those in other parts of Europe. The Poles have no plays, with songs intermixt, or operas, but such as are either French or Italian.

After answering these questions, the prince played a very pretty minuet, and two or three Polonoises of his own composition; and, upon my expressing approbation, he was pleased to make me a present of them: he likewise ordered some of the best pieces which he had
played

played before, to be transcribed for me, which he sent to me at night, together with a specimen of Cossack melody; and, when I retired, he condescended to say that he should be very glad to meet me again, in the course of my journey, and to render me every service in his power.

Prince Sapieha told me, that he had long had in his service an Englishman, who was an excellent musician, and of so good a character, that he had not only made him his *maestro di capella*, but also his *homme de confiance*. He had been brought into Poland very young.

This prince is young and handsome in person. He is a dissident, and retired hither, from the troubles and desolation of his country, with his princess, a sensible and accomplished lady, as I was informed by a person who had several times conversed with her*.

* Since my departure from Munich, his estates in Poland have been confiscated, by order of the Empress of Russia, on account of his having refused to do homage for them to that princess, and

I went again to court at Nymphenberg, before my departure, and was again honoured by the notice of the Elector and his sister, and obtained a reiterated promise from both of a piece of music of their composition. The Elector at first made some difficulty, lest I should publish it; as his *Stabat Mater* had been stolen, and printed at Verona, without his permission, and would have been published, had not his highness purchased the plates, and the whole impression; but upon my assuring him that without licence I should never make any other use of the piece, with which he should honour me, than to enrich my collection of scarce and curious compositions, he was pleased to give orders for its being transcribed.

The Electress dowager told me that her disposition, in this particular, was different from her brother's; for, instead

confess her legal sovereignty to the Polish territories, of which, by force of arms, she has possessed herself.

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of concealing what she was able to produce, she took as much care to have it known, as the birth of a legitimate child; and had, accordingly, printed and published her two operas in score: so that she feared she had nothing left among her papers, worth bestowing; however, she gave Guadagni permission to look them over, and to let me have whatever he thought best worth my acceptance.

After this I had the honour of being presented, by M. de Visme, to the Dutchess of Bavaria, the widow of the Elector's brother, and sister to the Electress Palatine of the Rhine; she is of a very pleasing figure and character. It was at the desire of this princess that M. de Visme called me to her: they had previously been talking of my having been at Manheim and Schwetzingen; and, upon her being told that I had not been presented to her brother, the Elector Palatine, for want of a minister, or proper person at that court, to do me that ho-

nour, ſhe expreſſed great ſurprize, and indeed concern. She was pleaſed to ſay that it would have given her brother great pleaſure to have converſed with a perſon whoſe purſuits were ſuch as mine, as he was particularly fond of muſic; and added, that he not only read and ſpoke Engliſh, but had a natural partiality to all who were of my country. I told her highneſs how I was circumſtanced; that I had been favoured with a letter from Mr. Creſſener, our miniſter at Bonn, which had not operated ſo ſoon as I could have wiſhed; and that I was too much preſſed in time to be able to wait long enough for it to take effect; and added, that all I aſpired at in this journey, was to obtain an opportunity of hearing the beſt performers, and ſeeing the works of the beſt compoſers of Germany, in order to be enabled, in the courſe of my Hiſtory of Muſic, to do juſtice to their talents and genius. The Dutcheſs was pleaſed to ſay, that ſhe was certain her
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brother, the Elector Palatine, would be sorry to find, that I had been at his capital, and at Schwetzingen, without his having been apprized of it.

After this M. de Vifme was so kind, as to carry me back to Munich as fast as possible, in order to attend at a concert, which Signora Mingotti obligingly made for me, of the best musicians which she could get together upon short notice, whom I had not heard before. M. Kröner, whose performance I had only heard at Nymphenburg in full pieces, was first violin. There was M. Sechi, a very good hautboy, who, if I had not lately heard Fischer, would have charmed me; M. Rheiner, the bassoon, who, when in England, was so ill, that he was unable to play more than once in public, and whom I had not yet heard, was here to-night, and had quite recovered his health. His tone is sweet, and execution neat, and he must be allowed by every compe-

tent and impartial judge, to be a very able and pleasing performer.

Madame la Presidente, a lady of fashion, a friend and neighbour of Signora Mingotti, opened the concert, by a lesson on the harpsichord, which she executed with uncommon rapidity and precision. A *quintetto* was played next, that was composed by M. Michel, a young man that had been brought up at the Jesuit's music school. He has a genius, that wants only the pruning knife of time and experience to lop off luxuriance; every performer in this piece had an opportunity of shewing the genius of his instrument, and his own powers of execution. There was, in the solo parts, the brilliant, pathetic, and graceful, by turns; and the *tutti* parts had no other imperfection, than being too learned, and *recherchées* in modulation. I hardly ever heard a composition, that discovered more genius and invention, one that required

quired more abilities in the execution, or that was better performed ; it was made for a violin, a hautboy, tenor, bassoon, and violoncello.

Signor Guadagni and Signor Rauzzini were both at this concert, and the latter, whom I had only heard before, in one song, with full accompaniments, was so obliging, as to sing a very pretty air of his own composition, and another admirable one, by Signor Sacchini, in the *Eroe Cinese*. In the execution of these airs, he manifested great and captivating powers: a sweet and extensive voice, a rapid brilliancy of execution, great expression, and an exquisite and judicious taste. I was to-day even surpris'd by the strength of his voice, which had before appeared rather too feeble for a great theatre ; but it was want of exertion, for now it made its way through all the instruments, when playing *fortissimo*.

A duet by Sechi and Rheiner, which finished the concert, put me in mind of
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the two Bezozzis, at Turin ; as their instruments, so their genius and abilities seem made for each other, there being a like correspondence in both.

After these charming performances were over, I hastened to the comic opera, at which were the Elector, and all the electoral family. Count Seeau, intendant of the Elector's music, had most obligingly changed the opera, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing Signora Lodi in her best character. The burletta of to-night was the *Moglie Fedele*, composed by Signor Guglielmi ; her voice is brilliant, and style of singing charming ; but as I had, in London, seen Signora Guadagni in the same character, her acting did not strike me so much as it would otherwise have done. After the opera, there was a long dance, which was an ingenious and entertaining pantomime, and of which, the scenes and decorations were well contrived, and splendid.

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The next day, which was that of my departure from Munich, at nine o'clock in the morning, Signora Mingotti, who was indefatigable in rendering me every service in her power, had prepared another small, but select band, for me at her house, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing two scholars of Tartini on the violin; M. Holtzbogn, and Lobst, which political reasons had prevented her from inviting the day before. They are both good performers; had been in the service of the late duke of Bavaria, and have still a pension, though but few opportunities of being heard.

Holtzbogn has a great hand, a clear tone, and more fire than is usual, in one of the Tartini school, which is rather remarkable for delicacy, expression, and high finishing, than for spirit and variety. This performer writes well for his instrument, and played a very masterly concerto of his own composition. Lobst played a concerto of Tartini with great delicacy;

delicacy ; he is naturally timid, and want of practice added nothing to his courage ; however, through these disadvantages, he discovered himself to be a worthy disciple of the great Tartini.

After these pieces Signora Rosa Capranica, in the service of this court, and scholar of Signora Mingotti, brought hither from Rome by the Electress dowager of Saxony, sung a very difficult song by Traetta, with great neatness, and in a pleasing and agreeable manner. This performer is young, and has natural powers capable of great things, at which if she does not arrive, under such a mistress as Signora Mingotti, it must be totally attributed to want of diligence.

The city of Munich is one of the best built, and most beautiful in Germany ; I am ashamed to mention all the honours and favours, which were undeservedly conferred upon me, during my short residence there. All that I can add to this article is, that I quitted it with great regret ;

gret ; as I had so numerous an acquaintance, and so many protectors, that I lamented the not being able to spare more time, to avail myself of their kindness and good offices.

* * * *

I went from Munich to Vienna, down the two rivers Iser and Danube ; and as the musical incidents during this voyage are but few, and no itinerary or book of travels, that I remember to have seen, has described the course of these rivers, or the method by which persons are conveyed upon them, from one place to another, I shall not scruple to add to my few musical memorandums, such other remarks and observations as I find set down in my miscellaneous journal.

The Iser, upon which the city of Munich is situated, and which empties itself into the Danube, about a hundred miles below, though very rapid, is too much spread and scattered into different channels, to be sufficiently deep for a bark,

or any kind of passage-boat, that has a bottom to float upon it. The current of this river is even too rapid for any thing to be brought back against it; but Bavaria being a country abounding with wood, particularly fir, rafts, or floats made of those trees, lashed together, are carried down the stream, at the rate of seventy or eighty miles a day. Upon these rafts, a booth is built for passengers in common; but if any one chuses to have a cabin to himself, he may have it built for about four florins. I preferred this, not only to avoid bad company and heat, but to get an opportunity of writing and digesting my thoughts and memorandums, being at this time very much in arrears with my musical journal.

I quitted Munich at two o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was intensely hot, and I was furnished with no means of tempering it; a clear sky and burning sun, reflected from the water, having rendered my fir cabin as insupportable as the open air. It was constructed

constructed of green boards, which ex-
tended as much turpentine as would have
vanquished all the aromatics of Arabia.

As I was utterly ignorant of the coun-
try, through which I was to pass, and
the accommodations it would afford, all
that my foresight had suggested to me,
in the way of furniture and provisions,
were a mattress, blanket, and sheets;
some cold meat, with bread, and a bottle
of wine; there was water in plenty
always at hand. But I soon found my-
self in want of many other things; and,
if I were ever to perform this voyage
again, which I hope will never happen,
experience would enable me to render
the cabin a tolerable residence, for a
week or ten days.

In quitting Munich by water, the city
is a beautiful object; but the country
we passed through is a wretched one, to
all appearance; there being nothing but
willows, sedge, sand, and gravel in
sight. The water was so shallow in se-

veral places, that I thought our float would have stuck fast. At six o'clock we arrived at Freising, the see and sovereignty of a prince bishop; his palace is placed on a high hill at a little distance from the town, which is on another hill, and looks very pretty from the water-side. I would not go on shore to pay for a bad bed and supper, with which I was already furnished in my cabin; my servant however went with the common company, which amounted to upwards of fifty persons, in order to get some fresh bread, but which the place did not afford.

There had been no rain in these parts of Germany for six weeks; but, when we arrived at Freising, I saw a little black cloud to the westward, which, in less than half an hour, produced the most violent storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, that I ever remember to have seen. I really expected every moment, that the lightning would have set fire to my cabin; it continued all night with prodigious

gious fury, so that my man could not get back, and I was left on the water, sole inhabitant of the float, which was secured by a hawser to a wooden-bridge.

Two square holes were cut in the boards of my cabin, one on each side, by way of window; the pieces were to serve as casements, one of these was lost, so that I was forced to fasten with pins, a handkerchief against the hole, to keep out wind and rain; but it answered the purpose very ill, and moreover, it rained in, at a hundred different places; drop, drip, drop, throughout my little habitation, sometimes on my face, sometimes on my legs, and always somewhere or other. This, with the violent flashes of lightning and bursts of thunder, kept off drowfiness; luckily, perhaps, for I might have caught cold, sleeping in the wet. I had been told, that the people of Bavaria were, at least, three hundred years behind the rest of Europe in philosophy, and useful knowledge. No-

thing can cure them of the folly of ringing the bells whenever it thunders, or persuade them to put up conductors to their public buildings; though the lightning here is so mischievous, that last year, no less than thirteen churches were destroyed by it, in the electorate of Bavaria. The recollection of this, had not the effect of an opiate upon me; the bells in the town of Freising were jingling the whole night, to remind me of their fears, and the real danger I was in. I lay on the mattress, as far as I could from my sword, pistols, watch-chain, and every thing that might serve as a conductor. I never was much frightened by lightning before, but now I wished for one of Dr. Franklin's beds, suspended by silk cords in the middle of a large room. I weathered it out till morning, without a wink of sleep; my servant told me, that the inn on shore was miserable; it rained into every room of the house, and no provisions could be found

for these fifty people, but black bread and beer, boiled up with two or three eggs.

At six, we got into motion, the rain and wind continuing with great fury, and from violent heat, the air grew so chill and cold, that I found it impossible to keep myself warm with all the things I could put on. For though I added to my dress a pair of thick shoes, woollen stockings, a flannel waistcoat, great-coat and night-cap, with all the warm garments in my possession, yet I was benumbed with cold.

We advanced for four hours through a dreary country, as far as I was able to descry, but the weather was so bad, that I could not often examine it. At ten o'clock some fir trees appeared, which enlivened the view, and at eleven, nothing else could be seen on either side. There was a very high and steep shore on the right, covered with firs, and on the left, trees scattered near the water, and groves at a distance. At eleven, the float stopped

at Landshut, where the passengers dined. I stuck to my cabin and cold meat: if it had not rained in, I should have thought myself very well off; but, in my present circumstances I was so uncomfortable, that I could not, for a long time, write a word in my journal books; the weather had so lowered my spirits, and stiffened my fingers; however, towards the afternoon, I made an effort, and transcribed many things from my tablets, which were full. At six o'clock, the float stopt at Dingelsing; in the evening I got a candle, which was a luxury denied to me the night before in the thunder-storm. Rain, rain, eternal rain, and wind made the water nothing less than pleasant.

The next morning was clear, but cold. The passengers landed at Landau about ten; at one we entered the Danube, which did not appear so vast a river here as I expected. However, it grew larger as we descended: we stopt at two o'clock at a miserable village, with a fine convent in it, however. Here the wind be-
came

came so violent, that I thought every minute it would have carried away both my cabin and myself; at three, it was determined to stay here all night, as it was not safe to stir during this wind; but as this seems, and is called, *Le Pais des vents*, it was an exercise for patience to be stopt at a place, where I had nothing to do. My provisions grew short and stale, and there were none of any kind to be had here!

I had suffered so much the night before, that I now seriously set about contriving how to keep myself warm. The blanket bought at Munich for me, by my knave, or fool of a servant, and which I had not seen soon enough to change, was a second-hand one, and so filthy, ragged, and likely to contain all kinds of vermin, and perhaps diseases, that hitherto I could not find in my heart to touch it; however, cold and hunger will tame the proudest stomachs. I put the blan-

ket over the sheet, and was gladdened by its warmth.

At three in the morning, the passengers were called, and soon after the float was in motion; it was now a huge and unwieldy machine, a quarter of a mile long, and loaded with deals, hog-heads, and lumber of all kinds. The sun rose very bright; but at six there was a strong easterly wind, full in our teeth, and so great a fog, that not a single object could be seen on either side the river.

When I agreed to live night and day, for a week, upon the water, I forgot to bargain for warm weather; and now it was so cold, that I could scarcely hold the pen, though but the 27th of August! I have often observed, that when the body is cold; the mind is chilled likewise; and this was now so much the case with myself, that I had neither spirits nor ideas for working at my musical journal.

At

At eight o'clock we stopt at Vilshofen, a sweet situation. Here is a wooden bridge, of sixteen arches, over the Danube. The hills on the opposite side of the town are covered with wood, and exceedingly beautiful. The fog was dissipated, and the sun now shone on them in great glory. There is a gentle visit here from the custom-house officers; the seals were cut off my trunk, being the last town in Bavaria. They threatened hard as to the severe examination I was to undergo upon entering Austria; however, I had little to lose, except time; and that was now too precious to be patiently parted with to these inquisitorial robbers.

At half an hour past nine we set off for Passau, in very fine weather, which revived my spirits, and enabled me to hold my pen. The Danube abounds in rocks, some above water, and some below, which occasion a great noise by the rapidity of the current, running over, or against them.

We

We met this morning a gang of boats, laden with salt, from Saltzburg and Passau, dragged up the river by more than forty horses, a man on each, which expence is so great, as to enhance the price of that commodity above four hundred per cent. We did not seem to move so fast now as upon the Iser, which had frequent cascades; and sometimes the float dipped so deep, as to have three or four feet of water rush suddenly into my cabin.

P A S S A U.

This is the boldest, and at the same time the pleasantest situation, that I ever saw. The town is built on the side and summit of a steep hill, on the right of the Danube. There is a hill on the other side, answering to that on which the town is built; however, there are but few houses upon it.

Passau is a large imperial city. In the cathedral, which is a very beautiful modern

dern building, of the Corinthian order, there is a very magnificent organ, to look at. The case is finely carved and gilt, and the pipes are highly polished : it is divided into two columns of large pipes, one on each side, and has a complete little organ in the middle, which joins them together, and saves the west window : it is what builders call a thirty-two foot organ. M. Snetzler, when it was last repaired, made some of the front pipes, but there is little variety in the inside ; he likewise made the *vox humana*, and octave *dulciana*, in the little organ, which are the two best solo stops that the instrument contains.

On each side of the choir, in this church, there is likewise a small organ, with the pipes so highly burnished, that I cannot help supposing them to be of silver : indeed the person who shewed me the great one, assured me that they were silver pipes ; but as he likewise would have persuaded me that the front of the great organ was of that metal, in which

I was certain he was mistaken, I cannot depend on his word.

At the end of this town is the confluence of three rivers; the *Inn*, on the right hand; the *Ilz*, on the left; and the *Danube* in the middle. After this junction, the Danube becomes more and more rapid: the shore on each side, for a considerable way below Passau, has hills and rocks as high as those at Bristol; but these are covered with spruce fir trees and box, and look much less terrible, though quite as high. These rocks deprived us of the sun at three in the afternoon. About four miles below Passau, Austria is on the left, and Bavaria on the right, as far as Ingelhartzeil, when we were fairly entered into Austria. Here is the custom-house with which I had been threatened, and which I approached with trepidation; but my trunk was not opened, and nothing was examined except my writing box, which the officers would have unlocked. A seal was, however, set on my trunk, which

which I hoped would have enabled me to pass on to Vienna, without further plague, and then I expected to pay for all.

Thus far the Danube runs between two high mountains, and sometimes it is so compressed and shut up, as to be narrower than the Thames at Mortlake. The descent is often so considerable, that the water cannot be seen at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and sometimes the noise against rocks is as violent, and as loud as a cataract.

At the entrance into Austria the value of money is lowered; so that a silver piece, worth twelve *creuzers*, in Bavaria, is instantly lowered to ten; a florin, of sixty *creuzers*, becomes only worth fifty; a ducat of five florins, is lowered to four florins, twelve *creuzers*; and a sovereign of fifteen florins, to twelve florins thirty *creuzers*; a louis d'or, from eleven to nine florins, twelve *creuzers*; and a great crown to two florins.

We went upwards of eight leagues,
between

between two mountains, and stopt for the night, at a wretched place, which afforded no kind of refreshment; though I had indulged the hope of supplying myself here for two days to come, which being Friday and Saturday, among Austrian catholics, I knew would be kept strictly *maigre*.

I had now filled up the chinks of my cabin with splinters, and with hay; got a new button to the door, reconciled myself to my filthy blanket, and made a pair of snuffers out of a chip of deal; but alas! the essential failed: this was all external, and I wanted internal comfort! the last bit of my cold meat was fly-blown, to such a degree, that, ravenous as I was, I threw it into the Danube; bread too, that staff was broken! and nothing but *Pompernickl* was to be had here; which is so black and four, as to disgust two senses at a time.

Friday morning, August 28th. This river continues running through the same woody,

woody, wild, and romantic country; which, to pass through, is pleasant and entertaining, to a stranger, but produces nothing, except firing, to the poor inhabitants. For fifty miles not a corn field or pasture is to be seen. Sheep, oxen, calves, and pigs, are all utter strangers in this land. I asked what was behind these mountains, and was answered, huge forests. At Asna the country opens a little.

What an aggregate of waters is here! river after river, comes tumbling into the Danube, and yet it grows rather more deep than wide, by these accessions; but many small rivers detach themselves from it, and islands are frequently formed in the middle and sides of this world of waters: before we arrived at Lintz, however, a flat fenny country appeared, with high mountains, covered with trees, at a distance.

L I N T Z.

L I N T Z.

The approach to this town, by water, is very beautiful. There is a road on each side the Danube, at the foot of high mountains and rocks, covered with trees, by which the river is again bounded. The castle is seen at a distance, and houses and convents, upon the summit of some of the highest hills, have a fine appearance. There is a bridge over the Danube of twenty very wide arches. The town is built on the summit and sides of high hills, and in situation much resembles Passau. The churches were shut up, as it was twelve o'clock when we arrived; however, I obtained permission to enter the collegiate church, where I found a large organ.

There is such an appearance of piety here, as I never saw before in the most bigoted catholic countries. All along the Danube, near any town, there are
little

little chapels erected, at only twenty or thirty yards distance from each other, sometimes on the sides of these mountains, and in places too narrow for a foot-path *; and I saw not a house in Lintz that had not a Virgin or a saint, painted or carved, upon it.

I walked about the town for near two hours. It was market day, though but for poor stuff; as nothing eatable appeared, perhaps, because it was Friday, but **Brod**, vile cheese, bad apples, pears, and plums; and of other wares, only tape, toys, ordinary Missals, and wretched prints of virgins and saints. I saw not a good shop in the town, though there are many showy and fine houses. Gable ends and pear-topt steeples, in the Bavarian style, are still in fashion here.

At SPIEBURG, which is only the shell of an old castle, upon a little island, is the first of the two water-falls in the Da-

* These chapels are not sufficiently spacious to contain either persons or priest, they are only intended as receptacles for a crucifix or a Virgin.

nube, said to be so dangerous ; however, now, there was nothing formidable in it but the noise.

ENS, a large city, is here in sight, upon the right hand ; we went through an ugly country till it was dark ; the river is sometimes like a sea, so wide that there is scarce any land in sight ; at other times it is broken, and divided into small streams, by islands. The raft stopt at a hovel, on the left bank of the river, where the passengers landed, and spent the night. I remained in my cabin, where, I believe, I was much better off, as to bed, than any of them ; but, for provisions, we were all on a footing. Pierre, with great difficulty, clambered up the rocks, to a village, and procured me half a dozen eggs, with which he returned in triumph. But, alas ! two of them were addled, and a third had a chicken in it ; which, being fast day, I could not in conscience eat.

Saturday, we set off at five o'clock, but were stopt, after having gone three or four miles, by a violent fog, which rendered the navigation dangerous, among so many rocks, shoals, and islands. When this was dispelled, we soon reached STRUDEL, which is situated in a wilder country than ever I saw in passing the Alps. Here is the famous water-fall and whirlpool, which the Germans so much dread, that they say it is the habitation of *der Teufel*; however, they had talked so much about it, that it appeared to me less formidable than I expected. The shooting London bridge is worse, though not attended with more noise. The company prayed and crossed themselves most devoutly; but though it may, especially in winter, be a very dangerous pass in a boat, this raft may dip into the water, but it covers such a surface, that it cannot possibly either sink or be overset.

At IPS, a pretty town, with a new, handsome, and large *caserne*, or barrack,

just by it, the country opens, and is very beautiful. Hereabouts they begin to make Austrian wine: the white wine is a pretty, pleasant sort, but small.

At MELK, on the right of the Danube, is a most magnificent convent of Benedictines; it seems to cover two thirds of the town; the architecture is beautiful, and it has the appearance of being but lately built: here are vines all along the shore, on the left hand. Harvest was quite got in hereabouts; indeed there is but little appearance of agriculture in this wild country. I believe I remarked before, that the quantity of useless woods and forests, in several parts of Germany, indicate a barbarous and savage people; and, to say the truth, except in the great trading towns, or those where sovereign princes reside, the Germans seem very rude and uncultivated.

The country becomes more and more wild, as far as STEIN. The rocks were often so high, on each side, as to prevent

us from seeing the sun at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. At Stein there is a wooden bridge of twenty-five or twenty-six very wide arches, which leads to KREMS, where the Jesuits have a most sumptuous college, beautifully situated on a hill; it has more the appearance of a royal palace, than any thing that we can boast of in England. Stein is on the left, and Krems on the right hand of the Danube, going down. Here our float anchored for the night, though it was but five o'clock: indeed it had not stopt, except early in the morning, for the fog, the whole day. We had now near fifty miles to Vienna; and the scoundrel *Floßmeister*, or waterman, assured me, and every body at Munich, that we should certainly be there on Saturday night.

At Krems there is an immense organ, in the Jesuits' church. Here, and all the way to Vienna, the common people, in the public houses, and the labourers, at their work, divert themselves with sing-

ing in two, and sometimes more parts. Near Ips there was a great number of Bohemian women, whom we should call gypsies, on a pilgrimage to St. Mary *Tafel*, a church placed on the summit of a very high mountain, facing the town of Ips, on the other side the Danube. No one could inform me why it was called St. Mary *Tafel*; but, in all probability, it had this appellation from the form of the mountain on which it is placed, which resembles a *table*. These women, however, did not sing in parts, like the Austrians, but in *canto fermo*, like the pilgrims that I heard in Italy, who were going to Affisi; the sound was carried several miles, by the stream and wind, down the river, upon whose smooth surface it passed, without interruption.

The musical events of this week are so trivial, as scarce to deserve recording. I must, however, add, to what I have already said, concerning the turn for music which I found among the Austrians, that

at

at Stein, opposite Krems, I heard several songs and hymns, sung very well, in four parts; who were the singers I could not learn, as I was on the water; but it was a fortunate circumstance for me to be placed, by accident, where I heard as good a performance as could have been procured by premeditation and design; it was a woman who sung the upper part, and the melody was not only expressed with simplicity, but the harmony had all the advantages of being swelled and diminished, which, to me, had the effect of advancing and retreating; and the performers seemed to understand each other, and what they were about, so well, that each chord had that kind of equality, in all its parts, which is given to the same number of notes, when played upon the swell of an organ. At this place the soldiers, and almost all the young people that were walking by the water side, were frequently singing, and never in less than two parts.

It is not easy to account for this facility of singing in different parts, in the people of one country, more than in those of another: whether it arises in Roman catholic countries, from the frequency of hearing music sung in parts, in their churches, I cannot say; but of this I am certain, that in England it costs infinite trouble, both to the master and scholar, before a young practitioner in singing is able to perform, with firmness, an under part to the most simple melody imaginable; and I never remember hearing the ballad singers, in the streets of London, or in our country towns, attempt singing in two different parts.

Sunday, August 30. This day was trifled away without getting to Vienna with the float, as I had been fully made to expect: an officer on board, tried with me to procure a land carriage for that purpose, but in vain. As we approached Vienna, the country became less savage. There are vineyards on the sides of
all

all the hills, and large islands innumerable which divide the Danube.

TULN is a little fortified town, with a *fine* church, and a *fine* convent, which, with a *fine* custom-house, usually constitute all the *finery* of Austria.

At KOR NEUBURG, there is a very strong citadel, on the summit of an extreme high hill, which commands the river and city.

At NUSDORF, a village within three miles of Vienna, with nothing in it but a church and a custom-house, I was quite out of patience, at being told, that the float could not, as it was Sunday, on any account, enter Vienna. It was now but five o'clock, and the seventh day of my being immured in a sty, where, indeed I might have grown fat if I had had any thing to eat; but that not being the case, hunger as well as loss of time, made me very impatient to be released; and after an hour lost in trying to procure a chaise,

I at last got a miserable boat to carry me and my servant to Vienna.

This voyage added but little to my knowledge of German music, but a great deal to that of the people, and country through which I passed: indeed I had an opportunity of landing at every considerable town in the passage, where I visited the churches, though I had not time to make acquaintance with musical people, or to collect historical materials; but as to *national music*, perhaps the rude songs which I heard sung by the boors and watermen, gave me a more genuine idea of it, than is to be acquired from the corrupted, motley, and Italianised melody, to be heard in the capitals of this extensive country.

V I E N N A.

This city, the capital of the empire, and residence of the imperial family, is so remote from England, has been so
imper-

imperfectly described, by writers of travels, and is so seldom visited by Englishmen, that I should have presented my readers with a minute account of its public buildings and curiosities, if it had not furnished me with ample materials for a long article, relative to my principal subject, MUSIC, to which every other must give place. I shall, however, bestow a few words on its peculiarities, and then proceed to my musical journal.

The approach to Vienna from the river, is not very unlike that of Venice, though there is much less water, for the Danube divides itself into three streams, about a mile and a half above the town; forty or fifty towers and spires may be seen from the water.

The custom-house did not disappoint my expectation of its being remarkably troublesome, particularly, in the article of *books*; all are stopt there, and read more scrupulously than at the inquisition of Bologna, in Italy; and mine,
which,

which, except music, were merely geographical and descriptive, were detained near a fortnight before I could recover them ; and his excellency lord viscount Stormont, his majesty's ambassador at this court, afterwards told me, that this was the only thing in which it was not in his power to assist me. On entering the town, I was informed, that if a single book had been found in my *sac de nuit*, or travelling satchel, its whole contents would have been forfeited.

The streets are rendered doubly dark and dirty by their narrowness, and by the extreme height of the houses ; but, as these are chiefly of white stone, and in a uniform, elegant style of architecture, in which the Italian taste prevails, as well as in music, there is something grand and magnificent in their appearance, which is very striking ; and even many of those houses which have shops on the ground-floor, seem like palaces above. Indeed the whole town and its suburbs,
appear,

appear, at the first glance, to be composed of palaces, rather than of common habitations. The churches and convents are chiefly of Gothic architecture; however, the Jesuits' college is an extensive and elegant modern building; and the church of St. Sophia, built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, but upon a much smaller scale, is a beautiful copy of that structure in miniature; as is the Austin Friars, of the chapel of Loretto.

The emperor's prerogative of having the first floor of almost every house in Vienna for the use of the officers of his court and army, is as singular in itself, as it is inconvenient to the inhabitants. The houses are so large, that a single floor suffices for most of the first and largest families in the city.

The inhabitants do not, as elsewhere, go to the shops to make purchases; but the shops are *brought to them*; there was literally a fair, at the inn where I lodged, every day. The trades-people
 seem

seem to sell nothing at home, but, like hawkers and pedlars, carry their goods from house to house. A stranger is teased to death by these chapmen, who offer to sell wretched goods, ill manufactured, and ill-fashioned. In old England, it is true, things are very dear, but if their goodness be compared with these, they are cheap as dirt.

I must observe, that I have never yet found, in any country on the continent, that the trades-people, like many in England, could be trusted, without beating them down; and fixing the price of what is purchased of them, previous to possession. In London there is little danger of being charged unreasonably for any thing that is had from a reputable shop, though the price is not asked, when the goods are sent for, nor paid, till the bill is brought in, perhaps a year after.

A little way out of the town, there is a famous walk, or rather ride, called the

Prat;

Prat; it is an extensive wood, or open grove, with a coach-road cut through it. There is verdure on the ground, and shade from some of the largest trees that I ever saw, with frequent views of the Danube. It is the Hyde-park of Vienna, but more flat and gloomy than that of London.

The first time I went to a theatre, I was, by mistake, carried to a German tragedy, though there was a burletta performed in Italian, the same night, at another theatre, at which were the emperor and his sisters, the arch-duchesses of Austria; but my ignorance of this, at the time, contributed to fortify, in me, that accommodating principle, which seeks profit and enjoyment from the present situation, by whatever accidents thrown into it, without repining at the loss of remote pleasures, that are unattainable.

I hoped, however, that there would be singing in this piece, but was wholly
dis-

disappointed ; it was ein Trauerspiel, von Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, called Emilia Galotti.

I should suppose this play to have been well acted ; there were energy and passion, and many speeches were much applauded ; but I was so young at German declamation, that I could only catch a sentence now and then. However, I made out the drift of the piece, which very much resembles, in the catastrophe, that of Virginia.

A prince of Guastallo, formerly in love with a countess, named Orsina, becomes inconstant upon seeing *Emilia Galotti*, the daughter of a country gentleman, who was engaged to a worthy Graf, or count. He meets with this lady, at mass, on the morning, which was fixed on for her marriage with the Graf.

Princes et rois vont très vite en amour, says M. de Voltaire. This prince has among his courtiers, a friend and confidant, named Marinelli, who is a more
hateful

hateful character, than Jago, in Shakespeare's Othello.

This personage readily undertakes to pander for his master; and having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the betrothed *Graf*, to accept of a foreign appointment, he hires a banditti to attack the carriage, in which *Emilia*, her mother, and the *Graf*, were proceeding to a country-house, in order to celebrate their marriage. The *Graf* is killed by the assassins, and *Emilia* is conveyed, in a seeming friendly and hospitable manner, to a *Chateau*, or country seat, of the prince, near the road.

Orsina, the deserted mistress of the prince, meeting with *Emilia's* father, insinuates, that the unhappy young lady had consented to the plan, of her being carried off, and to the murder of her lover; which induces the irritated father, to receive from her a dagger, with the barbarous design of plunging it into his daughter's bosom.

Marinelli assumes the character of the friend and avenger of the deceased *Graf*, and acquaints the father, that, as it had been rumoured, that a lover of *Emilia* had been the murderer, it would be expedient to have her separated from her family, till the affair was cleared up.

The alarmed old man, desires permission to see his daughter, alone; as soon as she is made acquainted with her danger, from the artful plan of Marinelli, she seizes the dagger which her father had shewn her, with a resolution to destroy herself. He, however, prevents her; but is at length prevailed upon, to give the fatal stroke himself, stimulated by her entreaties, and exaggerations of the danger to which she was exposed, from the lawless passion of the prince, who enters at this instant, with Marinelli.

The father confesses the fact to the prince, and, with savage ferocity, asks him, whether he likes her now? Emilia has

but just strength sufficient left, to vindicate the act of her father before she expires. The old man delivers himself into the hands of justice; the mother runs distracted; while Marinelli, the chief cause of all the mischief, receives no other punishment, with which the audience is made acquainted, than to be ordered by the prince, to get out of his sight.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, gives a curious description of the state of this theatre, when she saw the comedy of *Amphitruon* represented here, in the year 1716. “ I could not easily pardon, says
 “ her ladyship, the liberty the poet has
 “ taken of larding his play with not only
 “ indecent expressions, but such gross
 “ words, as I don’t think our mob would
 “ suffer from a mountebank; besides the
 “ two *Socias* very fairly let down their
 “ breeches, in the direct view of the
 “ boxes, which were full of people of
 “ the first rank, who seemed very well
 P 2 “ pleased

“ pleased with their entertainment, and assured me, this was a celebrated piece *.”

This ribald taste has taken another turn, and in tragedy seems now to exhale itself in impious oaths and execrations ; for, in the piece of to-night, the interlocutors curse, swear, and call names, in a gross and outrageous manner. I know not, perhaps, the exact ideas annexed by the Germans to the following expressions, of *Bei Gott ; Gott verdammm' ihn, &c.* but they shocked my ears very frequently.

However, there is an original wildness in the conduct and sentiments of this piece, which renders it very interesting. It is concluded by the prince himself, with the following bold and admirable exclamation ; “ Gods ! is it
 “ not a sufficient curse to mankind, that
 “ princes should be men, but must

* Letters of the right honourable lady Mary Wortley Montague, vol. I.

“ devils

“ devils take the semblance of their
 “ friends * !”

This theatre is lofty, having five or six rows of boxes, twenty-four in each row. The height makes it seem short, yet, at the first glance, it is very striking; it does not appear to have been very lately painted, and looks dark; but the scenes and decorations are splendid. The stage had the appearance of being oval, which, whether it was produced by deception or reality, had a pleasing effect, as it corresponded with the other end of the theatre, which was rounded off at the corners, and gave an elegant look to the whole.

The orchestra has a numerous band, and the pieces which were played for the overture and act-tunes, were very well performed, and had an admirable

* Gott! Gott! — Ist es, zum Unglücke so mancher, nicht genug, daß Fürsten Menschen sind: müssen sich auch noch Teufel in ihren Freund vorstellen?

effect; they were composed by Haydn, Hoffman, and Vanhall.

The first time I went to the cathedral of St. Stephen, I heard an excellent mass, in the true church style, very well performed; there were violins and violoncellos though it was not a festival. The great organ at the west end of this church has not been fit for use these forty years; there are three or four more organs of a smaller size in different parts of the church, which are used occasionally. That which I heard in the choir this morning is but a poor one, and as usual, was much out of tune; it was played, however, in a very masterly, though not a modern style. All the responses in this service, are chanted in four parts, which is much more pleasing, especially where there is so little melody, than the mere naked *canto fermo* used in most other catholic churches; the treble part was sung by boys, and very well; particularly, by two of them, whose

whose voices, though not powerful, had been well cultivated.

I cannot proceed farther in the journal of my musical transactions at Vienna, without mentioning the flattering manner in which I was received, protected, and even assisted in my enquiries there, by his excellency lord viscount Stormont, his majesty's ambassador extraordinary at that court; as it was to his lordship's influence and activity, that I owed the greatest part of my entertainment, and the information I acquired during my residence at Vienna.

His lordship had been prepared for my arrival by a letter, which Mr. de Visme had been so kind as to write in my behalf, before I left Munich, in which he had explained the nature of my journey and pursuits; so that I very soon obtained an audience, and he condescended to enter heartily into my views, and to interest himself about them immediately on my arrival. This was a most fortunate circumstance

for me, as his long residence here, had furnished opportunities for his being perfectly acquainted with all such persons and things as I wished to know; and that universal esteem and respect, which a steady, judicious, and amiable conduct had acquired him, joined to his high rank and station, rendered him all powerful in whatever cause he espoused.

One of the first signal favours which his lordship conferred on me, was doing me the honour of presenting me to the countess Thun, a most agreeable and accomplished lady of very high rank, who, among many other talents, possesses as great skill in music as any person of distinction I ever knew; she plays the harpsichord with that grace, ease, and delicacy, which nothing but female fingers can arrive at.

Her favourite author for the instrument, is a *dilettante*, M. le Comte de Becke. His pieces are very original, and
in

in a good taste: they shew the instrument much, but his own delicacy and feelings more. He was, unluckily for me, in Bohemia at this time, so that I could not have the honour and advantage of his conversation.

The second evening after my arrival, I went to the French theatre, where I saw a German comedy, or rather a farce of five acts: however, I should not suppose the piece to be without merit, as the natives seemed much pleased with it. This theatre is not so high as that at which I had been the night before, but it is still better fitted up; here the best places seem to be in the pit, which is divided in two parts, and all the seats are stuffed, and covered with red baize; the scenes were seldom changed during the piece; but the principal, that is, the scene of longest continuance, was flat in front, where there were two large folding doors, as in the French theatres,

for

for the entrance and exit of the principal characters. At each side there was an elegant projection, in the middle of which there was likewise a door, used chiefly by the servants, and inferior characters. The comedy was often too grossly farcical; but there were scenes, as well as characters, of real humour, and one or two of the *Comedie larmoyante* kind, that were truly pathetic.

Premiums are now no longer given, as heretofore, in this theatre, to actors who voluntarily submit to be kicked and cuffed, for the diversion of the spectators. It is but a few years since, that bills were regularly brought in, at the end of each week; "So much for a slap on the face;" "So much for a broken head;" "and so much for a kick on the breech," by the comic actors. But, in process of time, the effect of these wearing out, it became necessary to augment their number, and force, in order to render the
plea-

pleasure of the spectators more exquisite; till the managers, unable any longer to support so intolerable an expence, totally abolished the rewards for these heroic sufferings.

And now, since this *active wit* has ceased to be practised, it is observed that the theatre is not only more seldom crowded than formerly, but the audience is become more difficult to please. Indeed the consequences seem to have been so fatal, that many attribute the frequent bankruptcies of the managers to the *insufferable* dullness and inactivity of the performers*.

The orchestra here was full as striking as that of the other theatre, and the pieces played were admirable. They were so full of invention, that it seemed to be music of some other world, inso-

* In consideration of their great utility, it is hoped that the worthy managers of our theatres do not let "the spurns and patient sufferings" of our pantomime clowns, go unrewarded at the end of the week.

much,

much, that hardly a passage in this was to be traced; and yet all was natural, and equally free from the stiffness of labour, and the pedantry of hard study. Whose music it was I could not learn; but both the composition and performance, gave me exquisite pleasure*.

At the end of the play, there was a very spirited and entertaining dance, planned by the celebrated ballet-master, M. Noverre, in which the four principal performers displayed great abilities, in point of grace, activity, and precision.

Three large boxes are taken out of the front of the first row, for the imperial family, which goes frequently to this theatre; it was built by Charles the sixth. The empress queen continues in weeds, and

* The symphonies of *Manheim*, excellent as they are, have been observed, by persons of refined taste, to be *Maniereés*, and tiresome to such as continue there any time, being almost all of one cast, from the writers of them giving too much into imitation.

has appeared in no public theatre since the death of the late emperor.

At night two of the poor scholars of this city sung, in the court of the inn where I lodged, duets in *falset*, *soprano*, and *contralto*, very well in tune, and with feeling and taste. I sent to enquire whether they were taught music at the Jesuits' college, and was answered in the affirmative. Though the number of poor scholars, at different colleges, amounts to a hundred and twenty, yet there are at present but seventeen that are taught music.

After this there was a band of these singers, who performed through the streets a kind of glees, in three and four parts: this whole country is certainly very musical. I frequently heard the soldiers upon guard, and centinels, as well as common people, sing in parts. The music school at the Jesuits' college, in every Roman catholic town, accounts in some measure for this faculty; yet
other

other causes may be assigned, and, among these, it should be remembered, that there is scarce a church or convent in Vienna, which has not every morning its *mass in music*: that is, a great portion of the church service of the day, set in parts, and performed with voices, accompanied by at least three or four violins, a tenor and base, besides the organ; and as the churches here are daily crowded, this music, though not of the most exquisite kind, must, in some degree, form the ear of the inhabitants. Physical causes operate but little, I believe, as to music. Nature distributes her favours pretty equally to the inhabitants of Europe; but moral causes are frequently very powerful in their effects. And it seems as if *the national music of a country was good or bad, in proportion to that of its church service*; which may account for the taste of the common people of Italy, where indeed the language is more musical than in any other country of Europe,

Europe, which certainly has an effect upon their vocal music; but the excellent performances that are every day heard for nothing in the churches, by the common people, more contribute to refine and fix the national taste for good music, than any other thing that I can at present suggest.

I had the good fortune to meet with the admirable poet Metastasio here, and the no less admirable musician Haffé, as well as with the chevalier Gluck, one of the most extraordinary geniuses of this, or, perhaps, of any age or nation; and as I was so happy as to enjoy the conversation of these illustrious personages very frequently, during my residence in this city, it will incline me to be very circumstantial concerning them, which I hope my readers will pardon in behalf of their extraordinary merit, and the enthusiastic admiration of it, with which I confess my mind to be impressed.

Be-

Before I had the honour of being introduced to Signor Metastasio, I obtained, from undoubted authority, the following particulars relative to this great poet, whose writings have perhaps more contributed to the refinement of vocal melody, and, consequently, of music in general, than the joint efforts of all the great composers in Europe; this supposition I shall hereafter endeavour to explain and confirm, in speaking of him only as a lyric poet.

The *Abate Pietro Metastasio*, was adopted at Rome, while very young, by the celebrated civilian, Gravina, who discovering in him an extraordinary talent for poetry, undertook the care of his education; and, after he had been instructed under his eye, in all the parts of polite literature, he sent him to Calabria, in the kingdom of Naples, to learn Greek, as a living language, it being still spoken in that province, by the natives. He

had such a faculty of speaking verses extempore, so early as at five years old, that Gravina used to set him on a table, to perform the part of an *Improvvisatore*; but this exercise was found to exhaust him so much, that a physician assured his patron, if he continued the practice, it would destroy him; for at such times he was so truly *afflatus numine*, that his head and stomach swelled, and became inflamed, while his extremities grew cold. Gravina seeing this, thought it necessary to take the physician's advice, and would never suffer him more to *improvvisare*. Metastasio now speaks of the practice as equally repugnant to grammar, and to common sense; for whoever accustoms himself in this rapid manner, to distort every thought into rhyme, destroys all taste, and totally precludes selection: till, by degrees, the mind and genius accommodating themselves to inaccuracies and absurdities, not only

lose

lose a relish for labour, but for every thing that is chaste and correct.

Gravina made Metastasio translate all Homer into Italian verse, before he was fourteen years of age; and this, perhaps, destroyed some of that veneration for the ancients, with which most men of true genius are possessed*. Fielding said of himself, that he bore *marks* of the difficulty of Homer about him all his life. Gravina idolized the ancients, and, perhaps, Metastasio, taking the *contrepied*, respects them too little.

He has opinions fixed and unalterable, peculiar to himself, concerning many things, particularly rhyme: he still thinks that the Hebrew Psalms are in rhyme, and that this consonance of verses is infinitely more ancient than is generally imagined. He thinks that Milton's Paradise Lost cannot be a perfect poem because it is written in *blank verse*, though all

* Gravina died in the year 1718, and made Metastasio his heir.

the narrative parts of his own dramatic pieces are in measured prose; indeed, before each song, he has a couplet, or close, usually in rhyme, which prepares for the change.

The whole tenor of his life is equally innoxious with his writings. He lives with the most mechanical regularity, which he suffers none to disturb; he has not dined from home these thirty years; he is very difficult of access, and equally averse to new persons, and new things; he sees, in a familiar way, but three or four people, and them, constantly every night, from eight o'clock till ten; he abhors writing, and never sets pen to paper but by compulsion: as it was necessary to bind Silenus, before he would sing; and Proteus, to oblige him to give oracles.

He has long been invested with the title and appointments of imperial laureate; and when the emperor, empress, or any one of the imperial family orders it, he sits down and writes, two hours

at a time only, just as he would transcribe a poem written by any one else; never waiting for a call, invoking the Muse, or even receiving her favours at any other than his own stated periods.

He was applied to by the editors of the *Encyclopedie*, to write the article *Opera* for that work; but he politely declined the task, supposing it impossible that his sentiments on the subject should be pleasing to the French nation.

Tasso is his favourite of all poets; he likes not Fingal, on account of its wildness and obscurity*; he reads with his select friends ancient and modern authors every evening; he is extremely fond of the writings of count Medini, a Bohemian, whose poetical compositions, he says, are superior to those of all other living writers. This count is translating

* The poems of Ossian are translated into Italian, by the Abate Melchior Cesarotti, and were published at Padua in 1763.

the *Henriade*, of Voltaire, into Italian *Ottave Rime*.

A person of very high rank assured me, that he had been five years in Vienna before he could get acquainted with Metastasio, or even into conversation with him; and, after that time, but three visits had been exchanged between them in several years; indeed, in my applications for letters of recommendation to this exquisite poet, before I left England, I had been mortified by an assurance, “ that
 “ it would be in vain for me to attempt
 “ even a sight of Metastasio, as he was
 “ totally worn out, incommunicative,
 “ and averse to society on all occasions.”

However, this account had been expressed in too strong terms; for, upon my arrival at Vienna, I found that besides the constant society of his particular friends every evening, he had a kind of levee each morning, at which he was visited by a great number of persons of high rank and distinguished merit.

If he is attended to with complaisance, he converses very freely and agreeably; but if contradicted, he becomes immediately silent; he is too well-bred, as well as too indolent, to dispute; if what he thinks erroneous be advanced, in opposition to any thing that he has said, he passes it over in silence. He likes not animated discussions, such as generally subsist among men of talents and learning; but rather chuses the ease and moderation of a private individual, than to lay down the law in the decisive manner of a public and exalted character. Indeed there seems to be that soft calmness in his life, which subsists in his writings, where he reasons, even in passion, more than he raves; and that even tenor of propriety and correctness which runs through all his works, is, in some degree, constitutional. He is as seldom, perhaps, violently agitated in his writings as in his life, and he may be called the poet of the golden age; in which simplicity

plicity and decorum are said to have reigned, more than the wild and furious passions. The effusions of patriotism, love, and friendship, which he pours out with exquisite sweetness, are affections of a soft and gentle kind, which his heart felt, and his soul has coloured.

He has not, perhaps, the fire of a Corneille, or the wit and variety of a Voltaire; but he has all the pathos, all the correctness of a Racine, with more originality. I need only mention his well-known poem, *Grazie a gl'Inganni tuoi*, which has been so many times imitated and translated in all languages: this contains a species of wit, peculiar to Metastasio, in which he turns trivial circumstances to account. Shakespeare has said, in derision, of one of his characters, that "he has a *reasonable* good wit," and this is seriously true with respect to Metastasio, whose wit is not composed of epigrammatic points, or whimsical conceits; neither is it biting nor sarcastical;

but consists of familiar and natural things, highly polished, and set in diamonds.

——'Tis nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The sweetness of his language and versification, give a grace to all that he writes, and the natural tendency of his genius, is to point out rectitude, propriety, and decorum; and though he discovers in every stanza of his *Nisa*, that he is not cured of his passion for a jilt, yet he plainly proves that he ought to be so.

Party runs as high among poets, musicians, and their adherents, at Vienna as elsewhere. *Metastasio* and *Hasse*, may be said, to be at the head of one of the principal sects; and *Calzabigi* and *Gluck* of another. The first, regarding all innovations as quackery, adhere to the ancient form of the musical drama, in which the poet and musician claim equal attention from an audience; the
bard

bard in the recitatives and narrative parts; and the composer in the airs, duos, and chorusses. The second party depend more on theatrical effects, propriety of character, simplicity of diction, and of musical execution, than on, what *they* style, flowery descriptions, superfluous similes, sententious and cold morality, on one side, with tiresome symphonies, and long divisions, on the other*. It is less my business and intention here, to take sides, or to determine which of these parties are right, than to point out the different merit of both. For I should not only be an enemy to my own pleasure, but unworthy of the title I have assumed, of a faithful historian, if I encouraged exclusive approbation. I shall therefore proceed in characterising the

* *L'Autore a sostituito alle fiorite descrizioni, ai Paragoni superflui, e alle sentenziose e fredde moralità, il linguaggio del cuore, le passioni forti, le situazioni interessanti, e uno spettacolo sempre variato. Dedicaz. d' Aleste, dal cav. Gluck.*

genius

genius of the two great composers above-mentioned, to the best of my judgment and feelings, unbiassed by the decisions of others.

The merit of Signor Haffe has so long, and so universally been established on the continent, that I have never yet conversed with a single professor on the subject, who has not allowed him to be the most natural, elegant, and judicious composer of vocal music, as well as the most voluminous now alive *; equally a friend to poetry and to the voice, he discovers as much judgment as genius, in expressing words, as well as in accompanying those sweet and tender melodies, which he gives to the singer. Always regarding the voice, as the first object of attention in a theatre, he never suffocates it, by the learned jargon of a multiplicity of instruments and subjects; but is

* He was born at Bergendorf, in Lower Saxony, within eight miles of Hamburg, and is best known in Italy, by the name of *Il Sassone*.

as careful of preserving it's importance, as a painter, of throwing the strongest light upon the capital figure of his piece.

In 1769, he produced at Vienna the music of a little opera, or *Intermezzo tragico, Piramo e Tisbe, à tre voci*; and in 1771, he set *Ruggiero*, at Milan, for the marriage of the arch-duke Ferdinand, brother of the emperor, with the princess of Modena, both written by Metastasio*.

Dr. Brown pretended to prove, the separation of music and poetry; if he was right, it must, however, be allowed that this poet and musician are the *two halves* of what, like Plato's *Androgyne*, once constituted a *whole*; for as they are equally possessed of the same characteristic marks of

* These pieces are the last productions of the great poet and musician, who, with more propriety than Pope and Jarvis, might say,

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame.

true

true genius, taste, and judgment; so propriety, consistency, clearness, and precision, are alike the inseparable companions of both. When the voice was more respected than the servile herd of imitative instruments, and at a time when a different degree, and better judged kind of study rendered it, perhaps, more worthy of attention than at present, the airs of Signor Haffe, particularly those of the pathetic kind, were such as charmed every hearer, and fixed the reputation of the first singers in Europe*.

His abilities are but little known in England, as but few of his compositions are printed, and those of the most trivial kind; but, as his works are more numerous than those of any vocal composer now living, he may, without injury to his brethren, be allowed to be as superior to all other lyric composers, as Metastasio is to all other lyric poets.

* Such as Farinelli, Faustina, Mingotti, &c.



The chevalier Gluck is simplifying music; and with unbounded invention and powers for creating capricious difficulties, and decking his melodies with meretricious ornaments, he tries all he can to keep his muse chaste and sober, his three operas of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, and *Paride*, are proofs of this, as they contain few difficulties of execution, though many of expression.

He has lately suggested to an able writer, a plan for a new ode on St. Cecilia's day, which discovers both genius and discernment. Lord Cowper had, some time since, Dryden's Ode performed to Handel's music at Florence; but set to a literal Italian translation given *totidem syllabis*, in order to preserve the music as entire as possible. But this tenderness for the musician, was so much at the expence of the poet, that Dryden's divine Ode, became not only unpoetical, but unintelligible in this wretched version. The music has since been performed at

Vienna to the same words, and many parts of it were very much liked, in despite of the nonsense through which it was conveyed to the ears of the audience.

Gluck was exceedingly struck with the thoughts of our great poet, and wished to have an ode on the same subject, but written on a different plan, which would preserve as many of them as possible. His idea was this; a poem of so great a length, could never be sung to modern music by *one person*. Now, as Dryden's Ode is all *narrative*; there seems no propriety in distributing it among different persons, in the performance. He wished therefore, to have it thrown into a dramatic form, in which the interlocutors might speak what passion suggests; and this has been done in the following manner: it begins with a feast of Bacchus, at which Alexander and Thais preside. They agree to call in Timotheus to sing to them; but before his arrival, the hero and his mistress differ in opinion.

con-

concerning his merit ; the one supposes him to be inferior to what has been reported of him ; and the other, superior. This contention enlivens the dialogue, and interests the audience till the arrival of the bard, who begins to sing of the Trojan war, which animates Alexander so much, that he breaks out into the complaints attributed to him by the old story of having no Homer, like Achilles, to record his actions.

Tuesday, September 1st. At vespers, this afternoon, I heard, in the cathedral, some admirable old music composed by Fux, not very well performed, indeed, as to singing or accompaniments ; the former was feeble, and the latter, I mean the violins, were despicable : however, the organ was very well played, by the organist, M. Mittermeir. M. Hoffman, an excellent composer of instrumental music, particularly of symphonies, is *maestro di capella*. The church is a dark, dirty, and dismal old Gothic building, though richly ornamented ; in

it are hung all the trophies of war, taken from the Turks and other enemies of the house of Austria, for more than a century past, which gives it very much the appearance of an old wardrobe.

At half an hour past six this evening, I went to the comic opera of *Il Barone*. The music, composed by Signor Salieri, a scholar of M. Gafman. I did not receive much pleasure from the overture, or the two first airs; the music was languid, and the singing but indifferent. There were only four characters in the piece, and the principal woman did not appear till the third scene; but then she gave a glow to every thing around her; it was one of the Baglioni, of Bologna*, whom I had heard both at Milan and Florence, during my tour through Italy. She is very much improved since that time, and her voice is now one of the clearest,

* Costanza.

sweetest,

Sweetest, truest, most powerful, and extensive I ever heard. In compass, it is from Bb, on the fifth space in the base, to D in alt; full, steady, and equal; her shake is good, and her *Portamento* admirably free from the nose, mouth, or throat. There was such a roundness and dignity in all the tones, that every thing she did became interesting; a few plain slow notes from her, were more acceptable to the audience, than a whole elaborate air from any one else.

This singer is young, has good features, the *embonpoint charmant*, and is upon the whole a fine figure; but I cannot attribute all the improvement I now found in her voice to time; something must be given to the difference of theatres; those of Florence and Milan, are at least twice as big as this at Vienna, which is about the size of our great opera-house, in the Hay-market. The opera of to-night was performed in the German theatre, where I had before

R

seen

seen a tragedy. The two theatres of Vienna are never both open together, except on a Sunday or festival, at other times they are opened alternately.

The emperor, the arch-duke Maximilian, his brother, and his two sisters, the arch-duchesses Marianne, and Mary Elizabeth, were all at this burletta. The box, in which they sat, was very little distinguished from the rest; they came in and went out with few attendants, and without parade. The emperor is of a manly fine figure, and has a spirited and pleasing countenance; he often changes his place at the opera, to converse with different persons, and frequently walks about the streets without guards, seeming to shun, as much as possible, all kinds of unnecessary pomp. His imperial majesty was extremely attentive during the performance of the opera, and applauded the Baglione several times very much.

The

The admission into this theatre is at a very easy rate; twenty-four *Creuzers* only are paid for going into the pit; in which, however, there are seats with backs to them. A *Creuzer* here, is hardly equal to an English halfpenny; indeed, part of the front of the pit is railed off, and is called the amphitheatre; for places there, the price is doubled, none are to be had for money, except in the pit and the slips, which run all along the top of the house, and in which only sixteen *Creuzers* are paid. The boxes are all let by the season to the principal families, as is the custom in Italy.

The size of this theatre may be nearly imagined, by comparing with any one of our own, the number of boxes and seats in each. There are in this five ranks of boxes, twenty-four in each; in the pit there are twenty-seven rows of seats, which severally contain twenty-four persons.

Wednesday, September 2. This morning was dedicated to the delivering of letters, with which I was furnished to different persons in Vienna. Among whom, I must distinguish two, from whose acquaintance I derived great pleasure, as well as assistance in my musical researches; these were the *abate Taruffi*, *uditore e segretario di legazione* to the pope's nuncio, to whom I was favoured with a letter from Mr. Baretti; and M. L'Augier, one of the principal physicians to the imperial court, to the knowledge of whom I was indebted to Col. St. Pol, and M. de Visme, who were both so kind as to write to him in my behalf.

It afforded me singular satisfaction to converse with the *abate Taruffi*, as I found him to have not only a general knowledge of every subject that was started, but possessed of a superior taste in literature and the arts; he speaks English, and is so perfectly acquainted with the writings
of

of our best authors, both in verse and prose, that he quotes them as readily and happily as a native of Great Britain.

During my first visit I made him acquainted with the particular object of my journey into Germany, and furnished him with the printed account of my tour through France and Italy. I was happy to find that he was a particular acquaintance of Metastasio and of Haffé, and the more so as he voluntarily offered to introduce me to both. He likewise promised to present me to the legate, and to the Duca di Bresciano, not only as to persons whose influence might be of use to me, from their high rank, but whose conversation, from their knowledge and love of music, might furnish both anecdotes and reflections well worth my attention. He favoured me with several interesting particulars relative to Metastasio, one of which was, that a young lady, the daughter of a deceased friend, who was born, educated, and who still lived in the

same house with him, had the greatest genius for music, in all its branches of playing, singing, and composing, of any one living. Metastasio, at first, instructed her, how to set his songs; but now she delights and even astonishes the great poet himself.

I was extremely curious to know what kind of music would best fulfil the ideas of Metastasio, when applied to his own poetry; and imagined that this young lady, with all the advantages of his instructions, counsel, and approbation, combined with her own genius, must be an *alter idem*, and that her productions would include every musical embellishment which could be superadded to his poetry, without destroying or diminishing its native beauty. Lord Stormont had kindly undertaken to bring about an interview, between Metastasio and me; so that till this had taken place, I was not at liberty to visit him with Signor Taruffi; however, he promised immediately

ately to read my book, and to apprise him of its contents, in order to prepare him for my acquaintance.

M. L'Augier, in despite of uncommon corpulency, possesses a most active and cultivated mind. His house is the rendezvous of the first people of Vienna, both for rank and genius; and his conversation is as entertaining, as his knowledge is extensive and profound. Among his other acquirements he has arrived at great skill in music, has a most refined and distinguishing taste, and has heard *national melody* in all parts of the world with philosophical ears.

He has been in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Constantinople, and is, in short, a living history of modern music. In Spain he was intimately acquainted with Domenico Scarlatti, who, at seventy-three, composed for him a great number of harpsichord lessons which he now possesses, and of which he favoured me with copies. The book in which they

are transcribed, contains forty-two pieces, among which are several slow movements, and of all these, I, who have been a collector of Scarlatti's compositions all my life, had never seen more than three or four. They were composed in 1756, when Scarlatti was too fat to cross his hands as he used to do, so that these are not so difficult, as his more juvenile works, which were made for his scholar and patroness, the late queen of Spain, when princess of Asturias.

Scarlatti frequently told M. L'Augier, that he was sensible he had broke through all the rules of composition in his lessons; but asked if his deviations from these rules offended the ear? and, upon being answered in the negative, he said, that he thought there was scarce any other rule, worth the attention of a man of genius, than that of not displeasing the only sense of which music is the object*.

* Scarlatti was the first who dared to give way to fancy in his compositions, by breaking through

There

There are many passages in Scarlatti's pieces, in which he imitated the melody of tunes sung by carriers, muleteers, and common people. He used to say, that the music of Alberti, and of several other modern composers, did not, in the execution, want a harpsichord, as it might be equally well, or perhaps, better expressed by any other instrument; but, as nature had given him ten fingers, and, as his instrument had employment for them all, he saw no reason why he should not use them.

M. L'Augier sung to me several fragments of Bohemian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Turkish music, in which the peculiar expression depended on the *contre tems*, or breach of strict time; beat the mea-

the contracted prohibitions of rules drawn from dull compositions produced in the infancy of the art, and which seemed calculated merely to keep it still in that state. Before his time, the *eye* was made the sovereign judge of music, but Scarlatti swore allegiance only to the *ear*.

sure, and keep it as exactly as is necessary, in more refined and modern music, and it wholly loses its effect*.

He furnished me with an anecdote concerning Caffarelli and Gizziello, similar to that which I have given in my former journal, relative to Senesino and Farinelli.

When Gizziello first sung at Rome, his performance so far enchanted every hearer, that it became the general subject of conversation, which not only contributed to spread his fame through that city, but to extend it to the most remote parts of Italy; it is natural to suppose that the account of this new musical phenomenon soon reached Naples, and equally natural to imagine that it

* It has been supposed, that the ancient Greeks had scales of sounds, in which the *intervals* were divided into more minute parts, than any that are to be found in modern music; and it seems, as if our present divisions of *time*, were far from including every variety of measure possible.

was not heard with indifference in a place where so powerful a propensity to musical pleasure prevails. Caffarelli, at this time in the zenith of his reputation, was so far piqued by curiosity, perhaps by jealousy, that he took an opportunity, the first time he could be spared from the opera at Naples, to ride post all night, in order to hear that at Rome. He entered the pit, muffled up in a *pellice*, or furogown, unknown by any one there; and, after he had heard Gizziello sing a song, he cried out, as loud as he possibly could, *bravo! bravissimo! Gizziello, è Caffarelli che ti lo dice,* 'tis Caffarelli who applauds—and, immediately quitting the theatre, he set out on his return to Naples the same night.

M. L'Augier told me that the empress queen had been a notable musician. Some years ago he had heard her sing very well; and in the year 1739, when she was only twenty-two years of age, and very handsome, she sung a *duo* with Senesino, at Florence, so well, that, by
her

her voice, which was then a very fine one, and graceful and steady manner, she so captivated the old man, Senefino, that he could not proceed without shedding tears of satisfaction. Her imperial majesty has so long been a performer, that, the other day, in pleasantry, she told the old Faustina, the wife of Haffe, who is still living, and upwards of seventy years of age, that she thought herself the first, meaning the oldest, *virtuosa* in Europe; for her father brought her on the court stage, at Vienna, when she was only five years old, and made her sing a song.

The whole imperial family is musical; the emperor perhaps just enough for a sovereign prince, that is, with sufficient hand, both on the violoncello and harpsichord, to amuse himself, and sufficient taste and judgment to hear, understand, and receive delight from others. A person of great distinction told me, that he saw, some years ago, four arch-duchesses
of

of Austria, the emperor's sisters, appear at court in the opera of *Egeria*, written by Metastasio, and set by Haffé, expressly for their use. They were then extremely beautiful, sung and acted very well, for princesses, and the grand duke of Tuscany, who was likewise very handsome, danced, in the character of Cupid.

I found that M. L'Augier had himself been a good harpsichord player: he now reads and judges of music very accurately. During my first visit, he was so obliging as to promise to make me acquainted with Haffé, Gluck, Wagenfeil, Haydn, and all the musicians that were worth my attention, in Vienna; and fixed on the next evening for giving me an opportunity of hearing some of Haydn's *quartettos*, performed with the utmost precision and perfection, as well as a little girl, of eight or nine years old, who is regarded here as a prodigy, on the harpsichord.

I had

I had the honour of dining to-day with his excellency lord Stormont, who had been so kindly attentive, as to invite a musical party to meet me; among whom were prince Poniatowski, brother to the king of Poland, a great lover of music, and the count and countess Thun. The countess, who interests herself very much in every thing that concerns music, and who reads and speaks English, honoured my Account of the Present State of Italian Music with an attentive perusal, as lord Stormont had done before: this enabled them to judge of my musical wants better than I could have done in conversation, without bearing too large a share in it.

Countess Thun has nothing about her that reminds one of the pride or heaviness attributed by travellers to the Germans: on the contrary, she is naturally and innocently chearful and humorous: has sallies of wit, and excites mirth by a
pleasant

pleasant irony, peculiar to herself. She had been so kind as to write a note to Gluck on my account, and he had returned, for *him*, a very civil answer; for he is as formidable a character as Handel used to be: a very dragon, of whom all are in fear. However, he had agreed to be visited in the afternoon; and lord Stormont and countess Thun had extended their condescension so far as to promise to carry me to him.

But before we set out, the duke of Braganza, and much other company, came in; lord Stormont did me the honour to present me to his highness, who is an excellent judge of music, and who condescended to converse with me a considerable time on the subject. This prince is a great traveller, having visited England, France, and Italy, before his arrival in Germany. He is very lively, and occasioned much mirth by his pleasantries, which were all seasoned with *good humour*.

His

His royal highness gave me an account of a Portuguese Abbé, whom lord Stormont and M. Laugier had before mentioned as a person of a very singular character; a kind of Rousseau, but still more original. He is of the most difficult access; refuses every offer of service in the way of money and presents, though he has nothing but his mass to subsist on, which produces him just fifteen pence a day. He is determined to be independent, and hates to be talked of by the world, and almost to talk to any one in it. The duke of Braganza, however, thought he had just interest sufficient to make him and me acquainted; and as another select musical party was forming on my account, for Friday, to dine with lord Stormont, the duke promised to do all in his power to bring this extraordinary Abate with him. His musical opinions are as singular as his character. He plays very well on the large Spanish guittar, though in a very peculiar style: with

with little melody, but, with respect to harmony and modulation, in the most pleasing and original manner.

He is a professed enemy to the system of Rameau, and thinks the *Basse Fondamentale* the most absurd of all inventions; as it destroys all fancy, connection, and continuity, by perpetually tending to a *final close* and termination of whatever is begun: falling a fifth, or rising a fourth, cuts every thing off short, or makes the ear, which is accustomed to a fundamental base, uneasy till a passage is finished.

At five o'clock lord Stormont's coach carried madame Thun, his lordship, and myself, to the house of the chevalier Gluck, in the Fauxbourg St. Mark. He is very well housed there; has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat, and elegantly furnished rooms. He has no children; madame Gluck, and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the ve-

teran composer himself. He is much pitted with the small-pox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour; and he talked, sung, and played, madame Thun observed, more than ever she knew him at any one time.

He began, upon a very bad harpsichord, by accompanying his niece, who is but thirteen years old, in two of the capital scenes of his own famous opera of *Alceste*. She has a powerful and well-toned voice, and sung with infinite taste, feeling, expression, and even execution. After these two scenes from *Alceste*, she sung several others, by different composers, and in different styles, particularly by Traetta.

I was assured that mademoiselle Gluck had learned to sing but two years, which, considering the perfection of her performance, really astonished me. She began singing under her uncle, but he, in a precipitate fit of despair, had given her
up;

up; when Signor Millico, arriving at Vienna about the same time, and discovering that she had an improvable voice, and a docile disposition; begged he might be allowed to teach her for a few months only, in order to try whether it would not be worth her while still to persevere in her musical studies, notwithstanding the late decision against her; which he suspected had its rise from the impatience and impetuosity of the uncle, more than the want of genius in the niece. Her performance now is an equal proof of the sagacity and penetration of Signor Millico, in making this discovery, and of the excellent method with which he conveys his instructions; for this young lady has so well caught his taste and expression, and made them so much her own, that they have none of the coldness of imitation, but seem wholly derived from her own feelings; and it is a style of singing, perhaps, still more irresistibly grateful and enchanting in a fe-

male, than even in Signor Millico himself.

Mademoiselle Gluck is thin, seems of a delicate constitution, and, as she sings so much in earnest, I should fear for her health if she were to make singing a profession; but she is not intended for a public performer.

When she had done, her uncle was prevailed upon to sing himself; and, with as little voice as possible, he contrived to entertain, and even delight the company, in a very high degree; for, with the richness of accompaniment, the energy and vehemence of his manner in the *Allegros*, and his judicious expression in the slow movements, he so well compensated for the want of voice, that it was a defect which was soon entirely forgotten.

He was so good-humoured as to perform almost his whole opera of *Alceste*; many admirable things in a still later opera of his, called *Paride ed Elena*; and in
a French

a French opera, from Racine's *Iphigenie*, which he has just composed. This last, though he had not as yet committed a note of it to paper, was so well digested in his head, and his retention is so wonderful, that he sung it nearly from the beginning to the end, with as much readiness as if he had had a fair score before him.

His invention is, I believe, unequalled by any other composer who now lives, or has ever existed, particularly in dramatic painting, and theatrical effects. He studies a poem a long time before he thinks of setting it. He considers well the relation which each part bears to the whole; the general cast of each character, and aspires more at satisfying the mind, than flattering the ear. This is not only being a friend to poetry, but a poet himself; and if he had language sufficient, of any other kind than that of sound, in which to express his ideas, I am certain he would be a great poet; as

it is, music, in his hands, is a most copious, nervous, elegant, and expressive language. It seldom happens that a single air of his operas can be taken out of its niche, and sung singly, with much effect; the whole is a chain, of which a detached single link is but of small importance.

If it be possible for the partizans of *old French music* to hear any other than that of Lulli and Rameau, with pleasure, it must be M. Gluck's *Iphigenie*, in which he has so far accommodated himself to the national taste, style, and language, as frequently to imitate and adopt them. The chief obstacles to his fame, perhaps, among his contracted judges, but which will be most acceptable to others, is that there is frequently *melody*, and always *measure*, in his music, though set to *French words*, and for a *serious French opera*.

I reminded M. Gluck of his air, *Raffrena il Mesto Ciglio*, which was in such
great

great favour in England, so long ago as the year 1745; and prevailed upon him, not only to sing that, but several others of his first and most favourite airs. He told me that he owed entirely to England the study of nature in his dramatic compositions: he went thither at a very disadvantageous period; Handel was then so high in fame, that no one would willingly listen to any other than to his compositions. The rebellion broke out; all foreigners were regarded as dangerous to the state; the opera-house was shut up, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and it was with great difficulty and address that lord Middlesex obtained permission to open it again, with a temporary and political performance, *La Caduta de Giganti*. This *Gluck* worked upon with fear and trembling, not only on account of the few friends he had in England, but from an apprehension of riot and popular fury, at the opening of the theatre, in which none but foreigners and papists were employed.

He then studied the English taste, remarked particularly what the audience seemed most to feel; and finding that plainness and simplicity had the greatest effect upon them, he has, ever since that time, endeavoured to write for the voice, more in the natural tones of the human affections and passions, than to flatter the lovers of deep science or difficult execution; and it may be remarked, that most of his airs in *Orfeo* are as plain and simple as English ballads; and the additions that were made to it when first performed in England, by Messrs. Bach and Guglielmi, were of so different a texture, though excellent in another way, that they destroyed the *unity* of style and characteristic simplicity, for which, when performed at Vienna, this production was so much admired.

M. Gluck has developed his ideas of the necessary requisites of dramatic music so fully, in his dedication of *Alceste*, to the grand duke of Tuscany; and has given his reasons for deviating from the
 beaten

beaten track, with so much force and freedom, that I shall make no apology for presenting my readers, with an extract from it.

“ When I undertook to set this poem,
 “ it was my design to divest the
 “ music entirely of all those abuses
 “ with which the vanity of singers, or
 “ the too great complacency of compo-
 “ sers, has so long disfigured the Italian
 “ opera, and rendered the most beauti-
 “ ful and magnificent of all public ex-
 “ hibitions, the most tiresome and ridi-
 “ culous. It was my intention to
 “ confine music to its true dramatic pro-
 “ vince, of assisting poetical expression,
 “ and of augmenting the interest of the
 “ fable ; without interrupting the action,
 “ or chilling it with useless and super-
 “ fluous ornaments ; for the office of
 “ music, when joined to poetry, seemed
 “ to me, to resemble that of colouring
 “ in a correct and well disposed design,
 “ where the lights and shades only seem
 “ to

“ to animate the figures, without altering
 “ the out-line.

“ I determined therefore not to stop
 “ an actor, in the heat of a spirited dia-
 “ logue, for a tedious *ritornel*; nor to
 “ impede the progress of passion, by
 “ lengthening a single syllable of a fa-
 “ vourite word, merely to display agility
 “ of throat; and I was equally inflexible
 “ in my resolution, not to employ the
 “ orchestra to so poor a purpose, as that
 “ of giving time for the recovery of
 “ breath, sufficient for a long and un-
 “ meaning cadence.

“ I never thought it necessary to hurry
 “ through the second part of a song,
 “ though the most impassioned and im-
 “ portant, in order to repeat the words
 “ of the first part, regularly four times,
 “ merely to finish the air, where the
 “ sense is unfinished, and to give an op-
 “ portunity to the singer, of shewing
 “ that he has the impertinent power
 “ of varying passages, and disguising
 “ them,

“ them, till they shall be no longer
 “ known to the composer himself; in
 “ short, I tried to banish all those vices
 “ of the musical drama, against which,
 “ good sense and reason have in vain so
 “ long exclaimed.

“ I imagined, that the overture ought
 “ to prepare the audience for the action
 “ of the piece, and serve as a kind of
 “ argument to it; that the instrumental
 “ accompaniment should be regulated by
 “ the interest of the drama, and not
 “ leave a void in the dialogue between
 “ the air and recitative; that they should
 “ neither break into the sense and con-
 “ nexion of a period, nor wantonly in-
 “ terrupt the energy or heat of the
 “ action.

“ And lastly, it was my opinion, that
 “ my first and chief care, as a dramatic
 “ composer, was to aim at a noble sim-
 “ plicity; and I have accordingly shun-
 “ ed all parade of unnatural difficulty,
 “ in favour of clearness; nor have I
 2 “ sought

“ fought or studied novelty, if it did not
 “ arise naturally from the situation of
 “ the character, and poetical expression;
 “ and there is no rule of composition,
 “ which I have not thought it my duty
 “ to sacrifice, in order to favour passion,
 “ and produce effects.”

From this extract, the reader will infer, that the symphonies to the songs in his opera of *Alceste*, are few and short; that there are no divisions in the voice-parts; no formal closes at the end; scarce any but accompanied recitatives, and that not one *da capo* is to be found throughout the piece; which, say those who have seen it represented, was so truly theatrical and interesting, that they could not keep their eyes a moment off the stage, during the whole performance, having their attention so irritated, and their consternation so raised, that they were kept in perpetual anxiety, between hope and fear for the event, till the last scene of the drama; so that the music only gave energy or softness to the
 decla-

declamation, as the different situations of the several characters required. The syllables were indeed lengthened, and the tones of speech ascertained, but speech it still was, even in the airs, which are almost all of what the Italians call the *Parlante* or speaking kind.

But though M. Gluck studies simple nature so much in his *cantilena*, or voice-part; yet, in his accompaniments, he is not only often learned, but elaborate; and in this particular, he is even more than a *poet* and *musician*, he is an excellent *painter*; his instruments frequently delineated the situation of the actor, and give a high colouring to passion.

While the chevalier Gluck was singing, count Brühl, a great *dilettante*, joined the company; he is a son of the famous Saxon minister, and plays in a very masterly manner upon several instruments.

From hence I was carried by lord Stormont to general Valmoden's, the Danish minister, quite on the opposite
side

side of the city. There was an assembly of foreign ministers, and his lordship did me the honour to present me to the whole *Corps diplomatique*.

Thus ended this busy and important day, in which so much was said and done, that it seemed to contain the events of a much longer period, and I could hardly persuade myself, at night, upon recollecting the several incidents, that they had all happened in the space of about twelve hours.

Thursday 3d. At eleven o' clock this morning, by appointment, I waited upon lord Stormont, who was so kind as to go with me to the public library; and there, after being presented by his lordship to the librarians, and known to have the honour of being countenanced by him, I was not only at liberty to enter the library every day at the usual hours, but had admittance even on holidays, and in vacation time, when it was denied to others; and was likewise favoured with
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the attendance and assistance of the keepers of the books, at all times, with unlimited politeness and courtesy.

This library, which has not long been open to the public, is in possession of a very considerable number of manuscripts, as well as of ancient and modern printed books. The building has been lately enlarged, and the number of books greatly augmented by a purchase of the library of the late prince Eugene. The celebrated physician, baron Van Swieten, lately deceased, had been many years principal librarian, an office which was vacant during my residence at Vienna.

The principal room of the library is of an immense size, extremely lofty and much ornamented. There are marble statues in it of the emperors Charles the Vth, and Leopold. The books have lately undergone a new arrangement, and a new catalogue has been likewise made of them, by one of the *custodi*, or keepers. There is a large room set apart
for.

for readers and transcribers, and another for the librarians and their assistants.

In my way to lord Stormont's, I stepped into St. Michael's church, in order to examine the organ, as it is one that was recommended to my attention, by Mr. Snetzler, on account of the singular disposition of its keys. This instrument has no front; the great pipes are placed, in an elegant manner, on each side of the gallery, and there is a box only in the middle, of about four feet square, for the keys and stops; so that the west window is left quite open. The compass of the organ, in the manuals, extends only from double E in the base, to C in alt; but the pedals of most German organs have an octave lower than the lowest note of the keys that are played by the hands, which is the case with this instrument. It has forty stops, and three sets of keys, which, by a spring of communication, can be played all together. The
pipes

pipes are well-toned ; and Mr. Wegerer, the present organist, though neither remarkable for taste or fancy, plays in a full and masterly manner.

St. Croix was another church which I entered this morning, and here I heard a band play during a *missa bassa* ; but the music was bad, and performance worse ; however, I was hemmed in by the crowd, and forced to stay and hear it, for near an hour, before I could get out decently.

This morning, the *Abate Taruffi* was so obliging as to return my visit. He had already run over my book, and was sufficiently apprized of my pursuits ; after a long conversation at my lodging, he carried me to Signor Adolfo Haffe, who lives in a handsome house in the suburbs, called the *Landstrafs*. Signora Faustina was at the window, and seeing us stop at the door, came to meet us ; I was presented to her by my conductor. She is a short, brown, sensible, and lively old woman ; said she

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was

was much pleased to see a *Cavaliere Inglese*, as she had formerly been honoured with great marks of favour in England.

Signor Haffe soon entered the room; he is tall, and rather large in size, but it is easy to imagine, that in his younger days, he must have been a robust and fine figure; great gentleness and goodness appear in his countenance and manners. He seems to have been more ill-treated by time than Faustina, though he is younger than her by ten years. I presented him a letter, which Sir James Gray had done me the honour to write to him, and which he kept a good while in his hand unread, through politeness; but during this time the *Abate Taruffi* was giving an account of the views, with which I had already travelled through France and Italy, and which had now brought me to the capital of the German empire.

I had but a short time to stay, being engaged at M.L'Augier's concert, at which,

as it was made on my account, I should have been extremely ashamed to arrive late; and yet, I was so impatient to see two persons of such distinguished merit, as Haffe and Faustina, that I could not resist my desire of going with Signor Taruffi, only for a quarter of an hour. At length Signor Haffe begged leave to retire to the light, in order to peruse the letter which I had delivered to him; during which time his two daughters came in; they are about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, not handsome, but so perfectly well-bred and agreeable in their manners, that it is easy to discover immediately, great care has been taken of their education; they read English, and speak it a little.

When Miss Davis, who played the Armonica, and her sister, who sung the first woman's part last year, in the great opera at Naples, resided at Vienna, they lodged in the same house with the Haffe family, and it was during this period, that the

daughters of Signor Haffe learned English of the two Miss Davis's; and that this great master, by his instructions, enabled the youngest of them to sing the principal part in the first opera of Europe.

Signor Haffe soon returned, and was so easy and soft in his behaviour, that I felt myself as well acquainted with him in this quarter of an hour, as if I had known him twenty years. I said all the civil things to him and the Faustina, that so short a time would allow; indeed, nothing more than I felt; for from his works I had received a great part of my most early musical pleasure, and the delight they afforded me in youth, has not been diminished since, by a more general acquaintance with the writings of other great composers; and therefore saying, that to see and converse with him were among the most interesting concerns which had brought me to Vienna, that his name was well known
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in England, and that he had long been my *magnus Apollo*, was most true. He received all this very humbly, and said, that he had often been invited, and had often wished to go to England, as he had known many persons of that kingdom, from whom he had received great civilities.

I asked him, if it would be possible to obtain a list of his works; but he said he did not know it himself. However, he promised to try to recollect the principal of them, and the Faustina offered to help him. It was with infinite reluctance that I put an end to my visit, just as we had made an acquaintance, and the worst and formal part of the business was over; however, he invited me to come again as often as I could, enquired my lodgings, hoped I should reside some time at Vienna, and other such common civilities as are little attended to, when bestowed by persons that are indifferent to us; but which, when uttered by those

we love and reverence, make a deep impression.

From hence I went to Mr. L'Augier's concert, which was begun by the child of eight or nine years old, whom he had mentioned to me before, and who played two difficult lessons of Scarlatti, with three or four by M. Becke, upon a small, and not good Piano forte. The neatness of this child's execution did not so much surprize me, though uncommon, as her expression. All the *pianos* and *fortes* were so judiciously attended to; and there was such shading off some passages, and force given to others, as nothing but the best teaching, or greatest natural feeling and sensibility could produce. I enquired of Signor Giorgio, an Italian, who attended her, upon what instrument she usually practised at home, and was answered, "on the Clavichord." This accounts for her expression, and convinces me, that children should learn upon that, or a Piano Forte, very early, and be obliged

to give an expression to lady Coventry's Minuet, or whatever is their first tune; otherwise, after long practice on a monotonous harpsichord, however useful for strengthening the hand, the case is hopeless.

The company was very numerous, and composed of persons of great rank; there was the princess Piccolomini, to whom I had been honoured with a letter; the duke of Braganza, prince Poniatowsky, lord Stormont, general Valmoden and his lady, count Brühl, the duke of Bresciano, &c. &c. It was one of the finest assemblies I ever saw. When the child had done playing, M. Mut, a good performer, played a piece on the single harp, without pedals, which renders it a very difficult instrument, as the performer is obliged to make the semitones by brass rings with the left hand, which being placed at the top of the harp, are not only hard to get at, but disagreeable to hear, from the noise, which, by a sudden

motion of the hand they occasion. The secret of producing the semitones by pedals, is not yet arrived at Vienna; and the double harp is utterly unknown there. This player, though highly esteemed, did not fulfil all my ideas of the power of that instrument.

The room was too much crowded for full pieces: some trios only were played by Signor Giorgi, a scholar of Tartini, Conforte, a scholar of Pugnani, and by count Brühl, who is an excellent performer on many instruments, particularly the violin, violoncello, and mandoline. The pieces they executed were composed by Huber, a poor man, who plays the tenor at the playhouse; but it was excellent music, simple, clear, good harmony, and frequently fancy and contrivance.

Friday 4. This morning Signor Taruffi did me the honour of presenting me to the bishop of Ephesus, Monsignore Visconti, the pope's nuncio at the imperial court,

court, and descended from the famous family of Visconti, which once possessed the sovereignty of Milan *. His excellency is a notable musician, and sings in a very pleasing manner; he condescended to honour me with a long conversation, on the subject of music, and of my voyage into Italy, and even to shew and sing with me, some manuscript canons, of which he was pleased to permit me to take copies; he likewise gave me an Italian sonnet, transcribed with his own hand, which Metastasio had written at the desire of the present king of Poland, to a favourite Polish minuet, sent by that prince from Warsaw to Vienna for that purpose; and he finished by inviting me to dine with him on Sunday.

The Emperor went this day, for a month, to Laxemberg, where his mother, the

* Matthew Visconti, surnamed the Great, was acknowledged sovereign of Milan, in 1313; and John Galeas Visconti his grandson, who died in 1402, was the most celebrated of all the dukes of Milan.

Empress Queen then was ; on this occasion, almost all the first people of Vienna were preparing to follow him. The night before his departure, at a kind of riding-house in the suburbs, there was a species of tilts and tournaments, which the Germans call *Carrousel, ein Thurnier zu Pferd, oder Ringelrennen*. The Emperor himself was one of the combatants on this occasion ; after which his imperial majesty gave fire-works on the Danube, at which he was likewise present ; but by visiting Signor Haffe, and by being at M. L'Augier's concert, I was prevented from going thither myself.

The musical party, which dined to-day at lord Stormont's, was select, and in the highest degree entertaining and pleasing. It consisted of the prince of Poniatowski, the duke of Braganza, the Portuguese minister, count and countess Thun, M. L'Augier, the chevalier, madame and mademoiselle Gluck, the Abate Costa, &c. This Abate is the extraordinary
 musician

musician that I mentioned before, who, disdain-
 ing to follow the steps of others, has struck out a new road, both as com-
 poser and performer, which it is wholly im-
 possible to describe: all I can say of his
 productions is, that in them melody is
 less attended to than harmony and un-
 common modulation; and that the time
 is always difficult to make out, from the
 great number of ligatures and fractions;
 however, his music, when well executed,
 which happens but seldom, has a very
 singular and pleasing effect: but it is
 certainly too much the work of art to
 afford great delight to any ears but those
 of the learned.

This Abate is possessed of as great a
 love for independence as M. Rousseau;
 he refuses every kind of assistance from
 the rich, though poor, with such inflexi-
 bility, that the duke of Braganza and he
 had a contention, which lasted a fort-
 night or three weeks, upon the following
 occa-

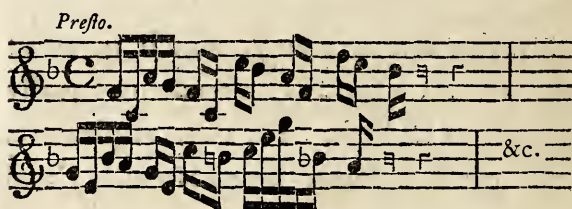
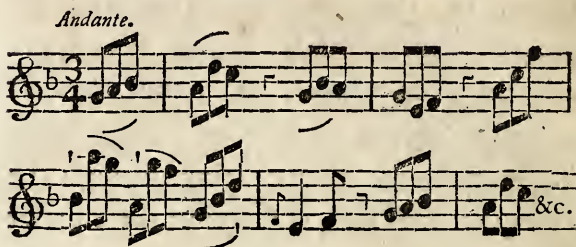
occasion, in which, however, the Abate remained victorious.

He wanted very much to correct the imperfections of the finger-board of his guittar, which being strung with catgut, and having three strings to each tone, he found it frequently happen, that these strings, though perfectly in unison, when open, were out of tune when stopped, and this at some of the frets more than others; in order to obviate this, an ingenious mechanic was found, who, with great study and pains, invented moveable frets for each string; but as these were made of brass, and had taken up much of the workman's time to accommodate them, they amounted to four or five florins, a sum the Abate could not afford to pay, and yet he would by no means allow the duke of Braganza to do it. At length the dispute was ended by the duke taking the instrument at prime cost, and the Abate inventing a more cheap
and

and simple method of correcting the finger-board of another, and this he effected in the following manner: he placed longitudinally, under the upper covering, or veneer, as many rows of catgut strings as there were strings upon his instrument; then cutting through the ebony at each fret, and laying these under strings open, he placed under them little moveable bits of ebony, which rendered the chords upon his instrument equally perfect in all keys. He can, at pleasure, take off this finger-board laterally; and as his modulation is very learned and extraneous, this expedient was the more necessary. But his compositions are not more original in this particular than in the measure; which, from its singularity, is very difficult to feel, and, consequently, to keep with any degree of exactness.

He played two movements on his guitar, before dinner, the subjects of which,

which, as nearly as I can remember, were these :



I sat between this Abate and the chevalier Gluck, during dinner, and we all three talked more than we eat. Gluck recounted to me the difficulties he had met with in disciplining the band, both of vocal and instrumental performers, at the rehearsals of *Orfeo*, which was the first of his operas that was truly dramatic; and even after it had succeeded with the public, at the coronation of the present

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sent Emperor, as king of the Romans, upon which occasion it was first performed, the Empress Queen did not like it; however, hearing every one speak favourably of it at court, and finding it the general topic of conversation, she determined to give it a second hearing, after which her imperial majesty expressed her approbation of this opera, by sending the poet Calfabigi a diamond ring, and Gluck a rich purse, lined with a hundred ducats.

A few years since, a comic opera of Gluck's was performed at the Elector Palatine's theatre, at Schwetzingen: his Electoral highness was much struck with the music, and enquired who had composed it; and, upon being informed that it was the production of an honest German, who loved old hock; "I think," says the Elector, he deserves to be "made drink for his trouble;" and ordered him a tun, not indeed quite so big

as that at Heidelberg, but a very large one, and full of excellent wine.

After dinner, a duet, for two violins, by the Abate, was tried by himself and M. Startzel, an excellent player, and as good a musician. This performer is remarkably happy in the composition of ballet and pantomime music, for the theatre; but the Abate Costa's duo was so difficult, both in time and style, that it was never well performed after twenty or thirty trials.

At length the company, which was now much increased, became impatient to hear mademoiselle Gluck sing, which she did, sometimes with her uncle's accompaniment, on the harpsichord only, and sometimes with more instruments, in so exquisite a manner, that I could not conceive it possible for any vocal performance to be more perfect.

She executed, admirably, several entire scenes in her uncle's operas, of which
the

the music was so truly dramatic, picturesque, and well expressed, that, if my conjecture be admissible, of the first vocal music being the voice of passion and cry of nature, the chevalier Gluck's compositions, and his niece's performance, entirely fulfill that idea.

In some scenes of great distress, in which the human heart is torn by complicated misery, by "horrors accumulate," it is then that M. Gluck, transported beyond the bounds of ordinary genius, gives such energy and colouring to passion, as to become at once poet, painter, and musician. He seems to be the Michael Angelo of music, and is as happy in painting difficult attitudes, and situations of the mind, as that painter was of the body; indeed, his expression of passion may sometimes be too strong for common hearers: but,

*Il échappe souvent des sons à la douleur,
Qui sont faux pour l'oreille, & sont vrais pour le cœur.*

DORAT.

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Between the vocal parts of this delightful concert, we had some exquisite quartets, by Haydn, executed in the utmost perfection; the first violin by M. Startzler, who played the *Adagios* with uncommon feeling and expression; the second violin by M. Ordonetz; count Brühl played the tenor, and M. Weigel, an excellent performer on the violoncello, the base. All who had any share in this concert, finding the company attentive, and in a disposition to be pleased, were animated to that true pitch of enthusiasm, which, from the ardor of the fire within them, is communicated to others, and sets all around in a blaze; so that the contention between the performers and hearers, was only who should please, and who should applaud the most!

When this musical repast was over, I went home with M. L'Augier, to hear a Florentine poet, the Abate Casti, repeat his own verses, which he did from memory, for several hours, without the least

least stop or hesitation. Lord Stormont and most of the company came after us, and stayed till twelve o'clock. This poet has energy, humour, fire, and invention; he has versified some of Boccaccio's and Voltaire's loosest tales, and written other very free ones himself.

Saturday 5th. This morning was spent in the imperial library, and at the countess Thun's, who was on the point of going to Laxemberg for a longer time than I was likely to stay at Vienna. This was an afflicting circumstance, as her house was always open to me, and she did every thing in her power to procure me entertainment and services.

She was now surrounded by her friends, who, though they were not in my situation, but were sure of seeing her again very soon, either here, or at Laxemberg; yet they had almost tears in their eyes, at the thoughts of losing her, only for a few days. During this visit she was so kind as to produce all

her musical curiosities, for me to hear and see, before we parted. Her taste is admirable, and her execution light, neat, and feminine; however, she told me that she *had* played much better than at present, and humourously added, that she had had six children, and that “every
 “one of them had taken something from
 “her,” She is a chearful, lively, and beneficent being, whom every one here seems to love as a favourite sister. She is niece to the once handsome prince Lobkowitz, who was in England in 1745 and 46, and much connected with the famous count St. Germain, who made so much noise at that time, not only with his fiddle, but his mysterious conduct and equivocal character. This prince is now retired from the world, and will not see even his relations and best friends for many months together. He had cultivated music so far, as not only to play and to judge well, but even to compose in a superior manner; and
 his

his niece gave me several of his pieces, which had great merit and novelty, particularly a song for two orchestras, which no master in Europe need be ashamed of.

In consequence of the application which lord Stormont had kindly made for my being introduced to Metastasio, his lordship had received a very polite message from him, with an assurance that he would be glad to see him and me, any evening his excellency would be pleased to appoint. This was a most desirable circumstance, as Metastasio is usually inaccessible of an afternoon, to all but his three or four select friends, and in a morning nothing but a general conversation could be obtained. Lord Stormont being engaged every day till Saturday, fixed on that afternoon for gratifying my desire of seeing and conversing with the favourite poet of every musician, who has the least knowledge of the Italian language. Sa-

turday was now come, and I was big with expectation for the event.

At six o'clock in the evening lord Stormont carried me to him. We found only one of his particular friends with him, who is likewise one of the imperial librarians, and the person to whom I had been introduced at the library, and who had arranged the visit.

This great poet is lodged, as many other great poets have been before him, in a very exalted situation, up no less than four pair of stairs. Whether modern bards prefer the sublimity of this abode, on account of its being somewhat on a level with Mount Parnassus, nearer their sire Apollo, or in the neighbourhood of gods in general, I shall not determine; but a more plain and humble reason can be assigned for Metastasio's habitation being "twice two stories high," if we consider the peculiar prerogative which the emperor enjoys at
Vienna,

Vienna, of appropriating, to the use of the officers of his court and army, the *first floor* of every house and palace in that city, six or eight privileged places only excepted. On this account, princes, ambassadors, and nobles, usually inhabit the second stories; and the third, fourth, and even fifth floors, the houses being very large and high, are well fitted up, for the reception of opulent and noble families; and our poet, though he occupies that part of a house, which, in England, is thought only fit for domestics to sleep in, has, nevertheless, an exceeding good and elegant apartment, in which an imperial laureate may, with all due dignity, hold dalliance with the Muses.

He received us with the utmost cheerfulness and good-breeding; and I was no less astonished than pleased at finding him look so well: he does not seem more than fifty years of age, though he is at

least seventy-two* ; and, for that time of life, he is the handsomest man I ever beheld. There are painted on his countenance all the genius, goodness, propriety, benevolence, and rectitude, which constantly characterise his writings. I could not keep my eyes off his face, it was so pleasing and worthy of contemplation. His conversation was of a piece with his appearance ; polite, easy, and lively. We got him to open upon music much more than we expected ; for, in general, he avoids entering deep into any particular subject. He set off, however, by saying, that he could furnish me with very few new lights upon my subject, as he had never considered it with sufficient attention ; however, in the course of our conversation, he discovered him-

* There is an edition of his opera of *Giustino* extant, which was printed in 1713 ; and as he was said to have been fourteen when he wrote that poem, it throws his birth into the last century.

self to have a very good general knowledge both of the history and theory of music; and I was very much flattered to find his sentiments correspond with my own in many doubtful particulars.

We discussed the following subjects: the musical scales of the ancient Greeks; their melody, chorus, modes, and declamation; the origin of modern harmony and operas; the fondness for fugues in the last century, and for noise in this, &c. &c.

He seems rather pleased with Mr. Hoole's translation of the two first volumes of his works; but thinks, with me, that if he has failed, it is more in the songs than recitatives: however, in excuse for Mr. Hoole, he says, that the case is hopeless in translating Italian poetry, for the language itself is so soft and musical, that no other can furnish words equivalent in sweetness. He likes no one of the many thousand translations and imitations of his *Grazi e agl' Inganni tuoi.*

fuoi. I asked him, if he was author of a duo to these words, which I had procured many years ago, and sung him the two or three first bars; and he said, “ something like it.”

We talked of the different editions of his works; he thinks those of Paris and Turin, in ten volumes, are the most complete and correct. These contain all that he intended to publish, except the opera of *Ruggiero*, performed at Milan last year; lord Stormont lamented that the pieces were not arranged in an exact chronological order; but Metastasio said, that it was of little moment to the public whether he wrote *Artaserse*, or *Didone* first; however, he confessed, that there were some particulars which gave birth to several of these pieces, which perhaps should be known.

Here he told us, that when his mistress, the Empress Queen was going to be married to the duke of Lorrain, he was applied to for an opera on the occasion,
and

and he had only eighteen days allowed him to write it in. He immediately cried out, that it was impossible; but, when he got home, he sketched out the story of *Achilles in Sciros*; he delineated a kind of argument upon a large sheet of paper; here he was to begin; thus far the first act; these the incidents of the second, and this, the catastrophe of the third. Then he distributed business to his several characters; here a song, here a duo, and here a soliloquy. He then proceeded to write the dialogue, and to divide it into scenes, which were severally given to the composer the moment they were finished, and by him to the performer to be got by heart. For the eighteen days included the whole arrangement of poetry, music, dancing, scenes, and decorations.

He said, that necessity frequently augmented our powers, and forced us to perform, not only what we thought ourselves incapable of, but in a much more expeditious,

tious, and often in a better manner, than the operations of our choice and leisure ; he added, that *Hypermnestra* was produced in nine days, and it is remarkable, that *Achilles* and *Hypermnestra* are two of Metastasio's best dramas.

Lord Stormont asked if he had ever set any of his operas to music himself, and he answered, that he was not musician sufficient ; he had, indeed, now and then given a composer the *motivo*, or subject of an air, to shew how he wished it should express his words ; but no more. His lordship told him, that old Fontenelle had said, in his hearing, that no musical drama would be perfect, or interesting, till the poet and musician were one, as in ancient times ; and that when Rousseau's *Devin du Village* came out, and so delighted every hearer, the literary patriarch Fontenelle, attributed its success to that union of poet and musician.

But Metastasio said, that musical composition, was now an affair of so much
skill

skill and science, in regard to counterpoint, the knowledge of instruments, the powers of a finger, and other particulars, that it required too much time and application for a modern poet, or man of letters, to acquire them.

He said, he did not think there that was now one finger left, who could sustain the voice in the manner the old singers were used to do. I endeavoured to account for this, and he agreed with me, that theatrical music was become too instrumental; and that the cantatas of the beginning of this century, which were sung with no other accompaniment than a harpsichord or violoncello, required better singing than the present songs, in which the noisy accompaniments can hide defects as well as beauties, and give relief to a singer.

He seemed to think, that the music of the last age was in general too full of *fugues*, of parts, and contrivances, to be felt or understood, except by artists. All

the different movements of the several parts, their inversions and divisions, he said, were unnatural, and, by covering and deforming the melody, only occasioned confusion.

He confirmed to me the story of his having been forced, by Gravina, to translate the whole Iliad of Homer into Italian *Ottave Rime*, at twelve years old. He likewise mentioned his having made verses *all' improvvisa* when young; but that he had discontinued the practice before he was seventeen.

Several jokes escaped him in the course of our conversation, and he was equally chearful, polite, and attentive, the whole time. We stayed with him just two hours; and, at my going away, he shook me by the hand, enquired where I lodged, and said he would wait on me; but I begged he would not give himself that trouble, saying that I should be perfectly happy in a permission to pay my respects to him again: he then desired me to
 come

come whenever I pleased, and assured me that he should be always glad to see me.

He called for candles, and said it was so dark that our words could not find the way to their destination. He spoke to his servant in German, *ein Licht*: upon which I asked him if he had had patience to learn that language? he replied, “A few words only, to save my life:” meaning to ask for necessaries, or he should have been starved to death.

Lord Stormont said that news of a revolution in Sweden had arrived that morning. This occasioned a political conversation for some time, which I wished very much to have changed—*Ecco*; says Metastasio, turning to me, *un’ altra scena per la drama!* Here’s a new scene for the drama! He observed, that the interests of mankind were so various and so opposite, and even a man’s own conceptions were so frequently at strife with

with themselves, that it was not possible for the world to go on without these sudden events, which should surprize no one who considers how full the head of man is of contradictions and caprice.

Sunday morning, 6th. In my way to the nuncio's, whence I was to set off with the Abate Taruffi, to make Metastasio another visit, I was stopt by a procession of, literally, two or three miles long, singing a hymn to the Virgin, in three parts, and repeating each stanza after the priests, in the van, at equal distances; so that the instant one company had done, it was taken up by another behind, till it came to the women in the rear, who, likewise, at equal distances, repeated, in three parts, the few simple notes of this hymn; and even after them it was repeated by girls, who were the last persons in the procession. When these had done, it was begun again by the priests. The melody was something like this :



I was told by an Italian at Vienna, that the Austrians are extremely addicted to processions, *portatissimi alle processioni*. There were five or six of these processions this morning; and yet it is observed, that they are much less frequent than formerly: however, not a day passed, while I remained in this city, without one or more to some church or convent: but all this helps to teach the people to sing in different parts.

When Signor Taruffi and I arrived at Metafasio's levee, we found about six or eight persons with him, chiefly Italians; his excellency the governor of the city, came in after us. The great poet received me very courteously, and placed me on a sofa, just by him. I now delivered him a letter from Minogotti, and Signor Taruffi read Mr. Baret-

ti's letter concerning me; so that here were many claims upon him: however lord Stormont had done the business completely, without any other help.

After the perusal of these letters, the conversation turned upon the poet Migliavacca, of Milan, who has long been laureate to the court of Dresden. Metastasio mentioned him with great praise: he said that he was a man of infinite knowledge, and of great genius; yet he wrote but little, for he had ideas of perfection which neither himself, nor perhaps any one else, could satisfy; besides, added Metastasio, "he has had but little practice. And all is *habit* in mankind, "even *virtue itself*."

The discourse then became general and miscellaneous, till the arrival of a young lady, who was received by the whole company with great respect. She was well dressed, and had a very elegant appearance: this was Signora Martinetz, sister to Signor Martinetz, deputy librarian

librarian at the imperial library, whose father was an old friend of Metastasio. She was born in the house in which he now lives, and educated under his eye: her parents were Neapolitans, but the name is Spanish, as the family originally was.

After the high encomiums bestowed by the Abate Taruffi on the talents of this young lady, I was very desirous of hearing and conversing with her; and Metastasio was soon so obliging as to propose her sitting down to the harpsichord, which she immediately did, in a graceful manner, without the parade of diffidence, or the trouble of importunity. Her performance indeed surpassed all that I had been made to expect. She sung two airs of her own composition, to words of Metastasio, which she accompanied on the harpsichord, in a very judicious and masterly manner; and, in playing the ritornels, I could discover a very brilliant finger.

The airs were very well written, in a modern style; but neither common, nor unnaturally new. The words were well set, the melody was simple, and great room was left for expression and embellishment; but her voice and manner of singing, both delighted and astonished me! I can readily subscribe to what Metastasio says, that it is a style of singing which no longer subsists elsewhere, as it requires too much pains and patience for modern professors: *è perduta la scuola; non si trova questa maniera di cantar; domanda troppa pena per i professori d'oggi d'è*. I should suppose that Pistocco, Bernacchi, and the old school of singing, in the time of cantatas, sustained, divided the voice by minute intervals, and expressed words in this manner, which is not to be described: common language cannot express uncommon effects. To say that her voice was naturally well-toned and sweet, that she had an excellent shake, a perfect intonation, a facility of executing

cuting the most rapid and difficult passages, and a touching expression, would be to say no more than I have already said, and with truth, of others; but here I want words that would still encrease the significance and energy of these expressions. The Italian augmentatives would, perhaps, gratify my wish, if I were writing in that language; but as that is not the case, let me only add, that in the *portamento*, and divisions of tones and semi-tones into infinitely minute parts, and yet always stopping upon the exact fundamental, Signora Martinetz was more perfect than any finger I had ever heard: her cadences too, of this kind, were very learned, and truly pathetic and pleasing.

After these two songs, she played a very difficult lesson, of her own composition, on the harpsichord, with great rapidity and precision. She has composed a *Miserere*, in four parts, with se-

veral Psalms, in eight parts, and is a most excellent contrapuntist.

The company broke up sooner than I wished, as it was Metastasio's time for going to mass. During this visit, I discovered that Signora Martinetz, among her other accomplishments, both reads and speaks English. She invited me to come again, as did the divine poet; so that I now regarded myself as *amico della casa*.

The imperial laureate was carried to church in a very elegant carriage, which I rejoiced to see: his talents and his virtues merit all that can be done for him. His pension is about five hundred pounds sterling a year, which, with his regular life and œconomy, enables him to live in a very reputable, though not splendid manner.

After dining with his excellency Monsignore Visconti, his secretary carried me a second time to the house of Signor Haffe,

Hafse, in the *Landstraß*, the prettiest of all the Fauxbourgs of Vienna. It is a delightful drive of about a mile and half beyond the gates, and is within the lines, though without the walls; chiefly through one street, with frequent openings, that let palaces, churches, and fine houses, into the prospect.

We found all the family at home, and were very chearful and social. Signora Faustina is very conversable, and is still possessed of much curiosity concerning what is transacting in the world. She has likewise good remains, for seventy-two, of that beauty for which she was so much celebrated in her youth, but none of her fine voice! I asked her to sing—*Ah non posso!—hò perduto tutte le mie facultà*. Alas! I am no longer able, said she, I have lost all my faculties.

I was extremely captivated with the conversation of Signor Hafse. He was easy, communicative, and rational; equally free from pedantry, pride, and preju-

dice. He spoke ill of no one; but, on the contrary, did justice to the talents of several composers that were occasionally named, even to those of Porpora; who, though his first master, was ever after his greatest rival. He thinks, with Metastasio, that the good school for singing is lost; and says, that since the time of Pistocco, Bernacchi, and Porpora, no great scholars have been made.

I asked him again for a list of his works, and he told me that he had set all the operas of Metastasio, except *Temistocle*; some of them three or four times over, and almost all of them twice; besides these, he had set many operas, written by Apostolo Zeno; for, in his youth, Metastasio did not write fast enough for him. To these compositions for the theatre, must be added fourteen or fifteen *Oratorios*, with *Messes*, *Misereres*, *Stabat Maters*, and *Salve Reginas*, for the church. Besides all which, he added, that his *Cantatas*, *Serenatas*, *Inter-*

mezzos, and *Duets* for voices; his trios, quartets, and concertos, for instruments, were so numerous, that he should not know many of them again, if he was either to see or hear them. He modestly compared himself to animals of the greatest fecundity, whose progeny were either destroyed during infancy, or abandoned to chance; and added, that he, like other bad fathers, had more pleasure in producing, than in preserving his offspring. However, this censure must be confined to the offspring of his brain, for, as I before observed, he has taken great care of the education of his daughters.

During this visit, these young ladies were so obliging as to sing to me a *Salve Regina*, lately set by their father, in *duo*. It is an exquisite composition, full of grace, taste, and propriety.

One of his daughters has a sweet *soprano voce di camera*, of which the tone is delicate and interesting: the other has
a rich

a rich and powerful *contralto* voice, fit for any church or theatre in Europe: both have good shakes, and such an expression, taste, and steadiness, as it is natural to expect in the daughters and scholars of Signor Haffe and Signora Faustina.

After the *Salve Regina*, these excellent performers sung several airs, in different styles, of their father's composition, in a truly noble and elegant manner.

Signor Haffe is so much afflicted with the gout, that his fingers are stiff, and distorted with it; and yet there are remains of a great player, in his manner of touching the harpsichord, and of accompanying; nor is it for want of knowing learned, extraneous, and equivocal modulation, that he is so sparing of it in his works. He played me an extempore *Toccato* or *Capriccio*, in which he introduced some that was truly wonderful; but he has too sound a judgment, to lavish upon common and trivial occasions,
what

what should be reserved for extraordinary purposes. His modulation is, in general, simple, his melody natural, his accompaniments free from confusion; and, leaving to fops and pedants all that frights, astonishes, and perplexes, he lets no other arts be discoverable in his compositions, than those of pleasing the ear, and of satisfying the understanding.

His daughters complain of want of practice, and say they hardly ever sing; for their father is always either ill or busy.

He is going, next spring, to Venice, the birth-place of Signora Faustina, and it seems as if they both had determined to spend the rest of their days there.

It does not appear that Signor Haffe has at present either pension or employment at Vienna. He had great losses during the last war; all his books, manuscripts, and effects were burned at the bombardment of Dresden, by the King
of

of Prussia, to a very considerable amount. He was going to print a complete edition of all his works; the late king of Poland promised to be at the expence of paper and press; but after M. Breitkopf, of Leipzig, had made a beginning, and got together materials for the whole impression, the war broke out, and put an end to all his hopes from this enterprize, and to those of the public. He, however, does great justice to the musical talents of the King of Prussia; and is even so candid, as to say, that he believes, if his majesty had known that contingencies would have obliged him to bombard Dresden, he would previously have apprized him of it, that he might have saved his effects.

Faustina, who is a living volume of musical history, furnished me with many anecdotes of her cotemporary performers, She spoke much of Handel's great style of playing the harpsichord and organ when she was in England, and said, she

remembered Farinelli's coming to Venice, in the year 1728, and the rapture and astonishment with which he was then heard.

Monday 7th. This whole morning was spent in the public library, in search of old Missals, musical treatises, and compositions. M. Martinetz, brother to the young lady whom I had heard sing and play her own compositions so well at Metastasio's, attended and assisted me the whole time. I asked him, of whom his sister learned music, and where she had acquired her expressive manner of singing; he said, she had had several masters to teach her the grammar and mechanism of music; but that it was Metastasio who had done the rest.

I obtained the following particulars from a person of high rank, who has resided at Vienna so long, that he is perfectly acquainted with the history of musical people.

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The great finger signora Tesi, who was a celebrated performer, upwards of fifty years ago, lives here; she is now more than eighty, but has long quitted the stage. She has been very sprightly in her day, and yet is at present in high favour with the Empress Queen. Her story is somewhat singular. She was connected with a certain count, a man of great quality and distinction, whose fondness, increased by enjoyment, to such a degree as to determine him to marry her: a much more uncommon resolution in a person of high birth on the continent than in England. She tried to dissuade him; enumerated all the bad consequences of such an alliance; but he would listen to no reasoning, nor take any denial. Finding all remonstrances vain, she left him one morning, went into a neighbouring street, and addressing herself to a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, said she would give him fifty ducats if he would marry her; not
with

with a view to their cohabiting together, but to serve a present purpose. The poor man readily consented to become her nominal husband : accordingly they were formally married ; and when the count renewed his solicitations, she told him it was now utterly impossible to grant his request, for she was already the wife of another ; a sacrifice she had made to his fame and family.

Since this time she has lived, many years, with a man of great rank at Vienna, of near her own age ; probably in a very chaste and innocent manner.

The Teuberinn, another celebrated opera singer, likewise resides here ; but, she is peremptorily ordered by her physician never to sing again. Her health was so impaired in Russia, that it is pronounced by the faculty, that the exercise of her former profession would certainly be fatal to her.

It was the Tesi who taught both the Teuberinn and De Amici to sing as well.

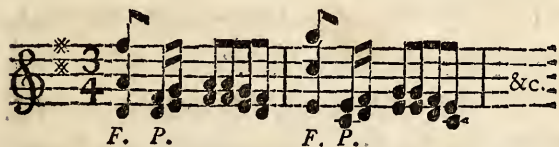
as to act. She had in her youth been very superior to all her cotemporaries in both capacities of singer and actress, and was afterwards remarkably happy in conveying instructions to her pupils.

Sept. 8. I expected that this would be a fruitless day, with regard to my musical researches; it was a great festival; the library was shut up, and all the world was in *gala*, and at their devotions; it is pleasant enough to walk the streets on these days, and see the people, freed from toil and care, appear all clean and chearful.

The Portuguese abate called on me early in the morning, and after a long musical discourse, he invited me to his room, to hear some of his compositions on the guittar, in peace and quiet, which it had been impossible to do at lord Stormont's; he hates mortally more than two or three hearers at a time. I followed him to his garret, more than twice two stories high; here he played the same
pieces

pieces as at lord Stormont's, but with more effect, in still silence. He is quite original in his ideas and modulation, but repeats his passages too often.

From hence, I went to St. Stephen's cathedral, where high mass was just begun, on account of its being the Nativity of the Virgin. The band was reinforced; there were more than the usual number of instruments, as well as voices; but the organ was insufferably out of tune, which contaminated the whole performance. In other respects, the music, which was chiefly by Colonna, was excellent in its kind, consisting of fugues well worked, much in Handel's way, with a bold and active base. Some fine effects were produced with the *fortes* and *pianos*, by striking the first note of a bar loud, the rest soft,



and by introducing a piece of pathetic

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for

for voices only, in the middle of a noisy, full, instrumental chorus.

There was a girl, who sung a solo verse, in the *Credo*, extremely well, in a *mezzo soprano* voice; her shake and style of singing were good. There were likewise several symphonies for instruments only, composed by M. Hofman, *maestro di capella* of this church, which were well written and well executed, except that the hateful four organ, poisoned all whenever it played. In the music composed by M. Hofman, though there was great art and contrivance, yet the modulation was natural, and the melody smooth and elegant. “As much art as you please in your music, gentlemen”, said I, frequently, to the Germans, “provided it be united with nature; and even in a marriage between art and nature, I should always wish the lady to wear the breeches.”

In the afternoon, I called on M. L’Augier, and there, among other company

pany met again with the Florentine poet, Abate Casti, who repeated several of his poems, particularly, a tale from Voltaire, called *L'Art d'élever une Fille*; which was extremely arch and comic.

M. L'Augier being in the service of the court, was obliged to attend the emperor the next day at Laxemberg; I was sorry to lose him, as his house was an excellent retreat, when I could spare time to enjoy it; and his conversation concerning music and musicians was in a particular manner entertaining and profitable.

He blamed me much for not continuing the whole winter at Vienna, but if I had stayed a full year in every great city of Europe, the inhabitants would have thought its curiosities and importance merited still more attention; and what a longevity must I be possessed of, to gratify such patriotism? and when would my enquiries, and my history end? When M. L'Augier said, that Vienna deserved a much longer visit, I asked him, after Haffe, Gluck, and Wagenfeil, what

more great musicians were to be found in this city? Haydn, Ditters, and Scarlatti, the nephew to Domenico Scarlatti, were out of town; I knew there were Gasman, Vanhall, Hofmann, Mancini; and he added Kohaut, a great lutanist, La Motte, a violinist, and Venturini, a hautboy; but most of these I could see and hear, before my departure. To get admission into the archives of the imperial chapel, was now the most important business I had to transact; and my Portuguese Abate had promised to introduce me to M. Gasman, the Emperor's *maestro di capella*, for that purpose.

After quitting M. L'Augier, I visited M. Wagenfeil, where I found my good friend the Abate Costa, who had played the precursor, and prepared him for my arrival.

Wagenfeil is rather in years, thin, and infirm; he was confined to his couch, but received me very politely, and conversed freely on the subject of music for

a con-

for a considerable time ; he has a great respect for Handel, and speaks of some of his works with rapture ; he could not stir from his seat, and his left hand had been so ill treated by the gout, that he was hardly able to move two of his fingers. However, at my urgent request, he had a harpsichord wheeled to him, and he played me several *capriccios*, and pieces of his own composition, in a very spirited and masterly manner ; and though I can easily believe, that he once played better ; yet, he had sufficient fire and fancy left to please and entertain, though not to surprise me very much ; he was so obliging as to promise me copies of several of his manuscript compositions for the harpsichord, and to make a small musical party for me, at his house, in order to give me an opportunity of hearing some of his scholars.

He has been confined to his room these seven years by a lameness, which came

on by degrees in a very uncommon manner. The sinews of his right thigh are contracted, and the circulation stopt; so that it is become incurably withered, and useless. He is fifty-eight years of age, was a scholar of Fux, and many years master to the Empress Queen, on which account he still enjoys a pension of fifteen hundred florins a-year. He is now nominal master to the arch-duchesses, for which he has, likewise, a small pension.

These are fortunate circumstances for a person totally incapable of quitting his room, in order to exercise his profession. However, he teaches at home, and composes, by which he somewhat augments his income; and, as he is luckily a single man, and Vienna not a dear place for the natives to live in, he may be supposed in easy circumstances.

The diversions for the common people of this place, are such as seem hardly fit for a civilized and polished nation to allow. Particularly the *combats*, as they
are

are called, or baiting of wild beasts, in a manner much more savage and ferocious than our bull-baiting, throwing at cocks, and prize-fighting of old, to which the legislature has so wisely and humanely put a stop*.

These

* The most exact and least suspicious description I can give of these diversions will be literally to translate a hand-bill, such as is distributed through the streets every Sunday and festival.

“ This day, by imperial licence, in the great
“ amphitheatre, at five o’clock will begin the fol-
“ lowing diversions.

“ 1st. A wild Hungarian ox, in full fire,
“ (that is, with fire under his tail, and crackers
“ fastened to his ears and horns, and to other
“ parts of his body), will be set upon by dogs.

“ 2d. A wild boar will, in the same manner,
“ be baited by dogs.

“ 3d. “ A great bear will, immediately after,
“ be torn by dogs.

“ 4th. A wolf will be hunted by dogs of the
“ fleetest kind.

5th. “ A very furious and enraged wild bull
“ from Hungary, will be attacked by fierce and
“ hungry dogs.

6th. “ A fresh bear will be attacked by hounds.

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7th. “ Will

These barbarous spectacles, are usually attended by two or three thousand people, among whom are a great number of ladies!

Wednesday 9th. This morning, I went, with the Abate Costa, to M. Gafman, *maestro di capella del corte imperiale*. He was very obliging, and did me the favour to shew me all his curious books and manuscript compositions.

He surpris'd me much by the number of fugues, and chorusses, which he shew'd me of a very learned and singular construction, which he had made as exercises and

7th. " Will appear a fierce wild boar, just caught, which will now be baited for the first time, by dogs defended with iron armour,

8th. " A beautiful African tyger.

9th. " This will be changed for a bear.

10th. " A fresh and fierce Hungarian ox.

11th. " And lastly, a furious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, will attack a young wild bull, and eat him alive upon the spot; and if he is unable to complete the business, a wolf will be ready to help him."

and studies. Some of them were composed in two or three different *times*, as well as upon two or three different *subjects*; and several of these, he said, the emperor had practised.

M. Gasman is accused by some of want of fire in his theatrical compositions; but the gravity of his style is easily accounted for, by the time and pains he must have bestowed on church music. To aim at equal perfection in both, is trying to serve God and Mammon; and those excellent composers for the church, whose works have survived them, such as Palestrina, Tallis, Birde, Allegri, Benevoli, Colonna, Caldara, Lotti, Perti, and Fux, have confined themselves wholly to the church style. Aleffandro Scarlatti, Handel, Pergolesi, and Jomelli, are exceptions. But, in general, those succeed best in writing for the church, stage, or chamber, who accustom themselves to that particular species of composition only.

I do not call every modern oratorio, mass, or motet, *church music*; as the same
 compositions

compositions to different words would do equally well, indeed often better, for the stage. But by *Musica di Chiesa*, properly so called, I mean grave and scientific compositions for voices only, of which the excellence consists more in good harmony, learned modulation, and fugues upon ingenious and sober subjects, than in light airs and turbulent accompaniments.

There are two musical archives or libraries belonging to the Imperial theatre and chapel. Of one, the emperor had taken away the key; but it contained only the works of composers, who had flourished in the present century, such as Fux, Telemann, Handel, and Porpora. Of the other, M. Gasman had the key, and promised to go with me thither the next day: the public library occupied the rest of this.

There was music every day, during dinner, and in the evening at the inn, where I lodged, which was the Golden Ox;

Ox; but it was usually bad, particularly that of a band of wind instruments, which constantly attended the ordinary. This consisted of French horns, clarinets, hautboys, and bassoons; all so miserably out of tune, that I wished them a hundred miles off.

In general I did not find that delicacy of ear among the German street-musicians, which I had met with in people of the same rank and profession in Italy. The church organs being almost always out of tune here, may be occasioned by the parsimony or negligence of the clergy, bishop, or superior of a church or convent; but the being, or stopping, in or out of tune, among street musicians, must depend on themselves, and on their organs being *acute* or *obtuse*.

It is perhaps not easy to determine what kind of air is most fit for the propagation of musical sound; whether thick or thin, moist or dry; and if this were determined, it might still be doubted in
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what kind of air music would be heard to the greatest advantage, because, possibly, that air which is most favourable to the transmission of sound, abstractedly considered, may render the organs, by which it is perceived, less acutely sensible.

Thursday 10th. This morning Signor Mancini, of Bologna, singing master to the Imperial court and family, was so obliging, at the request of the auditor Taruffi, as to call on me at my lodgings. He was a scholar of Bernacchi, and has been fifteen years in the service of this court. He has taught eight of the arch-dutcheffes to sing, most of whom, he says, had good voices, and had made a considerable progress, particularly the princess of Parma, and the arch-dutcheffs Elizabeth, who have good shakes, a good *portamento*, and great facility of executing swift divisions.

Signor Mancini speaks with much intelligence of his art, and I was greatly pleased

pleated with his conversation. He has for some time been writing a book upon the art of singing, which is in great forwardness; and it is hoped that a person of such consummate knowledge, and long experience, will not keep from the world a work so much wanted, as a well-written, profound, and, at the same time, practical treatise on the art of singing.

I obtained from this able professor, a list of the Pistocco and Bernacchi school. Bernacchi was the scholar of Pistocco, but his voice was never naturally good; and when he sung, for the first time, at a church in Bologna, he was so very much disliked, that some of his acquaintance peremptorily told him, he should leave off singing, unless he could perform better. This stimulated and piqued him to take uncommon pains, well knowing that there was then no possibility of changing his profession: a castrato has seldom strength or spirit sufficient for any other employment than that of music; he therefore went seriously

riously to work, and, by a severe study, acquired a style and manner of singing, which was afterwards the standard of perfection in that art.

His principal scholars were Antonio Pasi, Geo. Battista Minelli, Bartolomeo di Faenza, Mancini, and Guarducci.

Signor Mancini thinks it practicable, with time and patience, not only to give a shake where nature has denied it, but even to give voice; that is, to make a bad one tolerable, and an indifferent one good, as well as to extend the compass: always observing the natural tendency of the organ.

He told me of a curious operation performed frequently at Naples, of cutting the glands of the throat, when so inflated, or big, as to obstruct the free passage of the voice.

For the shake, he thinks it ruined ninety-nine times out of a hundred, by too much impatience and precipitation, both

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in the master and scholar; and many who can execute passages, which require the same motion of the larynx as the shake, have notwithstanding never acquired one. There is no accounting for this, but from the neglect of the master to study nature, and avail himself of these passages, which, by continuity, would become real shakes.

On quitting Signor Mancini, I hastened to M. Gasman, who was waiting to carry me to the Imperial musical library. I found in it an immense collection of musical authors, but in such disorder, that their contents are, at present, almost wholly unknown. However, M. Gasman has begun a catalogue, and is promised, by the Emperor, a large and more commodious room for these books, than the present, in which they are promiscuously piled, one on another, in the most confused manner imaginable. Yet I found a great number of curious

rious things from the beginning of counterpoint to the present time. Indeed the quantity of music here, of the Emperor Leopold's collecting, which is uniformly bound, in white vellum, with his arms on the back, is almost incredible; it seems to be all that Italy and Germany had then produced: and for operas, in score, and parts, the list of such only as have been performed at this court, would fill a folio volume.

M. Gasman has assured me, that in the course of his writing a complete catalogue, he will remark all that is curious in this collection, both as to theory and practice, and will communicate it to me by letter; and for this purpose he desired me to give him my address in England, which I wrote on parchment, and left in the library.

I went again this afternoon to Wagenfeil's; he had with him a little girl, his scholar, about eleven or twelve years old,

old, with whom he played duets upon two harpsichords, which had a very good effect. The child's performance was very neat and steady. M. Wagenfeil was so kind as to promise, at my request, to get, if possible, some of his duets, and other new pieces, transcribed for me by Sunday, when I was to return to him again, to hear them accompanied by violins, and to take my leave: there was a young count here, another of his scholars, who had a very rapid finger, and who executed some very difficult harpsichord lessons with great precision. My friend, the ingenious and worthy Portuguese abate, was likewise of the party.

From hence I went to the opera, which was *i Rovinati*, composed by Gasman, who was at the harpsichord. Whether his civilities in the morning had operated secretly on my mind and ears, I cannot tell: but this music pleased me much more than any of his compositions which I had heard before. There was a con-

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traft, an opposition and diffimilitude of movements and passages, by which one contributed to the advantage and effect of another, that was charming ; and the instrumental parts were judiciously and ingeniously worked.

A song of Clementina Baglioni, and a scolding *duo* between her and the second woman, who was a German, and who, indeed, performed but indifferently, were encored. The men who sung to-night pleased me more than those I had heard before ; a tenor, in particular, discovered much taste, and had a pleasing, though not powerful voice. These vague accounts of anonymous singers, will afford the reader but small satisfaction ; but it is all I am able to give him of performers of a lower order, as the names of singers are never printed in the *dramatis personæ* of Italian operas in Germany, and memory seldom assists us in retaining the names of either persons, or things, that are indifferent to us.

Friday

Friday 11th. This morning I went to take leave of the chevalier Gluck ; and, though it was near eleven o'clock, when I arrived, yet, like a true great genius, he was still in bed ; *Madamè* told me, that he usually wrote all night, and lay in bed late to recruit. Gluck, when he appeared, did not make so good a defence but frankly confessed his sluggishness, *je suis un peu poltron ce matin*. The niece too was not yet visible, and the aunt in her defence, said, that she encouraged her sleeping in the morning ; *pour fortifier la poitrine*, to strengthen the lungs ; and, I believe she was right, for this excellent little performer is far from robust.

M. Gluck and I had a long conversation concerning musical and dramatic effects ; concerning *those* which had been produced in his *Orfeo* at Vienna ten years ago, when it was first performed ; and three or four years since, when it was revived at Parma, upon

the marriage of the arch-duchefs, Amelia, with the present duke; as well as at Bologna, last year. He is a great disciplinarian, and as formidable as Handel used to be, when at the head of a band; but he assured me, that he never found his troops mutinous, though he, on no account, suffered them to leave any part of their business, till it was well done, and frequently obliged them to repeat some of his manœuvres twenty or thirty times. This was the best proof he could give of the wholesomeness of his discipline; for there is a strong presumption, that, when it is endured without murmur, by men not absolute slaves to their commander, they are convinced of its expediency.

Before we parted, which we did on very good terms, he furnished me with copies in-score of his two last operas of *Alceste* & *Paride*, and promised to send me a copy of his famous ballet of *Don*

Juan

Juan the next morning ; and he kept his word.

From hence I went to *Metaftafio* where I was immediately admitted, though he was in difhabille, and juft going to drefs.

Mademoifelle Martinetz was at her mufical ftudies, and writing ; ſhe directly complied with my requeſt, of fitting down to the harpfichord. *Metaftafio* defired her to ſhew me ſome of her beſt ſtudies ; and ſhe produced a pſalm for four voices, with inſtruments. It was a moſt agreeable *Mefcolanza*, as *Metaftafio* called it, of *antico e moderno* ; a mixture of the harmony, and contrivance of old times, with the melody and taſte of the preſent. It was an admirable compoſition, and ſhe played and fung it in a very maſterly manner, contriving ſo well to fill up all the parts, that though it was a full piece, nothing ſeemed wanting. The words of this pſalm were Italian, and of *Metaftafio's* tranſlation.

After this she obliged me with a Latin *motet*, for a single voice, which was grave and solemn, without languor or heaviness; and then played me a very pretty harpsichord *sonata* of her own, which was spirited, and full of brilliant passages.

I could not finish this visit till I had petitioned Mademoiselle Martinetz to oblige me with copies of some of her compositions, which she readily granted; and I had my choice of whatever had pleased me most among the pieces which I had heard.

I had the honour of dining with lord Stormont to-day, for the sixth and last time, as he was to set out on a journey at four o'clock the next morning: his lordship was extremely kind to the last, offering me letters to Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg. The frequent mention of these honours, will, I fear, have the appearance of vanity; but a total silence
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about them, would surely favour of the worse vice of ingratitude.

After this I made a short visit to Signor Taruffi, and then a very long one to Signor Haffe, who to-day read the plan of my history, in German, with great attention, and talked over every article of it with the utmost cordiality. It was an infinite satisfaction to me, I must own, to find my ideas similar in almost all points, to those of such a man as this; whose merit has been universally felt, and is now universally allowed.

He said, that his first opera was *Antigono*, which he set, when he was only eighteen years of age, before he went into Italy. On his arrival at Naples, he was thought a very good player on the harpsichord. He studied at first a little while under Porpora, as I had been before told by Barbella; but Haffe denied, that it was Porpora who introduced him to old Scarlatti. He says, that the first time Scarlatti saw him, he luckily con-

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ceived such an affection for him, that he ever after treated him with the kindness of a father.

When he went back into Germany, he was taken into the service of the Elector of Saxony, who made him set *Antigono* again. After this, he set a German opera, which, with one more, was all he ever worked upon in that language.

As he was born near Hamburg, he told me, that he was not only glad I was going thither, as it was his country, but, as I should see the great Emanuel Bach there, whom he very much respected, and hear the best organists and organs, of any part of the world, unless they were much degenerated since he was there. Above all things, he recommended to me the soliciting Bach, to let me hear him upon the clavichord; and likewise desired me to enquire after a symphony of that author in *E la mi*, minor, which he thought the finest he had ever heard.

I asked him about the disposition of the orchestra at Dresden, in 1754, mentioned by Rousseau in his dictionary, as the best possible. He said, this author's account of it was so exact, that he should suppose him to have been there at the time. The king of Poland had then given Haffe unlimited power; and he had every thing of the best kind, both in vocal and instrumental music, which it was possible for him to assemble together.

He frequently attended that prince to Warsaw, in Poland, where he composed several operas. He said the Polish music was truly national, and often very tender and delicate. He mentioned to me a song which he had made in the Polonoise style, which was one of the most singular and the best received of any one of his compositions: of this he promised me a copy, as well as of many other of his most curious and choice pieces.

In speaking of composers, he commended, the most of all, old Scarlatti,
and

and Keifer * : Keifer, he assured me, was, according to his conceptions, one of the greatest musicians the world ever saw. His compositions are more voluminous than those of old Scarlatti, and his melodies, though more than fifty years old, are such as would now be thought modern and graceful. This he said had been always his opinion; and he was not likely to be biased by prejudice, as this composer was neither his relation, his master, nor even his acquaintance; but having lately looked at some of his works, he was astonished to see so much more elegance, clearness, and grace, than are to be found in most modern compositions, even now. He added, that Keifer composed chiefly for Hamburg, and, in general, to the German language. He was not very well versed in Italian, and often blundered in setting words; but

* He was born at Weissenfels, in Saxony, and was *maestre di capella* to the duke of Mecklenburg.

had always merit of other kinds to compensate this defect.

He always spoke respectfully of Handel, as a player and writer of fugues, as well as for the ingenuity of his accompaniments, and the natural simplicity of his melody, in which particulars he regarded him as the greatest genius that ever existed; but said, that he thought him too ambitious of displaying his talent of working parts and subjects, as well as too fond of noise: and Faustina added, that his *cantilena* was often rude.

I asked him, if he had ever heard Domenico Scarlatti play? he said that he had: as he came from Portugal to Naples, on a visit to his father, while he studied under him; and he allowed him to have been possessed of a wonderful hand, as well as fecundity of invention.

He could not think Durante, as a contrapuntist, deserved the place which M. Rousseau has given him in his dictionary; but said that it was old Scarlatti, whom
he

he should have called *le plus grand harmoniste d'Italie, c'est à dire du monde*, the greatest master of harmony of Italy, that is, of the whole universe; and not Durante, who was not only dry, but *baroque*, that is, coarse and uncouth*.

He spoke of mademoiselle Martinetz, as a young person of uncommon talents for music; said that she sung with great expression, played very neat and masterly, and was a thorough contrapuntist; but, added he, "it is pity that her writing should affect her voice." I had observed, indeed, the same morning, that she took the high notes with difficulty. It is an axiom among all good masters of singing, that stooping to write, and even sitting much at the harpsichord, hurts the chest, and greatly affects the voice.

* M. Haffe's opinion of Alex. Scarlatti, corresponds exactly with that of Jomelli, who told me, at Naples, that his compositions for the church, tho' but little known, were the best of his productions, and perhaps the best of the kind.

Haffe

Hasse said, that after he was fifty he had never been able to sing a note; and, indeed he is now so hoarse, that he can with difficulty be heard when he speaks. This he wholly attributes to his having been so constantly employed in writing. Faustina said, that when she knew him first, he had a very fine tenor voice; and it was then usual for masters to make their scholars in counterpoint, not only sing, but declaim.

I cannot quit Hasse and Gluck, without saying that it is very necessary to use discrimination in comparing them together. Hasse may be regarded as the Raphael, and I have already called Gluck the Michael Angelo of living composers. If the affected French expression of *le grand simple* can ever mean any thing, it must be when applied to the productions of such a composer as Hasse, who succeeds better perhaps in expressing, with clearness and propriety, whatever is graceful, elegant, and tender, than what is
boisterous

boisterous and violent ; whereas Gluck's genius seems more calculated for exciting terror in painting difficult situations, occasioned by complicated misery, and the tempestuous fury of unbridled passions.

Saturday 12. This morning, after another long visit to Metastasio, and hearing mademoiselle Martinetz play and sing with new delight and amazement, I determined to find out the habitation of Vanhall, a young composer, several of whose productions, particularly his symphonies, had afforded me such uncommon pleasure, that I should not hesitate to rank them among the most complete and perfect compositions, for many instruments, which the art of music can boast.

The spirit of party, in musical matters, runs high every where ; and I every where found that it was wished that I should hear, or at least like, none but the friends of my friends. However, I soon saw, and *heard* through all this, and seldom

dom suffered myself to be the dupe of partial decisions. For I was not contented with hearing music in fine houses, theatres, and palaces, but visited cottages, and garrets, wherever I could get scent of a good performer, or a man of genius.

I had sent my servant, and made several attempts myself, to find M. Vanhall before, but in vain. However, today I had been told that he lived without the gates of the city; but, after crossing a branch of the Danube, and walking several miles through a very dusty road, to the place where I expected to find him, I was told that he was removed, no one knew whither: this did not discourage me from enquiring after him all the way back, and, at length, I luckily found him, in an obscure corner of the town, and in a more lofty than splendid situation. I groped my way up a totally dark, winding stone stair-case, at the summit of which was his bower.

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He is a civil young man ; and though he could speak no French, yet he had a little Italian, which is the case with many German musicians. I told him that I was a stranger, and in quest of whatever was most curious in music ; that I had heard some of his symphonies performed, which had pleased me very much, and wished to be in possession of a few of them, if he had any ready transcribed, or if he knew of a copyist who had *. We soon came to a right understanding, and finding he played the harpsichord, I got him to sit down to a little clavichord, and play to me six lessons which he had just made for that instrument ; but I found them neither so wild nor so new as his compositions for violins.

* As there are no music shops in Vienna, the best method of procuring new compositions, is to apply to copyists ; for the authors, regarding every English traveller as a *milord*, expect a present on these occasions, as considerable for each piece, as if it had been composed on purpose for him.

Though

Though there have been many admirable composers of vocal music, who, for want of voice, could not *sing*, yet it seems as if it were absolutely necessary to be a great *player* on an instrument in order to write in such a manner for it, as will best shew its powers. With respect to the organ and harpsichord, the most original and striking pieces for those instruments have been the productions of great performers, such as Handel, Scarlatti, Bach, Schobert, Wagenseil, Müthel, and Alberti : but a rage for universality, or for gain, tempts many composers to quit the road which nature and art have made familiar to them, for another ; in which they are either bewildered or so destitute of the necessary requisites for travelling through it, as to be obliged to rob and plunder every one they meet.

A little perturbation of the faculties, is a promising circumstance in a young musician, and M. V. began his career

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very auspiciously, by being somewhat flighty. Enthusiasm seems absolutely necessary in all the arts, but particularly in music, which so much depends upon fancy and imagination. A cold, sedate, and wary disposition, but ill suits the professor of such an art; however, when enthusiasm is ungovernable, and impels to too frequent and violent efforts, the intellects are endangered. But as insanity in an artist is sometimes nothing more than an ebullition of genius, when that is the case, he may cry out to the physicians who cure him,

———*Polite occidistis, amici,*

Non servastis.

M. V. is now so far recovered, and possesses a mind so calm and tranquil, that his last pieces appear to me rather insipid and common, and his former agreeable extravagance seems changed into too great œconomy of thought.

In the afternoon I went to the play, it was *Romeo and Juliet*, new written, by
M. Weitz.

M. Weitz. The first act was almost over when I arrived; but I soon found that it was not a translation of Shakespeare, by the small number of characters in it; there being only eight in this tragedy, and in the English one of the same name, there are upwards of twenty.

The personages introduced by M. Weitz are Montecute, Capulet, lady Capulet, Romeo, Julie, Laura a Confidant; instead of the Nurse, Benvoglio a physician, who supplies the place of Fryar Lawrence, and Peter a servant to Romeo, instead of Balthazar.

Though the speeches and scenes were long; the four first acts were very affecting; but the performance both of poet and actors in the last act was abominable. There was no procession; but Juliet, dead at the end of the fourth act, is found buried at the beginning of the fifth. The tomb scene was bad, ill written and ill acted; and there was so much confusion, at last, that it was impossible to find out

whether Romeo lived or died. He swallowed poison, indeed, which had racked, tortured and deprived him of his senses; but, as the doctor plied him well with drops, and a smelling bottle, he recovered just enough to say Juliet!—oh my Juliet! *Julie!* *Oh meine Julie!* and the curtain dropped.

Sunday 13th. There was a procession through the principal streets of this city to day, as an anniversary commemoration of the Turks having been driven from its walls in 1683, by Sobieski king of Poland, after it had sustained a siege of two months. The Emperor came from Laxemberg to attend the celebration of this festival, and walked in the procession, which set off from the Franciscan's church, and proceeded through the principal streets of the city to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where *Te Deum* was sung, under the direction of M. Gasman, imperial *maestro di capella*. The music was by Reüter,

an old German composer, without taste or invention. As there was a very numerous band, great noise and little meaning characterized the whole performance. I hoped something better would have succeeded this dull, dry stuff; but what followed was equally uninteresting. The whole was finished by a triple discharge of all the artillery of the city, and the military instruments were little less noisy now, than the musical had been before.

From hence I went to Metastasio, for the last time! I found with him much company, and the St. Cecilia Martinetz at the harpsichord, to which she had been singing. At her desire there was a commutation of compositions between us. She had been so kind as to have transcribed for me, among other things, a song of Metastasio, set by herself, with which I had been greatly struck in a former visit.

The good old poet embraced me heartily; said he was sorry to lose me so soon; that he must have my book, when published, and desired to hear from me. Thus we parted at Vienna; but I cannot quit him here, without adding a few lines to this article, long as it is already.

I had been told, and it was likewise the opinion of Signor Haffe, that Metastasio had more of his own manuscript poetry in his possession, than had hitherto been published; but lord Stormont doubts much of the fact; alledging his principle of never working but when he is called upon, against his writing verses merely to lock them up. Metastasio laughs at all poetic inspiration, and makes a poem as mechanically as another would make a shoe, at what time he pleases, and without any other occasion than the want of it.

However, lord Stormont says, that he has seen a translation of Horace's *Ars Poetica*,
in

in Italian verse, by Metastasio, which he thinks far superior to every one that has been made in other languages. He has likewise translated the *Hoc erat in votis*, of the same poet, admirably well. In this, like Horace, he has told the story of the Town and Country Mouse, as a serious fact, and kept more closely, both to the letter and spirit of the original, than any other who has hitherto attempted it.

Metastasio, like most other persons in years, has an aversion to the talking about his own age, about the infirmities of his friends, or the calamities, or death, even of persons that are indifferent to him. He is extremely candid in his judgment of men of genius, and even of poets with whom he has had a difference, which indeed are very few. For, when he has been attacked by them, it has often happened, that, after writing an epigram or couplet, to shew his particular friends how he could defend him-

self, he has thrown it into the fire ; and he has never been known either to print or publish a line, by way of retaliation, against the bitterest enemy to his person or poems.

He has a natural cheerfulness and pleasantry, in his manner and conversation, which give a gaiety to all around him ; and is possessed of as easy an eloquence in speaking as in writing. He is, indeed, one of the few extraordinary geniuses who lose nothing by approximation or acquaintance : for, it is a melancholy reflection that, very few, like him, are equally intitled to the epithets *good* and *great*.

The following anecdote has been given me by a person of veracity, well informed of every particular, relative to this great poet. Many years ago, when Metastasio's circumstances were far from affluent, and he was only known at Vienna as an assistant writer for the Opera, under Apostolo Zeno ; a person with
whom

whom he had contracted a great intimacy and friendship, dying, left him his whole fortune, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds sterling. But Metastasio hearing that he had relations at Bologna, went thither in search of them; and having found such as he thought best intitled to these possessions, told them, that though his deceased friend had bequeathed to him his whole fortune, he could suppose it to be no otherwise than in trust, till he should find out the most deserving of his kindred, in order to divide it equitably among them; which he immediately did, without the least reserve in his own favour.

After dinner, I had the pleasure of a long visit from M. Gasman, who not only furnished me with a list of his works, but obliged me with copies of a great number of his manuscript quartets, for various instruments *. M.

* It is but justice to say, that since my return to England, I have had these pieces tried, and have
found

Gasman is of a middle age, and yet his works are very voluminous. For the serious opera, he has composed, in Italy, *Merope*, *Iffipile*, *Catone in Utica*, *Exio*, twice, and *Achille in Sciro*. At Vienna, *Olimpiade*, *Amore di Psiche*, and *Il Trionfo d'Amore*. For the comic opera, at Venice, *l'Ucciatore*, twice: *il Filosofo innamorato*, *un Pazzo ne fa Cento*, and *il Mondo nella Luna*. At Vienna, *i Viaggiatori ridicoli*, *l'Amore Artigiano*, *la Notte Critica*, *l'opera Seria*, *la Contessina*, *il Filosofo innamorato* a second time, *la Pescatrice*, and *i Rovinati*.

When M. Gasman left me, I went, for the last time, to M. Wagenfeil, and heard him and his little female scholar play several brilliant duets upon two harpsichords: here I again met with my

found them excellent: there is pleasing melody, free from caprice and affectation; sound harmony, and the contrivances and imitations are ingenious, without the least confusion. In short, the style is sober and sedate, without dulness; and masterly, without pedantry.

friend

friend, the Portuguese Abbé, and, after a long conversation upon musical matters, we parted; but not till we had mutually exchanged directions, and promises to keep alive our friendship, by a literary intercourse.

After this I flew home, to pack, and to pay; here, among other things, I was plagued with copyists the whole evening; they began to regard me as a greedy and indiscriminate purchaser of whatever trash they should offer; but I was forced to hold my hand, not only from buying bad music, but good. For every thing is very dear at Vienna, and nothing more so than music, of which none is printed.

As it was, I did not quit Vienna till I had expended ten or twelve guineas in the purchase of music; which, with what had been given me, what I had transcribed myself, and the printed books I had collected, rendered my baggage so unwieldy, as to cost me an additional

horse to my chaise, all the way to Hamburg.

Indeed, Vienna is so rich in composers, and incloses within its walls such a number of musicians of superior merit, that, it is but just to allow it to be, among German cities, the imperial seat of music, as well as of power.

This might be manifested by a recapitulation of what I heard, and saw, during my short residence there; but I shall leave that to the reader's recollection, and only mention the names of Haffe, Gluck, Gasman, Wagenfeil, Salieri, Hofman, Haydn, Ditters, Vanhall, and Huber, who have all greatly distinguished themselves as composers; and the symphonies and quartets of the five last mentioned authors, are perhaps among the first full pieces and compositions, for violins, that have ever been produced.

To these celebrated names, may be added those of Mislwiceck, a Bohemian,
just

just returned from Italy, where he has established a great reputation by his operas, as well as instrumental music; Scarlatti, nephew to the famous Domenico Scarlatti; Kohaut, an excellent lutanist; Venturini, a hautbois player of the first class; Albrechtzberger, and Stefani, two eminent harpsichord players, in the service of the court, and La Motte, a Flaman, the best solo player and fightsmán, upon the violin, at Vienna. He was some time scholar to Giardini; and it is related of him, that when he quitted his first master, he travelled through Italy, still in search of another; and being arrived at Leghorn, where Nardini then lived, he would have become his scholar; but after hearing that performer execute one of his own solos, of the most difficult kind, and being, in his turn asked to play, he desired leave to perform the same solo, which he had just heard, and which was new, and in manuscript, so that he never could have practised it;

how-

however, he acquitted himself so well, that Nardini declined taking as a *scholar*; one who was already so able a master of his instrument.

I omit particularizing here, all the able organists of this city, the *dilettanti*, male and female, and the several masters and performers, vocal and instrumental; who constantly reside here, and contribute to the cultivation of music, and the pleasure of its votaries and protectors; and shall only remark that; rich as this city is at present, in musicians of genius and eminence, there is no serious opera either at the court or public theatre.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague mentions an opera that was performed in the open air, when she was at Vienna, the decorations and habits of which cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling; and, during the reigns of the late emperors, from the first years of Leopold, to the middle of the present century, there used to be operas at the expence of
the

the court, written, composed, and performed, by persons of the greatest abilities that could be assembled from all parts of Europe: but the frequent wars, and other calamities of this country, have so exhausted the public treasure, and impoverished individuals, that this expensive custom is now,

“ To my mind,
 “ More honoured in the breach, than the observance,”

For though I love music very well, yet I
 love humanity better.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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