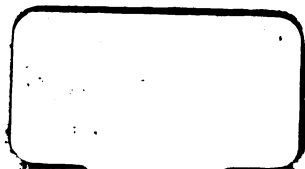


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*Sir Edmund Bacon Bar!*



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**T**HE PRESENT STATE of MUSIC  
in Germany, the Netherlands, and United  
Provinces. By CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. D. in  
Two Volumes.

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

London, April 16th, 1773.

P R O P O S A L S

F O R

PRINTING by SUBSCRIPTION,

A

GENERAL HISTORY of MUSIC,

From the EARLIEST AGES to the PRESENT PERIOD.

By CHARLES BURNLEY, Mus. D.

C O N D I T I O N S.

- I. That the work shall be elegantly printed in Two Volumes Quarto, illustrated with examples of national music, and compositions of different ages, and in different styles, as well as with original drawings of ancient and modern instruments, engraved by the best artists.
- II. That the price to subscribers will be two guineas; one to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the other on the delivery of the second volume, in sheets.
- III. It is the author's intention to publish the first volume in the course of the next year, 1744. But, as the printing of this work will be attended with too great an expence for him to risk it against the public opinion, though it is in great forwardness, he cannot venture to send it to the press before *five hundred copies* are subscribed for. He therefore entreats those who may be inclined to honour this undertaking with their patronage, to send in their names early. And, in order to render security reciprocal between the public and the writer, if the number of copies specified be not ascertained by next Christmas, he will abandon the enterprize, and return the money to the subscribers.
- IV. If the work is published, the names of the subscribers will be printed; and non-subscribers will pay three guineas and a half for the two volumes.

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THE  
PRESENT STATE  
OF  
MUSIC  
IN  
FRANCE and ITALY:

OR,

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

By CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. D.

*Ei cantarono allor sì dolcemente*

*Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona.*

DANTE, Purg. Canto 2do.

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THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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L O N D O N,

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





[It is difficult to write about the arts without using terms of art ; but though few foreign words, or technical terms, will occur in this Journal, which are not translated or defined the first time they are used, yet, to save the reader the trouble of seeking them in the text, or of remembering them, the following are collected and explained here.]

## E X P L I C A T I O N

O F

Some MUSICAL TERMS and FOREIGN WORDS,  
which occur in the following JOURNAL.

*ACCADEMIA*, a concert.

*Adagio*, slow, in the first degree : or, when used substantively, it signifies a slow movement.

*Allegro*, gay, or a quick movement.

*Appoggiatura*, from *appoggiare*, to lean on ; a note of embellishment : it is usually written in a small character, as not essential to the harmony, though most essential to melody, taste, and expression.

*Baritono*, a voice of low pitch, between a tenor and base.

*Bravura*, as *aria di bravura*, a quick song of difficult execution.

*Canon*, a composition in which the parts follow each other in the same melody and intervals.

*Canto fermo*, plain song, or chanting in the cathedral service.

*Canzone*, a song.

*Contralto*, counter-tenor, or a voice of higher pitch than a tenor, but lower than the treble.

*Contrapuntista*, one skilled in the laws of harmony, a composer.

Con-

*Contrapunto*, counterpoint; composition in parts, this term came from the first music in parts, being expressed in points placed over each other.

*Dilettante*, a gentleman composer or performer; synonymous with the French word *amateur*.

*Diminuendo*, diminishing a sound, or rendering it softer and softer by degrees.

*Due Cori*, two choirs, orchestras, or chorusses.

*Expression*, the performing a piece of melody, or a single passage, with that energy and feeling which the poetry or passion, to be impressed upon the hearer, requires.

*Forte*, loud.

*Fugue*, a flight or pursuit; a *fugue* differs from a *canon* only in being less rigid in its laws; a *canon* is a perpetual *fugue*: the first, or leading part gives the law to the rest in both; but, in the course of a *fugue*, it is allowable to introduce episodes and new subjects.

*Funzioni*, function, ceremony in the church on a festival.

*Graduale*, gradual; an appellation given, in the Romish church, to a verse which is sung after the epistle, and which was anciently sung on the steps of the altar.

*Harmony*, music in parts, in opposition to melody.

*Imitation*, a slight species of *fugue*, in which the parts imitate each other, though not in the same intervals, or according to the rigorous laws of a *fugue* or *canon*.

*Improvisatrice*, a female who pronounces verses extempore. *Inter-*

- Intermezzo**, an interlude, or musical farce, usually performed between the acts of a serious piece.
- Laudisti**, psalm singers.
- Maestro di Capella**, a composer, or one who directs a musical performance in a church or chapel.
- Maestro del Coro**, master of the choir.
- Melody**, an air, or single part, without base or accompaniment.
- Missa Basso**, a silent mass, whispered by the priest during a musical performance.
- Musico Soprano**, a second treble, or voice between the treble and counter-tenor.
- Miserere**, the first word of the 51st Psalm, in Latin.
- Modulation**, the art of changing the key, or of conducting the harmony or melody into different keys, in a manner agreeable to the ear, and conformable to established rules.
- Motetto**, *Motet*, a Latin hymn, psalm, or anthem.
- Musico**, a general term for musician; but now chiefly applied in Italy to a *castrato*.
- Offertorio**, Offertory, an anthem sung, or a voluntary played, at the time the people are making an offering.
- Riano**, soft.
- Plain chant**, plain song, or chanting.
- Portamento**, conduct of the voice: the *portamento* is said to be good, when the voice is neither nasal nor guttural.
- Ritornello**, originally the echo or repetition of any portion of a song by the instruments; but, in process of time, it became the general term for symphony, in which sense it will be often used in this Journal, and which will, perhaps

perhaps, be called, *Verbum movere loco* ; but though the word *Ritornel* is rather obsolete, and has for some time been supplied by symphony, it now wants revival, as symphony, among modern musicians, is usually synonymous with overture.

*Saltatori*, jumpers, or dancers of uncommon agility;  
*Sistine*, The Pope's chapel is sometimes called the *Sistine* chapel, from Sextus Quintus, who built it.

*Soprano*, the supreme, or treble part, in vocal compositions.

*Softenuto*, sustained ; or, used substantively, the power of continuing a sound : the harpsichord has no *Softenuto*, the organ has one.

*Steiner*, the name of a famous German maker of violins.

*Sinfonia*, symphony, or overture.

*Taste*, the adding, diminishing, or changing a melody, or passage, with judgment and propriety, and in such a manner as to *improve* it ; if this were rendered an invariable rule in what is commonly called *gracing*, the passages, in compositions of the first class, would seldom be changed.

*Virtù*, talents, abilities ; hence

*Virtuoso*, a singer.

*Virtuoso da Violino*, a performer on the violin.

*Virtuoso da Camera*, a chamber musician.

*Voce di Camera*, a feeble voice, fit only for a chamber.

*Voce di Petto*, a voice which comes from the breast, in opposition to one that is nasal or guttural.

*Vox Humana*, human voice.

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THE

# INTRODUCTION.

**A**MONG the numerous accounts of Italy, published by travellers who have visited that delightful country from different motives of interest or curiosity; it is somewhat extraordinary, that none have hitherto confined their views and researches to the rise and progress, or present state of music in that part of the world, where it has been cultivated with such success; and from whence the rest of Europe has been furnished, not only with the most eminent composers and performers, but even with all its ideas of whatever is elegant and refined in that art.

Not a single picture, statue, or building has been left undescribed, or an inscription

B                    uncopied,

uncopied, and yet the *Conservatorios* or musical schools, the *Operas*, or the *Ora-torios*, have scarce been mentioned ; and though every library is crowded with histories of painting and other arts, as well as with the lives of their most illustrious professors, music and musicians have been utterly neglected. And this is still the more unaccountable, as no one of the liberal arts is at present so much cultivated, and encouraged, nor can the Italians now boast a superiority over the rest of Europe in any of them so much as in music ; for few of their painters, sculptors, architects, historians, poets, or philosophers of the present age, as in some centuries past, so greatly surpass their cotemporaries on this side the Alps, as to excite much curiosity to visit or converse with them.

But music still *lives* in Italy, while most of the other arts only speak a *dead language* ; classical and learned indeed, but less pleasing and profitable to stu-

dents than in the days of Leo X. when Italy was as superior to the rest of the world, and therefore as well worth visiting, as Greece was in the time of Pericles or Alexander.

To say that music was never in such high estimation, or so well understood as it is at present, all over Europe, would be only advancing a fact as evident, as that its inhabitants are now more generally civilized and refined, than they were in any other period to be found in the history of mankind.

Perhaps the grave and wise may regard music as a frivolous and enervating luxury; but, in its defence, Montesquieu has said that "it is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind\*." Electricity has likewise, by some, been considered merely as furnishing matter of speculation to the philosopher, and of amusement to the curious; and it has frequently been lamented, that a princi-

\* *Esprit de Loix.*



ple, so universal in nature, has never yet, with much certainty, been applied by its discoverers to any very useful purpose. However, the identity between lightning and electric fire, first proved by Dr. Franklin, has led him to one of the most useful discoveries which philosophy can boast, that of the conductors invented for the preservation of buildings from lightning; nor are there wanting some striking and well authenticated instances of its salutary application to the medical art.

In a similar manner it has doubtless often been said of music, that it is indeed a charming resource, in an idle hour, to the rich and luxurious part of the world; but, say the poor and the worldly, what is its use to the rest of mankind? To these a different kind of answer must be given. in England, perhaps more than in any other country, it is easy to point out the humane and important purposes to which it has been applied.

Its

Its assistance has been called in by the most respectable profession in this kingdom, in order to open the purses of the affluent for the support of the distressed offspring of their deceased brethren\*. Many an orphan is cherished by its influence †.—The pangs of child-birth are softened and rendered less dangerous and dreadful by the effects of its power ‡. It helps, perhaps, to stop the ravages of a disease which attacks the very source of life §. And, lastly, it enables its own professors to do what few others can boast—to maintain their own poor; by that admirable and well-directed institution, known by the name of *The Society for the Support of decayed Musicians and their Families.*

\* At the *Feast of the Sons of the Clergy.*

† The *Messiah* is annually performed for the benefit of the *Foundling Hospital.*

‡ The benefit every year for the *Lying-in Hospital,* Brownlow street.

§ The musical performance for the *Lock Hospital.*

Music has indeed ever been the delight of accomplished princes, and the most elegant amusement of polite courts: but at present it is so combined with things sacred and important, as well as with our pleasures, that it seems necessary to our existence: it forms a considerable part of divine service in our churches; it is essential to military discipline; and the theatres would languish without it. Add to this, that there is hardly a private family in a civilized nation without its flute, its fiddle, its harpsichord, or guitar: that it alleviates labour and mitigates pain; and is still a greater blessing to humanity, when it keeps us out of mischief, or blunts the edge of care.

Had the books that I have hitherto consulted, which have been very numerous, supplied me with the information I wanted, relative to a History of Music, upon which I have been long meditating; I should not have undertaken a journey that has been attended with  
much

much fatigue, expence, and neglect of other concerns.

But these books are, in general, such faithful copies of each other, that he who reads two or three, has the substance of as many hundred. In hopes, therefore, of stamping on my intended History some marks of originality, or at least of novelty, I determined to allay my thirst of knowledge at the source, and take such draughts in Italy, as England cannot supply. It was there I determined to hear with my *own* ears, and to see with my *own* eyes; and, if possible, to *hear* and *see* nothing but *music*. Indeed I might have amused myself agreeably enough in examining pictures, statues, and buildings, but as I could not afford time for all this, without neglecting the chief business of my journey, I determined not to have "my purpose turned awry" by any other curiosity or enquiry\*.

\* In the course of my journey, however, I was much pleased to find that I could gratify my love

With these views I left London in the beginning of June 1770, and as I did not intend my work should be local, I determined in the way to Italy to acquire what materials I could relative to the history of French music, as well as to inform myself of its present state. But it would have been both arrogant and unjust to have attempted this in the few weeks allowed me to remain in France, had I not before twice visited Paris, during which time I frequented very much its public places; and for twenty years past I had constantly been supplied with the works of the best composers, and the writings of the best authors on the subject of music, in that kingdom.

for sculpture and painting even in the pursuit of musical materials; as it was from these that I acquired my ideas and drawings of the instruments of the ancients, as well as of the early moderns,

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THE  
PRESENT STATE  
OF  
MUSIC, &c.

L I S T E.

**A**S I made no considerable stop till I reached this city, the capital of French Flanders, I here began my enquiries, and first tried to discover the manner of performing the Gregorian chant, which subsists throughout France in all cathedrals and collegiate churches. It is oftener performed without the organ than with; and though there are organs in every large church in this town, and throughout the kingdom, I find that they  
are

are only used, as in our parish churches, on Sundays, and at great festivals. It appears plainly to me that our old chants and responses were not new compositions by Tallis, at the time of the reformation, but only adjusted to English words; the little melody they contain being very nearly the same as in all catholic churches abroad. It is only on Sundays and festivals that parts are added to the *canto fermo* or *plain chant* here. All sing at other times in unison; and all the books out of which the priests chant, are written upon vellum in the Gregorian note, that is, in the old black lozenge, or square character, upon four lines and spaces only.

But in order to inform myself still further on the subject, I found it necessary to make myself acquainted with M. Devil-lers, an agreeable and intelligent man in his profession, and organist of the principal church here, that of St. Peter. With him I had a long conversation relative to the use of *plain chant*. He says the boys

are

are taught it by the Gregorian notes, and that no others are used by the ecclesiastics.

In the French churches there is an instrument on each side the choir, called the *serpent*, from its shape, I suppose, for it undulates like one. This gives the *tone* in chanting, and plays the base when they sing in parts. It is often ill-played, but if judiciously used, would have a good effect. It is, however, in general overblown, and too powerful for the voices it accompanies; otherwise, it mixes with them better than the organ, as it can augment or diminish a sound with more delicacy, and is less likely to overpower or destroy by a bad temperament, that perfect one, of which the voice only is capable.

The organ in this church is double and very large, consisting of four rows of keys, sixty-four stops, and an immense front of thirteen columns of pipes: it has been made about sixty years. The case is finely carved and ornamented, and the front



front pipes of the white and natural colour of the metal, as they are in all the organs here. In England it is necessary to gild them, to prevent their turning black. I have always found that but little use is made of the organ in France, even on those days when it is most employed. The *serpent* keeps the voices up to their pitch, and is a kind of crutch for them to lean on.

As it was Jubilee-Time,\* when I was at Lisle, I had hopes of hearing better music than ordinary, but was disappointed.

M. Anneuse, organist of the church of St. Maurice in this town, is blind. I called at his house; but he was from home, other-

\* The name of jubilee is usually given to an ecclesiastical solemnity, or ceremony, performed in order to gain a plenary indulgence from the pope. There are, however, particular jubilees in some cities, upon the concurrence of certain festivals, as when the feast of the Annunciation happens on Good Friday; or that of St. John the Baptist, on *Corpus Christi* day. *Encyclop. Art. JUBILEE.*

wife I would have had some conversation with him on the subject of his profession. For I found the shortest and best road to such information as I wanted, was to talk with the principal professors, wherever I went. Learned men and books may be more useful as to ancient music, but it is only *living* musicians that can explain what *living music* is. This method, however, where I had no letters of recommendation, cost me a little money, some affluance, and a great deal of trouble.

Those who visit Italy for the sake of painting, sculpture, or architecture, do well to see what those arts afford in France, first; as they become so dainty afterwards, that they can bear to look at but few things which that kingdom affords; and as I expected to have the same prejudices, or feelings at my return, about their music, I endeavoured to give it a fair hearing first, in the capital, and the two extremities of the kingdom, Paris, Lisle, and Lyons. Indeed I stopped at  
 Cambray

Cambray in order to visit the churches there, in hopes of hearing music, but was disappointed; the service was performed entirely without chant or organ. I was told that there would be singing in the afternoon, but was unable to stay. However, the character given of the voices by some of the inhabitants did not encrease my regret at not hearing them, or incline me to postpone my journey; I therefore went on directly to

### P A R I S.

And upon my arrival in this city, after spending the greatest part of the first day in search of books, I went in the evening, June 12, to the *Boulevard*, as no better entertainment offered itself either at the play-house or opera. The Boulevard is a place of public diversions, without the gates of Paris. It is laid out in walks, and planted. In the middle is a wide road for carriages, and at the sides

sides: are coffee-houses, conjurors, and shows of all kinds. Here every evening, during the summer, the walks are crowded with well-dressed people, and the road with splendid equipages; and here I saw the new Vauxhall, as they call it, but it is no more like ours, than the emperor of China's palace. Nor is it at all like Ranelagh; though, at the first entrance, there is a small rotund, with galleries round it, well lighted up, and decorated.

Next to this is a quadrangle in the open air, where they dance in warm weather; it is illuminated, and has galleries, that are continued to another room, which is square, and still larger than the first, with two rows of Corinthian pillars ornamented with festoons and illuminations. This is a very elegant room, in which the company dance *minuets*, *allemandes*, *cotillons*, and *contre danses*, when the weather is cold, which was now the case in the extreme. However, here was a great crowd of well-dressed people.

From

From the name of this place it was natural to look for a garden, but none was to be found.

In the coffee-houses on the Boulevard, which are much frequented, there are bands of music, with singing, in the Sadler's-Wells way, but worse. The women who performed there, go about with a plate to collect a reward for their trouble. Here, though they often sing airs *a l' Italienne*, the original sin of vulgarity in the expression, sticks as close to them as to us, at such places, in England.

*Wednesday, June 13.* This morning I spent in the library of the *College des Quatre Nations*, founded by cardinal Mazarin. It is a noble one. I consulted the catalogues, and found several of the books I wanted.

In the evening I heard two musical dramas at the *Theatre Italien*, in which the singing was the worst part of the performance. Though the modern French  
com-

composers hazard every effect that has been tried by the Italians, yet from being ill executed, and ill understood, it seldom makes an impression upon the audience. And though *Bravura* songs, or songs of execution, are now attempted, yet they are so ill performed, that no one used to true Italian singing can like any thing but the words and action.

One of the pieces which was represented to-night was new, and meant as a comic opera, in the modern French manner, with airs in the Italian style, set to French words, but without recitative, all the dialogue and narrative part being spoken. This piece however was as thoroughly d——d as ever piece was in England. I used to imagine that a French audience durst not hiss to the degree I found they did upon this occasion. Indeed quite as much, mixt with horse-laughs, as ever I heard at Drury-lane, or Covent-garden. In short, it

was condemned in all the English forms, except breaking the benches and the actors heads, and the incessant sound of *hisb*, instead of *hifs*.

The author of the words, luckily, or rather judiciously, lay concealed; but the composer, M. de St. Amant, was very much to be pitied, for a great deal of pretty music was thrown away upon bad words, and upon an audience not at all disposed, especially in the two last acts (there were three) to hear any thing fairly. But this music, though I thought it much superior to the poetry it accompanied, was not without its defects; the modulation was too studied, so much so as to be unnatural, and always to disappoint the ear. The overture however was good music, full of elegant and pleasing melody, with many passages of effect.

The hautbois at this theatre is admirable; I hardly ever heard a more pleasing tone or manner of playing. Several

of the songs would have been admirable too, if they had been sung with the true Italian expression. But the French voice never comes further than from the throat; there is no *voce di petto*, no true *portamento*, or direction of the voice, on any of the stages. The new piece had several movements in it very like what is heard at the serious opera. It must be remembered that the whole was in verse, and extremely serious, except some attempt at humour in \* Calliot's part, which, however, did not prevent the audience from pronouncing it to be *detestable*.

*Thursday 14.* This being *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Christi* Day, one of the greatest holidays in the year, I went to see the processions, and to hear high mass per-

\* M. Calliot is deservedly the favourite actor and singer of the comic opera at Paris. His voice, which he can make a bass or a tenor at pleasure, is admirable, and he is in all respects a most interesting and entertaining performer.



formed at *Notre Dame*. I had great difficulty to get thither. Coaches are not allowed to stir till all the processions, with which the whole town swarms, are over. The streets through which they are to pass in the way to the churches, are all lined with tapestry; or, for want of that, with ornaments of an inferior kind: I find that the better sort of people, *les gens comme il faut*, all go out of town on these days, to avoid the *embarras* of going to mass, or the *ennui* of staying at home.

Whenever the host stops, which frequently happens, the priests sing a psalm, and all the people fall on their knees in the middle of the street, whether dirty or clean. I readily complied with this ceremony to avoid giving offence, or being remarkable. Indeed, when I went out, I determined to do as other people did, in the streets, and church, otherwise I had no business there.

At length I reached the church, where I was likewise a *conformist* ; though here I walked about frequently, as I saw others do, round the choir and in the great aisle. I made my remarks on the organ, organist, plain-chant, and motets. Though this was so great a festival, the organ accompanied the choir but little. The chief use made of it, was to play over the chant before it was sung, all through the Psalms. Upon enquiring of a young abbé, whom I took with me as a *nomenclator*, what this was called ? *C'est profer*, 'Tis *prosing*, he said. And it should seem as if our word *prosing* came from this dull and heavy manner of recital. The organ is a good one, but when played full, the echo and reverberation were so strong, that it was all confusion ; however, on the choir organ and echo stops I could hear every passage distinctly. The organist has a neat and judicious way of touching the instrument ; but his passages were very old fashioned.

Indeed what he played during the *offer-*  
*torio*, which lasted six or eight minutes,  
seemed too stiff and regular for a volun-  
tary.

Several motets; or services, were per-  
formed by the choir, but accompanied  
oftner by the *serpent* than organ: indeed,  
at my first entrance into the French  
churches, I have frequently taken the  
*serpent* for an organ; but soon found it  
had in its effect something better and  
something worse than that instrument.  
These compositions are much in the way  
of our old church services, full of fugues  
and imitation; with more contrivance  
and labour than melody. I am more  
and more convinced every day, that what  
I have before observed concerning the  
adapting the English words to the old  
*canto fermo*, by Tallis, at the Reforma-  
tion, is true; and it seems to me that  
music, in our cathedral service, was less  
reformed than any other part of the  
liturgy.

At

At five o'clock I went to the *Concert Spirituel*, the only public amusement allowed on these great festivals. It is a grand concert performed in the great hall of the Louvre, in which the vocal part consists of detached pieces of church-music in Latin\*. I shall name the several performances of this concert, and fairly say what effect each had upon myself, and upon the audience, as far as a stander-by could discover.

The first piece was a motet by M. De la Lande, *Dominus regnavit*, chiefly made up of chorusses, performed with more force than feeling; the whole was in the style of the old French opera; and, except the second chorus, which had a

\* The French have never yet had either a serious Italian opera or a regular oratorio of any sort performed in their country. I suppose the managers of their public diversions know too well the taste of the people to attempt them, though every other species of novelty is tried, and they even suffer Italian to be *spoken* by several of the characters in the Harlequin pieces.

conduct and spirit somewhat new and agreeable, was to me detestable, though much applauded by the audience, who felt and admired it as much as themselves, for being natives of a country able to produce such master-pieces of composition, and such exquisite performers.

Then followed a concerto on the hautbois by Bezozzi, nephew to the celebrated hautbois and bassoon players of that name at Turin. For the honour of the French, I must say that this piece was very much applauded. It is a step towards reformation, to begin to tolerate what ought to be adopted. This performer has many points in his taste and expression that are truly exquisite; but I think he is not constantly perfect. He makes great use of his tongue in division, which perhaps occasions a more frequent crack or cackle in the reed than one would wish; neither is his tone very powerful without forcing, which, as this was a large room, he perhaps thought necessary. Upon the whole,

whole, however, I was very much delighted with his performance.

It is not easy however to account for the latitude the French take in their approbation, or to suppose it possible for people to like things as opposite as light and darkness. If French music is good, and its expression natural and pleasing, that of Italy must be bad: or change the supposition, and allow that of Italy to be all which an unprejudiced, but cultivated ear could wish; the French music cannot, one would imagine, give such an ear equal delight. The truth is, the French do not like Italian music; they pretend to adopt and admire it; but it is all mere affectation.

After this high-finished performance of Bezozzi Mademoiselle Delcambre screamed out *Exaudi Deus* with all the power of lungs she could muster; and was as well received as if Bezozzi had done nothing.

Signor

Signor Traversa, first violin to the Prince de Carignan, then played a concerto in the Italian style very well; many parts with great delicacy, good tone, and facility of execution; but this was not so well relished by the audience as the *Exaudi* that went before it. Nay, I could plainly discover, by their countenances and reception of it, how little they had felt it.

Madame Philidor sung a motet next, of her husband's composition, who drinks hard at the Italian fountain; but though this was more like good fingering and good music than any vocal piece that had preceded it, yet it was not applauded with that fury, which leaves not the least doubt of its having been felt.

The French are much indebted to M. Philidor, for being among the first to betray them into a toleration of Italian music, by adopting French words to it, and afterwards by imitating the Italian style

style in several comic operas, which have had great success, particularly, *Le Marechal Ferrant*, *Le Bucheron*, *Le Sorcier*, and *Tom Jones*. He likewise composed a serious opera, called *Ernelinde*, which is much admired by the lovers of Italian melody, but the frequenters of the great opera house of Paris are not yet sufficiently weaned from Lulli and Romeau to give great encouragement to such attempts.

The whole was finished by *Beatus Vir*, a motet, in grand chorus, with solo and duet parts between. The principal counter-tenor had a solo verse in it which he bellowed out with as much violence as if he had done it for life, while a knife was at his throat. But though this wholly stunned me, I plainly saw, by the smiles of ineffable satisfaction which were visible in the countenances of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the company, and heard, by the most violent applause that a ravished audience could bestow



bestow, that it was quite what their hearts felt, and their souls loved. *C'est superbe!* was echoed from one to the other through the whole house. But the last chorus was a *finisher* with a vengeance! it surpassed, all clamour, all the noises I had ever heard in my life. I have frequently thought the chorusses of our oratorios rather too loud and violent; but, compared with these, they are *soft music*, such as might sooth and lull to sleep the heroine of a tragedy,

*Friday, June 15.* In visiting the king of France's library this morning, I found that if I could have contented myself with the *dead letter* of information, such as is to be obtained from books only, I need not have crossed the Alps; as the number to be found here, relative to my subject, is almost infinite. The MSS. were what I first enquired after of the librarian, and I found that the mere catalogue of these alone amounted to four volumes

volumes in folio ; not all about music indeed, but that science has not been neglected by the collectors of these books.

The most ancient MSS. among these in which music has any concern, if we except the seven Greek authors published by Meibomius, which are all here in MS. are the liturgies and offices of the church, such as missals, rituals, gradu-als, breviaries, and psalters, in Greek and Latin ; but of these when I come to treat of the music of past times. Of its present state *here*, I thought I could get no better information than was to be acquired by going to the opera of *Zaide*, which was performed this evening at the new opera-house adjoining to, or rather being part of the *Palais Royal* belonging to the duke of Orleans. The former theatre was burnt down about six years ago, during which time the opera was performed in the king's palace of the  
 Louvre,

Louvre, where the *Concert Spirituel* is still held\*.

The opera of to-night was first performed in 1739; revived again in 1745, 1756, and now, for the fourth time, in 1770. It is called by the French *ballet-heroique*, or heroic dance; the dances being interwoven, and making an essential part of the piece. I believe in all such pieces, the interest of the drama is very inconsiderable; at least, if we may judge by this, and some of those composed by Rameau. The music of *Zaide* is by Royer; and it is somewhat wonderful that nothing better, or of a more modern taste, has been composed since; the style of composition is totally

\* One of the finest sights at Paris used then to be by the Thuilleries in summer, after the opera; which being over between seven and eight in the evening, all the company, in full dress, consisting of the flower of this capital, poured into the grand avenue; *totis vomit Ædibus undam*; and formed an assembly not to be met with in any other part of the world.

changed

changed throughout the rest of Europe; yet the French, commonly accused of more levity and caprice than their neighbours, have stood still in music for thirty or forty years: nay, one may go still further, and assert boldly, that it has undergone few changes at the great opera since Lulli's time, that is to say, in one hundred years. In short, notwithstanding they can both talk and write so well, and so much *about it*, music in France, with respect to the two great essentials of melody and expression\*, may still be said to be in its infancy.

But to return to Mr. Royer's opera of *Zaide*, which, in point of melody, of light and shade, or contrast, and of effect, is miserable, and below all criticism: but at the same time it must be allowed that the theatre is elegant and noble; that

\* The Italian music, says M. D'Alembert, is a language of which we have not yet the alphabet.

*Melange de Litter.*

the dresses and decorations are fine; the machinery ingenious; and the dancing excellent: but, alas! these are all objects for the *eye*, and an opera elsewhere is intended to flatter the *ear*. A musical drama, which has nothing interesting in the words, and of which the composition is bad, and the singing worse, must surely fall short of every idea that has been formed in other countries of such a species of exhibition.

Three out of five of the principal singers in *Zaide*, I had heard at the *Concert Spirituel*. Messieurs Gelin and Le Gros, and Mademoiselle du Bois; the other two were M. and Mad. L'Arrivée; in their manner of singing much like the rest. One thing I find here, which makes me grieve at the abuse of nature's bounty, the voices are in themselves really good and well toned; and this is easily to be discovered, in despite of false direction and a vitiated expression. But of this enough has already been said:

a word

a word or two more about their composition; and, I have done with their music for some time, at least with their expression; and here it is necessary to discriminate, for they have some composers of great merit among them, who imitate very successfully the Italian style. But it is in vain, at least for the natives of France; other nations may indeed be the better for it; but let this detestable and unnatural expression be given to any music in the world, and it becomes immediately French.

“*Sound pass’d thro’ them, no longer is the same,  
For Food digested takes another name.*”

It seems however to be with the serious French opera here, as it is with our oratorios in England; people are tired of the old, by hearing them so often; the style has been pushed perhaps to its utmost boundary, and is exhausted; and yet they cannot relish any new attempts at pleasing them in a different way: what

is there in this world not subject to change? And shall we expect music to be permanent above *all* things, which so much depends on imagination and feeling.

There are particular periods, that one would perhaps wish to stop at, if it were possible; but as that cannot be, let us comply with necessity, in good humour, and with a good grace. Poetry, painting, and sculpture have had their rise and declension: have sunk into barbarism; have emerged from it in succeeding ages, and mounted to a certain degree of perfection, from which they have gradually and insensibly sunk again to the lowest state of depravity; and yet these arts have a standard in the remains of antiquity, which music cannot boast. There are classics in poetry, sculpture, and architecture, which every modern strives to imitate; and he is thought most to excel, who comes nearest to those models.

But

But who will venture to say, that the musician who should compose or perform like Orpheus, or Amphion, would be deservedly most applauded now? Or who will be bold enough to say, *how* these immortal bards *did* play or sing, when not a single vestige of their music, at least that is intelligible to us, remains? As far as we are able to judge, by a comparative view of the most ancient music with the modern, we should gain nothing by imitation. To copy the *canto fermo* of the Greek church, or that of the Roman ritual, the most ancient music now subsisting, would be to retreat, not to advance in the science of sound, or arts of taste and expression. It would afford but small amusement to ears acquainted with modern harmony, joined to modern melody. In short, to stop the world in its motion is no easy task; on we *must* go, and he that lags behind is but losing time, which it will cost him much labour to recover.



Indeed many of the first persons in France, for genius and taste, give up the point; among whom are Messieurs Diderot, D'Alembert, and the Abbé Arnaud. Messieurs De la Lande and De Blainville openly rank on the Italian side likewise; but it seems always with some degree of reserve: (see M. De la Lande, *Voyage d'un François*, p. 224, tom. vi.) they still lay great stress on dancing and decoration; but how few subjects fit for music will admit dancing in the texture of the drama? And as to singing and dancing at the same time, if equally good, they must distract and divide the attention in such a manner as to make it impossible to enjoy either: it would be eating of two costly dishes, or drinking of two exquisite wines at once—they reciprocally destroy the effect of each other. When music is really good, and well performed, the hearer of taste wants no adjunct or additional provocative to stimulate attention.

Sunday,

*Sunday, June 17.* I went to St. Rocque, to hear the celebrated M. Balbastre, organist of that church, as well as of Notre Dame and of the *Concert Spirituel*\*. I had sent the day before to enquire when M. Balbastre would play, as a stranger from England was very curious to hear him. He was so obliging as to say he should be glad to see me at his house, or would attend me at St. Rocque, between three and four o'clock. I preferred the latter, as I thought it would give him the least trouble, supposing he would, of course, be at church; but I found he was not expected there, and that it was in complaisance that he came. He very politely took me up into the organ-loft with him, where I could see as well as hear. The organ is an immense instrument, made not above twenty years ago; it has four sets of keys, with pedals; the great and

\* There are four organists of Notre Dame, who play quarterly—Messieurs Couperin, Balbastre, D'Aquin, and Fouquet.

choir organ communicate by a spring; the third row of keys is for the reed stops, and the upper for the echoes. This instrument has a very good effect below; but above, the keys are intolerably noisy. M. Balbastre took a great deal of pains to entertain me; he performed in all styles in accompanying the choir. When the *Magnificat* was sung, he played likewise between each verse several minutes, fugues, imitations, and every species of music, even to hunting pieces and jigs, without surprising or offending the congregation, as far as I was able to discover. In *profing*, I perceived he performed the chant on the pedals, which he doubled with the lowest part of the left hand, and upon this basis played with learning and fancy. The base part was written in semibreves, like our old psalmody. What was sung in the choir, without the organ, was inserted in the Gregorian character.

After church M. Balbastre invited me to his house, to see a fine Rucker harp-  
sichord

fichord which he has had painted inside and out with as much delicacy as the finest coach or even snuff-box I ever saw at Paris. On the outside is the birth of Venus; and on the inside of the cover the story of Rameau's most famous opera, Castor and Pollux; earth, hell, and elysium are there represented: in elysium, sitting on a bank, with a lyre in his hand, is that celebrated composer himself; the portrait is very like, for I saw Rameau in 1764. The tone of this instrument is more delicate than powerful; one of the unisons is of buff, but very sweet and agreeable; the touch very light, owing to the quilling, which in France is always weak.

M. Balbastre had in the same room a very large organ, with pedals, which it may be necessary for a French organist to have for practice; it is too large and coarse for a chamber, and the keys are as noisy as those at St. Rocque. However M. Balbastre did his best to entertain and

oblige me, and I had great reason to be satisfied both with his politeness and performance.

*Monday 18.* This evening I went to St. Gervais, to hear M. Couperin, nephew to the famous Couperin, organist to Louis XIV. and to the regent duke of Orleans; it being the vigil or eve of the Feast of Dedication, there was a full congregation. I met M. Balbastre and his family there; and I find that this annual festival is the time for organists to display their talents. M. Couperin accompanied the *Te Deum*, which was only chanted, with great abilities. The interludes between each verse were admirable. Great variety of stops and style, with much learning and knowledge of the instrument, were shewn, and a finger equal in strength and rapidity to every difficulty. Many things of effect were produced by the two hands, up in the treble, while the base was played on the pedals.

M. Balbastre introduced me to M. Couperin, after the service was over, and I was glad to see two eminent men of the same profession, so candid and friendly together. M. Couperin seems to be between forty and fifty; and his taste is not quite so modern, perhaps, as it might be; but allowance made for his time of life, for the taste of his nation, and for the changes music has undergone elsewhere, since his youth, he is an excellent organist; brilliant in execution, varied in his melodies, and masterly in his modulation.

It is much to be wished that some opportunity, like this annual meeting, were given in England to our organists, who have talents, and good instruments to display. It would awaken emulation, and be a stimulus to genius; the performer would be sure of being well heard, and the congregation well entertained.

The

The organ of St. Gervais, which seems to be a very good one, is almost new; it was made by the same builder, M. Cliquard, as that of St. Rocque. The pedals have three octaves in compass; the tone of the loud organ is rich, full, and pleasing, when the movement is slow; but in quick passages, such is the reverberation in these large buildings, every thing is indistinct and confused. Great latitude is allowed to the performer in these interludes; nothing is too light or too grave, all styles are admitted; and though M. Couperin has the true organ touch, smooth and connected; yet he often tried, and not unsuccessfully, mere harp-fichord passages, smartly articulated, and the notes detached and separated.

*Tuesday, 19.* Was spent in the king's library.

*Wednesday 20.* I heard M. Pagnon on the violin, at the house of Madame Brillon,

lon, at Passy; she is one of the greatest lady-players on the harpsichord in Europe. This lady not only plays the most difficulty pieces with great precision, taste, and feeling, but is an excellent fight's-woman; of which I was convinced by her manner of executing some of my own music, that I had the honour of presenting to her. She likewise composes; and was so obliging as to play several of her own sonatas, both on the harpsichord and *piano forte*, accompanied on the violin by M. Pagan. But her application and talents are not confined to the harpsichord; she plays on several instruments; knows the genius of all that are in common use, which she said it was necessary for her to do, in order to avoid composing for them such things as were either impracticable or unnatural; she likewise draws well and engraves, and is a most accomplished and agreeable woman. To this lady many of the famous composers of Italy and  
and



and Germany, who have resided in France any time, have dedicated their works; among these are Schobert and Boccherini.

M. Pagin was a pupil of Tartini, and is regarded here as his best scholar; he has a great deal of expression and facility of executing difficulties; but whether he did not exert himself, as the room was not large, or from whatever cause it proceeded, I know not, but his tone was not powerful. Music is now no longer his profession; he has a place under the Comte de Clermont, of about two hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year. He had the *honour* of being hissed at the *Concert Spirituel* for daring to play in the Italian style, and this was the reason of his quitting the profession.

*Thursday 21.* I had the pleasure of being introduced to the acquaintance of M. L' Abbé Arnaud, of the Academy *Royal des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*; his conversation confirmed what I had gathered

gathered from his writings, that he was not only a man of great learning, but of great taste. His dissertation upon the accents of the Greek tongue is both ingenious and profound; there is a truth and precision in his ideas concerning the arts, which are irresistible to a mind at all open to conviction. With this gentleman I had the honour to discuss several points relative to the music of the ancients, and the happiness of being confirmed in some opinions which I had already formed, and enlightened in others.

At the *Comédie Française* I was this night very much entertained by the representation of *La Surprise de l'Amour*, and *George Dandin*; the former is a piece of Marivaux, and was admirably played; the latter is Moliere's, and a mere farce, full of buffoonery and indecency: it is with this piece, as with some of Shakespeare's, the name supports it; for was any modern writer to produce such  
gros

gross ribaldry and nonsense, it would be very short-lived: at the same time it must be confessed, that here and there, as in Shakespeare's worst pieces, there are strokes of genius and strong comic wit that ought to live for ever. Preville played admirably a clown's part in both these comedies; his humour is always easy and natural, and there is a perpetual laugh runs through the house from the time he enters, till he quits the stage. I perceived that the overtures and act tunes of this theatre, as of the *Theatre Italien*, were all either German or Italian; the French begin to be ashamed of their own music every where but at the serious opera; and this revolution in their sentiments seems to have been brought about by M. Rousseau's excellent *Lettre sur la Musique Française*.

*Friday 22.* I met to-day with M. L'Abbé Rouffier, and had a long conversation with him relative to ancient music; his

*Memoire* upon that subject, just published, has gained him great reputation here. He seems to have discovered, in the *Triple progression*, the true foundation of all the Greek Systems \*. I undertook, at his request, to carry two of his books to Bologna, one for *Padre Martini*, and one for the *Institute*.

At dinner to-day I again met with M. L'Abbé Arnaud. M. Gretry, and the famous Liotard, the painter of Geneva, were of the party. M. Gretry, the best, and, at present, the most fashionable composer of comic operas, has lived eight years in Italy, and is author of the *Huron*, *Lucile*, *Le Tableau parlant*, and *Sylvain*; all pieces that have had great success, how deservedly I could not at this time pretend to say, not having either heard or seen them; but from the character given them, by persons of good taste and sound judgment, I expected them to be

\* *Memoire sur la Musique des Anciens*, Paris, 1770.

excellent: the author is a young man; and in appearance and behaviour very agreeable. he requested me to be the bearer of a letter to *Padre Martini*, under whom he studied some time at Bologna.

It may not be amiss to remark here, that in conversation with this young Lyric composer, about the poems which he had to set, he agreed with me entirely in my assertion, that there were in France, and elsewhere, men, at present, who wrote very pretty verses, full of wit, invention, and passion; admirable to read; but very ill calculated for songs; and perhaps one may venture to say, that, among all the ingenious and elegant writers of this age, *Metastasio* is the best, and, almost, the only *Lyric Poet* \*.

A song for music should consist only of *one subject* or *passion*, expressed in as few and as soft words as possible. Since the refine-

\* By Lyric Poet is here meant one who writes poems for music.

ment of melody, and the exclusion of recitative, a song, which usually recapitulates, illustrates, or closes a scene, is not the place for epigrammatic points, or for a number of heterogeneous thoughts and clashing metaphors; if the writer has the least pity for the composer, or love for music, or wishes to afford the least opportunity for symmetry in the air, in his song, I say again, the thought should be *one*, and the expression as easy and laconic as possible: but, in general, every new line in our songs introduces a new thought; so that if the composer is more tender of the poet's reputation than of his own, he must, at every line, change his subject or be at strife with the poet; and, in either case, the alternative is intolerable.

In an air, it is by reiterated strokes that passion is impressed; and the most passionate of all music is, perhaps, that where a beautiful passage is repeated, and where the first subject is judiciously returned to,

E

while

while it still vibrates on the ear, and is recent in the memory; this, no doubt may be, and often is, carried too far; but not by men of true genius and taste.

At night, *Saturday* 23d, just before my departure from Paris, I went to the Italian theatre, to hear *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, and *Le Huron*. The *Huron* is an entertaining drama, taken from M. de Voltaire's *Ingenu*; the music is by M. Gretry, in which there are many pretty and ingenious things, wholly in the *buon gusto* of Italy, which convinced me, that this composer had not been eight years in that country for nothing. But I could not help remarking that our young composers, who are professed imitators of Italian music, though they have never been in Italy, less frequently deviate into absolute English music, than M. Gretry into French; for several of his melodies are wholly French: but it seems not difficult to account for this; in France there are no genuine Italian operas, either

ther serious or comic ; so that England, where we have both in great perfection, in the Italian language, composed and performed by Italians, may be said to be a better school for a young composer than France ; at least his taste, if already formed upon that of Italy, is less likely to be vitiated and depraved in a country where good singing may frequently be heard, than in one where it is hardly too much to say, it is *never* to be heard at the theatres.

### L Y O N S.

From the vicinity of this place to Italy, it was natural to suppose that the music would have been tinctured rather more with the Italian *gusto* than at Paris ; but, on the contrary, what is bad at Paris, is worse here. At the theatre, which is a very pretty one, the singing is detestable : I was entertained however at a coffee-house by an Italian family, who, I am certain, were never



heard in Italy but in the streets, yet here their performance was charming. The father played the first violin with great spirit; the second violin, and the violoncello were played by his two sons; and the vocal part was performed by his two daughters, who sung airs and duets by turns. Nothing was demanded by the landlady, but for the coffee and other things that were drank; but the girls, after each song, went about the room with a plate, to collect what the generosity of each new comer would afford; which, I fear, was but little, if one may judge by the attention to the music; for such an incessant chattering I never heard, among the most loquacious female gossips, as the company, not the *audience*, here made, during the prettiest airs that were either sung or played.

The first violin of this town is an old Venetian, Signor Carminati, one of Tartini's earliest scholars; and the principal performer on the harpsichord, Signor  
Leoni:

Leoni: but both have been here long enough to have accommodated themselves to the music and taste of this country.

I went twice to the cathedral church of St. John, to hear the *Plain Chant à la Romaine*, and found both the church and the music as plain and unadorned with pictures, statues, harmony, or taste, as any protestant church I ever was in. The prebends, who are here called counts, the canons, and twenty-four boys, all sing in unison, and without organ or books.

## G E N E V A.

There is but little music to be heard in this place, as there is no play-house allowed; nor are there organs in the churches, except two, which are used for psalmody only, in the true purity of John Calvin; however, M. Fritz, a good composer, and excellent performer, on

the violin, is still living; he has resided here near thirty years, and is well known to all the English lovers of music who have visited Geneva during that time. In his youth he studied under Somis, at Turin. It was rather awkward to go to him; but I sent a message over night, and he appointed two o'clock the next day. He lives at a house about a mile out of town. I found him to be a thin, sensible-looking man, and we soon grew very well acquainted. He was so obliging as to play to me one of his own solos, which, though extremely difficult, was pleasing; and notwithstanding his time of life, he still performs with as much spirit as a young man of twenty-five. His bowing and expression are admirable; and he must himself be a *real lover* of music to keep in such high practice, with so few opportunities of displaying his talents, or of receiving their due reward. He is on the point  
of

of publishing, by subscription, six symphonies\*.

Besides M. Fritz, on the practical side, Geneva can boast an excellent theorist, M. Serre, an eminent miniature painter, who has written some learned and ingenious essays on the theory of harmony. I had the pleasure of conversing with him on the subject, and of communicating to him the plan of my intended history of music. He is thought to be very deep in the science of sound: seemed pleased with my visit, and returned it the same evening; entering very heartily into my views, and seeming solicitous that I should pursue them.

My going to M. Fritz, broke into a plan which I had formed of visiting M. de Voltaire at the same hour, with some other strangers, who were then going to Ferney. But, to say the truth, besides

\* This excellent performer, when at Paris, some years ago, had the same honour conferred upon him at the *Concert Spirituel* as M. Pagin. (See p. 44.)

the visit to M. Fritz being more *my business*, I did not much like going with these people, who had only a bookseller to introduce them; and I had heard that some English had lately met with a rebuff from M. de Voltaire, by going without any letter of recommendation, or any thing to recommend themselves. He asked them what they wanted? Upon their replying they wished only to see so extraordinary a man, he said—"Well gentlemen, you now see me—did you take me for a wild beast or monster, that was fit only to be stared at as a show?" This story very much frightened me; for not having any intention of going to Geneva, when I left London, or even Paris, I was quite unprovided with a recommendation: however I was determined to see the place of his residence, which I took to be—

*Cette maison d'Aristippe, ces jardins d'Epicure:*  
to which he retired in 1755, but was mistaken. I drove to it alone, after I  
had

had left M. Fritz. His house is three or four miles from Geneva, but near the lake. I approached it with reverence, and a curiosity of the most minute kind. I enquired *when* I first trod on his domain; I had an intelligent and talkative postillion, who answered all my questions very satisfactorily. His estate is very large here, and he is building pretty farm-houses upon it. He has erected on the Geneva side a quadrangular *justice*, or gallows, to shew that he is the *seigneur*. One of his farms, or rather manufacturing houses, for he is establishing a manufacture upon his estate, was so handsome that I thought it was his *chateau*. We drove to Ferney, through a charming country, covered with corn and vines, in view of the lake and mountains of Gex, Swisserland, and Savoy. On the left hand, approaching the house, is a neat chapel with this inscription :

D E O

D E O  
E R E X I T  
V O L T A I R E,  
M D C C L X I.\*

I sent to enquire whether a stranger might be allowed to see the house and gardens, and was answered in the affirmative. A servant soon came, and conducted me into the cabinet or closet where his master had just been writing, which is never shewn when he is at home; but having walked out, I was allowed that privilege. From thence I passed to the library, which is not a very large one, but well filled. Here I found a whole length figure in marble of himself, recumbent, in one of the windows; and many curiosities in another room; a

\* When this building was constructed, M. de Voltaire gave a curious reason for placing upon it this inscription. He said that it was high time to dedicate *one church to God*, after so many had been dedicated to Saints.

bust

bust of himself, made not two years since; his mother's picture; that of his niece, Madame Denis; his brother, M. Dupuis; the Calas family, and others. It is a very neat and elegant house, not large, nor affectedly decorated.

I should first have remarked, that close to the chapel, between that and the house, is the theatre, which he built some years ago; where he treated his friends with some of his own tragedies: it is now only used as a receptacle for wood and lumber, there having been no play acted in it these four years. The servant told me his master was seventy-eight, but very well. "*Il travaille,*" said he "*pendant dix heures chaque jour.*" He studies ten hours every day; writes constantly without spectacles, and walks out with only a domestic, often a mile or two—" *Et la viola, là bas!*—and see, yonder where he is.

He was going to his workmen. My heart leaped at the sight of so extraordinary

nary



nary a man. He had just then quitted his garden, and was crossing the court before his house. Seeing my chaise, and me on the point of mounting it, he made a sign to his servant, who had been my *Cicerone*, to go to him, in order, I suppose, to enquire who I was. After they had exchanged a few words together, he approached the place where I stood, motionless, in order to contemplate his person as much as I could when his eyes were turned from me; but on seeing him move towards me, I found myself drawn by some irresistible power towards him; and, without knowing what I did, I insensibly met him half way.

It is not easy to conceive it possible for for life to subsist in a form so nearly composed of mere skin and bone, as that of M. de Voltaire. He complained of decrepitude, and said, he supposed I was curious to form an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However his eyes and whole countenance are

still full of fire; and though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be imagined.

He enquired after English news, and observed that poetical squabbles had given way to political ones; but seemed to think the spirit of opposition as necessary in poetry as in politics. “ *Les querelles d’auteurs sont pour le bien de la littérature, comme dans un gouvernement libre les querelles des grands, et les clameurs des petits sont nécessaires a la liberté\**.” And added, “ When critics are silent, it does not so much prove the age to be correct, as dull.” He enquired what poets we had now; I told him that we had Mason and Gray. They write but little, said he, and you seem to have no one who lords it over the rest like Dryden, Pope, and Swift. I told him that it was one of

\* Disputes among authors are of use to literature; as the quarrels of the great, and the clamours of the little, in a free government, are necessary to liberty.

the inconveniencies of periodical journals, however well executed, that they often silenced modest men of genius, while impudent blockheads were impenetrable, and unable to feel the critic's scourge : that Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason had both been illiberally treated by mechanical critics, even in news-papers ; and added, that modesty and love of quiet seemed in these gentlemen to have got the better even of their love of fame.

During this conversation, we approached the buildings that he was constructing near the road to his *chateau*. These, said he, pointing to them, are the most innocent, and, perhaps, the most useful of all my works. I observed that he had other works, which were of far more extensive use, and would be much more durable than those. He was so obliging as to shew me several farm-houses that he had built, and the plans of others ; after which I took my leave,  
for

for fear of breaking in upon his time, being unwilling to rob the public of things so precious as the few remaining moments of this great and universal genius.

## T U R I N.

At the first entrance into Italy, if the entertainment were as good as at Rome or Naples, travellers would be inclined to stop short; but they find the curiosities, both of art and nature, still more numerous and interesting the nearer they approach those capitals.

Turin is, however, a very beautiful city, though inferior perhaps to many others of Italy in antiquities, natural curiosities, and in the number of its artists.

The language here is half French and half Italian, but both corrupted. This cannot be applied to the music, which is pure Italian, and Turin has produced a Giardini; there are likewise at present in this city the famous *Dilettante*, Count

Benevento, a great performer on the violin, and a good composer; the two Bezozzis, and Pugnani; all, except the Count, in the service of the King of Sardinia. Their salary is not much above eighty guineas a year each, for attending the chapel royal; but then the service is made very easy to them, as they only perform solos there, and those just when they please. The *Maestro di Capella* is Don Quirico Gasparini. In the chapel there is commonly a symphony played every morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, by the king's band, which is divided into three orchestras, and placed in three different galleries; and though far separated from each other, the performers know their business so well that there is no want of a person to beat time, as in the opera and *Concert Spirituel* at Paris, the king, the royal family, and the whole city seem very constant in their attendance at mass; and on common days all their devotion is silently per-

performed at the *Messa Bassa*, during the symphony\*. On festivals Signor Pugnani plays a solo, or the Bezozzis a duet, and sometimes motets are performed with voices. The organ is in the gallery which faces the king, and in this stands the principal first violin.

The serious opera begins here the sixth of January, the king's name-day, and continues every day, except Friday, till Lent, and this is called the *Carnival*.

Signor Ottani, who performs in this opera, has an excellent tenor voice, sings with taste, and in a pleasing manner. He favoured me with two or three airs, in different styles, which discovered him to be a master of his profession. He likewise paints well, in the manner of Claude Lorrain and Du Vernet, and is

\* The morning service of the church here is called *Messa Bassa*, when the priest performs it in a voice so little louder than a whisper, that it cannot be heard through the instruments.

sometimes employed as a painter by his Sardinian majesty.

In October a company of burletta performers comes hither, and remains till Christmas, at the little theatre, where there is, during summer, a company of *buffo* comedians, which exhibits every night, except Friday, *una farsa fatta da ridere*, and an *intermezzo in musica a quattro voci*\*. This continues till the burlettas begin. I went thither the evening after my arrival; there was not much company; the boxes, or *palchetti*, are all engaged by the year, so that strangers have no place but in the pit; which, however, is far more comfortable than the *parterre*, or pit, at Paris, where the company stand the whole time; and even than that at London, where they are much crowded; but there are backs to the benches in this theatre, which are

\* A farce to laugh at, and a musical interlude for four voices.

of double use, as they keep off the crowd behind, and support those who fill them.

This theatre is not so large as that at Lyons, but pretty, and capable of holding much company: it is of an oblong form, with the corners rounded off. There are no galleries in it, but then there are five rows of boxes, one above another, twenty-four in each row; and each box will contain six persons, amounting in all to seven hundred and twenty; there is one stage-box only on each side.

The farce was truly what it promised, except the laughing part, as it did not produce that effect. The *intermezzo* was not bad; the music pretty, but old; the singing very indifferent, for Italy, though it would have been very good in France. However, it is but just to say, that as dramas, the French comic operas have greatly the advantage over the Italian; take away the music from the French,



and they would be still pretty comedies ; but, without music, the Italian would be insupportable.

There were four characters in the burletta of to-night ; the two girls were just not offensive. Of the men so much cannot be said : none of them would have pleased in London ; and the Italians themselves hold these performances in no very high estimation : they talk the whole time, and seldom attend to any thing but one or two favourite airs, during the whole piece\* : the only two that were applauded were encored ; and I observed, that the performer does not take it as such a great favour to be applauded here as in England ; where, whenever a hand is moved, all illusion is destroyed by a bow or a curtsy from the performer,

\* I shall have frequent occasion to mention the noise and inattention at the musical exhibitions in Italy ; but music there is cheap and common, whereas in England it is a costly exotic, and more highly prized.

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who is a king, a queen, or some great personage, usually going off the stage in distress, or during the emotions of some strong passion. If Mr. Garrick, in some of his principal characters, was to submit to such a humiliating practice, it would surely be at the expence of the audience; who would every instant be told, that it was not Lear, Richard, or Macbeth whom they saw before them, but Garrick,

*Friday, July 13.* This morning I visited the two Signor Bezozzis, whose talents are well known to all travellers of taste in music. Their long and uninterrupted regard for each other is as remarkable as their performance. They are brothers; the eldest seventy, and the youngest upwards of sixty. They have so much of the *Idem velle et idem nolle* about them, that they have ever lived together in the utmost harmony and affection; carrying their similarity of taste to their very dress,

which is the same in every particular, even to buttons and buckles. They are bachelors, and have lived so long, and in so friendly a manner together, that it is thought here, whenever one of them dies, the other will not long survive him.

My introduction to these eminent performers was easy and agreeable, having been favoured with a letter to them from Mr. Giardini, who had been so kind as to save me the confusion of asking them to play upon so short an acquaintance, by telling them, in his letter, how much they would oblige me by such a favour. The eldest plays the hautbois, and the youngest the bassoon, which instrument continues the scale of the hautbois, and is its true base.

The compositions of these excellent musicians generally consist of select and detached passages, yet so elaborately finished, that, like select thoughts or maxims in literature, each is not a fragment, but a whole; these pieces are in a  
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peculiar manner adapted to display the powers of the performers; but it is difficult to describe their style of playing. Their compositions when printed, give but an imperfect idea of it. So much expression! such delicacy! such a perfect acquiescence and agreement together, that many of the passages seem heart-felt sighs, breathed through the same reed. No brilliancy of execution is aimed at, all are notes of meaning. The imitations are exact; the melody is pretty equally distributed between the two instruments; each *forte*, *piano*, *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, and *appoggiatura*, is observed with a minute exactness, which could be attained only by such a long residence and study together.

The eldest brother has lost his under front teeth, and complained of age; and it is natural to suppose that the performance of each has been better; however, to me, who heard them now for the first time, it was charming. If there is any

defect in so exquisite a performance, it arises from the *equal perfection* of the *two parts*; which distracts the attention, and renders it impossible to listen to both, when both have dissimilar melodies equally pleasing.

They were born at Parma, and have been upwards of forty years in the service of his Sardinian majesty, without ever quitting Italy, except in one short excursion to Paris; or even Turin, but for that journey, and one to visit the place of their nativity. They are sober, regular persons, and are in easy circumstances; have a town and country house, in the former are many good pictures, particularly a very fine one of Lodovico Carracci, of whose works but few are to be found, except at Bologna.

After this visit I heard a full piece performed at the king's chapel, and then went to see the great opera-house, which is reckoned one of the finest in Europe. It is very large and elegant; the machinery

ary and decorations are magnificent. I was carried into every part of it, even to the taylor's work-shop. Here are six rows of boxes above the pit, both larger and deeper than those of the other theatre: the king is at the chief expence of this opera. Those who have boxes for the season, pay, in a kind of fees only, two or three guineas; money at the door being only taken for sitting in the pit.

The itinerant musicians, *Anglicè*, ballad-fingers, and fiddlers, at Turin perform in concert. A band of this kind came to the *Hôtel, la bonne femme*, where I lodged, consisting of two voices, two violins, a guitar, and base, bad enough indeed, though far above our scrapers. The singers, who were girls, sung duets very well in tune, accompanied by the whole band. The same people at night performed on a stage in the *grande place* or square, where they sold their ballads as our quack doctors do their nostrums, but with far less injury to society. In another

other part of the square, on a different stage, a man and woman sung Venetian ballads, in two parts, very agreeably, accompanied by a dulcimer.

Upon enquiry, I found, that the vagrant musicians of Italy are, for the most part, Venetians: they ramble from place to place in bands of four or five, and commonly perform together on a stage, in the same manner as at Turin.

*Saturday 14.* Signor Pugnani played a concerto this morning at the king's chapel, which was crowded on the occasion. It is an elegant rotund, built of black marble, and happily constructed for music, being very high, and terminated by a dome. I need say nothing of the performance of Signor Pugnani, his talents being too well known in England to require it. I shall only observe, that he did not appear to exert himself: and it is not to be wondered at, as neither his Sardinian majesty, nor any  
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one of the numerous royal family, seem at present, to pay much attention to music. However, one of the princesses is said to be a good musician herself, and the duchess of Savoy, a daughter of Philip the Vth of Spain, was many years a pupil to Farinelli. But there is now a gloomy sameness at this court, in the daily repetition of state parade and prayer, which renders Turin a dull residence to strangers, except during the carnival.

Signor Baretti, of this place, in consequence of a letter from his brother in London, received me very politely, and took great pains to be useful to me while I remained at Turin; he introduced me to *Padre Beccaria*, for whom, at first sight, I conceived the highest regard and veneration.

Father Beccaria is not above forty; with a large and noble figure, he has something open, natural, intelligent, and benevolent in his countenance, that immediately captivates. We had much

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conversation concerning electricity, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Priestley, and others. He was pleased to make me a present, finding me an *amateur*, (which should be always translated a *dabbler*) of his last book\*, and the syllabus of the *Memoire* he lately sent to our Royal Society. He likewise wrote in my tablets a commendatory note to Signora Laura Bassi, the famous *dottoreffa*, and professor of natural philosophy in the university of Bologna; recommended to me some books, and was so kind, and with a manner so truly simple, that I shall for ever remember this visit with pleasure. Mr. Martin, the banker here, came after me to Padre Beccaria's; and this great mathematician is so little acquainted with worldly concerns, especially money-matters, that he was quite astonished and pleased at the ingenuity and novelty of a

\* *Experimenta, atque Observationes, quibus Electricitas vindex late constituitur atque explicatur. Taurin; 1769.*

letter of credit. Mr. Martin desiring to look at mine, in his presence, in order to know how he might send my letters after me, the good father could hardly comprehend how this letter could be *argent comptant*, ready money throughout Italy.

He charged me with compliments to *Padre Boscovich* at Milan, and *Padre Martini* at Bologna; and I left my new acquaintance, impressed with the highest respect and affection for him. I must just mention one particular more relative to this great and good man, which I had from Signor Baretti; that he, through choice, lives up six pair of stairs, in his observatory, and among his machines, and mathematical instruments; and there does every thing for himself, even to making his bed, and dressing his dinner.

I visited the University, or royal library here, where there are fifty thousand volumes, and many manuscripts, the catalogue of which fills two volumes in folio.

folio. The access to these books is easy, both before and after dinner, every day, holidays excepted. I was very politely treated there, on Signor Baretti's account, by Signor Grela, the distributor of the books, who shewed me several of the most ancient MSS.

Among my musical enquiries at Turin, David Rizio was not forgotten; who having been a native of this city, and his father a musician here, I thought it likely, if I could find any music composed by either of them, or by their cotemporaries, that it would determine the long disputed question, whether David Rizio was author of the Scots melodies attributed to him\*.

In my journey from Turin to Milan, I stopped a little while at Vercelli; which is a large town, said to contain twenty thousand inhabitants; where I met with

\* The issue of this enquiry will be related in the History of Music.

a book on the subject of music, and with its author, Signor Carlo Geo. Testori, with whom I had the pleasure of conversing.

### M I L A N.

In this city, which is very large and populous, music is much cultivated. Signor Battista San Martini is organist of two or three churches here; I had a letter to him from Signor Giardini, which procured me a very agreeable reception. He is brother to the famous Martini of London, who so long delighted us with his performance on the hautbois, as well as by his compositions. The music of Signor Battista San Martini of Milan is well known in England.

But what I was most curious after here, was the Ambrosian Chant or church service, which is peculiar to Milan, after the manner instituted by St. Ambrose, two hundred years before the Roman, or that of St. Gregory.

At

At the *Duomo*, or great church, which, in size, is superior to every Gothic structure in Italy, and said to be nearly equal in magnitude to St. Peter's at Rome, there are two large organs, one on each side the choir. On festivals there are oratorios, *a due cori*, for two choirs, and then both organs are used; on common days only one. There are two organists; M. J. Bach, before his arrival in England, was one of them; at present the first organist is Signor G. Corbeli; he is reckoned a very able man in his profession; I heard him play several times, in a masterly grave style, suited to the place and instrument.

*Friday, July 17.* After hearing the service chanted in the Ambrosian manner, peculiar to this place, I was introduced to Signor Gianandrea Fioroni, *Maestro di Cappella* at the great church, who invited me into the orchestra, shewed me the services which were just going to be sung,

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printed in a very large note, on wood, in four parts, the *cantus* and *tenor* on the left side, and *altus et bassus* on the right, without bars. Out of this one book, after the tone was given by the organist, the whole four parts were sung without the organ. There was one boy, and three *castrati* for the *soprano* and *contr'alto*, with two tenors and two basses, under the direction of Signor Fioroni, who beat the time, and now and then sung. These services were composed about one hundred and fifty years ago, by a *Maestro di Capella* of the *Duomo*, and are much in the stile of our services of that time, consisting of good harmony, ingenious points and contrivances, but no melody.

From hence I went home with Signor Fioroni, who was so obliging as to shew me all his musical curiosities, he had before done me the favour to shew me those in the *Sacristia*, and he now played over and sung to me a whole oratorio of his own

composition. He likewise favoured me with a copy of one of his own services, in eight parts, in score, for two choirs, which I begged of him, with the design to publish it, in order to convince the world, that, though the theatrical stile and that of the church are now much the same, in Italy, when instruments and additional singers are employed, yet the ancient grave stile is not wholly lost.

Piccini had been at Milan this year, during the carnival, for which he composed a serious opera. The principal singers were, first man, Signor Aprile; first woman, Signora Piccinelli; and the two principal dancers were M. and Mad. Pic.

After the carnival he composed a burletta, called *Il Regno nella Luna*, for the performers, who were still here. Piccini had been gone from hence but a little while before my arrival.

There is no serious opera at Milan but in carnival time. The first burletta I heard

heard there, was *L'Amore Artigiano*; it began at eight, and was not over till twelve o'clock: the music, which had pretty things in it, was by Signor Floriano Gasman, in the service of the emperor, who played the harpsichord. There were in it seven characters, all pretty well done, but no one *very* well, as to singing.

The dance in this opera was very entertaining; there was an infinite number of principals and figurers employed in it, besides two *saltatori*, Signor and Signora Palecchini, who gained more applause than all the rest; indeed their activity was very surprising: there were two others, who danced *all' Inglese*, and there was a French *peruquier* in this burletta, whose singing was to be French: but their imitations here are such as ours in London, when we are to take off the Italians; that is to say, about as like as a miserable sign-post, called the King or Queen's head, usually is to George the Third, or Queen Charlotte: one is more



inclined to laugh *at* than *with* such mimics. In this dance the stage was illuminated in a most splendid, and, to me, new manner, with *lampioni coloriti*, or coloured lamps, which had a very pretty effect; the front scene and ceiling, as well as the sides, had an infinite number of these lamps.

The theatre here is very large and splendid; it has five rows of boxes on each side, one hundred in each row; and parallel to these runs a broad gallery round the house, as an avenue to every row of boxes: each box will contain six persons, who sit at the sides, facing each other; some of the front-boxes will conveniently contain ten. Across the gallery of communication is a complete room to every box, with a fire-place in it, and all conveniencies for refreshments and cards. In the fourth row is a *pharo* table, on each side the house, which is used during the performance of the opera. There is in front a very large box, as big as a com-  
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mon London dining-room, set apart for the Duke of Modena, governor of Milan, and the *Principessa Ereditaria*, his daughter, who were both there. The noise here during the performance was abominable, except while two or three airs and a duet were singing, with which every one was in raptures: at the end of the duet, the applause continued with unremitting violence till the performers returned to sing it again, which is here the way of encoring a favourite air. The first violin was played by Lucchini: the band is very numerous, and orchestra large in proportion to the size of the theatre, which is much bigger than the great opera-house at Turin. In the highest story the people sit in front; and those for whom there are no seats, stand behind in the gallery: all the boxes here are appropriated for the season, as at Turin. Between the acts the company from the pit come up stairs, and walk

about the galleries. There was only one dance, but that very long.

It is not the English genius to be satisfied with their present condition or possessions, or else, upon the whole, one may venture to pronounce, that such a comic opera as that of last winter in London, might have contented them; which, on the side of singing, was greatly superior to this; nor did I meet, throughout Italy, with three such performers, at least on the same stage, as Signor Lovatini, Signor Morigi, and Signora Guadagni.

The opera here is carried on by thirty noblemen, who subscribe sixty sequins each, for which every subscriber has a box\*; the rest of the boxes are let for the year at fifty sequins *la prima fila*, or first row, forty the second, thirty the third, and in proportion for the rest. The

\* A sequin is a gold coin, current all over Italy, equal in value to about nine shillings and six pence English.

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change money only arises from the pit and upper seats, in the pigeon-holes or *Piccionaja*: they perform every night except Fridays.

*Wednesday 18.* I went this morning, for the first time, to the Ambrosian Library, which, in size, appears but diminutive, after reading the accounts given of it in books of travels, and after having seen the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris, which is, at least, ten times as big; there is, in fact, but one large room filled with printed books, and two small ones for French literature, printed and MS. then a room full of copies only, of the best ancient statues at Rome and Florence; and, lastly, a large hall or saloon, full indeed of wonderful performances of the greatest painters; among these are many inestimable works of Leonardo da Vinci, and Jean Breugel, of Antwerp, the high finisher, whose four elements in this collection are said to have cost him his sight.

There is an admirable portrait in the collection, by this painter, of the organist Merula\*.

Upon my enquiring for the catalogue of MSS. I was told it was not usual to shew it, but I might see any one in the collection, if I would ask for it by name; but I knew no more the name than the contents: I was in quest of new existences, new literary beings, unpolluted by profane compilers and printers. And, upon explaining my errand to Milan, and saying it was chiefly to ascertain the time of establishing the Ambrosian Chant in that church, I was told by the *Custode*, that *Padre Martini* had made the same enquiries, but without success; and that it seemed as if this chant had been given to St. Ambrose by the writers of his life, one after the other, without sufficient proof. This was rather discouraging; however I did not, as yet, give up the

\* Claudius Merulus, as the Germans called him, was of Antwerp, and flourished in the sixteenth century.

point; and I afterwards found more favour in the sight of the librarians. As yet I had not delivered my letters to those persons, whose countenance, in my future visits, procured me every satisfaction which this library could afford.

A gentleman of Parma, with whom I had travelled from Paris, having a letter from M. Messier to Padre Boscovich, giving him an account of a new comet which he had discovered on the eleventh of June, I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend in his visit to this father at the Jesuits College, who received us both with great courtesy; and being told that I was an Englishman, a lover of the sciences, and ambitious of seeing so celebrated a man, he addressed himself to me in a particular manner.

He had several young students of quality with him, and said he expected that morning three persons of distinction to see his instruments, and invited me to be  
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of the party; I gladly accepted the proposal, and he immediately began to shew and explain to me the construction and use of several machines and contrivances which he had invented for making optical experiments, before the arrival of the *Signari*, who were a Knight of Malta, a nephew of Pope Benedict XIV. and another *Cavaliere*.

He then went on, and surpris'd and delighted us all very much, particularly with his *Stet Sol*, by which he can fix the sun's rays, passing through an aperture or a prism, to any part of the opposite wall he pleases: he likewise separates and fixes any of the prismatic colours of the rays. Shewed us a method of forming an aquatic prism, and the effects of joining different lentes, all extremely plain and ingenious. He has published a Latin dissertation on these matters at Vienna. Then we ascended to different observatories, where I found his instruments mounted in so ingenious

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ous and so convenient a manner, as to give me the utmost pleasure.

He was so polite as to address himself to me always in French, as I had at first accosted him in that language, and in which I was at this time much more at my ease than in Italian. M. Messier had told him the comet had very little motion, being almost stationary; but Padre Boscovich afterwards found it so rapid as to move fifty degrees in a day. *Mais la comete, Monsieur, lui dis-je, ou est elle à present ?—Avec le soleil, elle est mariée.*

The late Duke of York made him a present of one of Short's twelve-inch reflectors, of twenty-guineas price; but he has an acromatic one, by the same maker, which cost one hundred. The expence of his observatory, which is defrayed by himself, must have been enormous. He is university professor at Pavia, where he spends his winters.

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If any new discoveries are to be made in astronomy, they may be expected from this learned Jesuit; whose attention to optical experiments for the improvement of glasses, upon which so much depends; and whose great number of admirable instruments of all sorts, joined to the excellence of the climate, and the wonderful sagacity he has discovered in the construction of his observatory and machines, form a concurrence of favourable circumstances, not easily to be found elsewhere.

He complained very much of the silence of the English astronomers, who answer none of his letters. He was seven months in England, and during that time was very much with Mr. Maskaline, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Bevis, and Dr. Maty, with whom he hoped to keep up a correspondence. He had, indeed, lately received from Mr. Professor Maskaline the last Nautical Almanack, with Mayer's Lunar Tables, who gave him  
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hopes of reviving their literary intercourse.

He is a tall, strong built man, upwards of sixty, of a very agreeable address. He was refused admission into the French academy, when at Paris, though a member, by the parliament, on account of his being a Jesuit; but if all Jesuits were like this father, making use only of superior learning and intellects for the advancement of science, and the happiness of mankind, one would have wished this society to be as durable as the world. As it is, it seems as if equity required that some discrimination should be made in condemning the Jesuits; for though good policy may require a dissolution of their order, yet humanity certainly makes one wish to preserve the old, the infirm, and the innocent, from the general wreck and destruction due only to the guilty.

The second opera which I heard here was *La Lavandara Astuta*, a *Pasticcio*,  
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with a large portion of Piccini's airs in it. Garibaldi, the first man, had a better part in this burletta than in the first, and sung very well. He has a pleasing voice, and much taste and expression; was encored, *alla Italiana*, two or three times. One of the *Baglioni* \*, *Costanza* sings better than the two others, and had more to do. Caratoli diverted the people at Milan very much by his action and humour, though local, and what would not please in England: the dance was the same as that which I had seen before.

A private concert in Italy is called an *accademia*; the first I went to was composed entirely of *dilettanti*; *il padrone*, or the master of the house, played the first violin, and had a very powerful hand; there were twelve or fourteen performers, among whom were several good violins; there were likewise two German flutes,

\* There are six sisters of that name, all singers, three of them were at Milan: 'tis a Bolognese family.

a violoncello, and small double bass; they executed, reasonably well, several of our Bach's symphonies, different from those printed in England: all the music here is in MS. But what I liked most was the vocal part by *la Padrona della Casa*, or lady of the house; she had an agreeable well-toned voice, a good shake, the right sort of taste and expression, and sung sitting down, with the paper on the common instrumental desk, wholly without affectation, several pretty airs of *Traetta*.

Upon the whole, this concert was much upon a level with our own private concerts among gentlemen in England, the performers were sometimes in and sometimes out; in general, however, the music was rather better chosen, the execution more brilliant and full of fire, and the singing much nearer perfection than we can often boast on such occasions; not, indeed, in point of voice or execution, for in respect to these our fe-

males are, at least, equal to our neighbours, but in the *portamento* or direction of the voice, in expression and in discretion\*.

The same day, Friday, July 20, there was music at three different churches; I wished to be at them all during the performances, but it was impossible to be present at more than two of them; the first of which was in the morning, at the church of *Santa Maria Secreta*; it was a *Messa in musica*, by Signor Monza, and under his direction: his brother played the principal violoncello, with much facility of execution, but neither in tone

\* It is humbly hoped that my fair countrywomen will not take offence at the use of the word *discretion*, as its acceptation here is wholly confined to music, in which the love for what is commonly called *gracing*, is carried to such a pitch of *indiscretion*, as frequently to change passages from good to bad, and from bad to worse. A little paint may embellish an ordinary face, though a great deal would render it hideous; but true beauty is surely best in its natural state.

nor taste very pleasing. The first violin was played by Signor Lucchini, who leads at the burletta; there were two or three *castrati* among the singers. A little paltry organ was erected on the occasion; there was a large one in the church, but it stood in a gallery, which was too small for a band: the music was pretty; long and ingenious introductory symphonies to each *concerto*, as each part or division of the mass is sometimes called; and the whole was in good taste, and spirited; but the organ, hautbois, and some of the fiddles being bad, destroyed the effect of several things that were well designed. As a principal violin, Signor Lucchini is not of the first class; there is no want of hand, but great want of finishing: he had several solo parts given him, and made three or four closes.

The singing, though in general rather better than at our oratorios, was by no means so good as we often hear in England at the Italian opera. As yet I

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had met with no *great* singer since my arrival in Italy. The first *soprano* here was what we should call in England a pretty good singer, with a pretty good voice; his taste neither original nor superior. The second singer, a *contralto*, had likewise but a moderate portion of merit; though his voice was pleasing, and he never gave offence by the injudicious use of it. But,

“ 'Tis in *sang* as 'tis in painting,  
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting.”

However, such a performance as this should not be criticised too severely, for it is heard for nothing. I speak as a traveller; but the people of Italy, who contribute so much to the support of the church, are surely well entitled to have these treats excellent.

The second mass which I heard to-day was composed by Battista San Martini, and performed under his direction at the church of the Carmini; the symphonies were very ingenious, and full of the  
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spirit and fire peculiar to that author. The instrumental parts in his compositions are well written; he lets none of the performers be long idle; and the violins, especially, are never suffered to sleep. It might, however, sometimes be wished that he would ride his *Pegasus* with a curb-bridle; for he seems absolutely to run away with him. Without metaphor, his music would please more if there were fewer notes, and fewer *allegros* in it: but the impetuosity of his genius impels him, in his vocal compositions, to run on in a succession of rapid movements, which in the end fatigue both the performer and the hearers.

Marchesini, whom I did not much like, sung the first *soprano* part; Ciprandi, an excellent tenor, who was in England a few years ago, and whose cast of parts has never since been so well filled, sung here in a manner far superior to all the rest. The band was but indifferent; the first violin was played by Zucche-



rini, who is reckoned here a good musician. I find performances of this kind but ill attended, no people of fashion are ever seen at them ; the congregation seems to consist principally of the clergy, trades-people, mechanics, country clowns, and beggars, who are, for the most part, very inattentive and restless, seldom remaining in the church during the whole performance.

San Martini is *Maestro di Capella* to half the churches in Milan, and the number of masses which he has composed is almost infinite ; however his fire and invention still remain in their utmost vigour.

At another church vespers were performed this evening by Monks and Nuns only ; I was too late in my attempt to hear them : however I was carried to one of the largest *accademia* of Milan, where there were upwards of thirty performers, and among them several good ones. La Signora Dè, an eminent performer, who  
has

has some time quitted the stage, sung in this concert; and though she had a cold, which affected her voice, yet she executed several airs in such a manner as proved her to have the abilities of a great singer. Among these, besides two songs of great compass and execution, she sung an *adagio* with infinite taste.

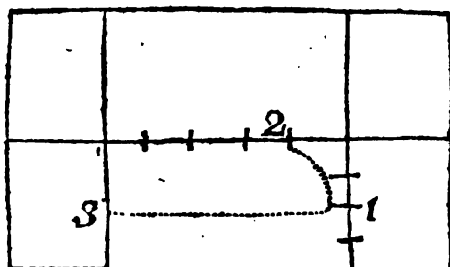
The master at the harpsichord was Signor Scotti; two or three of Mr. Bach's overtures were played, and very much approved; and an excellent one of Martini, with a duet violin concerto of Raymond, a German, very well written, and, though difficult, well executed, by two performers of different powers, but both good in their way; one an elderly man, with great neatness and delicacy of tone, but feeble; the other very young, with a force and fire which will soon render him a very great player; especially as to these requisites he joins expression: it was an admirable contest between age and youth, judgment and

genius. These were all *virtuosi*, or professors; the rest of the band was made up of *dilettanti*.

*Saturday 21.* It did not seem foreign to my business in Italy to visit the *Pilazza Simonetta*, a mile or two from Milan, to hear the famous echo, about which travellers have said so much, that I rather suspected exaggeration. This is not the place to enter deeply into the doctrine of reverberation; I shall reserve the attempt for another work; as to the matter of fact, this echo is very wonderful. The *Simonetta* palace is near no other building; the country all around is a dead flat, and no mountains are in sight but those of Switzerland, which are upwards of thirty miles off. This palace is now uninhabited and in ruin, but has been pretty; the front is open, and supported by very light double Ionic pillars, but the echo is only to be heard behind the house, which, next to the garden has two wings.

Front.

Front.



Garden.

1. The best window to make the experiment at.

2. The best window to hear the echo from.

3. A dead wall with only windows painted upon it, from whence the repetitions seem to proceed.

Now, though it is natural to suppose that the opposite walls reflect the sound, it is not easy to say in what manner; as the form of the building is a very common one, and no other of the same construction, that I have ever heard of, produces the same effects. I made experiments of all kinds, and in every situation;

with the voice, slow, quick ; with a trumpet, which a servant who was with me sounded ; with a pistol, and a musquet, and always found, agreeable to the doctrine of echos, that the more quick and violent the percussion of the air was, the more numerous were the repetitions ; which upon firing the musquet, amounted to upwards of fifty, of which the strength seemed regularly to diminish, and the distance to become more remote.

Such a musical canon might be contrived for one fine voice here, according to father Kircher's method, as would have all the effect of two, three, and even four voices. One blow of a hammer produced a very good imitation of an ingenious and practised footman's knock at a London door, on a visiting night. A single *ha!* became a long horse-laugh ; and a forced note, or a sound overblown in the trumpet, became the most ridiculous and laughable noise imaginable.

The

The composers to be found at Milan are innumerable. I was carried to-day to hear three ladies sing, who are sisters, and I found at their house Signor Lampugnani, who is their master: he lives constantly in this city, plays the first harpsichord at the opera, in the absence of the composers, and puts together the *pasticcios*. These ladies did him great credit, by the manner in which they sung several songs, duets, and trios. One of them performed a long scene in the *Olimpiade* of Jomelli, which is extremely difficult; the composition is justly admired for the boldness and learning of the modulation, which is *recherchée*, but expressive and pleasing: I procured a copy of this scene. There was at the same house a good performer on the violin, Signor Pasqualini, who accompanied the songs with great neatness and judgment.

After this I went to the opera, where the audience was very much disappointed;  
Garibaldi,

Garibaldi, the first tenor, and only good singer in it, among the men, being ill. All his part was cut out, and the *Bari-  
tono*, in the character of a blustering old father, who was to abuse his son violently in the first scene and song, finding he had no son there, gave a turn to the misfortune, which diverted the audience very much, and made them submit to their disappointment with a better grace than they would have done in England; for, instead of his son, he fell upon the prompter, who here, as at the opera in England, pops his head out of a little trap-door on the stage. The audience were so delighted with this attack upon the prompter, who is ever regarded as an enemy to their pleasures, that they encored the song in which it was made. However, after the first act and the dance, I came away, as the lights at the opera-house here affected my eyes in a very painful manner; and there being no retribution for, this suffering to-night,  
I de-

I denied myself the rest of the performance,

*Sunday, July 22.* This morning, after hearing the Ambrosian service in all its perfection, at the *Duomo*, I went to the Convent of *Santa Maria Maddalena*; I heard several motets performed by the nuns; it was their feast-day. The composition was by Signor B. S. Martini, who is *Maestro di Capella*, and teaches to sing at this convent. He made me ample amends for the want of slow movements in his mass on Friday, by an *adagio* in the motet of to-day, which was truly divine, and divinely sung by one of the sisters, accompanied, on the organ only, by another. It was by far the best singing, in every respect, that I had heard since my arrival in Italy; where there is so much, that one soon grows fastidious. At my first coming I both hungered and thirsted after music, but I now had had almost my fill; and we are more severe critics



critics upon a full stomach, than with a good appetite. Several of the nuns sung, some but indifferently, but one of them had an excellent voice ; full, rich, sweet, and flexible, with a true shake, and exquisite expression ; it was delightful, and left nothing to wish, but duration !

There is a general complaint in England against loud accompaniments : and, if an evil there, it is doubly such in Italy. In the opera-house little else but the instruments can be heard, unless when the *baritoni* or base voices sing, who are able to contend with them ; nothing but noise can be heard through noise ; a delicate voice is suffocated : it seems to me as if the orchestra not only played too loud, but that it had too much to do.

Besides the organ in this convent for the chorusses, there was an organ and harpsichord together, which was likewise played by one of the nuns ; and the accompaniment of that instrument alone  
with

with the heavenly voice abovementioned, pleased me beyond description, and not so much by what it *did*, as by what it did *not* do; surely one cannot hear too much of such a mellifluous voice. All the jargon of different parts, of laboured contrivance, and difficult execution, is little better than an ugly mask upon a beautiful face; even harmony itself, upon such occasions is an evil, when it becomes a sovereign instead of a subject.

I know this is not speaking like a *musician*, but I shall always give up the *profession*, when it inclines to pedantry; and give way to my feelings, when they seem to have reason on their side. If a voice be coarse, or otherwise displeasing, the less it is heard the better, and then tumultuous accompaniments and artful contrivances may have their use; but a single note from such a voice as that I heard this morning, penetrates deeper into the soul, than the same note from the most perfect instrument upon earth can do,  
 which,

which, at best, is but an imitation of the human voice.

The music this morning was entirely performed by the nuns themselves, who were invisible to the congregation ; and though the church of the convent is open to the public, like a common parish church, in which the priests are in sight, as elsewhere, yet the responses are made behind the altar, where the organ is placed. I looked in vain for that and the fingers, upon my first entrance into the church, without knowing it belonged to a convent. Upon my praising this singing, I was told that there were several convents here in which the nuns sing much better. Of this I must own I was in doubt ; I could only say that I should be very glad to hear them. And I was so pleased with this singing, that though I dined with a private family, in a very sociable and agreeable way, I ran from the company before the second course was served, in hopes of hearing more of it at  
the

the same convent; and was so fortunate as to enter it just as the service was begun, and heard the same motet repeated again by the same nun, and with double delight.

The ballad-singers at Milan sing duets in the streets, sometimes with, and sometimes without instruments, and keep very firm to their parts; but though I did not perceive that they mounted a stage here, as at Turin, yet I was told that they do it often in the *Piazza del Duomo*.

At night, the first tenor of the burletta continuing to be ill, there was an *accademia* at the theatre, instead of an opera. The singers were the same that I had heard before; they were placed on the stage in much the same manner as at the annual performance in London for the benefit of decayed musicians: they sat at tables, two and two, and when they sung, each got up, and advanced towards the audience. There were several opera overtures performed, but no solos; instead

of them there were dances between the acts of the concert. On the stage, behind the singers, which were six, there stood six servants the whole time. The *Baglioni* appeared to more advantage to-night than in the opera, especially Clementina, who, in a less theatre, would be a very agreeable singer; in this all voices are lost.

*Monday 23.* This morning I went early with father Moiana, a very agreeable Dominican, to the Ambrosian Library, and with some difficulty got a sight of two or three very ancient manuscripts relative to my purpose, and of the pompous edition of the services performed at the Duomo, printed in four vast volumes in folio, 1619, for the use of that church only. The printing is very neat, upon wood, but without bars, and consequently not in score, though the parts are all in sight, upon opposite pages; *soprano* and *tenor* on the first, and *alto* and *basso* on the . . . the

the second page: I made several extracts from all these.

Signor Oltrocchi, the librarian, began to be more communicative than at first. One of the most ancient books which he shewed me this morning, was a beautiful manuscript of the ninth century, and well preserved. It is a missal, written before the time of Guido, at least two hundred years, and consequently before the lines used by that monk were invented. The notes are little more than accents of different kinds put over the hymns\*. I met with a noble and learned clergyman here, Don Triulzi, a person very much in years, who had studied these characters, and had formed some ingenious conjectures about them.

The rest of this day was spent in quest of old books, and the evening in hearing music. Chiesà and Monza seem, and are said to be the two best composers for the

\* A specimen of this notation will be given in the General History of Music.

stage here at present. Serbelloni, a *contralto castrato*, who was in England some years ago, has had a dispensation to become a priest, and now only sings in the church.

*Tuesday 24.* This morning a solemn procession passed through the streets to the church of St. Ambrose, to pray for rain, on which account the public library was not open, which was a great disappointment to me, being the last day of my residence in this city; but by this time my letters had procured me the notice and countenance of his Excellency *Count Firmian*, the *Conte Pò*, *il Marchese Menafoglio*, *Don Francesco Carcano*, the *Abate Bonelli*, and others; which operated like *magic* in opening doors and removing difficulties; and to-day, upon my presenting myself at the Ambrosian Library with the *Abate Bonelli*, it was instantly opened, and, indeed, for the first time, all its treasures; the most  
curious

curious MSS. were now displayed ; among which were several books of Petrarcha's and Leonardo da Vinci's own hand-writing. I was likewise shewn several very ancient MSS. upon *papyrus*, well preserved. In short, I was made ample amends this morning for former disappointments, being carried into a room containing nothing but MSS. to the amount of fifteen thousand volumes.

From hence the *Abate* carried me to *Padre Sacchi*, a learned musician here, as to theory ; he has published two very curious books, relative to music, which I had before purchased. He received me very courteously, and we entered deeply into conversation on the subject of them and of my journey. He was so obliging as to write down my direction, and gave me great encouragement to write to him, if on reading his books I met with any difficulties.



## B R E S C I A.

*Thursday, July 26.* I was only one day in this town, but, it happening to be a holiday, I had the good fortune to hear a boy, at the church of the Jesuits *delle Grazie*, whose voice and volubility pleased me much. His name is Carlo Moschetti. He is a scholar of Pietro Pellegrino, *Maestro di Capella* of this church, who beat the time during the performance of his motet. This *castrato* is not above fourteen or fifteen. He has a compass of two octaves complete, from the middle C in the scale, to the highest. His voice is full, when he has time to throw it out; and he executes swift passages with such facility, that he is apt to be lavish and run riot, and now and then is not exactly in tune. But there seems to be good stuff for a master to work upon; his shake is good, and he promises to be a great singer. There was a young counter tenor, of whom little is to be said; a tenor, less;

less; and a base that drove me out of the church.

At a kind of Magdalen Hospital in this place, the women were singing and playing most furiously; the music was in the old stile, full of fugues upon hackneyed subjects. These females do the whole business, upon such occasions, themselves; play the organ, violins, and bases: the performance indeed was so coarse, that I had soon enough of it. I heard no organs in this town that seemed to be well toned, but then they are much ornamented, and, like the French opera, more calculated to please the eye than the ear. The pipes here are never gilt, though sometimes the frame and case are, and have not a bad effect.

The theatre at Brescia is very splendid, but it is much less than that at Milan, with respect to length; the height is the same. The proportion of boxes round each theatre is as one hundred to thirty-four: there are five rows in each, so that

this house seems much higher than that at Milan. The boxes are more ornamented with glasses, paintings, front-cloths of velvet, or rich silks fringed; and more room is allowed here in the pit, to each auditor, than at Milan; every seat turns up, and is locked till the person comes who has taken it; and here every row, and every box of each row, is numbered, as in our playhouses, when the pit and boxes are laid together.

The comedy was *Il Saggio Amico*, the Prudent Friend, written by the Marchese Albergati; it was the first which I had ever seen in Italy without a Harlequin, Colombine, Pierro, and Dottore: it was more like a regular comedy than the Italian pieces usually are. There was a valet who personated a *Milordo Inglese* in it, who gave away his sequins by handfuls, with which the audience was very much delighted. Some of the actors came on with candles in their hands; it never struck me before, but, on the English  
and

and French stage, where this is not practised, probability suffers when the transactions of the piece are supposed to happen in the night.

Here was a burletta in run, under the direction of Signor Leopoldo Maria Scherli, *Maestro di Capella*; the singers were Giovanni Simoni, Giuseppe Franceschini, Niccola Menichelli, Angiola Dotti, Geltrude Dotti, Teresa Menichelli, Teresa Monti, but, for my misfortune, they did not perform while I was at Brescia.

At the sign of the *Gambero* or Lobster, where I lodged, and in the next room to mine, there was a company of opera singers, who seemed all very jolly; they were just come from Russia, where they had been fourteen or fifteen years. The principal singer among them, I found, upon enquiry, to be the *Castrato* Luini Bonetto. He is said to be still very rich, though he lost in one night, at play, ten thousand pounds of the money which he had gained *con la sua virtù*. He is a na-

tive of Brescia; was welcomed home by a band of music, at the inn, the night of his arrival, and by another the night before his and my departure, consisting of two violins, a mandoline, french horn, trumpet, and violoncello; and, though in the dark, they played long concertos, with solo parts for the mandoline. I was surprised at the memory of these performers; in short, it was excellent *street* music, and such as we are not accustomed to; but ours is not a climate for serenades. The famous Venetian dancer, La Colonna, was likewise just arrived from Russia, and in the same house; they were all going to Venice.

### V E R O N A.

There was no opera in this city, serious or comic, when I arrived in it, July 28; however, I was conducted to the famous amphitheatre, said to have been built by Augustus, or, at least, about his time; perhaps by Vitruvius,  
 who

who was not only his architect, but a native of Verona. The inside has been lately repaired, and is entire: it has forty-six rows of seats, of rough white marble; is of an oval figure, the greatest diameter of the space between the seats being two hundred and thirty-three feet, and least one hundred and thirty-six: the inhabitants say that it will contain sixty thousand persons, which is one third more than the number at present in Verona. It was here that the people were formerly amused with wild beasts, and upon my entrance into it, I really thought it had been still appropriated to that purpose, for the roaring and noise which assailed my ears, seemed to proceed from nothing human; when, behold, upon a nearer approach I found it was only *Pantalone* and *Brighella*, who had been baited and beaten by Harlequin. Indeed this gentleman's wit had great force to-night, and, I believe, contributed more to the happiness of the spectators, than ever the  
 ele-

elephants, lions, or tigers did in former times.

The comedy, in which these characters were introduced, was represented in all its buffoon perfection; and I now saw, for the first time, *Harlequin*, *Brighella*, *Pantalone*, and *Colombina*, in true Italian purity. The stage was erected in the middle of the *arena*; there were only two boxes, one on each side the stage: the area before the stage made a kind of pit, where the better sort of company sat on chairs. The next best places were on the steps, about twelve deep, railed off from the rest of the steps, which may be regarded as the upper gallery; but all this in the open air, and the seats the naked marble.

The modern theatre is erected near the ancient. The *musæum* or collection of antiquities in the possession of the academy of Verona, and the *lapidario* built in 1719 compose a part of this edifice. The entrance into the theatre is through a  
noble

noble portico decorated by the Marchese Maffei, with Etruscan marbles and inscriptions; the bust of this celebrated antiquary, who rendered such singular services to his country, and to science, is placed upon this portico.

One of the apartments of this building, serves as a rendezvous of good company of both sexes, every evening. It is called *Camere della Conversazione*, and is furnished at the public expence. This custom is practised in many cities of Italy, and is extremely convenient to the inhabitants; as none are obliged to be at the expence of furnishing and keeping a large and magnificent house in parade, or constrained to bestow a painful attention upon persons who have admission from courtesy more than choice or affection.

The modern theatre is only used in the month of November, for the serious opera, before the carnival begins in the other principal cities of Italy, at which  
time



time it is usually well supplied with performers. In 1765 the opera of Antigono, written by Metastasio, and composed by Sarti, was performed here, in which the principal singers were Mauzoli, and the Bastuadella, the compass and flexibility of whose voice has since rendered her very celebrated. She is now in the service of the duke of Parma. In 1771 Signor Guadagni performed in this theatre.

The short space of time I staid at Verona, was not sufficient for many musical enquiries; but I was afterwards informed by an English gentleman, who had resided some years in that city, that it contains, besides several able professors, a great number of *dilettanti*, who both perform and compose in a superior manner.

#### V I C E N Z A.

There was neither opera nor comedy at this place when I passed through it, nor should I have mentioned this city in  
my

my journal, had I not been entertained, during dinner, with a kind of vocal music which I had not before heard in Italy: it consisted of a psalm, in three parts, performed by boys of different ages, who were proceeding from their school to the cathedral, in procession, with their master, a priest, at their head, who sung the base. There was more melody than usual in this kind of music; and although they marched through the street very fast, yet they sung very well in time and tune. These boys are a kind of religious *press-gang*, who seize all other boys they can find in their way to the church, in order to be catechised.

In coming from Verona to this city, I overtook a great number of Pilgrims, young men, who were going to Assisi to visit the tomb of St. Francis; the Venetian subjects used to go to Loretto once a year, but the senate has forbidden them to quit the territories of the republic. Several of them marched in large companies,

panies, and sung, or rather chanted, hymns and psalms in *canto fermo*.

### P A D U A.

This city has been rendered no less famous, of late years, by the residence of Tartini, the celebrated composer and performer on the violin, than in ancient times, by having given birth to the great historian Livy. But Tartini died a few months before my arrival here, an event which I regarded as a particular misfortune to myself, as well as a loss to the whole musical world; for he was a professor, whom I was not more desirous to hear perform, than ambitious to converse with.

I visited the street and house where he had lived; the church and grave where he was buried; his bust, his successor, his executor, and every thing, however minute and trivial, which could afford me the least intelligence concerning his life and character, with the zeal of a pilgrim  
at

at Mecca: and though, since his death, all these particulars are become historical, and hardly belong to the *present state* of music; yet I should be inclined to present the reader with a sketch of his life, if my books and papers collected in the Venetian state, among which are the materials I acquired at Padua concerning Tartini, were arrived.

As it is, I shall only say, that he was born at Pirano, in Istria, in 1692; that, in his early youth, having manifested an attachment to a young person, who was regarded as unworthy of being allied to his family, his father shut him up; and during his confinement he amused himself with musical instruments, in order to divert his melancholy; so that it was by mere accident that he discovered in himself the seeds of those talents which afterwards grew into so much eminence.

M. de la Lande says that he had from his own mouth the following singular anecdote, which shews to what degree  
his

his imagination was inflamed by the genius of composition. “ He dreamed one  
 “ night, in 1713, that he had made a  
 “ compact with the Devil, who promised  
 “ to be at his service on all occasions ;  
 “ and during this vision every thing  
 “ succeeded according to his mind ; his  
 “ wishes were prevented, and his desires  
 “ always surpassed by the assistance of  
 “ his new servant. In short, he imagined  
 “ that he presented the Devil his violin, in  
 “ order to discover what kind of a mu-  
 “ sician he has ; when, to his great  
 “ astonishment, he heard him play a solo  
 “ so singularly beautiful, which he exe-  
 “ cuted with such superior taste and pre-  
 “ cision, that it surpassed all the music  
 “ which he had ever heard or conceived  
 “ in his life. So great was his surprize,  
 “ and so exquisite his delight upon this  
 “ occasion, that it deprived him of the  
 “ power of breathing. He awoke with  
 “ the violence of his sensation, and in-  
 “ stantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of

“ expressing what he had just heard, but  
 “ in vain : he, however, then composed  
 “ a piece, which is perhaps, the best of  
 “ all his works, he called it *the Devil's*  
 “ *Sonata*, but it was so inferior to what  
 “ his sleep had produced, that he de-  
 “ clared he would have broken his in-  
 “ strument, and abandoned music for  
 “ ever, if he could have subsisted by any  
 “ other means \*.”

He married early a wife of the Xan-  
 tippe sort, and his patience upon the most  
 trying occasions was always truly Socra-  
 tic. He had no other children than his  
 scholars, of whom his care was constantly  
 paternal. Nardini, his first, and favourite  
 pupil, came from Leghorn to see him in  
 his sickness, and attend him in his last  
 moments, with true filial affection and  
 tenderness. During the latter part of his  
 life he played but little, except at the  
 church of St. Anthony of Padua, to  
 which he had devoted himself so early as

\* *Voyage d'un Francoise.* Tom. 8.

the year 1722, where, though he had a salary of four hundred ducats a year, yet his attendance was only required on great festivals; but so strong was his zeal for the service of his patron saint, that he seldom let a week pass without regaling him to the utmost power of his palsied nerves.

He died universally regretted by the Patavinians, who had long been amused by his talents, and edified by his piety and good works. To his Excellency Count *Torre Taxis* of Venice, his scholar and protector, he bequeathed his MS. music; and to the professor *Padre Colombo*, who had long been his friend and counsellor, he left the care of a posthumous work, of which, though chiefly mathematical, the theory of sound makes a considerable part\*.

There was a public function performed for him at Padua, March 31, 1770, at

\* In this work he proposed to remove the obscurity, and explain the difficulties of which he is accused in his former Treatises.

which

which a funeral oration was pronounced by the *Abate Francesco Fanzago*, and an anthem performed, which was composed on the occasion by Signor P. Maestro Valloti.

His merit, both as a composer and performer, is too well known to need a panegyric here: I shall only say, that as a composer, he was one of the few original geniusses of this age, who constantly drew from his own source; that his melody was full of fire and fancy, and his harmony, though learned, yet simple and pure; and as a performer, that his slow movements evince his taste and expression, and his lively ones his great hand. He was one of the first who knew and taught the power of the bow; and his knowledge of the finger-board is proved by a thousand beautiful passages, to which that alone could give birth. His scholar, Nardini, who played to me many of his best solos, as I thought, very well, with respect to correctness and expression, af-



ured me that his dear and honoured master, as he constantly called him, was as much superior to himself, in the performance of the same solos, both in the pathetic and brilliant parts, as he was to any one of his scholars.

With regard to the complaint made by common readers, of obscurity in his Treatise of Music, and the abuse of mathematics, of which he is accused by men of science, they are points which this is not the place to discuss. Perhaps a more exact character of this work cannot be given than that of M. Rousseau, who says, “ If the System of the celebrated Tartini is not that of nature, it is at least that of which the principles are the most simple, and from which all the laws of harmony seem to arise in a less arbitrary manner, than in any other which has been hitherto published \*.”

\* Since this Journal was prepared for the press, a book has been published under the title of *Principles and Power of Harmony*; from which I have received

That his System is full of new and ingenious ideas, which could only arise from a superior knowledge in his art, may be discovered through its veil of obscurity; and his friend *Padre Colombo* accounted to me for that obscurity and appearance of want of true science, by confessing that Tartini, with all the parade of figures, and solutions of problems, was no mathematician, and that he did not understand common arithmetic well. However, he saw more than he could express by terms or principles borrowed from any other science; and though neither a geometrician nor an algebraist, he had a facility and method of calculating peculiar to himself, by which, as he could satisfy his own mind, he supposed he could instruct others,

received the highest pleasure that an elegant, clear, and masterly performance can give. Who the author is I know not, but he seems perfectly to understand Tartini's principles, and to have done justice to his genius, without being partial to his defects.

The truth is, that, with respect to the mysteries of the science, which he seems to have known intuitively, he is sometimes intelligible, and sometimes otherwise; but I have such an opinion of Tartini's penetration and sagacity in his musical enquiries, that when he is obscure, I suppose it to be occasioned either by his aiming too much at conciseness in explaining himself, by the insufficiency of common language to express uncommon ideas, or that he soars above the reach of my conceptions; and in this case I am ready to apply to him what Socrates said to Euripides, upon being asked by that poet how he liked the writings of Heraclitus—"What I understand is excellent, which inclines me to believe that what I do not understand is excellent likewise."

He is succeeded in the church of *St. Antonio* by his scholar, Signor Guglietto Trombo, a young man of merit.

On

On my arrival at Padua I was extremely desirous of seeing the famous church of Saint Antonio, as well as of hearing the service performed in it; and, supposing my Reader to be possessed of a small portion of my impatience, I shall hasten to give him a short description of this fabrick, and an account of its musical establishments.

It is a large old Gothic building, and is called here by way of excellence, *il Santo* the Saint. It has six domes or cupolas, of which the two largest compose the nave; but though it is only the second church in rank, it is the first in fame and veneration at Padua. It is extremely rich, and so much ornamented, as to appear crowded with paintings and sculpture. At the entrance into the choir the majestic appearance of four immense organs is very striking, of which the front pipes are so highly polished as to have the appearance of burnished silver; the frames too are richly carved

and gilt. These four organs are all alike; there are no pannels to the frames, but the pipes are seen on three sides of a square.

There are on common days forty performers employed in the service of this church; eight violins, four violett<sup>i</sup> or tenors, four violoncellos, four double basses, and four wind instruments, with sixteen voices. There are eight *castrati* in salary, among whom is Signor Gaetano Guadagni, who, for taste, expression, figure, and action, is at the head of his profession. His appointment is four hundred ducats a year, for which he is required to attend only at the four principal festivals. The first violin has the same salary. The second *soprano*, Signor Cafati, has a feeble voice, but is reckoned to sing with infinite taste and expression. The famous Antonio Vandini is the principal violoncello, and Matteo Biffioli Bresciano the first hautbois in this select band.

Signor Francesco Antonio Valloti, the *Maestro di Capella*, is a native of Piedmont;

Dr.

Dr. Marfili, the worthy professor of botany here, to whose friendly offices, during my stay at Padua, I have innumerable obligations, did me the favour to introduce me to this eminent master. He is esteemed one of the first composers for the church in Italy; and in the frequent conversations which I had with him, I found him to be a good theorist as well as practical musician\*. He is a churchman, of the order of St. Francis, near seventy years of age; is in possession of several scarce and valuable books on the subject of music, from which he permitted me to make extracts: and was so obliging as to shew me two large book-cases filled with the scores of his own compositions; some for voices only, and some for voices and instruments, among which is the funeral

\* Tartini speaks of Padre Valloti in the following manner, "He was formerly a most excellent performer on the organ, as he is now a most excellent composer, and thorough master of his art." *Trattato di Musica*, p. 100—Padova 1754.

anthem

anthem for Tartini; I obtained copies of several of these. He likewise communicated to me part of a treatise of his own writing, in MS. upon modulation; which, as it is less metaphysical, and has less of mathematics in it than Tartini's Treatise, so it is more clear, and seems more likely to be generally useful, if it should be published.

I was sorry, upon leaving Padua, to quit this good father, who is of so amiable a character, that it is impossible to know and not esteem him. He promised me two of his masses in score, as soon as they could be transcribed\*, and pressed me to send him a copy of my book when published; he read my plan with great attention, and over-rated it so far as to say it was a public concern to Italy.

The theatre of Padua is handsome and convenient; it is approached by two mag-

\* Since my arrival in England I have received advice of his having sent them to Venice, in order to be forwarded to England.

nificant stone stair-cases, and its form is nearly oval. There are in it five rows of boxes, twenty-nine in each, which would perhaps be more pleasing to the eye if they did not project one over the other. The pit contains one hundred and fifty seats, which turn up, and have padlocks fixed on them; the boxes have sliding shutters. Between the grand escaliers and the theatre is a room for play, called *Camera di Ridotto*.

In June this year there was a serious opera in it, during the fair of St. Anthony; at that time Padua is very gay, and full of company from Venice and the neighbouring cities. The composer was Signor Sacchini, a Neapolitan, who is Master to the *Conservatorio* of the *Ospedaleto* at Venice. The first woman was Camilla Mattei, sister to Colomba Mattei, who was in England eight or nine years ago; and the two principal men were Signor Potenza, who was in England at the same time as Colomba Mattei, and a famous



famous tenor, *il Cavalier Guglielmi Ettore*, in the service of the duke of Würtemberg who was more applauded than all the rest. The two principal dancers were Signor Pic, and Signora Binetta; the subject of the opera, Scipio in Carthage.

*Thursday, August 2.* This morning I had the honour, in company with Dr. Marfili, Professor of Botany, in the university of Padua, to breakfast with the Professor of Mathematics, *Padre Colombo*, with whom I had a long conversation relative to Tartini and his posthumous work, mentioned above.

From hence I went to St. Anthony's church, where, it being *the Day of Pardon*, there was a mass, with solo verses of *Padre Valloti's* composition, who was there to beat the time; but the two principal singers, Signor Guadagni, and Signor Cafati, being absent, little remains to be said of the execution of this music, as far as the vocal was concerned; the writing,  
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however was good, the harmony pure, the modulation masterly, and the stile grave and suitable to the church. But I found that two of the four organs were more than sufficient to over-power the voices; and *Padre Valloti* told me that the noise used to be still more intolerable, but that he had reduced, by one at a time, the four organs, which were formerly played all at once, to two, the whole four never play now but for the common service, when there are no other performers than the priests. The first organist at present, Signor Domenico Locatello, is reckoned an able artist\*; but it were to be wished that he and his colleague would accompany the voices and instruments, which are good, and well worth hearing, with the choir organs only, as we do in England; for, otherwise, nothing *but* the organs can be heard: they

\* It is but just to say that I heard him play the organ alone several times during the *offer-torio*, in a very solemn and masterly manner.

tre, indeed, fine toned instruments, but so powerful, as to render all the rest of the performance useless.

Though it was not a great festival, yet the band was more numerous than ordinary. I wanted much to hear the celebrated hautbois Matteo Biffoli, and the famous old Antonio Vandini, on the violoncello, who, the Italians say, plays and expresses *a parlare*, that is, in such a manner as to make his instrument *speak*; but neither of these performers had solo parts. However, I give them credit for great abilities, as they are highly extolled by their countrymen, who must, by the frequent hearing of excellent performers of all kinds, insensibly become good judges of musical merit. People accustomed to bad music, may be pleased with it; but those, on the contrary, who have been long used to good music, and performers, *cannot*. It is remarkable that Antonio, and all the other violoncello players here, hold the bow in the old-fashioned way, with the hand under it.

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The choir of this church is immense, the bases are all placed on one side, the violins, hautbois, french-horns, and tenors on the others, and the voices half in one organ-loft, and half in another; but, on account of their distance from each other, the performers were not always exact in keeping time.

The day before my departure from Padua, I visited Signor Tromba, Tartini's scholar and successor. He was so obliging as to play several of his master's solos, particularly two which he had made just before his death, of which I begged a copy, regarding these last drops of his pen as sacred relics of so great and original a genius.

## V E N I C E.

I had many enquiries to make, and had very sanguine expectations from this city, with regard to the music of past times as well as at present. The church of St. Marc. has had a constant supply

of able masters, from Adriano, Zarlino's predecessor, to Galuppi, its present worthy composer. Venice has likewise been one of the first cities in Europe that has cultivated the musical drama or opera : and, in the graver stile, it has been honoured with a Lotti and a Marcello. Add to these advantages the *conservatorios* established here, and the songs of the *Gondolieri*, or Watermen, which are so celebrated, that every musical collector of taste in Europe is well furnished with them, and it will appear that my expectations were not ill grounded.

The first music which I heard here was in the street, immediately on my arrival, performed by an itinerant band of two fiddles, a violoncello, and a voice, who, though as unnoticed here as small-coalmen or oyster-women in England, performed so well, that in any other country of Europe they would not only have excited attention, but have acquired applause, which they justly merited. These

two violins played difficult passages very neatly, the base stopped well in tune; and the voice, which was a woman's, was well toned, and had several essentials belonging to that of a good singer, such as compass, shake, and volubility; but I shall not mention all the performances of this kind which I met with here; as they were so numerous, that the repetition would be tiresome.

The city is famous for its *conservatorios* or musical schools, of which it has four, the *Ospedale della Pietà*, the *Mendicanti*, the *Incurabili*, and the *Ospedaletto a S. Giovanni e Paolo*, at each of which there is a performance every Saturday and Sunday evening, as well as on great festivals. I went to that of the *Pietà*, the evening after my arrival; Saturday, August 4. The present *Maestro di Capella* is Signor Furlanetti, a priest, and the performers, both vocal and instrumental, are all girls; the organ, violins, flutes, violoncellos, and even french-horns, are

supplied by these females. It is a kind of Foundling Hospital for natural children, under the protection of several nobles, citizens, and merchants, who, though the revenue is very great, yet, contribute annually to its support. These girls are maintained here till they are married, and all those who have talents for music are taught by the best masters of Italy. The composition and performance which I heard to-night did not exceed mediocrity; among the singers I could discover no remarkable fine voice, nor performer possessed of great taste. However, the instruments finished with a symphony, the first movement of which, in point of spirit, was well written and well executed.

On Sunday morning, August 5, I went to the Greek church, which has been long tolerated here. The service is performed in the Greek language; the epistles and gospels are chanted by the high-priest in a pulpit, and the prayers  
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and responses are sung in a kind of melody totally different from any other that I had ever heard in or out of the church. In this there is no organ, but it is more crowded with ornaments, and its ceremonials are more numerous than in any of the Romish churches.

The Armenians have likewise a church here at the *Pante de' Ferali*, of long standing, in which the service is performed in their own language, and the music is of a peculiar cast.

From thence I went to St. Marc's, and heard a mass in music, which was sung by the priests, accompanied by the organ only, much in the manner of our full anthems. At St. Luke's church I likewise heard part of a mass with instruments; some of the tenor voices here were good, and the airs written and sung with taste; the music was composed by a priest. There was an excellent fugue in the last chorus, well worked and well performed.



In the afternoon of the same day I went to the hospital *de' Mendicanti*, for orphan girls, who are taught to sing and play, and on Sundays and festivals they sing divine service in chorus. Signor Bertoni is the present *Maestro di Capella*. There was a hymn performed with solos and chorusses, and a *mottetto a voce sola*, which last was very well performed, particularly an accompanied recitative, which was pronounced with great force and energy. Upon the whole, the compositions had some pretty passages, mixed with others that were not very new. The subjects of the fugues and chorusses were trite, and but slightly put together. The girls here I thought accompanied the voices better than at the *Pietà*: as the chorusses are wholly made up of female voices, they are never in more than three parts, often only in two; but these, when reinforced by the instruments, have such an effect, that the full complement to the chords is not missed, and the melody is  
 much

much more sensible and marked, by being less charged with harmony. In these hospitals many of the girls sing in the counter-tenor as low as A and G, which enables them always to keep below the *soprano* and *mezzo soprano*, to which they sing the base; and this seems to have been long practised in Italy, as may be seen in the examples of composition given in the old writers, such as Zarlino, Glariano, Kircher, and others, where the lowest part of three is often written in the counter-tenor clef.

From hence I went to the *Ospedaletto*, of which Signor Sacchini is the master, and was indeed very much pleased by the composition of part of the famous hymn *Salve Regina*, which was singing when I entered the church; it was new, spirited, and full of ingenious contrivances for the instruments, which always *said* something interesting without disturbing the voice. Upon the whole, there seemed to be as much genius in this composition as in

any that I had heard since my arrival in Italy. The performers here too are all orphan girls ; one of them, *la Ferrarese*, sung very well, and had a very extraordinary compass of voice, as she was able to reach the highest E of our harpsichords, upon which she could dwell a considerable time, in a fair, natural voice.

Even after this, upon the *Piazza di S. Marco*, I heard a great number of vagrant musicians, some in bands, accompanying one or two voices ; sometimes a single voice and guitar ; and sometimes two or three guitars together. Indeed it is not to be wondered at, that the street-music here is generally neglected, as people are almost stunned with it at every corner ; but, however, in justice to the taste and discernment of the Italians, it must be allowed, that when they do admire, it is something excellent ; and then, they never “ damn with faint praise,” but express rapture in a manner peculiar to them-

themselves; they seem to agonize with pleasure too great for the aching sense.

At the Hospitals and in Churches, where it is not allowed to applaud in the same manner as at the Opera, they cough, hem, and blow their noses, to express admiration.

During the last Carnival, there were seven opera-houses open at once in Venice, three serious, and four comic, besides four play-houses, and these were all crowded every night.

*Monday, August 6.* This morning the Doge went in procession to the church of *S. Giovanni e Paolo*. I was not only curious to see this procession, but to hear the music, which I expected would be very considerable, and by a great band; however there was only a mass sung in four parts, without other instrument than the organ, but then it was so good of the kind, so well executed and accompanied, that I do not remember ever to have re-

ceived more pleasure from this kind of music. One of the organists of St. Mark's church, who is in orders, attended, and discovered himself, in his voluntaries and interludes, to be a very masterly performer.

The voices were well chosen, and well assorted, no one stronger than the other; the composition was of Lotti, and was truly grave and majestic, consisting of fugues and imitations in the stile of our best old church services, which have been so well selected, and published in so magnificent a manner by Dr. Boyce: all was clear and distinct, no confusion or unnecessary notes; it was even capable of expression, particularly one of the movements, into which the performers entered so well, that it affected me even to tears.

The organist here very judiciously suffered the voices to be heard in all their purity, insomuch that I frequently forgot that they were accompanied; upon the whole this seems to be the true stile for  
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the church: it calls to memory nothing vulgar, light, or prophane; it disposes the mind to philanthropy, and divests it of its gross and sensual passions.

Indeed my being moved was the mere effect of well-modulated and well-measured sounds, for I knew not the words, which were wholly lost by the distance; nor is this species of music at all favourable to poetry: in the answers that are made to the points, the several parts all sing different words, so that no great effects can be produced by them; but notwithstanding this defect, such music as this, in the service of the church, must ever be allowed to have its merit, however it may be exploded, or unfit for theatrical purposes.

In consequence of a message from Mr. Richie, *Chargé des Affaires* to his Britannic Majesty, to whom Sir James Wright had honoured me with a letter, and who very politely and kindly was pleased to interest himself effectually in my service,

I was

I was this afternoon favoured with a visit from Signor Latilla, an eminent composer here, and had a long conversation with him relative to the subject of my journey. I found him to be a plain, sensible man, of about sixty years of age, who had both read and thought much concerning the music of the ancients, as well as that of the moderns, to which he has contributed a considerable share for many years past \*. I admired his candour in advising me to go to the *Incurabili*, to hear the girls perform there, with whom he said I should be much pleased. They are scholars of Signor Galuppi, who is *Maestro di Capella* of this Conservatorio.

Unluckily when I arrived there, the performance was begun; however, I had only lost the overture and part of the first

\* Most of the comic operas performed in London with such success, in the time of Pertici and Lafchi, were of Latilla's composition; particularly *La Comedia in Comedia*, *Don Galascione*, and others. He is uncle to Signor Piccini.

air. The words are taken from three or four of the Psalms in Latin, from the hymn *Salve Regina*, and one of the Canticles put into Latin verse, and in dialogue. I knew not whether I was most delighted with the composition, or with the execution; both were admirable.

Signor Buranello has preserved all his fire and imagination from the chill blasts of Russia, whence he is lately returned\*. This ingenious, entertaining, and elegant composer abounds in novelty, in spirit, and in delicacy, and his scholars did his music great justice. Several of them had uncommon talents for singing, particularly *Rota*, *Pasqua Roffi*, and the *Ortolana*; the two last sung the Canticle in dialogue. The overture, and the whole of this last performance were for two orchestras. In the overture, which was full of pretty

\* Signor Galuppi is best known in Italy by the name of *Buranello*, which he acquired from having been born in the little island of Burano, near Venice. He is succeeded at Petersburg by Signor Traetta.



passages, the two bands echoed each other. There were two organs, and two pair of french-horns. In short, I was extremely entertained by this performance, and the whole company, which was very numerous, seemed equally delighted.

The young fingers, just mentioned, are absolute nightingales; they have a facility of executing difficult divisions equal to that of birds. They did such things in that way, especially the *Rota*, as I do not remember to have heard attempted before. The able master was discoverable in all the cadences of these young performers. The instrumental parts were very well executed, and the whole indicated a superior genius in the composer and conductor of the performance.

This music, which was of the higher sort of theatric stile, though it was performed in a church, was not mixed with the church service, and the audience sat the whole time, as at a concert; and, indeed,

indeed, this might be called a *concerto spirituale*, with great propriety.

*Tuesday 7.* This morning there was a mass in music at the church of S. *Gaetano*. It being a great festival, all the treasures and relics were exposed to public view, and there was a very great crowd. The composer of the music, and the person who beat the time was Signor Menagatto, a priest; I cannot say that I received much pleasure from this performance, the organ was coarse, and poorly played; the voices consisted only of two indifferent tenors and a base, and the composition was very common, and unmarked by any stamp of original genius.

The people here, at this season, seem to begin to live only at midnight. *Then* the canals are crowded with gondolas, and St. Mark's square with company; the banks too of the canals are all peopled, and harmony prevails in every part. If two of the common people walk together arm in arm, they are always singing,  
and

and seem to converse in song; if there is company on the water, in a gondola, it is the same; a mere melody, unaccompanied with a second part, is not to be heard in this city: most of the ballads in the streets are sung in duo.

Luckily for me, this night, a barge, in which there was an excellent band of music, consisting of violins, flutes, horns, basses, and a kettle-drum, with a pretty good tenor voice, was on the great canal, and stopped very near the house where I lodged; it was a piece of gallantry, at the expence of an *innamorate*, in order to serenade his mistress. Shakespeare says of nocturnal music,

- “ Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
- “ Silence bestows the virtue on it—I think
- “ The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
- “ When every goose is cackling, would be thought
- “ No better a musician than the wren.”

Whether the time, place, and manner of performing this music, gave it adventurous and collateral charms, I will not

pretend to say; all I know is, that the symphonies *seemed* to me to be admirable, full of fancy, full of fire; the passages were well contrasted; sometimes the graceful, sometimes the pathetic prevailed; and sometimes, however strange it may be thought, even noise and fury had their effect.

No one will, I believe, at present, deny the necessity of *discord* in the composition of music in parts; it seems to be as much the essence of music, as shade is of painting; not only as it improves and meliorates concord by opposition and comparison, but, still further, as it becomes a necessary stimulus to the attention, which would languish over a succession of pure concords. It occasions a momentary distress to the ear, which remains unsatisfied, and even uneasy, till it hears something better; for no musical phrase *can end* upon a discord, the ear must be satisfied at last.

Now,

Now, as discord is allowable, and even necessarily opposed to concord, why may not *noise*, or a seeming jargon, be opposed to fixed sounds and harmonical proportion? Some of the discords in modern music, unknown 'till this century, are what the ear can but just bear, but have a very good effect as to contrast. The severe laws of preparing and resolving discord, may be too much adhered to, for great effects; I am convinced, that provided the ear be at length made amends, there are few dissonances too strong for it. If, for instance, the five sounds c. d. e. f. g, are all struck at the same instant on the harpsichord, provided the d and the f are taken off, and the three others remain, the ear will not suffer much by the first shock. Or, still further; if, instead of the five sounds above-mentioned, the following are struck; c. d ♯. e. f ♯. g. and the d f ♯ are not held on so long as the rest,

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all will end to the satisfaction of the offended ear.

*Wednesday 8.* This day was not remarkable for any enquiry relative to the present state of music in Italy; however it deserves mention here, on account of the opportunity it afforded me of conversing with the *Abate Martini*, one of the best judges of every part of music, ancient and modern, that I had yet met with. He is an able mathematician, a composer, and performer. He had travelled into Greece, in order to make observations in geography, agriculture, and natural history; but being unable to satisfy himself as he expected, he was so mortified by the disappointment, that he would not publish any of his remarks or discoveries.

Among other curious enquiries, he made many concerning the music of the modern Greeks, in hopes it would throw some light upon that of the ancient.

cient. He knows, I believe, as much as any one else, about the systems of Pythagoras, Ptolemy, and the writers collected by Meibomius, as well as of Rameau and Tartini. He is a great admirer of the works of Marcello, and sings by heart all his cantatas and best melodies. After reading my plan, which we discussed article by article, he entered much into my views; shewed me his Grecian and other manuscript papers, and I had great reason to be satisfied both with my reception, and the information with which he favoured me.

9th. I had this afternoon another long conversation with the same learned gentleman, who was so obliging as to bring his manuscript papers concerning Greek music, and to desire my acceptance of them. I regarded this present as a very valuable acquisition; for though the materials it contained were too few for his original purpose of forming a book, they appeared likely to be of importance in  
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the course of my future work, in which I propose to treat not only of ancient music, but of the national music of most parts of the world, from whence specimens, or accounts, well authenticated, can be obtained. The *Abate* has, however, collected a set of apophthegms or proverbs, which he intends to publish, and which will discover the manners and wretchedness of the modern Greeks, perhaps more effectually than any other work could do.

There was music this evening at the church of St. Laurence, composed and directed by Signor Sacchini, at which, as it was the vigil of this saint, there was a great crowd. I suffered, as well as every one else, too much by the heat, perhaps, to be easily pleased, and the composition seemed rather more common than that which I had heard of this ingenious master before; however, the vocal parts were not so well performed, as there were no other singers than those of St.



Mark's church, who most excel in mere church music, accompanied only by the organ. The voices were not good enough for long solo parts, not strong enough to get through a large band; yet, there were many very pleasing and agreeable movements, and some of the chorusses were well worked in the fugue and oratorio way.

But for this kind of music, that of Handel will, I believe, ever stand superior to all other writers; at least I have heard nothing yet on the continent of equal force and effect. There is often in the compositions of others, more melody in the solo parts, more delicacy, and more light and shade, but as to harmony and contrivance, no one comes near him by many degrees. I must confess that I had heard some of Handel's music so long, and often so ill performed, that I was somewhat tired and disgusted with it; but my Italian journey, instead of lowering the esteem which I ever had for the  
best

best writings of that truly great artist, exalted them in my opinion, and at my return renewed my pleasure in hearing them performed.

As yet I had heard little but church music in Italy; however, in that stile, *with instruments*, all other compositions appeared feeble by comparison. The subjects of the fugues were, in general, trivial and common, and the manner of working them dry and artless. Indeed the church stile, *without instruments*, except the organ, was well known in Italy, and all over Europe, long before Handel's time; and melody is certainly much refined since: it is more graceful, more pathetic, and even more gay; but for counterpoint, fugues, and chorusses of many voices, *with instruments*, I repeat it, I neither have heard, nor do I ever expect to hear him equalled.

10th. This morning I went again to the church of the convent of St. Laurence, where, besides a mass of Signor

Sacchini's composition, I heard Signor Nazari, the first violin of Venice, play a concerto; but we have long heard that instrument so well performed upon in England, that nothing is left to admire. However, Signor Nazari is certainly a very neat and pleasing player; his tone is even, sweet, and full; he plays with great facility and expression, and is, upon the whole, one of the best solo players that I had heard on this side the Alps.

Argus is said to have had an hundred eyes, and Fame has been painted by the poets *all tongues*; in this place one wishes to be all *ears* for music, and all *eyes* for painting and architecture. To-day there were so many temptations to a lover of harmony, that it was difficult for him to chuse; for, besides the four conservatorios, there were several *accademias* or private concerts. I was invited to one, which assembles on all festivals, in order to sing the works of Marcello, without other accompaniment than a harpsichord; and

and as this was different from any other that I had been at in Italy, I accepted the invitation, though I wished very much to be at the *Incurabili*, where I was sure of entertainment from Buranello and his scholars.

Several of Marcello's Psalms were here very well sung by the *Abate Martini* and some other *dilettanti*, among whom one had a very good base voice, and, between the Psalms, sung Marcello's famous cantata called *Cassandra*, where this composer has entirely sacrificed the music to the poetry, by changing the time or stile of his movement at every new idea which occurs in the words; this may, perhaps, shew a composer to be a very sensible man, but at the same time it must discover him to be of a very phlegmatic turn; and wholly free from the enthusiasm of a creative musical genius. And, indeed, since melody has been allied to grace and fancy, musical disjointed

thoughts on various subjects, would be but ill received by the public.

One of these gentlemen performers was old enough to remember very well the celebrated Benedetto Marcello, who has been dead forty-four years, and gave me several anecdotes about him; his family, which is noble, still subsists, and the head of it is now ambassador from the Venetian state at the Porte.

11th. This afternoon, I went again to the *Pieta*; there was not much company, and the girls played a thousand tricks in singing, particularly in the duets, where there was a trial of skill and of natural powers, as who could go highest, lowest, swell a note the longest, or run divisions with the greatest rapidity. They always finish with a symphony; and last Wednesday they played one composed by Sarte, which I had before heard in England, at the opera of the *Olimpiade*.

The band here is certainly very powerful, as there are in the hospital above  
a thou-

a thousand girls, and out of these, there are seventy musicians, vocal and instrumental; at each of the other three hospitals there are not above forty, as I was informed by Signor Latilla, who are chosen out of about a hundred orphans, as the original establishment requires. But it has been known that a child, with a fine voice, has been taken into these hospitals before it was bereaved of father or mother. Children are sometimes brought hither to be educated from the towns belonging to the Venetian state, upon the Continent; from Padua, Verona, Brescia, and even from other places, still more distant; for Francesca Gabrieli came from Ferrara, and is therefore called the *Ferrarese*.

The Conservatorio of the *Pietà* has heretofore been the most celebrated for its band, and the *Mendicanti* for voices; but in the voices time and accident may occasion great alterations; the master may give a celebrity to a school of this kind,

kind, both by his compositions and abilities in teaching; and as to voices, nature may sometimes be more kind to the pupils of one hospital than another; but as the number is greater at the *Pietà* than at the rest, and consequently the chances of superior qualifications more; it is natural to suppose that this hospital will in general have the best band and the best voices. At present, the great abilities of Signor Galappi are conspicuous in the performances at the *Incurabili*, which is, in point of music, singing, and orchestra, in my opinion, superior to the rest. Next to that, the *Ospedaletto* takes place of the other two; so that the *Pietà* seems to enjoy the reputation of being the best school, not for what it *does now*, but for what it *has done* heretofore.

· Sunday 12. This morning, after hearing high mass well performed at St. Mark's, I went to the patriarchal church of St. Peter, and heard it again there,

accompanied by a very fine organ, well played on by one of the priests; after that I went to the Franciscans' church, where one of the Friars likewise was organist, but he played in a very superior manner, both as to taste and harmony: though I visited these churches for the sake of music, it was impossible to keep my eyes off the pictures and sculpture. But it was here that I began to find that these two objects of sight were not so remote from my chief purpose of writing a history of the pleasures of the ear, as I at first imagined; for I frequently, in the old masters, met with representations of musical instruments, either of their own times, or at least such as they imagined to be in use at that time when the action of the piece happened; thus I observed in a famous picture of the Marriage of Cana by P. Veronese, in the Sacristy of S. Giorgio Maggiore, a concert, with a variety of instruments, of all which I have made a memorandum: and

I saw



I saw this morning, at the Franciscans, a little picture under the pulpit, by Santa Croce, which is much admired, and thought to be a good deal in the stile of Raphael, in which there is a concert of cherubs and seraphs; and I observed among several different kinds of lutes and guitars, an instrument played with a bow, resting, like a violin, upon the shoulder of the performer, but it had six strings.

After I had seen these, and some more churches, I had the honour of a long conversation with *Conte Torre Taxis*, who is here a person of great weight\*; he is Superintendant-general of the German and Venetian post-office, was a great friend of Tartini, is now in possession of all his MS. compositions, shewed me a great number of them, and has defended his friend in a pamphlet, of which he did

\* He is of the same family with that German prince, better known in France and England by the name of *Tour Taxis*.

me the honour to give me a copy, against some remarks made upon his *Treatato di Musica*, by M. Rousseau, in his *Dict. de Musique*. This nobleman, though young, seems to possess great musical erudition; to have profited from the converse and correspondence of Tartini, and to be an enthusiast for the arts in general. I had great pleasure in his conversation, during which I communicated to him my plan of a History of Music, and was pleased and enlightened by his observations.

In the afternoon I stopped a little while at the new church of the *Gesuati*, where I heard the organ played with a very uncommon brilliancy of execution, by one of the Dominicans. It was indeed a style of playing more suitable to the harpsichord than organ, but, in its way, was very masterly and powerful. There are some reed stops in this instrument which I had never heard before, and with which the performer produced effects that I was

unable to account for, I had not time to make enquiries, as I took this church only in my way to the *Incurabili*, where I was so pleased, both with the composition and performance, that in speaking of them I shall find it difficult to avoid hyperboles.

It seems as if the genius of Signor Galappi, like that of Titian, became more animated by age. He cannot now be less than seventy years old, and yet it is generally allowed here that his last operas, and his last compositions for the church, abound with more spirit, taste, and fancy, than those of any other period of his life.

This evening the Latin Psalms that were sung by the orphan girls, gave me great reason to concur in the common opinion, for out of ten or twelve movements, there was not one that could be pronounced *indifferent*. There were several admirable accompanied recitatives, and the whole abounded with new passages, with good taste, good harmony, and good sense.

His

His accompaniments, in particular, are always ingenious, but, though full, free from that kind of confusion which disturbs and covers the voice.

I must likewise do justice to the orchestra, which is here under the most exact discipline; no one of the instrumental performers seemed ambitious of shining at the expence of the vocal part, but each was under that kind of subordination which is requisite in a *servant* to a *superior*. Of these young singers I have spoken rather warmly before, but in this performance they discovered still new talents and new cultivations. Their music of to-night was rather more grave than that which I had heard here before, and I thought they were more firm in it: their intonations were more exact, and, as more time was allowed for it, a greater volume of voice, by the two principal performers was thrown out. But in their closes, I know not which astonished me most, the compass of voice, variety

variety of passages, or rapidity of execution; indeed all were such as would have merited and received great applause in the first operas of Europe.

I dwell the longer on these performances, as, at this time, the theatres of Venice were all shut; but the only difference between this kind of church music, and that of the drama, consists in the chorusses; those of the church are long, elaborate, and sometimes well written. Those who suppose all the church music of Italy to be as light and airy as that of the opera, are mistaken; it is only on festivals that modern music can be heard in any of the churches. The music of the cathedrals, on common days, is in a stile as grave and as ancient as that of our church services of two hundred years standing; and in the parish churches it is a mere *canto fermo*, or chant, sung in unison by the priests only; sometimes with the organ, but more frequently without.

If

If we compare the music of Handel's first oratorios with the operas he composed about the same time, it will appear that the airs of the one are often as gay as those of the other. And as to the chorusses of an opera, which are all to be in action, and performed by memory, they must of course be shorter and less laboured than those of an oratorio, where every singer has his part before him, and where a composer is allowed sufficient time to display his abilities in every species of what is called by musicians good writing.

From the *Incurabili* I had the honour to be carried by his Excellency Signor Marin Giorgi, to an *Accademia*, at the *Casa Grimani*, where I first had the pleasure to hear Signora Baffa, a noble Venetian lady. She has long been reckoned the best performer on the harpsichord of all the ladies of Venice; and I found that she played very neatly, and with much taste and judgment. The company consisted of the chief nobility of Venice, the three persons whom I

have named being among the first class. They did great justice in this assembly to the abilities of Mrs. Cassandra Wynn, from England, who was there last year, and had left behind her the character of a very great player.

*Tuesday* 14. This evening being the vigil of the Assumption, there were musical performances at three different churches. I went first to that of the *Celestia*; the vespers were composed and directed by the *Maestro* of the Pietà, Signor Furlanetto; there were two orchestras, both well filled with vocal and instrumental performers; the overture was spirited, and the first chorus good, in *Contrapunto*; then there was a long symphony in dialogue, between the two orchestras, and an air well accompanied, though but indifferently sung. After this an air in dialogue with the chorus, which had a good effect: an air for a tenor voice, of little merit, but this was followed by one for a base, which was ingeniously

geniously put together, the author making use by turns of all the principal instruments: I did not stay out the whole performance, but what I heard seemed superior to any composition that I had before met with of this author; he availed himself of the two orchestras, and produced several effects which, with one, would have been impracticable.

From hence I went to the *Ospedaletto*, where the music and musicians spoke a different language. The performance was a Latin oratorio; *Macchabæorum Mater*; the music was by Signor Sacchini; there were six characters in it, the principal was performed by Francesca Gabrieli: it was divided into two parts: the first was over before I arrived, for which I was very sorry, as what remained delighted me extremely, both as to the composition, which was excellent, and the singing which had infinite merit.

When I entered the church the *Ferrarese* was speaking an admirable accompanied recitative in such a manner as is



seldom heard; it was terminated by a *Bravura* air, with a pathetic second part in Jomelli's oratorio style, but by no means in his passages; there was then a recitative and slow air by Laura Conti, who is possessed of no great power of voice; it is a mere *voce di Camera*; but she has infinite expression and taste, and charmed me in a different way: then followed another recitative, and after it a duet, which was truly sublime; it was extremely well executed by Domenica Pasquati and Ippolita Santi; upon the whole, Signor Sacchini rises in my opinion, and according to my feelings and intelligence he is the second in Venice, having no superior there but Signor Galluppi. The singing which I heard at this hospital to-night would, as well as that of the *Incurabili*, I am certain, receive great applause in the first opera of Europe.

*Wednesday 15.* I went this morning to St. Mark's church, at which, being a festival, the doge was present. I there  
heard

heard high mass performed under the direction of Signor Galuppi, composer of the music. Upon this occasion there were six orchestras, two great ones in the galleries of the two principal organs, and four less, two on a side, in which there were likewise small organs. I was placed very advantageously in one of the great organ lofts, with Signor Latilla, assistant to Signor Galuppi\*. The music, which was in general full and grave, had a great effect, though this church is not very happily formed for music, as it has five domes or cupolas, by which the sound is too much broken and reverberated before it reaches the ear.

From hence I went again to a church called *la Celestia*, which was very much crowded. The mass was set to music by Signor Furlanetto, master to the *Pietà*: the resources of this composer are very few; he has little fire and less variety,

\* This instrument has pedals, and but one row of box keys.

but he sins more on the side of genius than learning, as his harmony is good, and modulation regular and warrantable; yet I must own, that his music is to me tiresome, and leaves behind it a languor and dissatisfaction; whereas that of Galuppi and Sacchini always exhilarates and enlivens. Signor Nazari played here a concerto on the violin in a very neat and pleasing manner, I know not of whose composition, but it was by no means remarkable for novelty.

After dinner I went to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore to see some pictures, and stumbled on music, but such music as I did not think it possible for the people of Italy to bear. The organ was out of tune, other instruments out of time, and the voices were both; then the composition seemed just such stuff as a boy who was learning counter-point would produce after the first two or three lessons. After I had seen the two best pictures in the church, the famous St.

John

John the Baptist, by Titian, and Noah's ark by Giacomo Bassano, I ran away from this music to the *Incurabili*, where Buranello's nightingales, the Rota and Pasqua Roffi, poured balm into my wounded ears. There was not much company, and the girls did not exert themselves; however, after what I had just heard, their performance was ravishing; and it was not without regret that I reflected upon this being the *last time* I should hear it.

*Thursday* 16. My visit to Signor Galluppi this morning, in company with Signor Latilla, was long, profitable, and entertaining. I was very glad to find upon seeing him, that time had spared the person as well as genius of this excellent composer. He is still lively and alert, and likely to delight the lovers of music many years. His character and conversation are natural, intelligent, and agreeable. He is in figure little and thin, but has very much the look of a gentleman.

Signor Galuppi was a scholar of the famous Lotti, and very early taken notice of as a good harpsichord player, and a genius in composition.

He was so obliging as to present me to Signora Galuppi; to shew me his house; an admirable picture of a sleeping child, by P. Veronese, which has been long in his wife's family; and to carry me into his working-room, with only a little clavichord in it, where, he told me, he *dirtied paper*. His family has been very large, but all his children, except three or four, are now well married. He has the appearance of a regular family man, and is esteemed at Venice as much for his private character as for his public talents. He seems, however, rather hurt at the encouragement and protection which some ecclesiastical dunces, among whom is F——, meet with as composers here. Indeed, except Sacchini, his second, he stands so high among the present race of musicians in Venice, that he seems a  
giant

giant among dwarfs : he was so obliging, at my request, as to promise me a piece of his composition, which has not yet been made public, as a relick and mark of his friendship.

I shewed him my plan, and we talked over that, and music and musicians, very cordially, and with similar sentiments; his definition of good music I think admirable, and though short very comprehensive. It consists, he says, of *vaghezza, chiarezza, e buona modulazione* \*. He and Signor Latilla, among many other particulars, recollected the names of all the great masters of the conservatorios, and had patience to let me write them down. These gentlemen likewise informed me that the expence of the conservatorios, on account of music, is very inconsiderable, there being but five or six masters to each for singing and the several instruments, as the elder girls teach the younger. The *Maestro di Capella* seldom does more

\* Beauty, clearness, and good modulation.

than

than compose and direct: sometimes, indeed, he writes down *clofes*, and usually attends the last rehearsal and first public performance.

A succession of able masters has constantly been employed in these schools: *Haffe* was once *Maestro* to the *Incurabili*, and has left a *Miserere*, which is still performed there in Passion Week, and is, according to the Abate Martini, a wonderful composition\*.

Signor Galuppi seems to have full employment here, even in summer, when there are no operas, as he is first *Maestro di Capella* of St. Mark, and of the *Incurabili*. He has a hundred sequins a year as domestic organist to the family of Gritti, and is organist of another church, of

\* I obtained, before I left Venice, a copy of it; and since my arrival in England, I have been honoured with a letter from Count Bujovich, of Venice, with several interesting particulars relative to the rise and progress of these musical institutions. This Count, from whom I received great marks of kindness, is a friend of Mr. Baretti, who had furnished me with an introduction to him, upon my leaving England.

which

which I have forgot the name. He certainly merits all that can be done for him, being one of the few remaining original geniusses of the best school perhaps that Italy ever saw. His compositions are always ingenious and natural, and I may add, that he is a good contrapuntist, and a friend to poetry. The first appears by his scores, and the latter by the melodies he sets to words, in which the expression of his music always corresponds with the sense of the author, and often improves it.

His compositions for the church are but little known in England; to me they appear excellent\*; for though many of the airs are in the opera stile, yet, upon occasion, he shews himself to be a very able writer in the true church stile, which is grave, with good harmony, good modulation, and fugues well worked.

\* I procured at Venice, some of his motets; and Giuseppe, an excellent copist there, transcribed and sent after me, two or three of his masses.



I was this evening at a second *Accademia*, at Signor Grimani's, which was much more considerable than the first. Signor Sacchini was there, and several of the principal musicians of Venice. La Signora Regina Zocchi, a lady who had her musical education at the *Incurabili*, under the celebrated Signor Haffe, and who is now well married, and received, and even courted by the first people here, sung: she has a very powerful voice, and good shake, with great volubility and expression. D. Flaminio Tomj, who has a mere *Voce di Camera*, sung with exquisite taste. La Signora Baffa performed on the harpsichord, two or three concertos with much grace and precision. Add to this, that the whole was well heard by a very large company, composed of the first nobility of Venice, among whom was Signor Mocenigo, son to the present doge.

*Friday 17.* I had this morning the honour of a second interview with  
 Count

Count Torre Taxis, during which, I had the pleasure to hear his excellency perform on the harpsichord, of which instrument he is an able master; he played voluntaries for a considerable time, in which he discovered much skill in modulation, and I found him worthy of a place in the upper form of the *Tartini* school. He shewed me a great number of masses, motets, and oratorios of his own composition, for though young, he is already a very voluminous writer. He is possessed of a very curious keyed instrument which was made at Berlin, under the direction of his Prussian Majesty: it is, in shape, like a large clavi-chord, has several changes of stops, and is occasionally a harp, a harpsichord, a lute, or piano forte; but the most curious property of this instrument is, that by drawing out the keys the hammers are transferred to different strings, by which means a composition may be transposed half a note, a whole note, or a flat  
third

third lower at pleasure, without the embarrassment of different notes or clefs, real or imaginary.

Among the *Dilettanti* here, besides Count Taxis, there is a noble Venetian, Signor Giovanni Cornaro, remarkable for his genius and skill in composition: he had composed a mass for a great festival at a church in Padua, which was performed there, while I was at Venice, with an immense band of voices and instruments.

This evening, in order to make myself more fully acquainted with the nature of the conservatorios, and to finish my musical enquiries here, I obtained permission to be admitted into the music school of the *Mendicanti*, and was favoured with a concert, which was performed wholly on my account, and lasted two hours, by the best vocal and instrumental performers of this hospital: it was really curious to *see*, as well as to *hear* every part of this excellent concert, performed by female violins, hautbois, tenors,

tenors, basses, harpsichord, french-horns, and even double basses. There was a priest, a person in years, who presided: the first violin was very well played by Antonia Cubli, of Greek extraction; the harpsichord sometimes by Francesca Rossi, *Maestra del coro*, and sometimes by others; these young persons frequently change instruments.

The singing was really excellent in different styles; Laura Risegari and Giacomina Frari, had very powerful voices, capable of filling a large theatre; these sung *bravura* songs, and capital scenes selected from Italian operas; and Francesca Tomj, sister to the Abate of that name, and Antonia Lucuvich, (this second a Slavonian girl) whose voices were more delicate, confined themselves chiefly to pathetic songs, of taste and expression. The whole was very judiciously mixed; no two airs of the same kind followed each other, and there seemed to be great decorum and good discipline observed in every particular; for these

these admirable performers, who are of different ages, all behaved with great propriety, and seemed to be well educated.

It was here that the two celebrated female performers, the Archiapate, now Signora Guglielmi, and Signora Maddalena Lombardini Sirmen, who have received such great and just applause in England, had their musical instructions. If I could have staid a few days longer at Venice, I might have enjoyed the same kind of entertainment at the other three conservatorios, having been tempted to continued there by such an offer from a friend who had interest sufficient to procure me a sight of the *interior discipline* of these admirable musical seminaries; and I declined this obliging offer with the greater reluctance, as there is not in all Italy any establishment of the same kind; but being willing to divide the time which I had allowed myself for the enquiries I had to make there as equally as possible, I resisted that temptation as well as several other offers with which I was ho-

honoured, from some of the principal nobility, of being admitted to their private concerts; and thus far for the honour of Italy, as well as for my own, I must say, that I met with the politest treatment, and greatest encouragement and assistance imaginable, wherever I stopt. At Venice my expectations were greatly surpassed, as I had always been told, that the inhabitants, particularly the better sort, were reserved and difficult of access.

I was indebted for much of my entertainment and information at Venice, to the assiduity and friendship of Mr. Edwards, a young gentleman who was born in England, but has lived so long in this city, that he has wholly lost his vernacular tongue. With this gentleman, and D. Flaminio Tomj, I went from the Conservatorio of the *Mendicanti* to Signor Grimani's: here the Abate Tomj sung two or three pathetic airs with more taste than I can remember to have heard since

the death of Palma. There was a great deal of company, and the musical performances of various kinds continued till two or three o'clock in the morning; at which time I took a melancholy leave of Signor Grimani, who had honoured me with something more than mere politeness and hospitality: in a less elevated character I should venture to call it friendship, but here it could only be condescending goodness.

To finish my account of the music of this charming city, I must observe, that though the composers of the Venetian school are in general good contrapuntists, yet their chief characteristics are delicacy of taste, and fertility of invention; but many circumstances concur to render the music of Venice better, and more general than elsewhere.

The Venetians have few amusements but what the theatres afford; walking, riding, and all field-sports, are by the situation of their city denied them. This,  
in

in some degree, accounts for music being so much, and in so costly a manner, cultivated by them; the number too of theatres, in all which the Gondoliers have admission gratis, may account for the superior manner in which they sing, compared with people of the same class elsewhere. And in the private families, into which the girls of the Conservatorios marry, it is natural to suppose that good taste and a love for music are introduced.

The library of St. Mark here, which abounds with books in all other faculties, afforded me but few materials on the subject of music. However I gained considerably by the conversation of Signor Zanetti, the first librarian, who was very polite and communicative.

Printing has been carried on in Venice with great spirit, ever since the year 1459, when it was established there by Nicholas Jansen; and there is perhaps no city in Italy in which so many books



have been published. At present the press is very active and fertile, and the number of booksellers in the fine street called *Merceria* is very considerable. I found in no one place so many old authors on the subject of music as here; and as to the new, I met with many that I was unable to find elsewhere, particularly the first volume of Padre Martini's History of Music. The principal booksellers in Venice are Pasquali, Remondini, Bettinelli, Occhi, and Antonio di Castro.

The art of engraving music there seems to be utterly lost, as I was not able to find a single work printed in the manner we print music in England. In the first place there is no such thing as a music shop throughout Italy, that I was able to discover. Indeed Signor di Castro, a spirited bookseller, one of the four above-mentioned, has published a proposal for printing music with types, in the manner attempted by Mr. Fought, but has met with small encouragement, having  
only

only published one book of little duets and trios. Musical compositions are so short-lived in Italy, such is the rage for novelty, that for the few copies wanted, it is not worth while to be at the expence of engraving, and of the rolling-press. Indeed there, as in Turkey, the business of a transcriber furnishes employment for so many people, that it is cruel to wish to rob them of it, especially as that trade seems more brisk and profitable than any other.

As a supplement to the article Venice, I must add, that, since my return to England, I have been favoured with a letter from thence, dated January 25, 1771, containing the following particulars relative to the state of music there, at that time. “ At the theatre of S. Benetto we  
 “ have had represented, during the pre-  
 “ sent carnival, the opera of Alexander  
 “ in India; composed by Signor Bertoni,  
 “ master of the *Mendicanti*, which has  
 “ been universally applauded; particu-

“ larly a duet, sung by Signora de Amici  
 “ and Signor Caselli. At the same  
 “ theatre we have at present *il Saroe ri-*  
 “ *conosciuto*, composed by Signor Borghi,  
 “ which is generally disliked.

“ The music, at the opera-house of S.  
 “ Moisé, pleases very much; notwith-  
 “ standing it is so ill executed, that the  
 “ author, Signor Garzaniga, a Neapoli-  
 “ tan, has great reason to be mortified,  
 “ though crowned with general praise.”

#### B O L O G N A.

My chief business in this city was to see  
 and converse with the learned *Padre*  
*Martini*, and the celebrated Signor *Fari-*  
*nelli*, the former being regarded by all  
 Europe as the deepest theorist, and the  
 other as the greatest practical musician of  
 this, or perhaps of any age or country;  
 and, as I was so fortunate as to be well  
 received by both, I shall make no apo-  
 logy for being minute in my account of  
 two such extraordinary persons.

*Padre*

*Padre Martini* is a Franciscan, and *Maestro di Capella* of the church belonging to that order in Bologna. He has many years been employed in writing the History of Music, of which the first volume only has, as yet, been published. Two editions, one in folio, and one in quarto, were printed at the same time in Bologna, 1757; a second volume is in the press, and he proposes finishing the work in five volumes. The first volume is chiefly employed in the History of Music among the Hebrews; the second and third will comprise that of the ancient Greeks; the fourth, the Latin or Roman music, with the history of music in the church; the fifth and last volume will be appropriated to modern music, with some account of the lives and writings of the most famous musicians, and engravings of their heads. We reciprocally agreed upon an open and cordial correspondence, and a mutual promise of confidence and assistance; but

it is greatly to be lamented that the good Father Martini is far advanced in years, and is of an infirm constitution, having a very bad cough, swelled legs, and a sickly countenance ; so that there is reason to fear he will hardly have life and health sufficient to complete his learned, ingenious, and extensive plan.

It is impossible, by reading his book, to form a judgment of the character of this good and worthy man. As yet he has treated only the driest and most abstruse part of the subject, in which he had great opportunities to shew his reading and knowledge, which are deep and extensive, but none to display the excellence of his character, which is such as inspires not only respect but kindness. He joins to innocence of life, and simplicity of manners, a native cheerfulness, softness, and philanthropy.

Upon so short an acquaintance I never liked any man more ; and I felt as little reserve with him after a few hours conversation,

versation, as with an old friend or beloved brother ; it was impossible for confidence to be more cordial, especially between two persons whose pursuits were the same : but though they are the same with respect to the object, yet they are different with respect to the way ; I had advanced too far to retreat before I could procure his book, and when I had found it, my plan was, so much digested as to render the adoption or imitation of any other very inconvenient. Besides, as every object may be approached by a different route, it may also be seen in a different point of view ; two different persons therefore may exhibit it with equal truth, and yet with great diversity : I shall avail myself of P. Martini's learning and materials, as I would of his spectacles, I shall apply them to my subject, as it appears to me, without changing my situation ; and shall neither implicitly adopt his sentiments in doubtful points, nor transcribe them where we agree.

Besides

Besides his immense collection of printed books, which has cost him upwards of a thousand sequins, P. Martini is in possession of original MSS. which no money can purchase, as well as of copies of MSS. in the Vatican and Ambrosian libraries, and in those of Florence, Pisa, and other places, for which he has had a faculty granted him by the Pope, and particular permission from others in power. He has ten different copies of the famous Micrologus of Guido Aretinus, and as many made from different manuscripts of John de Muris, with several other very ancient and valuable tracts in MS. He has one room full of them; two other rooms are appropriated to the reception of printed books, of which he has all the several editions extant; and a fourth to practical music, of which he has likewise a prodigious quantity in MS.

The number of his books amounts to seventeen thousand volumes, and he is  
still

still encreasing it from all parts of the world. I had frequently surprized several bookfellers on the continent with the list of my own books on the subject of music, but, in my turn, I was now surprized. Though Padre Martini has had many presents made him of scarce books and MSS. yet he has often paid a great price for others, particularly for one written in Spanish, 1613, which cost him a hundred ducats, about twenty guineas, at Naples, where it was printed. He shewed me several of his most curious books and MSS. upon which I communicated to him the catalogue of mine. He was surprized at some of them, and said they were extremely rare; of these he took down the titles, and, at my second visit, he was pleased to think my plan worth borrowing to transcribe, which he did with his own hand.

*Thursday,*



*Thursday, August 23.* It will give pleasure to every lover of music, especially to those who have been so happy as to have heard him, to learn that Signor Farinelli still lives, and is in good health and spirits. I found him much younger in appearance than I expected. He is tall and thin, but seems by no means infirm. Hearing that I had a letter for him, he was so obliging as to come to me this morning at Padre Martini's, in whose library I spent a great part of my time here. Upon my observing, in the course of our conversation, that I had long been ambitious of seeing two persons, become so eminent by different abilities in the same art, and that my chief business at Bologna was to gratify that ambition, Signor Farinelli, pointing to P. Martini, said, "What he is doing will last, but the little that I have done is already gone and forgotten." I told him, that in England there

there were still many who remembered his performance so well, that they could bear to hear no other singer; that the whole kingdom continued to resound his fame, and I was sure tradition would hand it down to the latest posterity.

*Friday 24.* This being St. Bartholomew's day, I went to the church of that name, where I was told the music would be good; however, I found it quite the contrary. Signor Gibello was *Maestro di Capella*, and several *castrati* sung, but neither the composition nor execution pleased me; the composition had not one of Buranello's three requisites, *vaghezza, chiarezza, e buona modulazione*, to recommend it, and the execution was slovenly and incorrect.

Though there was no opera in Bologna at this time, yet, for the sake of seeing the theatre, I went to the play. The house is elegant, but not large; it has however five rows of boxes, twelve or  
thirteen

thirteen on a side. When I went in I knew not what the play would be, but expected a ribbald farce, as usual; when, to my great surprize, I found it was an Italian tragedy called *Tomiri*, written by Padre Ringhieri. I had never seen one before, and was much pleased with the opening, but soon grew tired of the long speeches and declamations; they were past all bearing tedious.

Thomyris, Queen of the Amazons came on dressed in a very equivocal manner; for, in order to give her a martial look, she had her petticoats trussed up in front above her knees, which were very discernible through her black breeches. However strange this appeared to me; the audience clapped violently, as they did constantly at the worst and most absurd things in the piece. There was a great deal of religion in it, and such anachronisms, that they talked of J. C. and the Trinity, not were Free-will and Predestination forgotten; and when Cy-

rus is dying of the wound he received in battle, he is examined by a Jewish priest, a principal character in the play, as his confessor, concerning his religious principles, and he makes to him a *profession of faith*.

This kind of spectacle has been so long neglected in Italy, that it seems to have been wholly lost; and now, after a second birth, appears to be in its *infancy*. However, the Italian language is certainly capable of great things; as it can support dignity without the trammels of rhyme. The actors too are good, as to propriety and variety of gesture; but if my ear does not deceive me, a monotony reigns here with respect to voice, as well as in the Italian pulpit. The passion for dramas in music has ruined true tragedy as well as comedy in this country; but the language and genius of the people are so rich and fertile, that when they become heartily tired of music, which by excess of it they will probably be  
 very

very soon, the same rage for novelty, which has made them fly with such rapidity from one stile of composition to another, often changing from a better to a worse, will drive them to seek amusement from the stage, *without* music. And in that case, when they apply all their powers to the sock and buskin, and the writer and actor are obliged to make use of every resource with which the national language and genius abound; they will probable surpass the rest of Europe in the dramatic, as well as in other arts.

However, before this can happen, much must be done towards refining the national taste, which is at present depraved by farce, buffoonery, and song. The inattention, noise, and indecorum of the audience too, are quite barbarous and intolerable. The silence which reigns in the theatres of London and Paris, during representation, is encouraging to the actor, as well as desirable to the hearer of judgment and feeling. In Italy  
the

the theatres are immense, and, in order to be heard through space and noise, the actors seem in a perpetual bawl. Each sentence, thus pronounced, is more like the harangue of a general at the head of an army of a hundred thousand men, than the speech of a hero or heroine in conversation; this allows of but few modulations of voice; all the passions are alike noisy, the tender and the turbulent.

The scenes and decorations in this piece were elegant and judicious: one piece of machinery in particular was very striking; it consisted of a high, but fertile mountain, from which Thomyris descended with her court and guards, in order to come to a parley with Cyrus.

The orchestra was rather weak and ordinary; and, in general, I found the music in the streets here worse, and less frequent than at Venice. However, I was saluted soon after my arrival at the inn, as every stranger is, with a duet, very well played

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by a violin and mandoline; and, this afternoon, an itinerant band played under my window several symphonies and single movements of execution, extremely well, in four parts.

*Saturday 25.* This day I had the pleasure to spend with Signor Farinelli, at his house in the country, about a mile from Bologna, which is not yet quite finished, though he has been building it ever since he retired from Spain\*. Il Padre Maestro Martini was invited to dine there with me, and I cannot resist the desire of confessing that I was extremely happy at finding myself in the company of two such extraordinary men.

\* The country is flat all round him, but though the environs of this city are perhaps the most fertile of any in Italy, yet the inhabitants seem possessed of nothing like *taste*, in laying out their gardens; however, Signor Farinelli's house commands a fine prospect of Bologna, and of the little hills near it.

Signor

Signor Farinelli has long left off singing, but amuses himself still on the harpsichord and viol d'amour: he has a great number of harpsichords made in different countries, which he has named according to the place they hold in his favour, after the greatest of the Italian painters. His first favourite is a *piano forte*, made at Florence in the year 1730, on which is written in gold letters, *Rafael d'Urbino*; then, Coreggio, Titian, Guido, &c. He played a considerable time upon his Raphael, with great judgment and delicacy, and has composed several elegant pieces for that instrument. The next in favour is a harpsichord given him by the late queen of Spain, who was Scarlatti's scholar, both in Portugal and Spain; it was for this princess that Scarlatti made his two first books of lessons, and to her the first edition, printed at Venice, was dedicated, when she was princess of Asturias; this harpsichord, which was made in Spain, has more tone than any of the

P 2

others.



others. His third favourite is one made likewise in Spain, under his own direction; it has moveable keys, by which, like that of Count Taxis, at Venice, the player can transpose a composition either higher or lower. Of these Spanish harpsichords the natural keys are black, and the flats and sharps are covered with mother of pearl; they are of the Italian model, all the wood is cedar, except the bellies, and they are put into a second case.

Signor Farinelli was very conversable and communicative, and talked over old times very freely, particularly those when he was in England; and I am inclined to believe, that his life were it well written, would be very interesting to the public, as it has been much chequered, and spent in the first courts of Europe; but, as I hope it is yet far from finished, this seems not to be the place to attempt it: however, the following anecdotes, chiefly picked up in conversation with himself

himself and Padre Martini, may perhaps for the present, gratify in some measure, the curiosity of the reader.

Carlo Broschi, called Farinelli, was born at Naples in 1705; he had his first musical education from his father, Signor Broschi, and afterwards was under Porpora, who travelled with him; he was seventeen when he left that city to go to Rome, where, during the run of an opera, there was a struggle every night between him and a famous player on the trumpet, in a song accompanied by that instrument: this, at first, seemed amicable and merely sportive, till the audience began to interest themselves in the contest, and to take different sides: after severally swelling out a note, in which each manifested the power of his lungs, and tried to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they had both a swell and a shake together, by thirds, which was continued so long, while the audience eagerly waited the event, that

both seemed to be exhausted; and, in fact, the trumpeter, wholly spent gave it up, thinking, however, his antagonist as much tired as himself, and that it would be a drawn battle; when Farinelli, with a smile on his countenance, shewing he had only been sporting with him all this time, broke out all at once in the same breath, with fresh vigour, and not only swelled and shook the note, but ran the most rapid and difficult divisions, and was at last silenced only by the acclamations of the audience. From this period may be dated that superiority which he ever maintained over all his cotemporaries.

In the early part of his life he was distinguished throughout Italy, by the name of *il Ragazzo*, the boy.

From Rome he went to Bologna, where he had the advantage of hearing Bernacchi, a scholar of the famous Pistocco, of that city, who was then the first singer in Italy, for taste and knowledge;

lodge; and his scholars afterwards rendered the Bologna school famous.

From thence he went to Venice, and from Venice to Vienna; in all which cities his powers were regarded as miraculous; but he told me, that at Vienna, where he was three different times, and where he received great honours from the Emperor Charles the VI. an admonition from that prince was of more service to him than all the precepts of his masters, or examples of his competitors for fame: his Imperial Majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that in his singing, he neither *moved* nor *stood still* like any other mortal; all was supernatural. “ Those gigantic strides, said he; those  
 “ never-ending notes and passages, ces-  
 “ *notes qui ne finissent jamais*, only sur-  
 “ prise, and it is now time for you to  
 “ please; you are too lavish of the gifts  
 “ with which nature has endowed you;  
 “ if you wish to reach the heart, you

“ must take a more plain and simple road.” These few words brought about an entire change in his manner of singing; from this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the simple with the sublime, and, by these means, delighted as well as astonished every hearer.

In the year 1734, he came into England, where every one knows who heard, or has heard of him, what an effect his surprising talents had upon the audience: it was extacy! rapture! enchantment!

In the famous air *Son qual Nave*, which was composed by his brother, the first note he sung was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterwards diminished in the same manner to a mere point, that it was applauded for full five minutes. After this he set off with such brilliancy and rapidity of execution, that it was difficult for the violins of those days to keep pace with him. In short,  
 he

he was to all other singers as superior as the famous horse Childers was to all other running-horses ; but it was not only in speed that he excelled, for he had now every excellence of every great singer united. In his voice, strength, sweetness, and compass ; and in his stile, the tender, the graceful, and the rapid. Indeed he possessed such powers as never met before, or since, in any one human being ; powers that were irresistible, and which must have subdued every hearer ; the learned and the ignorant, the friend and the foe.

With these talents he went into Spain in the year 1737, with a full design to return into England, having entered into articles with the nobility, who had then the management of the opera, to perform the ensuing season. In his way thither he sung to the king of France at Paris, where, according to Riccoboni, he enchanted even the French themselves, who at that time universally abhorred Italian music ;

music; but the first day he performed before the king and queen of Spain, it was determined that he should be taken into the service of the court, to which he was ever after wholly appropriated, not being once suffered to sing again in public. A pension was then settled on him of upwards of 2000 l. sterling a year.

He told me, that for the first ten years of his residence at the court of Spain, during the life of Philip the Vth, he sung every night to that monarch the same four airs, of which two were composed by Hæsse, *Pallido il solo*, and *Per questo dolce amplesso*. I forget the others, but one was a minuet which he used to vary at his pleasure.

After the death of Philip the Vth, his favour continued under his successor Ferdinand the Vth, by whom he was dignified with the order of *Calatrava* in 1750; but then his duty became less constant and fatiguing, as he persuaded  
this

this prince to have operas, which were a great relief to him ; he was appointed sole director of those spectacles ; and had from Italy, the best composers and singers of the time, and Metastasio to write. He shewed me in his house four of the principal scenes in *Didone* and *Nitetti*, painted by Amiconi, who accompanied him first into England, and then into Spain, where he died.

When the present king of Spain ascended the throne, he was obliged to quit that kingdom, but a good pension is still continued, and he was allowed to bring away all his effects. The furniture of his house is very rich, as it is almost entirely composed of the presents he received from great personages. He seems very much to regret the being obliged to seek a new habitation, after having lived twenty-four years in Spain, where he had formed many friendships and connections that were dear to him ; and it is a great proof of the prudence and moderation of his



his character, that in a country and court, where jealousy and pride are so predominant, he continued so long to be the king's chief favourite, a distinction odious to every people, without the least quarrel or difference with any of the Spaniards.

When he returned into Italy in 1761, all his old friends, relations, and acquaintance were either dead or removed from the places where he had left them; so that he had a second life to begin, without the charms of youth to attach new friends, or his former talents to gain new protectors.

He says that Metastasio and he were twins of public favour, and entered the world at the same time, he having performed in that poet's first opera. When he shewed me his house, he pointed out an original picture, painted about that time, by Amiconi, in which are the portraits of Metastasio, of Farinelli himself, of Faustina, the famous singer, and of Amiconi.

From

From his conversation, there is reason to believe, that the court of Spain had fixed on Bologna for his residence ; though the Italian say that his first design was to settle at Naples, the place of his birth, but that he was driven from thence by the numerous and importunate claims of his relations : however that may be, he has a sister and two of her children with him, one of whom is an infant, of which he is doatingly fond, though it is cross, sickly, homely, and unamiable ; yet this is a convincing proof, among others, to me that he was designed by nature for family attentions and domestic comforts : In conversation he lamented his not being able, for political reasons, to settle in England ; for, next to Spain, that he said was the place in the world, where he should have wished to spend the remainder of his days.

He speaks much of the respect and gratitude he owes to the English. When I dined with him it was on an elegant service

vice of plate, made in England at the time he was there. He shewed me a number of pictures of himself, painted during that time, from one of which by Amiconi, there is a print. He has an English sweep-chimney boy playing with a cat, and an apple-woman with a barrow, by the same hand : he has likewise a curious English clock, with little figures playing in concert on the guitar, the violin, and violoncello, whose arms and fingers are always moved by the same pendulum.

His large room, in which is a billiard-table, is furnished with the pictures of great personages, chiefly sovereign princes, who have been his patrons, among whom are two emperors, one empress, three kings of Spain, two princes of Asturias, a king of Sardinia, a prince of Savoy, a king of Naples, a princess of Asturias, two queens of Spain, and Pope Benedict the XIVth. In other apartments there are several charming pictures, by Ximenes and  
Morillo,

Morillo, two Spanish painters of the first eminence, and Spagnolet.

He speaks of Sir Benjamin Keene with the highest respect and regard, and mentions his death, not only as a misfortune to the two courts of England and Spain, but as an irreparable loss to himself and all his friends. He shewed me several pictures painted in England, in the manner of Teniers, by a man, during the time he was in prison for debt; I forget his name; these, he said, Lord Chesterfield had given him in the politest manner imaginable.

Upon my expressing some desire to write his life, or, at least, to insert particulars of it in my history. "Ah," says he, by a modesty rather pushed too far, "if you have a mind to compose a good work, never fill it with accounts of such unworthy beings as I am." However, he furnished me with all the particulars concerning Domenico Scarlatti, which I desired, and dictated to me very obligingly,

ingly, while I entered them in my pocket-book.

He still retains a few words of the English language, which he had picked up during his residence in London, and entertained me a great part of the day with accounts of his reception and adventures there, he repeated a conversation which he had had with Queen Caroline about Cuzzoni and Faustina; and gave me an account of his first performance at court to his late majesty George the II<sup>d</sup>. in which he was accompanied on the harpsichord by the princess royal, afterwards princess of Orange, who insisted on his singing two of Handel's songs at sight, printed in a different clef, and composed in a different stile from what he had ever been used to. He told me of his journey into the country with the Duke and Dutchess of Leeds, and with Lord Cobham; of the feuds concerning the two operas; of the part which the late Prince of Wales took with that managed by the nobility:

mobility; and the Queen and Princess Royal with that which was under the direction of Händel.

He likewise confirmed to me the truth of the following extraordinary story, which I had often heard and never before credited. Senesino and Farinelli, when in England together; being engaged at different theatres on the same night, had not an opportunity of hearing each other, till; by one of those sudden stage-revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent; and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains: but, in the course of the first song, he so softened the obdurate heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage-character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him in his own.

Q

*Monday*

*Monday 22.* This day, after visiting the Institute, I waited on the *Dottoreffa Laura Bassi*, and met with a very polite and easy reception. Upon naming Padre Beccaria, and shewing his recommendation in my tablets, we were instantly good friends. This lady is between fifty and sixty; but though learned, and a genius, not at all masculine or assuming. We talked over the most celebrated men of science in Europe. She was very civil to the English, in eulogiums of Newton, Halley, Bradley, Franklin, and others. She shewed me her electrical machine and apparatus: the machine is simple, portable, and convenient; it consists of a plain plate of glass, placed vertically; the two cushions are covered with red leather; the receiver is a tin forked tube; the two forks, with pins at the ends, are placed next the glass plate. She is very dextrous and ingenious in her experiments, of which she was so obliging as to shew me several.

She

She told me that Signor Verati, her husband, immediately after Dr. Franklin had proved the identity of electrical fire and lightning, and published his method of preserving buildings from the effects of it, by iron rods, had caused conductors to be erected at the Institute: but that the people of Bologna were so afraid of the rods, believing they would bring the lightning upon them, instead of the contrary, that he was forced to take them down. Benedict XIV. one of the most enlightened and enlarged of the popes, a native, and in a particular manner the patron, as well as sovereign of Bologna, wrote a letter to recommend the use of these conductors; but it was so much against the inclination of the inhabitants of this city, that Signor Verati desisted entirely, and they have never since that time been used here.

There is an apparatus, and a room apart for electricity at the Institute, but the machines are old, and very inferior



to those in use at this time in England. It is remarkable that this university has no correspondence with England, nor is it able to purchase our Philosophical Transactions. The salaries are small, and the money allowed for the support of the Institute is all appropriated. This I was told by the Keeper or *Custode*, who shewed me the apartments. My visit to the learned Signora Bassi was very agreeable, and she was so obliging as to offer me a letter to Signor Fontana at Florence, one of the first mathematicians in Europe.

They speak much at Bologna of the *Bravi Orbi*, or excellent blind musicians, who were not in town when I was there; but all the masters admire them, in their way, very much, particularly Jomelli, who always sends for them, when in the same town, to play to him. They travel about in summer to Rome, Naples, and elsewhere; one plays on the violin, the other on the violoncello, and is called *Spacca Nota*, or Split Note.

*Tuesday*, being a festival, mass was performed in music at the church of the convent of St. Augustin. The composer was Signor Caroli, *Maestro di Capella del Duomo* of Bologna. There was a great band, but neither learning, taste, or novelty to recommend the music. It consisted of old passages, strung together in a heavy manner, without even the merit of a little pertness now and then to enliven it. And what rendered this music still more tiresome, was the singing, which was rather below mediocrity.

In the afternoon I went to take a melancholy leave of the Cavalier Farinelli. He kindly importuned me to stay longer at Bologna, and even chid me for going away so soon. I found him at his Raphael, and prevailed on him to play a good deal: he *sings* upon it with infinite taste and expression. I was truly sorry to quit this extraordinary and amiable person; he pressed me to write to him, if there

was any thing in Italy which he could procure or do for me. I staid with him till it was so late, that I was in danger of being shut out of the city of Bologna, the gates being locked every night as soon as it is dark.

By the advice of Padre Martini I staid at Bologna two days longer than I intended, in order to be present at a kind of trial of skill among such composers of this city as are members of the celebrated Philharmonic Society, founded in 1666.

There is an annual exhibition, or public performance, morning and evening, on the thirtieth of August, in the church of *S. Giovanni in Monte*\*. This year the

\* This church is rendered famous by the possession of two of the best pictures in Bologna, or, perhaps, in the world, the St. Cecilia of Raphael, and the Madonna of the Rosary of Dominichini. They are placed in two chapels, opposite to each other, between which, and in full view of these charming paintings, I had the advantage of sitting to hear the music.

*Prin-*

*Principe*, or President, was Signor Petronio Lanzi. The band was very numerous, consisting of near a hundred voices and instruments. There are two large organs in the church, one on each side of the choir; and, besides these, a small one was erected for the occasion, in front, just behind the composer and fingers. The performers were placed in a gallery, which formed a semi-circle round the choir.

In the *Messa* or Morning Service the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* were composed by Signor Lanzi, President for the second time. His music was grave and majestic; it opened with an introduction, by way of overture, of a considerable length, which afterwards served as an accompaniment to the voices in a very good chorus: there were likewise in it several pleasing airs, and a well-written fugue.

The *Graduale* was composed by Signor Antonio Caroli, in the same dry and uninteresting stile as the performance

mentioned above, which would have been thought trite and dull sixty years ago.

The *Credo* was composed by Signor Lorenzo Gibelli, a scholar of Padre Martini, which, in point of harmony, had its merit.

The morning service was finished by a symphony, with solo parts, by Signor Giovanni Piantanida, principal violin of Bologna, who really astonished me. This performer is upwards of sixty years of age, and yet has all the fire of youth, with a good tone, and modern taste; and, upon the whole, seemed to me, though his bow-hand has a clumsy and awkward look, more powerful upon his instrument than any one I had, as yet, heard in Italy.

In the *Vespero*, or evening service, the *Domine* was composed by Signor Antonio Fontana di Carpi, a priest, and was a pleasing performance, of one movement only.

The

The Abate Giancalisto Zanotti, nephew to the learned philosopher of that name, composed the *Dixit*; and in this performance there were all the marks of an original and cultivated genius. The movements, and even passages were well contracted; and, to make use of the language of painters, there were discernible in it, not only light and shade, but even *mezzotints*. He proceeded from one thing to another by such easy and insensible gradations, that it seemed wholly the work of nature, though conducted with the greatest art. The accompaniments were judicious, the ritornels always expressed *something*, the melody was new and full of taste, and the whole was put together with great judgment, and even learning. In short, I have very seldom in my life received greater pleasure from music than this performance afforded me; and yet the vocal parts were but indifferently executed, for at this time there were no great singers at Bologna, though

though there were two or three that were agreeable, particularly a *contralto*, Signor Cicognani, who, in a serious opera, would be a good second singer; and a *soprano*, Consoli, a boy of about thirteen or fourteen, with a very sweet, but feeble voice, who possessed great taste and expression. Signor Zanotti is a scholar of Padre Martini, and one of the *Maestri di Capella* in the church of S. Petronio.

The next composer who took upon him the direction of the orchestra, every author beat time to his own performance, was Signor Gabrielle Vignali. His part of the service was the *Confitebor*, which he had set in such an inoffensive manner, that the nicest judge could not be hurt by its faults, nor the most envious critic by its beauties.

*Beatus Vir* was set by D. Giuseppe Coretti, a venerable priest, who ranks very high in Bologna as a *contrapuntist*; indeed his music was very masterly, and, in  
found

found harmony, and regular modulation, had infinite merit.

*Laudate Pueri* was composed by Signor Bernardo Ottani, another scholar of Padre Martini, who is young, and a promising composer. There were many ingenious pretty things in his performance, as well as in that which followed, which was a hymn by Don Francesco Orsoni, a young priest, and scholar likewise of Padre Martini.

The whole was concluded by the *Magnificat* of Signor Antonio Mazzoni, second master of the *duomo* or cathedral, who is composer to the opera here, and has been in that character at Naples, Madrid, and Petersburg. He is said to have great fire and fancy, but in this performance, which was all chorus, they were not discoverable; the whole was founded upon a ground-base, which was played by all the instruments, and seemed laboured and constrained.

There



There were present at this exhibition all the critics of Bologna, and the neighbouring cities, and the church was extremely crowded. Upon the whole, I was very well entertained; and the variety of stile, and masterly composition were such as reflected honour, not only upon the Philharmonic Society, but upon the Society of Bologna itself, which has, at all times, been fertile in genius, and has given birth to a great number of men of abilities in all the arts.

I must acquaint my musical reader, that at the performance just mentioned, I met with M. Mozart and his son, the little German, whose premature and almost supernatural talents so much astonished us in London a few years ago, when he had scarce quitted his infant state. Since his arrival in Italy he has been much admired at Rome and Naples, has been honoured with the order of the *Speron d'Oro*, or Golden Spur, by

his Holiness, and was engaged to compose an opera at Milan for the next Carnival.

I cannot quit this city without returning once more to the good Padre Martini. After the musical performance above described, I went, by appointment, to his convent to bid him adieu, as I was to quit Bologna early the next morning. He waited for me in his study, it being late, and beyond the monastic hours of seeing company. He had kindly prepared for me recommendatory letters for Florence, Rome, and Naples; and had looked out still more curious books to shew me, of which I took the titles, in hopes of meeting with them some time or other.

He had told me, the day before, that, as he should not be present at the Philharmonic Meeting, he should rely on my judgment and account, how matters went off and were conducted; and now desired me to describe to him every single piece.

After

After doing this very faithfully, I was going to retire, when he says, "Won't you stay for the words to be written to these Canons?"—I had the day before sung with a young Franciscan, his scholar, out of a MS. book of an enormous size, filled with his Canons, several very pleasing ones for two voices only, of which I seemed to express a desire to have one or two copied, and this excellent father remembering it, had set a person to work for me, who was writing when I entered the study; but, as he had usually two or three *amanuenses* there, I did not mind him\*. At length we parted, on my side with sorrow, and on his with a recommendation to write to him often.

\* Padre Martini has composed an amazing number of ingenious and learned *canons*, in which every kind of intricacy and contrivance, that ever had admission into this difficult species of composition, has been happily subdued.

## F L O R E N C E.

This city has been longer in possession of music, if the poets and historians may be credited, than any other in Europe. Dante, who was a Florentine, born in 1265, speaks of the organ and lute as instruments well known in his time; and has taken an opportunity to celebrate the talents of his friend Casella, the musician, in the second canto of his *Purgatorio*.

The historian Villani, cotemporary with Petrarca, says that his *canzoni* were universally sung in Florence, by the old and the young of both sexes. And historians relate that *Lorenzo il Magnifico*, in Carnival time, used to go out in the evening, followed by a numerous company of persons on horseback, masked, and richly dressed, amounting sometimes to upwards of three hundred; and the same number on foot, with wax tapers burning in their hands. In this manner  
they

they marched through the city, till three or four o'clock in the morning, singing songs, ballads, madrigals, catches, or songs of humour upon subjects then in vogue, with *musical harmony*, in four, eight, twelve, and even fifteen parts; accompanied with various instruments; and these, from being performed in Carnival time, were called *Ganti Carnascialeschi* \*.

But even before this period the company of *Laudisti* or Psalm-singers, was formed; which has continued ever since; it is now called *La Compagnia*, and the morning after my arrival in Florence, between six and seven o'clock, they passed by the inn where I lodged, in grand procession; dressed in a whitish uniform, with burning tapers in their hands. They stopped at the *duomo*, or great church, just by, to sing a cheerful hymn; in three parts;

\* They were first collected and published by Anton-Francesco Grazzini, commonly called Il Lafca. Florence, 1559.

which

which they executed very well. In this manner, on Sundays and holidays, the trades-people and artizans form themselves into distinct companies, and sing through the streets, in their way to church. Those of the parish of S. Benedetto, we are informed by Crescimbeni, were famous all over Italy; and at the great Jubilee, in the beginning of this century, marched through the streets of Rome, singing in such a manner as pleased and astonished every body.

*September 3.* I went to the little theatre *di via Santa Maria*, to hear the comic opera of *La Pescatrice*, composed by Signor Piccini. There are but four characters in this drama, two of which were represented by Signora Giovanna Baglioni, and her sister Costanza, whom I had heard at Milan; the other two were Signor Paolo Bonaveri, a good tenor, and Signor Constantino Ghigi. Costanza Baglioni appeared here to much greater ad-

R

vantage

vantage than at Milan, where the theatre is of such a size as to require the lungs of a Stentor to fill it. She sung very well; her voice is clear, and always in tune, her shake open and perfect, and her taste and expression left nothing to wish in the songs she had to sing. She was extremely applauded; the house was very much crowded, the band was good, and the music worthy of Signor Piccini; full of that fire and fancy which characterise all the productions of that ingenious and original composer.

In the *duomo*, or a cathedral here, which is one of the largest churches in Italy, there is the finest toned organ I ever heard; whether, like St. Paul's, in London, it is meliorated by the magnitude and happy construction of the building, I cannot tell, but it pleased me exceedingly. It has moreover, the advantage of being very well played on by Signor Matucci, the present organist, whose stile is not only grave and suitable to the church, but  
learned

learned in modulation, and, in slow movements, truly pathetic.

M. de Maupertuis, in his voyage to the polar circle, was told by the Laplanders of a monument which they regarded as the most wonderful thing in their country: upon the merits of this report only, he says, he was almost ashamed to confess that he undertook a very fatiguing and dangerous journey to see it. Something of the same kind happened to me: in going to the opera, a second time, I was surprised to find the theatre almost empty; and, upon enquiry into the reason of it, I was told that the chief musicians, and the best company of Italy, were assembled at Figline, a town in the Upper Val d'Arno, about thirty miles from Florence, to celebrate a kind of jubilee, in honour of Santa Massimina, the protectress of that place; and I am almost ashamed to confess, that, without enquiring of persons well informed, I took upon trust this report, and travelled all night, in or-



der to be present at these games the next day.

I arrived at the place of action about seven o'clock in the morning, and found the road and town very full of country people, as at a wake in England, but saw very few carriages, or persons of rank and fashion; however, considerable preparations were making in the great square, for the diversions of the evening.

At eleven high mass was performed in the principal church, which was very much ornamented, and illuminated with innumerable wax tapers, which, together with the greatest crowd I ever was in, rendered the heat almost equal to that of the black-hole at Calcutta, and the consequences must have been as fatal, had not the people been permitted to go out as others pressed in; but neither religious zeal, nor the love of music, could keep any one long in the church who was able to get out. In short, the whole was a struggle between those whose curiosity  
made

made them strive to enter the church, and others whose sufferings and fear made them use every means in their power to get out.

By permitting myself to drive with the stream, I at length was carried to a tolerable place near one of the doors, where I had perseverance sufficient to remain during the whole service, as I was in constant expectation of being rewarded for my sufferings, by the performance of some great singer, whom I had not heard before; but in this I was disappointed, as all the vocal performers, except one \*, were very indifferent: the music, however, was very pretty; full of taste and fancy: it was composed by Signor Feroce, a Florentine. The principal violin was played by Signor Modele, who, with his son, played very neatly a duet concerto: after this the Abate Fibbietti sung a motet with such taste in the slow movements,

\* The Abate Fibbietti, an excellent tenor.

and fire in the quick, as were truly astonishing; his voice was sweet and clear, his intonations perfectly true; his expression and fancy charming, and he left nothing to wish, but a shake a little more open.

At four o'clock in the evening, the games began in the great square, which is a large piece of ground of an oblong form. There were 1500 peasants of the neighbourhood employed upon this occasion, who had been three months in training: they had the story of David and Goliath to represent, which was done with the most minute attention to the sacred story, and the *costume* of the ancients. The two armies of the Israelites and Philistines met, marching to the sound of ancient instruments such as the *crotolo* or cymbal, the *systrum*, and others: they were all dressed *all' antica*, even to the common men; the kings, princes, and generals, on both sides, were sumptuously clad

clad, and all on horseback, as were several hundreds of the troops.

The giant Goliath advanced and gave the challenge: the Israelites retreated in great consternation, till, at length, little David appears, and entreats Saul to let him be his champion, which request, after some time is granted; the rest of the story was well told, and it was so contrived, that after Goliath was stunned by the stone from David's sling, in cutting off his head with the Giant's own great sword, a quantity of blood gushed out, and many of the spectators shrieked with horror, supposing it to be the blood of the person who represented the champion of the Philistines. After this, there was a pitched battle between the two armies, and the Israelites, being victorious, brought David in triumph, at the head of the prisoners and spoils of the enemy, mounted on a superb chariot, in the ancient form.

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At Vespers I heard the same story *sung* in an oratorio, set by the Abate Feroce, in which Signor Fibbietti, the tenor, had a capital part, to which he did great justice; during this performance, the whole town was illuminated in an elegant manner, and there were very ingenious fireworks played off in the great square; and, in justice to the pacific disposition of the Tuscans, I must observe, that though there were at least 20,000 people assembled together on this occasion, without guards, yet not the least accident or disturbance happened. This may perhaps be owing, in some measure, to the peculiar sobriety of the Italians, as I do not remember to have seen one drunken person during the whole time I was in Italy.

It being impossible to procure a bed, if I would have paid eight or ten sequins for it, and the night being very fine, I set out at eleven o'clock for Florence, where

where I arrived at four the next morning; and though the musical performance at Figline was not what I had been made to expect, yet the rest was very superior and what I was not likely to meet with elsewhere; so that, upon the whole, I did not think the time spent in this excursion entirely lost,

*Wednesday, Sept. 6.* I was present at the performance of another opera, set by Piccini, called *Le Donne Vendicate*. There were in this drama but four characters, which were represented very well by the same persons as those in the *Pesatrice*. There are but two acts in any of the comic operas that have yet seen in Italy; but the dances, which are likewise two, may be called *balli pantomimi*, or pantomime entertainments, as they are each as long almost as an act of the opera. There are two or three charming airs in this burletta. Costanza Baglioni sung extremely well; and the tenor, who is a favourite here,

here, was very much applauded; but though a good singer, I neither think his voice or taste equal to those of Signor Lovattini.

*Friday, Sept. 7.* In the evening I heard vespers performed at the church of the Annunciation, by a great number of singers, priests, and laymen, accompanied only by a little organ, a violoncello, and two double basses. The music was in the old choral stile of the sixteenth century. After this *full* performance, in the great choir, there was other singing in different chapels of this beautiful church, by boys placed in different organ lofts, who were accompanied by tenor and base voices below.

*Saturday, Sept. 8.* This morning, there were no other instruments to accompany the voices in the same church than those which I had heard yesterday, though the day was a great festival: however, the

vocal performers were more numerous, and they sung a mass in eight parts, four on a side, very well; it was composed by Orazio Benevoli, of the Roman school, who flourished soon after Palestrina, and, for that time, and that kind of music, is excellent. There are no regular fugues, the subjects are changed with the words, and little or no effect is produced by the melody, when divided among so many parts; but the points and imitations *must* be short, or the movement would be endless. However, the effect of the *whole*, to lovers of harmony, is admirable.

After the services were ended, Signor Veroli, a very good *soprano*, sung a grave motet *a voce sola*. He is usually the first singer in the serious opera here, and has a very pleasing voice, with a considerable share of taste. The motet was composed by Padre Dreyer, *Maestro di Capella* of the *Annunciata*. He was formerly a famous singer at Dresden, with a *soprano* voice, but on account of the too great notice which



which was taken of him, by a person of distinction there, he was sent away, and has been many years established in this city: he is now in years; I had a long conversation with him, and found him very intelligent and obliging.

He says, that the music of Palestrina is used here on all days, except festivals; and upon my requesting him to favour me with a copy of the most celebrated composition performed in his church, he told me that it was the *Miserere* of *Allegri*, which is sung here, as in the Pope's chapel, only on good Fridays, and that it should be transcribed for me immediately: but as I had already obtained a copy of that famous composition from Padre Martini, who had one made by the express order of the late Pope, I declined the acceptance of his obliging offer.

In the evening I went again to the opera of *Le Donne Vendicate*, which I mention only because it gives me an opportunity of remarking the extraordinary  
good

good humour of an Italian audience; for this being the last night of the present company's performance, the crowd and applause were prodigious; printed sonnets, in praise of singers and dancers, were thrown from the slips, and seen flying about the house in great numbers, for which the audience scrambled with much eagerness, and at the close of all, it was rather acclamation than applause.

*Sunday, Sept. 9.* This morning I was at a very solemn service in the convent *delle Monache*, or nuns of the *Portico*, about a mile from Florence. This performance cost upwards of 300 sequins; it was to solemnise the last consecration of eight nuns; the archbishop was there, a great deal of the first company of Florence, and a very numerous band of vocal and instrumental performers. I had here the pleasure of hearing Signor Manzoli. In the first part of the mass, there was  
a trio

a trio between him, Signor Veroli, and the second *maestro* of the Nunziata, whose voice is a Baritono. The music of the mass was by Signor Soffi, of Lucca, but he not being present, Signor Veroli beat time to the chorusses. Besides the verses which Signor Manzoli sung in the mass, with which I was very much delighted, though his voice seemed less powerful, even in a small church, than when he was in England, he performed a charming motet, composed by Signor Monza of Milan.

Signor Guarducci, and Signor Ricciarelli, left Florence a few days only before my arrival there, otherwise I might have heard a duo sung by Signor Manzoli and Signor Guarducci, who performed together at a private concert: this was a loss the more to be regretted, as these two great performers are seldom in the same place, and very rarely sing together.

At present, though Florence does not abound in musical geniusses of it's own growth;

growth, yet it is very well supplied from other places; for, besides the performers above mentioned, Signor Campioni is settled here, as *maestro di Capella* to the grand duke; Signor Dottel, the celebrated performer on the German flute, is of his band, and Signor Nardini is engaged here, as principal violin, in the service of the same prince\*.

I heard likewise in this city a good performer on the double harp, Signora Anna Fond, from Vienna, who is in the service of the court; and my little countryman, Linley, who had been two years under Signor Nardini, was at Florence when I arrived there, and was universally admired. The *Tommasino*, as he is called, and the little Mozart, are talked of all over Italy, as the most promising geniusses of this age.

\* These three eminent masters, whose merit is well known to all Europe, have been lately tempted to quit Leghorn, by the munificence of the grand duke.

The comedy of *il Saggio Amico*, which I had seen at Brescia, was represented this evening at another theatre, larger and more splendid than that where I had seen the burlettas. I found so much company there, that it was impossible to procure a seat: the play was dull, but there was a Turkish dance between the acts, which lasted near half an hour: it was very ingenious, and the scenes and dresses were the most magnificent which I had ever seen in my life\*.

In my way to this theatre, just as it was growing dark, I met in the streets a company of *Laudisti*: they had been at Fiesole, and were proceeding in procession to their own little church. I had the curiosity to follow them, and procured a book of the words which they were singing†. They stopt at every church in

\* The price for the pit in this theatre, and for that of every comic opera in Italy, is one paul, amounting to almost six pence English.

† The title of these hymns runs thus, *Laudi da Cantarsi da' Fratelli della venerabil Compagnia di*  
their

their way, to sing a stanza in three parts ; and when they arrived at their own church, into which I gained admission, there was a band of instruments to receive them, who, between each stanza that they sung, played a symphony. They performed vespers in *Canto Fermo*, assisted by their chaplain: the whole was conducted with great decorum, and was certainly a very innocent amusement. Some of the companies of *Laudisti*, in Florence, have subsisted near five hundred years. I found a folio MS. of *Laudi Spirituali*, with the notes, in the Magliabecchi library, composed for the company of friars of the order of the *Umiliati*, and sung at the church of All Saints, Florence, 1336.

*Monday, Sept. 10.* This afternoon, I had the pleasure of hearing Signor Nardini, and his little scholar Linley, at a great concert, at the house of Mr. Hemp-

*Santa Maria Maddalena de' pazzi e San Giuseppe in Santa Maria in Campidoglio in Firenze, 1770.*

son, an English gentleman; where there was much company. This gentleman plays the common flute in a particular manner, improving the tone very much, by inserting a piece of sponge into the mouth-piece, through which the wind passes. He performed two or three difficult concertos, by Haffe, and Nardini, very well.

There was a person from Perugia, who played a solo on the *viola d'amore*, very agreeably; and Signor Nardini played both a solo and a concerto, of his own composition, in such a manner as to leave nothing to wish: his tone is even and sweet; not very loud, but clear and certain; he has a great deal of expression in his slow movements, which it is said, he has happily caught from his master Tartini. As to execution, he will satisfy and please more than surprize: in short, he seems the completest player on the violin in all Italy; and, according to my feelings and judgment, his stile

is delicate, judicious, and highly finished\*.

The Tommasino Linley played two concertos, very much in the manner of his master. Signor Nardini has a great number of young professors under his care, as his master, Tartini, used to have, among whom is a son of Mr. Agus, from England.

*Tuesday 11.* At another great *accademia*, at the house of Signor Domenico Baldigiani, I this evening met with the famous *Improvvisatrice*, Signora Maddalena Morelli, commonly called *La Corilla*, who is likewise a scholar of Signor Nardini, on the violin; and afterwards I was frequently at her house †. Besides

\* Whoever has heard the polished performance of the celebrated Signora Sirmen, may form a pretty just idea of Signor Nardini's manner of playing.

† She has, almost every evening, a *conversazione*, or assembly, which is much frequented by the foreigners, and men of letters, at Florence.



her wonderful talent of speaking verses *extempore* upon any given subject, and being able to play a *ripieno* part, on the violin, in concert, she sings with a great deal of expression, and has a considerable share of execution.

I was several times at the house of Signor Campioni, whose trios have been so well received in England. He is married to a lady who paints very well, and who is likewise a neat performer, on the harpsichord. He has the greatest collection of old music, particularly Madrigals, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Padre-Martini's excepted, that I ever saw: he has likewise himself composed a great deal for the church, since his establishment at Florence. He shewed me the score of a *Te Deum*, which he set for the birth of the grand duke's eldest daughter, full of curious canons, and ingenious contrivances: it was performed by a band of two hundred voices and instruments.

Among

Among the *Dilettanti*, at Florence, the Marquis of Ligneville is regarded as a good theorist and composer. He has set the hymn *Salve Regina* in *Canon*, for three voices. The music is neatly engraved, and copies of it are given to his friends. The Marquis was not in Florence during my residence there; however, I was presented with a copy of this curious piece, by a musician in the service of his excellence\*.

Mr. Perkins, an English gentleman, who has resided a considerable time in this city and in Bologna, is likewise a good musician. A letter from Padre

\* In the title page of this *Salve Regina*, the Marquis of Ligneville is stiled Prince of Conca, chamberlain to their Imperial Majesties, director of the music of the court in Tuscany, and member of the philharmonic society of Bologna. He is Prince of Conca, in the kingdom of Naples, by right of his mother; is son of the famous Marshal Ligneville, who was killed in the gardens of Colorno, a country house belonging to the Duke of Parma, during the war of 1733.

Martini procured me the honour of his acquaintance. This gentleman is entitled to my best acknowledgments for many musical curiosities, with which he was so kind as to furnish me; and among the rest, for an essay, of which he is himself the author, on the capacity and extent of the violoncello, in imitating the violin, flute, french-horn, trumpet, hautbois, and bassoon.

At Florence, I found the harpsichord of Zarlino, which is mentioned in the second part of his Harmonical Institutions, p. 140. This instrument was invented by Zarlino, in order to give the temperament and modulation of the three *genera*, the diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic; and was constructed, under his direction, in the year 1548, by Domenico Pesarese: it is now in the possession of Signora Moncini, widow of the late composer Piscetti. I copied Zarlino's instructions for tuning it, from his own hand-writing, on the back of the fore-board;

board; but I shall reserve them, and the particular description of this curious instrument, for the History of Music, to which they more properly belong.

The grand duke's gallery, the Pitti palace, the Lorenziana, the Magliabecchi, and the Rinuccini libraries, all furnished reflections and materials for my intended work; and the conversations with which I was honoured by Dr. Bicchierai, Dr. Perelli, professor of mathematics, Dr. Guadagni, professor of experimental philosophy, *il proposto* Dr. Foffi, Signor Bandini, librarian to the grand duke, and others; who facilitated my enquiries, and afforded me every opportunity for information that I could wish, rendered my residence, in this delightful city, to which all the arts have been so much and so long indebted, at once both pleasant and profitable.

## S I E N N A.

There had been an opera, in this city during the month of August, in which Signor Nicolini was the principal singer, and very much approved; but so capricious is public favour, that, with the same talents, the same voice, the same performers, and in the same compositions, he was totally disliked and neglected, at Lucca, in the month of September!

## M O N T E F I A S C O N E.

*September 18.* In my way to Rome, I visited Signor Guarducci, who has here built himself a very good house, and fitted it up in the English manner, with great taste. He had already been apprized of my journey into Italy, and received me in the politest manner imaginable. He was so obliging as to let me hear him, in a song of Signor Sacchini's composition, which he sung divinely. His voice, I think,

think, is more powerful than when he was in England, and his taste and expression seem to have received every possible degree of selection and refinement. He is a very chaste performer, and adds but few notes; those few notes, however, are so well chosen, that they produce great effects, and leave the ear thoroughly satisfied.

He has a winter-house in Florence, and has built this at Montefiascone, the place of his birth, to retire to in summer, and to receive his mother, and his brothers and sisters: it is charmingly situated, commanding, on one side, a fine prospect of the country, as far as Aquapendente, and a great part of the Lake of Bolsena; and, on the other, the hills of Viterbo, and the country leading to it.

He says that he has totally quitted the stage, and intends singing no more in public: this is a loss to Italy, as I find he is now allowed by the Italians the first place among all the singers of the present

present period; and, at Rome, they still speak of his performance, in Piccini's *Didone Abbandonata*, with rapture. Signor Guarducci, in a manner truly obliging, gave me letters to several eminent professors at Rome and Naples, and not only treated me with the greatest hospitality while under his roof, but loaded my chaise with exquisite wine, the produce of his own vineyard, and with other refreshments\*.

## R O M E.

It is impossible to approach this city the capital of the world, for such it *still* is with respect to the arts, without sensations which no other situation can excite. The remains of antiquity, like the Sibyls works of old, become of greater value the less there is of them. At a traveller's first entrance into Rome, every stone half devoured by time, or incrust-

\* The wine of Montefiascone is proverbially famous all over Italy.

ed with moss, is so interesting, that his curiosity is not to be satisfied but by a most minute examination of it; lest the precious fragments of some venerable pile, or the memorial of some illustrious achievement, should be passed unnoticed.

Though my views and expectations, on arriving in this city, were chiefly confined to antiquities, and the inedited materials with which the Vatican and other libraries might furnish me, relative to *ancient music*, yet I received great pleasure from the *modern*.

*September 21.* The day after my arrival, at his Grace the Duke of Dorset's, I heard Signor Celestini, the principal violin here, who is a very neat, and expressive performer: he was seconded by Signor Corri, who is an ingenious composer, and sings in a very good taste; there was likewise a good performer on the violoncello.

Signor



Signor Celestini played, among other things, one of his own solos, which was very pleasing, though extremely difficult, with great brilliancy, taste, and precision.

*Saturday, Sept. 22.* This evening Mr. Beckford, to whose zeal for the business in which I am embarked I have infinite obligations, made a concert for me, consisting of twelve or fourteen of the best performers in Rome; these were led by Signor Celestini. There were three voices, Signor Cristoforo, of the Pope's chapel, who sings very much in Guarducci's way, and is little inferior to him in delicacy; *il Grassetto*, a boy, who submitted to mutilation by his own choice, and against the advice of his friends, for the preservation of his voice, which is indeed a very good one, and he is, in other respects, a very pleasing singer; and a *buffo* tenor, a very comical fellow.

*Sep-*

*September 23.* I was introduced to Signor Crispi, a celebrated *Maestro di Cappella*, at whose house there was an *accademia* this evening, in which the vocal part was performed by his wife. This composer has an *accademia* at his house every Friday evening, at which there is usually a good band and much company.

*September 24.* There was a grand *Funzione* at the *Santi Apostoli*, on account of the reconciliation of the Pope and the King of Portugal. It was at this church that I first saw his Holiness, and a great number of Cardinals, and heard *Te Deum*. There were two large bands of music, and an immense crowd. The music was composed by Signor Mosi. Cristoforo sung charmingly; the airs were pretty, but the chorusses poor.

In the evening the outside of the cupola, church, and colonade of St. Peter, together with the Vatican palace, were finely illuminated, which affords a spectacle

tacle to the inhabitants of Rome, not to be equalled in the universe. And in the balconies, next to the street, at the palaces of most of the Cardinals, besides illuminations, there were concerts of very numerous bands of instrumental performers; but chiefly at the residence of the Portuguese Ambassador, where the hands employed amounted to above a hundred; and these continued their performance all night. However, this music, though in the open air, was too noisy for me, and I retreated from it early, in order to have my ears soothed with more placid sounds at the Duke of Dorset's concert.

*Tuesday 25.* I had this morning the honour of being presenting to Cardinal Alexander Albani, principal librarian to the Vatican, and *Prefetto*, or Governor of the Pope's chapel. His eminence received me in the most obliging and condescending manner imaginable, taking me  
by

by the hand, and saying, *Figlio mio, che volete?* “ My son, what do you wish I “ should do for you?” And upon my informing him of the views with which I came into Italy, and expressing a desire to be permitted to examine MSS. in the Vatican library, and in the archives of the pontifical chapel, relative to music, he said, “ You shall have the permission “ you desire, but write it down in the “ form of a memorial;” which being done, I had the honour of being presented to him a second time, when he called for his secretary, to whom he gave instructions to draw up an order, which he signed, and addressed to *Monsignore l'Arcivescovo di Apamea, prefetto della Vaticana*, to admit me into the Vatican library when I pleased, to let me see what books and MSS. I pleased, and to have copied what I pleased.

This is an important point gained, but, without the intelligence and assistance of the Abate Elie, one of the *custodi*,

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or keepers of the books of the Vatican, I should have been but little the better for the permission which I had obtained. For the MSS. in this celebrated library are so numerous, and many of them in such disorder, that to find the tracts I wished, would have been a work of years, had he not pointed them out\*. This gentleman employed five or six whole days in making a catalogue for me of all that the Vatican contained relative to my work; after which I regularly spent my mornings there, in reading and marking such things as I wished to have copied entirely, or from which I was desirous of extracts; and these my good friend the Abate undertook to transcribe for me while I went to Naples.

\* As yet there is no regular catalogue of the western MSS. in the Vatican library. One was made and printed some years ago, in fourteen volumes folio, of the eastern, but the author died before he had completed the work; and it has never since been resumed by any other.

During

During my first residence at Rome, I had so much to see, and so many enquiries to make, relative to ancient music, and spent so much time in the Vatican and other libraries, that I had but little to spare for the modern; however, that little was spent much to my satisfaction, in hearing public performances in the churches, and private concerts in the houses of several professors, as well as persons of distinction. But as many days were spent here in much the same manner, to avoid repetition, I shall, for the present, drop the journal file, and try to recollect the principal musical events which happened while I was at Rome, without attending to dates; and, in enumerating these I should think myself guilty of ingratitude, if I passed over in silence the countenance and assistance with which I was honoured by my own countrymen. I hope I shall therefore be pardoned the liberty of naming them occasionally, with the respect due to their

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rank

rank, and the services which I received from them.

And first, I cannot resist the vanity of saying, that I passed few nights at Rome without hearing music at the Duke of Dorset's; and that his grace had the goodness to contrive to have my curiosity gratified by something new and curious, either in composition or performance, at most of these concerts. It was here that I had an opportunity of meeting the best performers in Rome, at a time when the theatres were shut, and it would have been difficult to have heard them elsewhere.

To Mr. Leighton, whose performance and taste in music are superior to those of most gentlemen, I am indebted for some curious compositions, and for the conversation of several persons in Rome, eminent for their skill in the art, and learning in the science of sound; among whom were the Marchese Gabriele, and Monsignor Reggio.

To the counsel and assistance of those eminent antiquaries, Messieurs Jenkins, Morrison, and Hyers, I owe the greatest part of my original drawings of ancient instruments; and to their active friendship I likewise owe much of the pleasure and information which I received at Rome.

And now, having acknowledged these debts to my countrymen, I must again say, that the men of learning and genius among the Italians have, throughout my journey, treated me with the utmost hospitality and kindness, each seeming to strive who should most contribute to my information and amusement. For, except the civilities with which I was honoured at Venice and Florence by Mr. Riche, Sir Horace Mann, and Messieurs Perkins and Hempson, I owe all my information and entertainment, till my arrival at Rome, to the Italians themselves. Indeed, it was to them that I chiefly addressed myself, thinking it most profit-



able, both in point of language and information, to mix with the natives. But at Rome and Naples I met with so many English, and found them all so ready to countenance and assist me in my enquiries, that I had no occasion, or, indeed, time, to deliver several letters, with which I was furnished, to eminent persons, in the literary and musical world, at those two capitals.

However, among the Romans I must distinguish *il Cavalier Piranesi*, who gave me several drawings, and pointed out proper objects for others, of such ancient instruments as still subsist entire, among the best remains of antiquity; the *Abate Orsini*, a great collector of musical compositions and tracts, who, among other useful materials for my intended work, furnished me with a list and catalogue of all the musical dramas that have been performed at Rome, from the beginning of the last century to the present time; *Counsellor Reiffenstein*, who, though

though not a native of Rome, has lived so long there, and is possessed of so much learning and taste in the fine arts, that I found myself much enlightened by his conversation, and indebted to his zeal and intelligence for very singular services; and the Cavalier Santarelli, *Capellano di Malta* \*, and *Maestro di Capella* to his Holiness.

To Signor Santarelli I was favoured with a letter from Padre Martini, which had all the effect I could wish, as I soon found this excellent musician and worthy man, not only disposed to treat me with politeness, but even with friendship in the utmost extent of the word; he was the more able to render me real services in my musical enquiries, as, besides his station in the Pope's chapel, and his great skill and experience in the practical part, I found him deep in the theory, and learned in the history of his profession,

\* As *Capellano di Malta* he wears a small cross and an ivory star on his breast.

he having been many years employed in the following curious work, *Della Musica del Santuario e della Disciplina de' suoi Cantori*; or, an Historical Dissertation on Church Music.

This work is divided into different centuries since the time of our Saviour, as *secolo primo, sec. secondo; sec. terzo, &c.* giving authorities throughout, from ecclesiastical history, The first volume was printed in the year 1764, but has never yet been published; the second, in MS. is in great forwardness; it seems to supply all the deficiencies of another curious and scarce work on the same subject, published in 1711, called *Osservazioni per ben regolare il coro della Capella pontificia*; or, Rules for conducting the Choir of the Pope's Chapel, by Andrea Adamo; but the historical part of this book, beginning only at the year 1400, and ending in 1711, that of Signor Santarelli, which begins with the earliest ages of the church, and continues to the present time,

time, would certainly be a valuable acquisition to such lovers of church music as wish to trace it from its source.

It seems as if Signor Santarelli was prevented from publishing his work, by the want of a patron worthy of it. He is so sensible of the contempt with which music is treated at present, by the first dignitaries of the church, that he entertains but small hopes of the success of his book, though it has been a work of much time and labour, and seems worthy of the patronage and protection of his Holiness, for the use of whose servants, as well as for the service of music in general, it is in an eminent degree calculated.

Besides communicating to me his unpublished printed book, and the second volume in MS. Signor Santarelli obliged me with extracts from two MS. volumes of curious anecdotes, and passages from old and scarce books relative to music;

the whole collected in the course of many years conversation and reading. I must add to these favours, that of procuring me some of the most curious and scarce printed books which I sought at Rome: it was owing to his friendly zeal likewise, that, after three weeks spent in vain by myself and friends there, in search of the first *oratorio* that was ever set to music, I at length got a sight and copy of it; and, to crown the whole, he joined to all these benefits, not only that of furnishing me with a true and genuine copy of the famous *Miserere* of *Allegri*, but of all the compositions performed in the Pope's chapel during Passion Week; together with many of *Palestrina*, *Benevoli*, *Luca Marenza*, and others which have never been printed, nor have they ever been performed but in that chapel.

I was not more curious about the Vatican library, than the Pope's chapel, that celebrated sanctuary in which church music seems to have had it's birth, or at least

least to have received its first refinement; and concerning this chapel I was favoured with all the satisfaction I could wish from the Cavalier Santarelli.

In the Pope's, or Sistine chapel, no organ, or instrument of any kind, is employed in accompanying the voices, which consist of thirty-two; eight basses, eight tenors, eight counter-tenors, and eight *sopranos*, or trebles; these are all in ordinary: there is likewise a number of supernumeraries ready to supply the places of those who are occasionally absent, so that the singers are never fewer than thirty-two, on common days, but on great festivals they are nearly doubled\*.

The dress of the singers in ordinary, is a kind of purple uniform; their pay is not great, and at present musicians of superior merit, belonging to this establish-

\* Besides the supernumerary *expectants* of this chapel, many of the capital opera singers from other parts of Italy, are employed in Passion Week,

ment,

ment, meet with but little notice or encouragement, so that music here begins to degenerate and decline very much; to which the high salaries given to fine voices and singers of great abilities in the numerous operas throughout Italy, and, indeed, all over Europe, greatly contribute. By little and little, all those embellishments and refinements in the execution of ancient music, as well as the elegant simplicity for which that of this chapel is so celebrated, seem likely to be lost. Formerly, even the *Canto Fermo* was here infinitely superior to that of every other place, by its purity, and by the expressive manner in which it was chanted.

I had indeed been told, before my arrival at Rome, by a friend who had resided there nineteen years, that I must not expect to find the music of the Pope's chapel so superior in the performance to that of the rest of Italy, as it had been in times past, before operas were invented and such great salaries given to the principal singers;

singers; *then* the Pope's musicians being better paid, were consequently more likely to be possessed of abilities superior to those elsewhere; but, at present, this is not the case, and the consequence is obvious; their situation is somewhat similar to that of our choristers and choirmen in England, where their salaries remain at the original establishment, and at that point of perfection their performance seems to remain likewise; living is dearer; money of less value; more is given elsewhere; another profession is usually tacked to that of singing, in order to obtain a livelihood; and church music, of course, falls into decay, and goes from bad to worse, while that of the theatres receives daily improvements by additional rewards\*.

\* See remarks on Mr. Avison's Essay on Musical expression, published 1753, in which the author has well explained the causes of degeneracy in our church music, and the want of skill in the performers of it. With respect to these he says, "I believe  
" if



Signor Santarelli favoured me with the following particulars relative to the fa-

“ if the statutes of every cathedral were examined,  
 “ it would appear, that the salary allotted to each  
 “ member was exactly proportioned one to the other:  
 “ perhaps thus; to the chorister, or singing boy,  
 “ five pounds; to the singing man, ten; to the  
 “ minor canon, twenty; the organist the same;  
 “ to the canon or residentiary, forty; and to the  
 “ dean, eighty pounds *per annum*; which if mul-  
 “ tiplied by four, would make the first twenty, the  
 “ second forty, the third eighty, the fourth one  
 “ hundred and sixty, and the fifth three hundred  
 “ and twenty: this, with the chance of livings to  
 “ the clergy, would be a decent competency for  
 “ each in his station; and I may venture to affirm,  
 “ that the three former would be very well con-  
 “ tented with it: yet, even this increase will not  
 “ satisfy the two latter; but, without scruple or  
 “ remorse, they (by what authority I know not)  
 “ divide three fourths of the profits arising from  
 “ the portions allotted to their inferiors, among  
 “ themselves; a manifest abuse of the founder’s in-  
 “ tention, and injustice to the several incumbents:  
 “ hence a canonry comes to be valued at two hun-  
 “ dred, and a deanry at four hundred pounds *per*  
 “ *annum*; and if this computation over-rates the  
 “ value of some, others however must be allowed  
 “ to exceed it greatly.”

mous *Miserere* of *Allegri*\*. This piece, which, for upwards of a hundred and fifty years, has been annually performed in Passion Week at the Pope's chapel, on Wednesday and Good-Friday, and which, in appearance, is so simple as to make those, who have only seen it on paper, wonder whence its beauty and effect could arise, owes its reputation more to the manner in which it is performed, than to the composition: the same music is many times repeated to different words, and the singers have, by tradition, certain customs, expressions, and graces of convention, (*certe espressioni e Gruppi*) which produce great effects; such as swelling and diminishing the sounds altogether; accelerating or retarding the measure at some particular words, and

\* *Miserere mei, Deus, &c.* Have mercy upon me, O God! Ps. li. *Gregorio Allegri* was a relation of the famous painter Correggio, whose family-name was *Allegri*.

singing

singing some entire verses quicker than others. Thus far Signor Santarelli.

Let me add, from *Andrea Adami*, in the work mentioned above, that, “ After  
 “ several vain attempts by preceding  
 “ composers, for more than a hundred  
 “ years, to set the same words to the  
 “ satisfaction of the heads of the church,  
 “ Gregorio Allegri succeeded so well, as  
 “ to merit eternal praise; for with few  
 “ notes, well modulated, and well un-  
 “ derstood, he composed such a *Miserere*  
 “ as will continue to be sung on the same  
 “ days, every year, for ages yet to come;  
 “ and one that is conceived in such just  
 “ proportions as will astonish future  
 “ times, and ravish, as at present, the  
 “ soul of every hearer.”

However, some of the great effects produced by this piece, may, perhaps, be justly attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonies, used during the performance: the pope and conclave are all prostrated on the ground; the candles  
 of

of the chapel, and the torches of the balustrade, are extinguished, one by one; and the last verse of this Psalm is terminated by two choirs; the *Maeſtro di Capella* beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing or rather *extinguishing* the harmony, by little and little, to a perfect point\*.

It is likewise performed by select voices, who have frequent rehearsals, particularly on the Monday in Passion Week, which is wholly spent in repeating and polishing the performance.

This composition used to be held so sacred, that it was imagined excommunication would be the consequence of an attempt to transcribe it. Padre Martini told me that there were never more than three copies of it made by authority, one of which was for the Emperor Leopold,

\* Adami's instructions are these:—*Averta pure il Signor Maeſtro che l'ultimo verſo del Salmo terminat a due Cori, e però farà la Battuta Adagio, per finirlo Piano, smorzando a poco a poco l'Armania.*

Offerv. per reg. il coro della cap. pont. p. 36.

one for the late king of Portugal, and the other for himself: this last he permitted me to transcribe at Bologna, and Signor Santarelli favoured me with another copy from the archives of the Pope's chapel: upon collating these two copies, I find them to agree pretty exactly, except in the first verse. I have seen several spurious copies of this composition in the possession of different persons; in which the melody of the *soprano*, or upper part, was tolerably correct, but the other parts differed very much; and this inclined me to suppose the upper part to have been written from memory, which, being so often repeated to different words in the performance, would not be difficult to do, and the other parts to have been made to it by some modern contrapuntist afterwards.

Before I quit a subject so interesting to the lovers of church music, I shall add the following anecdote, with which I was likewise furnished by Signor Santarelli.

The

The Emperor Leopold the first, not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador, at Rome, to entreat the Pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of *Allegri*, for the use of the Imperial chapel at Vienna; which being granted, a copy was made by the *Signor Maestro* of the Pope's chapel, and sent to the Emperor, who had then in his service some of the first fingers of the age; but, notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, this composition was so far from answering the expectations of the Emperor and his court, in the execution, that he concluded the Pope's *Maestro di Capella*, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition\*.

\* Signor Santarelli's words were these: — *Quantunque cantato da Musici souviffimi, fece alla Corte di Vienna la misera comparfa di un sempliciſſimo falſo Bordon.*

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Upon

Upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to his Holiness, with a complaint against the *Maestro di Capella*, which occasioned his immediate disgrace, and dismissal from the service of the papal chapel; and in so great a degree was the Pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a long time, he would neither see him, nor hear his defence; however, at length, the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his Holiness, that the stile of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught or transmitted to any other place, but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect, when performed elsewhere.

His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in dif-

different places ; however, he ordered his *Maeſtro di Capella* to write down his defence, in order to be ſent to Vienna, which was done ; and the Emperor, ſeeing no other way of gratifying his wiſhes with reſpect to this compoſition, begged of the Pope, that ſome of the muſicians in the ſervice of his Holineſs, might be ſent to Vienna, to inſtruct thoſe in the ſervice of his chapel how to perform the *Miferere* of Allegri, in the ſame expreſſive manner as in the Siftine chapel at Rome ; which was granted. But, before they arrived, a war broke out with the Turks, which called the Emperor from Vienna ; and the *Miferere* has never yet, perhaps, been truly performed, but in the Pope's chapel.

I viſited ſeveral times, while I was at Rome, Signor Mazzanti, who not only ſings with exquisite taſte, but is likewiſe an excellent muſician. He is both a reader and a writer on the ſubject of muſic, as well as a conſiderable collector



of books and manuscripts. The richness of his taste, in singing, makes ample amends for the want of force in his voice, which is now but a thread. He has a great collection of Palestrini's compositions, and furnished me with several of them, which I could not get elsewhere. Signor Mazzanti is famous for singing the poem of Tasso to the same melody as the Gondoliers of Venice. This he does with infinite taste, accompanying himself on the violin, with the harmony of which he produces curious and pleasing effects. I prevailed on him to write me down the original melody, in order to compare it with one that I took down at Venice, while it was singing on the great canal.

He has composed many things himself, such as operas and motets for voices; and trios, quartets, quintets, and other pieces for violins. He plays pretty well on the violin, and is in possession of the most beautiful and perfect *Steiner* I ever saw. He has advanced very far in the theory of music;

music; has made, by way of study, an abridgment of the modulation of Palestrini, which is well selected and digested; and he shewed me a considerable part of a musical treatise, in manuscript, written by himself.

At Rome I also had frequent conversations with Rinaldo di Capua, an old and excellent Neapolitan composer. He is the natural son of a person of very high rank in that country, and at first only studied music as an accomplishment; but being left by his father with only a small fortune, which was soon dissipated, he was forced to make it his profession. He was but seventeen when he composed his first opera at Vienna. I have often received great pleasure from his compositions; he is not in great fashion at present, though he composed an *intermezzo* for the *Capranica* theatre at Rome, last winter, which had great success. He is very intelligent in conversation; but, though a good-natured man, his opinions are rather

rather singular and severe upon his brother composers.

He thinks that they have nothing left to do now, but to write themselves and others over again; and that the only chance which they have left for obtaining the reputation of novelty and invention, arises either from ignorance or want of memory in the public; as every thing, both in melody and modulation, that is worth doing, has been often already done. He includes himself in the censure; and frankly confesses, that though he has written full as much as his neighbours, yet out of all his works, perhaps not above *one* new melody can be found, which has been wire-drawn in different keys, and different measures, a thousand times.

And as to modulation, it must be always the same, to be natural and pleasing; what has not been given to the public being only the refuse of thousands, who have tried and rejected it, either

either as impracticable or displeasing. The only opportunity a composer has for introducing new modulation in songs, is in a short second part, in order to *fright* the hearer back to the first, to which it serves as a foil, by making it comparatively beautiful. He likewise censures with great severity the noise and tumult of instruments in modern songs.

Signor Rinaldo di Capua has at Rome the reputation of being the inventor of accompanied recitatives; but in hunting for old compositions in the archives of S. Girolamo della Carità, I found an oratorio by Aleffandro Scarlatti, which was composed in the latter end of the last century, before Rinaldo di Capua was born, and in which are *accompanied recitatives*. But he does not himself pretend to the invention; all that he claims is the being among the first who introduced long *ritornellos*, or symphonies, into the recitatives of strong passion and distress, which express or imitate what

it would be ridiculous for the voice to attempt. There are many fine scenes of this kind in his works, and Haffe, Galluppi, Jomelli, Piccini, and Sacchini, have been very happy in such interesting and often sublime compositions.

In the course of a long life Rinaldo di Capua has experienced various vicissitudes of fortune; sometimes in vogue, sometimes neglected. However, when he found old age coming on, he collected together his principal works, such as had been produced in the zenith of his fortune and fancy; thinking these would be a resource in distressful times. These times came; various misfortunes and calamities befel him and his family, when, behold, this resource, this sole resource, the accumulated produce of his pen, had, by a graceless son, been sold for waste paper!

The Roman performers from whom I received the greatest pleasure, were, in the vocal, Signor Cristoforo, of the Pope's chapel,

chapel, for voice and high finishing; Signor Mazzanti for taste and knowledge of music; La Bicchelli, commonly called the *Miniatrice*\*, for brilliancy and variety of stile; and the eldest daughter of the celebrated painter Cavalier Battoni, a *dilettante*, and scholar of Signor Santarelli, for art where no art appears, and for that elegant simplicity, and truly pathetic expression, which cannot be defined.

The best violin performers were, Signor Celestini, whom I before mentioned; Signor Niccolai, a worthy scholar of Tartini; and Signor Ruma, a young man whom I frequently heard at Signor Crispi's concerts, who plays with great facility and neatness.

The Abate Roffi is reckoned the neatest harpsichord player at Rome; and Signor Crispi, without pretension, is a good performer on that instrument. But,

\* Her profession at this time was not music, but painting in miniature. She is since married to Signor Corri.

to say the truth, I have neither met with a *great* player on the harpsichord, nor an *original* composer for it throughout Italy\*. There is no accounting for this but by the little use which is made of that instrument there, except to accompany the voice. It is at present so much neglected both by the maker and player, that it is difficult to say whether the instruments themselves, or the performers are the worst.

To persons accustomed to English harpsichords, all the keyed instruments on the continent appear to great disadvantage. Throughout Italy they have generally little octave spinnets to accompany singing, in private houses, sometimes in a triangular form, but more frequently in the shape of our old virginals; of which the keys are so noisy, and the tone is so feeble, that more wood is heard than

\* It seems as if Alberti was always to be pillaged or imitated in every modern harpsichord lesson.

wire. The best Italian harpsichord which I met with for touch, was that of Signor Grimani at Venice; and for tone, that of Monsignor Reggio at Rome; but I found three English harpsichords in the three principal cities of Italy, which are regarded by the Italians as so many phenomena. One was made by Shudi, and is in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton at Naples. The other two, which are of Kirkman's make, belong to Mrs. Richie at Venice, and to the Hon. Mrs. Earl, who resided at Rome when I was there.

But with regard to the organ, I have frequently heard it judiciously and spiritedly played in Italy. At Milan, San Martini has a way peculiar to himself of touching that instrument, which is truly masterly and pleasing. The first organists of St. Marc's church at Venice, of the Duomo at Florence, and of St. John Lateran at Rome, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, are very  
 supe-



superiour in their performance to most others that I have heard on the continent. But, in general, the best organists in Italy are the monks and friars, many of whom I have heard play in the churches and chapels of their own convents, not only in a masterly, but a brilliant and modern manner, without forgetting the genius of the instrument. And some of the girls of the Venetian Conservatorios, as well as the nuns in different parts of Italy, play with rapidity and neatness in their several churches; but there is almost always a want of force, of learning, and courage in female performances, occasioned, perhaps, by that feminine softness, with which, in other situations, we are so enchanted.

Having heard the most eminent performers, conversed with the principal theorists and composers, found many of the books, manuscripts, and antiquities which I had sought, and explained my wants with regard to the rest, to several friends

friends at Rome, who kindly promised me their assistance in supplying them during my absence; I set off for Naples on Sunday evening, the fourteenth of October.

### N A P L E S.

I entered this city, impressed with the highest ideas of the perfect state in which I should find practical music. It was at Naples only that I expected to have my ears gratified with every musical luxury and refinement which Italy could afford. My visits to other places were in the way of *business*, for the performance of a *task* I had assigned myself; but I came hither animated by the hope of pleasure. And what lover of music could be in the place which had produced the two Scarlattis, Vinci, Leo, Pergolese, Porpora, Farinelli, Jomelli, Piccini, Traetta, Sacchini, and innumerable others of the first eminence among composers and performers, both vocal and instrumental, without the most sanguine

sanguine expectations? How far these expectations were gratified, the Reader will find in the course of my narrative, which is constantly a faithful transcript of my feelings at the time that I entered them in my journal, immediately after hearing and seeing, with a mind not conscious of any prejudice or partiality.

I arrived here about five o'clock in the evening, on Tuesday, October 16, and at night went to the *Teatro de' Fiorentini*, to hear the comic opera of *Gelofia per Gelofia*, set to music by Signor Piccini. This theatre is as small as Mr. Foote's in London, but higher, as there are five rows of boxes in it. Notwithstanding the court was at Portici, and a great number of families were at their *Villeggiatura's*, or country-houses, so great is the reputation of Signor Piccini, that every part of the house was crowded. Indeed this opera had nothing else but the merit and reputation of the composer

poser to support it, as both the drama and singing were bad. There was, however, a comic character performed by Signor Cafaccia, a man of infinite humour; the whole house was in a roar the instant he appeared; and the pleasantry of this actor did not consist in buffoonery, nor was it local, which in Italy, and, indeed, elsewhere, is often the case; but was that of original and general sort as would excite laughter at all times and in all places.

The airs of this burletta are full of pretty passages, and, in general, most ingeniously accompanied: there was no dancing, so that the acts, of which there were three, seemed rather long.

There are three Conservatorios in this city, for the education of *boys* who are intended for the profession of music, of the same kind with those of Venice, for *girls*. As the scholars in the Venetian Conservatorios have been justly celebrated for their taste and neatness of execution,

so

so those of Naples have long enjoyed the reputation of being the first *contrapuntists*, or composers, in Europe.

*Wednesday 17.* This afternoon I went to hear a musical performance at the church of the Franciscans, where the three Conservatorios were to furnish music and musicians for a great festival of eight successive days, morning and evening\*. This is a large handsome church, but too much ornamented. The architecture seems to be good, but it is so be-gilt that it almost blinded me to look at it; and in the few interstitial parts where there is no gold, tawdry flowers are painted in abundance.

The band was numerous, consisting of above a hundred voices and instru-

\* It is by this performance that the Conservatorios hold their charters; and, in consideration of the boys playing gratis, they are exempted by the King from all taxes upon wine and provisions, which are paid by the other inhabitants of Naples.

ments.

ments. They were placed in a long occasional gallery, totally covered with gold and silver gilding; but though the band seemed to be a very good one, and the leader was very careful and attentive, yet the distance of some of the performers from the others, rendered it almost impossible that the time should be always exactly kept.

The composition was by Signor Genaro Manni, and in many movements admirable; he attended himself in order to beat the time. The opening was in a rough stile; after which this species of overture was made an accompaniment to a chorus, which was well written. Several airs and a duet succeeded, which pleased me extremely; there was fancy and contrivance; light and shade; and though the singing was not of the first class, yet there was a counter-tenor and a base which I liked very much.

The counter-tenor had one of the most powerful voices I ever heard; he made

his way through the whole band, in the loudest and most tumultuous parts of the chorusses. When he had an air to sing alone, his shake was good, and his stile plain, but his *portamento* was a little deficient, and rather favoured of what we call in England the cathedral manner of singing, through the throat. The air which was given to the bass was as ingeniously written as any I ever heard; the accompaniments were full, without destroying the melody of the voice parts; instead of shortening or mutilating its passages, the instruments seemed to continue and finish them, giving the singer time for respiration. In a duet between two *sopranos*, the accompaniments were likewise admirable; as they were in a chorus which had many solo parts in it.

After this the author did not seem to be so happy. There were some trifling, and some heavy movements; in the former of which there was no other novelty than that of throwing the ac-

cent upon the wrong note ; for instance, upon the second instead of the first ; or, in common time, upon the fourth instead of the third. This may have its merit in comic operas, where some humour is seconded by it, but surely such a poor expedient is beneath the dignity of church music, where a grave and majestic stile should be preserved, even in rapid movements. But the same rage for novelty, which has occasioned such sudden revolutions in the music of Italy, gives birth, sometimes, to strange *concerti*.

The national music here is so singular, as to be totally different, both in melody and modulation, from all that I have heard elsewhere. This evening in the streets there were two people singing alternately ; one of these Neapolitan *Canzoni* was accompanied by a violin and *calascione*\*. The singing is noisy

\* The Calascione is an instrument very common at Naples ; it is a species of guitar, with only two strings, which are tuned fifths to each other.



and vulgar, but the accompaniments are admirable, and well performed. The violin and calascione parts were incessantly at work during the song, as well as the ritornels. The modulation surprised me very much : from the key of A natural, to that of C and F, was not difficult or new ; but from that of A, with a sharp third, to E flat, was astonishing ; and the more so, as the return to the original key was always so insensibly managed, as neither to shock the ear, nor to be easily discovered by what road or relations it was brought about.

*Thursday* 18. I was very happy to find, upon my arrival at Naples, that though many persons to whom I had letters, were in the country, yet Signor Jomelli and Signor Piccini were in town. Jomelli was preparing a serious opera for the great theatre of San Carlo, and Piccini had just brought the burletta on the stage which I have mentioned before.

This

.. This morning I visited Signor Piccini, and had the pleasure of a long conversation with him. He seems to live in a reputable way, has a good house, and many servants and attendants about him. He is not more than four or five and forty; looks well, has a very animated countenance, and is a polite and agreeable little man, though rather grave in his manner for a Neapolitan possessed of so much fire and genius. His family is rather numerous; one of his sons is a student in the university of Padua.

After reading a letter which Mr. Giardini was so obliging as to give me to him, he told me that he should be extremely glad if he could be of any use either to me or my work. My first enquiries were concerning the Neapolitan Conservatorios; for he having been brought up in one of them himself, his information was likely to be authentic and satisfactory. In my first visit I confined my

X 3

questions

questions chiefly to the four following subjects :

1. The antiquity of these establishments.
2. Their names.
3. The number of masters and scholars.
4. The time for admission, and for quitting these schools.

To my first demand, he answered, that the Conservatorios were of ancient standing, as might be seen by the ruinous condition of one of the buildings, which was ready to tumble down\*.

To my second, that their names were *S. Onofrio, La Pietà, and Santa Maria di Loreto.*

To my third question he answered, that the number of scholars in the first Conservatorio is about ninety, in the second a

\* I afterwards obtained, from good authority, the exact date of each of these foundations ; their fixed and stated rules, amounting to thirty-one : and the orders given to the Rectors for regulating the conduct and studies of the boys, every month in the year.

hundred and twenty, and in the other, two hundred.

That each of them has two principal *Maestri di Capella*, the first of whom superintends and corrects the compositions of the students; the second the singing, and gives lessons. That there are assistant masters, who are called *Maestri Secolari*; one for the violin, one for the violoncello, one for the Harpsichord, one for the hautbois, one for the french-horn, and so for other instruments.

To my fourth enquiry he answered, that boys are admitted from eight or ten to twenty years of age; that when they are taken in young they are bound for eight years; but, when more advanced, their admission is difficult, except they have made a considerable progress in the study and practice of music. That after boys have been in a Conservatorio for some years, if no genius is discovered, they are dismissed to make way for others. That some are taken in as pensioners,

sioners, who pay for their teaching : and, others, after having served their time out, are retained to teach the rest ; but that in both these cases they are allowed to go out of the Conservatorio at pleasure.

I enquired throughout Italy at what place boys were chiefly qualified for singing by castration, but could get no certain intelligence. I was told at Milan that it was at Venice ; at Venice, that it was at Bologna ; but at Bologna the fact was denied, and I was referred to Florence ; from Florence to Rome, and from Rome I was sent to Naples. The operation most certainly is against law in all these places, as well as against nature ; and all the Italians are so much ashamed of it, that in every province they transfer it to some other.

“ Ask where’s the North ? at York, ’tis on the  
Tweed ;

“ In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,

“ At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows  
where.”

*Pope’s Eff. on Man.*

However,

: However, with respect to the Conservatorios at Naples, Mr. Jemineau, the British consul, who has so long resided there, and who has made very particular enquiries, assured me, and his account was confirmed by Dr. Cirillo, an eminent and learned Neapolitan physician, that this practice is absolutely forbidden in the Conservatorios, and that the young *Castrati* came from Leccia in Puglia; but, before the operation is performed, they are brought to a Conservatorio to be tried as to the probability of voice, and then are taken home by their parents for this barbarous purpose. It is said, however, to be death by the laws to all those who perform the operation, and excommunication to every one concerned in it, unless it be done, as is often pretended, upon account of some disorders which may be supposed to require it, and with the consent of the boy. And there are instances of its being done even at the request

request of the boy himself, as was the case of the Grassetto at Rottne.

But as to these previous trials of the voice, it is my opinion that the cruel operation is but too frequently performed without trial, or at least without sufficient proofs of an improvable voice; otherwise such numbers could never be found in every great town throughout Italy, without any voice at all, or at least without one sufficient to compensate such a loss. Indeed all the *musici*\* in the churches at present are made up of the refuse of the opera houses, and it is very rare to meet with a tolerable voice upon the establishment in any church throughout Italy. The *virtuosi* who sing there occasionally, upon great festivals only, are usually strangers, and paid by the time.

I went again this afternoon to the Franciscan's church, where there was a larger

\* The word *musico*, in Italy, seems now wholly appropriated to a singer with a *soprano* or *contralto* voice, which has been preserved by art.

band than the day before. The whole Conservatorio of the *Pietà*, consisting of a hundred and twenty boys, all dressed in a blue uniform, attended. The *Sinfonia* was just begun when I arrived; it was very brilliant, and well executed: then followed a pretty good chorus; after which, an air by a tenor voice, one by a *soprano*, one by a *contralto*, and another by a different tenor; but worse singing I never heard before, in Italy; all was unfinished and *scholar-like*; the closes stiff, studied, and ill executed; and nothing like a shake could be mustered out of the whole band of singers. The *soprano* forced the high notes in a false direction, till they penetrated the brain of every hearer; and the base singer was as rough as a mastiff, whose barking he seemed to imitate. A young man played a solo concerto on the bassoon, in the same incorrect and unmasterly manner, which drove me out of the church before the vespers were finished.

From



From hence I went directly to the comic opera, which, to-night, was at the *Teatro Nuovo*. This house is not only less than the *Fiorentini*, but is older and more dirty. The way to it, for carriages, is through streets very narrow, and extremely inconvenient. This burletta was called *Le Trame per Amore*, and set by Signor Giovanni Paesello, *Maestro di Capella Napolitano*. The singing was but indifferent; there were nine characters in the piece, and yet not one good voice among them; however, the music pleased me very much; it was full of fire and fancy, the ritornels abounding in new passages, and the vocal parts in elegant and simple melodies, such as might be remembered and carried away after the first hearing, or be performed in private by a small band, or even without any other instrument than a harpsichord.

This is seldom the case in modern opera songs, so crowded is the score and  
the

the orchestra. Indeed Piccini is accused of employing instruments to such excess, that in Italy no copist will transcribe one of his operas without being paid a sequin more than for one by any other composer. But in burlettas he has generally bad voices to write for, and is obliged to produce all his effects with instruments; and, indeed, this kind of drama usually abounds with brawls and *squabbles*, which it is necessary to enforce with the orchestra.

The overture to the burletta of tonight, consisting of one movement only, was quite comic, and contained a perpetual succession of pleasant passages. There was no dancing, which made it necessary to spin the acts out to rather a tiresome length. The airs were much applauded, though it was the fourteenth representation of the opera. The author was engaged to compose for Turin, at the next carnival, for which place he set out while I was at Naples. The performance  
began.

began about a quarter before eight, and continued till past eleven o'clock.

*Friday 19.* This evening I went a third time to the church of San Francisco, and heard the performance of the scholars of another Conservatorio, *Santa Maria di Loreto*. They appeared all in a white uniform, with a black kind of sash. The singing was a little better than the day before, but the instruments were hardly so good. The first air, after a spirited overture and chorus, was sung by an inoffensive tenor; then another by a *soprano*, not quite so; after which, a third air by a base voice, the direct contrary of inoffensive. Such a bawling Stentor, with a throat so inflexible, sure never existed before. The divisions were so rough and so strongly marked, that they became quite grotesque and ridiculous; if it had not been for the serious effect which his performance had on the melancholy audience, no one could possibly

ably have supposed it to be serious. A solo on the coarsest double bass that was ever played upon, would have been mellifluous, by comparison.

After him, a middling counter-tenor sung, which even so strong a foil could not make agreeable; and then another *soprano*, not at all a hopeless subject: his voice was well toned, and he had a little improvable shake. In short, this was the only promising singer that I had heard for two days. But to the bad voices, so slovenly, ignorant, and unfinished a manner was added, that the people were sung out of the church as fast as they came in. There was a young man who played solo parts in the ritornels with a kind of clarinet, which they call at Naples a *vox humana*; another on the trumpet, and a third on the hautbois; but in an incorrect and uninteresting manner. The boys who sung had very poor cadences to their songs, which,

as they usually had second parts, were always repeated in the *da capo*.

*Saturday, 20.* This morning I heard, at the same church, the boys of the Conservatorio of *St. Onofrio*, who wear a white uniform. The performance was much the same as that of the other two. These seminaries, which have heretofore produced such great professors, seem at present to be but low in genius. However, since these institutions, as well as others, are subject to fluctuations, after being languid for some time, like their neighbour Mount Vesuvius, they will, perhaps, blaze out again with new vigour.

*Sunday 21, and Monday 22,* were spent in visiting the environs of Naples. However, I arrived in town soon enough on Monday night to hear Pacifiello's opera, a second time, at the *Teatro Nuovo*. It pleased me full as much now

as before, and in the same places. The overture still seemed comic and original, the airs far from common, though in general plain and simple. If this composer has any fault, it is in repeating passages too often, even to five or six times, which is like driving a nail into a plastered wall; two or three strokes fix it better than more, for after that number, it either grows loose, or recoils; thus an energy is often given by reiterated strokes on the tympanum; but too often repeated, they not only cease to make any further impression, but seem to obliterate those already made. I still think this opera too long for want of the *intermezzi* of dancing\*.

*Tuesday 23.* This evening hearing in the street some genuine Neapolitan singing, accompanied by a *calascioncino*, a

\* I was afterwards informed that dancing is not allowed in any other theatre at Naples than that of San Carlo, which is the theatre royal.

mandoline, and a violin; I sent for the whole band up stairs, but, like other street music, it was best at a distance; in the room it was coarse, out of tune, and out of harmony; whereas, in the street, it formed the contrary of all this: however, let it be heard where it will, the modulation and accompaniment are very extraordinary.

In the canzone of to-night they began in A natural, and, without well knowing how, they got into the most extraneous keys it is possible to imagine, yet without offending the ear. After the instruments have played a long symphony in A, the singer begins in F, and stops in C, which is not uncommon or difficult; but, after another ritornel, from F, he gets into E flat, then closes in A natural; after this there were transitions even into B flat, and D flat, without giving offence, returning, or rather *sliding* always into the original key of A natural, the instruments moving the whole time in quick notes,

notes, without the least intermission. The voice part is very slow, a kind of psalmody; the words, of which there are many stanzas to the same air, are in the Neapolitan language, which is as different from good Italian, as Welsh from English. It is a very singular species of music, as wild in modulation, and as different from that of all the rest of Europe as the Scots, and is, perhaps, as ancient, being among the common people merely traditional. However, the violin player wrote down the melody of the voice part for me, and afterwards brought me something like the accompaniment; but these parts have a strange appearance when seen on paper together. I heard these musicians play a great number of Neapolitan airs, but all were different from other music.

A little before Christmas musicians of this sort come from Calabria to Naples, and *their* music is wholly different from this: they usually sing with a



guitar and violin, not on the shoulder, but hanging down. Paefiello had introduced some of his music into his comic opera, which was now in run. Signor Piccini promised to procure me some of these wild national melodies.

Another sort is peculiar to Puglia, with which the people are set a-dancing and sweating, who either have, or would be thought to have been bitten by the tarantula. Of this music Dr. Cirillo procured me a specimen. Signor Serrao, in a dissertation on the subject, and Dr. Cirillo, who has made several experiments, in order to determine the fact, are both of opinion that the whole is an imposition, practised by the people of Apulia, to gain money: that not only the cure but the malady itself is a fraud. Dr. Cirillo assured me that he had never been able to provoke the tarantula either to bite himself or others upon whom he had repeatedly tried the experiment\*.

\* This account may perhaps diminish the honour of music, by augmenting the number of

However, the whole is so thoroughly believed by some innocent people in the country, that when really bitten by other insects, or animals that are poisonous, they take this method of dancing, to a particular tune, till they sweat; which, together with their faith, sometimes makes them whole. They will continue the dance, in a kind of frenzy, for many hours, even till they drop down with fatigue and lassitude.

*Wednesday 24.* I went again this evening to Piccini's opera, but was too late for the overture; the house was very full, and the music pleased me more than the first time. The airs are not so familiar as those in Paefiello's opera, yet there is much better writing in them; and there are some accompanied recitatives, in the ritornels of which, though several different parts are going on at the same time, there is a

sceptics, as to its *miraculous powers*; yet truth requires it should be given.

clearness, and, if it may be so called, a *transparency*, which is wonderful. The singing, as I before observed, is wretched; but there is so much *vis comica* in Casaccia, that his singing is never thought of; yet, for want of dancing, the acts are necessarily so long, that it is wholly impossible to keep up the attention; so that those who are not talking, or playing at cards, usually fall asleep.

Indeed, music at the theatres, and other public places in Italy seems but an excuse for people to assemble together; their attention being chiefly placed on play and conversation, even during the performance of a serious opera.

*Thursday 25.* after dinner I went once more to hear the boys of St. Onofrio, at the Franciscans church. They performed a Litany, that was composed by Durante\*; the rest of the music, which

\* Durante, who has been dead some years, was a long time Master to the Conservatorio of St.

seemed to be that of a raw and inexperienced composer, was by a young man, who beat time. There was again a solo on the instrument called *la Voce Humana*; it is of an agreeable tone, has a great compass, but was not well played on. A concerto on the violin was likewise introduced, where hand and fire were discovered by the player, but no taste or finishing.

*Friday 26.* This morning I first had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Signor Jomelli, who arrived at Naples from the country but the night before. He is extremely corpulent, and, in the face, not unlike what I remember Handel to have been, yet far more polite and

Onofrio. From the character which M. Rousseau has given of this composer, I had conceived the highest ideas of his merit; and in the course of my journey through Italy, I collected a great number of his compositions for the church. M. Rousseau's words in speaking of him are very strong: "*Durante est le plus grand harmoniste de l'Italie, c'est à dire du monde.*" *Dict. est Musique.*

soft in his manner. I found him in his night-gown, at an instrument, writing. He received me very politely, and made many apologies for not having called on me, in consequence of a card which I had left at his house; but apologies were indeed unnecessary, as he was but just come to town, and at the point of bringing out a new opera, that must have occupied both his time and thoughts sufficiently. He had heard of me from Mr. Hamilton. I gave him Padre Martini's letter, and after he had read it we went to business directly.

I told him my errand to Italy, and shewed him my plan, for I knew his time was precious. He read it with great attention, and conversed very openly and rationally: said, that the part which I had undertaken was much neglected at present in Italy; that the Conservatorios, of which, I told him, I wished for information, were now at a low ebb, though formerly so fruitful in great men.

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He mentioned to me a person of great learning, who had been translating David's Psalms into excellent Italian verse; in the course of which work, he had found it necessary to write a dissertation on the music of the ancients, which he had communicated to him. He said this writer was a fine and subtle critic; had differed in several points from Padre Martini; had been in correspondence with Metastasio, and had received a long letter from him on the subject of lyric poetry and music; all which he thought necessary for me to see. He promised to procure me the book, and to make me acquainted with the author.

He spoke very much in praise of Alessandro Scarlatti, as to his church music, such as motets, masses, and oratorios; promised to procure me information concerning the Conservatorios, and whatever else was to my purpose, and in his power. He took down my direction, and assured me that the instant he had got.

got his opera on the stage, he should be entirely at my service. Upon my telling him that my time for remaining at Naples was very short, that I should even then have been on the road in my way home, but for his opera, which I so much wished to hear; that besides urgent business in England, there was great probability of a war, which would keep me a prisoner on the continent: he, in answer to that, and with great appearance of sincerity, said, if after I returned to England, any thing of importance to my plan occurred, he would not fail of sending it to me.

In short, I went away in high good humour with this truly great composer, who is indisputably one of the first of his profession now alive in the universe; for were I to name the living composers of Italy for the stage, according to my idea of their merit, it would be in the following order; Jomelli, Galuppi, Piccini, and Sacchini. It is, however, difficult

difficult to decide which of the two composers first-mentioned, has merited most from the public; Jomelli's works are full of great and noble ideas, treated with taste and learning; Galuppi's abound in fancy, fire, and feeling; Piccini has far surpassed all his cotemporaries in the comic stile; and Sacchini is the most promising composer in the serious.

The Honourable Mr. Hamilton, now Sir William Hamilton, Knight of the Bath, the British minister at this court, whose taste and zeal for the arts, and whose patronage of artists, are well known throughout Europe, being out of town when I came to Naples, did me the honour, as soon as he heard of my arrival, to invite me to his country-house, called *Villa Angelica*, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius; and this day, after visiting Signor Jomelli, I waited upon him for the first time, and was received by him and his lady, not only with politeness, but even kindness. I had the hap-

piness



pinets of continuing there with them two or three days, during which time, among other amusements, music was not wanting, as Mr. Hamilton has two pages of his household, who are excellent performers, one on the violin, and the other on the violoncello.

*Saturday 27.* This evening, though I had a violent head-ach, yet, in order first to brave, and then to sooth, the pain, I determined to try the medicinal power of music at Piccini's opera, and found, that though it did not cure, it alleviated the pain, and diverted my attention from it. The house was very full, and the actors were in great spirits. I went early enough, for the first time, to hear the overture; it is very pretty and fanciful, consisting of only two movements, in which the violins were confined to hard labour. With what pleased me before, I was more pleased now; it is impossible not to be delighted with the originality, and surpris'd at the resources of this author.

*Monday 29.* Mr. Hamilton being returned to Naples, in order to gratify my musical curiosity, made a great concert, at his house, where there was much company, and where I had the satisfaction of meeting with the chief musical performers of this city: among whom were the celebrated player on the violin Signor Barbella, and Orgitano, one of the best harpsichord players and writers for that instrument at Naples. But Mrs. Hamilton is herself a much better performer on that instrument than either he or any one I heard there. She has great neatness, and more expression and meaning in her playing, than is often found among lady-players; for ladies, it must be owned, though frequently neat in execution, seldom aim at expression.

Barbella rather disappointed me; his performance has nothing very surprising in it now: he is not young, indeed; and solo playing is never wanted or regarded here; so that teaching and orchestra

chestra playing are his chief employments. He performed, however, most admirably the famous Neapolitan air, which the common people constantly play at Christmas to the Virgin; this he plays with a drone kind of bag-pipe base, in a very humorous, though delicate manner. But as a solo-player, though his tone is very even and sweet, he is inferior to Nardini, and, indeed, to several others in Italy; but he seems to know music well, and to have a good deal of fancy in his compositions, with a tincture of not disagreeable madness.

It was here that I had first the honour of being presented to Lord Fortrose, from whom I afterwards received many singular favours. I was likewise introduced to the French Consul, M. D'Astier, who is a real connoisseur in music; perfectly well acquainted with the different styles of all the great composers of Europe, past and present, and discriminates very well in speaking of their several merits.

To

To him I communicated my plan, and with him I had a very satisfactory conversation. In order, I believe, that I might have more time for musical disquisitions with this gentlemen, and Signor Barbella, there was a supper party selected of about ten or twelve, and we staid still near two o'clock in the morning.

Barbella is the best natured creature imaginable; his temper, as one of the company observed, is as soft as the tone of his violin. By sitting next to him, I acquired much biographical knowledge concerning old Neapolitan musicians. Mr. Hamilton has offered to write to all the governors of the several Conservatorios, but Signor Barbella very obligingly undertook to get me all the information which I could desire of these celebrated musical schools. And Lord Fortrose, whom he attends every morning, invited me to meet him at his Lordship's house, whenever I pleased. So that from Barbella, and a young Englishman, Mr. Oliver,

Oliver, who has been four years in the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, I obtained a satisfactory account of whatever was necessary for me to know concerning this part of my business at Naples. Mr. Hamilton entered so far into my views, as to take a list of my wants, in order to consider the best method of getting them supplied.

*Wednesday, October 31.* This morning I went with young Oliver to his Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, and visited all the rooms where the boys practise, sleep, and eat. On the first flight of stairs was a trumpeter, screaming upon his instrument till he was ready to burst; on the second was a french-horn, bellowing in the same manner. In the common practising room there was a *Dutch concert*, consisting of seven or eight harpsichords, more than as many violins, and several voices, all performing different things, and in different keys: other boys were writing in the same room; but it  
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being holiday time, many were absent who usually study and practise there together.

The jumbling them all together in this manner may be convenient for the house, and may teach the boys to attend to their own parts with firmness, whatever else may be going forward at the same time; it may likewise give them force, by obliging them to play loud in order to hear themselves; but in the midst of such jargon, and continued dissonance, it is wholly impossible to give any kind of polish or finishing to their performance; hence the slovenly coarseness so remarkable in their public exhibitions; and the total want of taste, neatness, and expression in all these young musicians, till they have acquired them elsewhere.

The beds, which are in the same room, serve for seats to the harpsichords and other instruments. Out of thirty or forty boys who were practising, I could

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discover but two that were playing the same piece : some of those who were practising on the violin seemed to have a great deal of hand. The violoncellos practise in another room : and the flutes, hautbois, and other wind instruments, in a third, except the trumpets and horns, which are obliged to sag, either on the stairs, or on the top of the house.

There are in this college sixteen young *castrati*, and these lye up stairs, by themselves, in warmer apartments than the other boys, for fear of colds, which might not only render their delicate voices unfit for exercise at present, but hazard the entire loss of them for ever.

The only vacation in these schools, in the whole year, is in autumn, and that for a few days only : during the winter, the boys rise two hours before it is light, from which time they continue their exercise, an hour and a half at dinner excepted, till eight o'clock at night ; and this constant perseverance, for a number

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ber of years, with genius and good teaching, must produce great musicians.

After dinner I went to the theatre of San Carlo, to hear Jomelli's new opera rehearsed. There were only two acts finished, but these pleased me much, except the overture, which was short, and rather disappointed me, as I expected more would have been made of the first movement; but as to the songs and accompanied recitatives, there was merit of some kind or other in them all, as I hardly remember one that was so indifferent as not to seize the attention. The subject of the opera was Demofonte; the names of the singers I knew not then, except Aprile, the first man, and Bianchi, the first woman.

Aprile has rather a weak and uneven voice, but is constantly steady, as to intonation. He has a good person, a good shake, and much taste and expression. La Bianchi has a sweet and elegant toned voice, always perfectly in tune, with an



admirable *portamento*; I never heard any one sing with more ease, or in a manner so totally free from affectation. The rest of the vocal performers were all above mediocrity; a tenor with both voice and judgment sufficient to engage attention, a very fine *contralto*; a young man with a *soprano* voice, whose singing was full of feeling and expression; and a second woman, whose performance was far from despicable. Such singers as these were necessary for the music, which is in a difficult stile; more full of instrumental effects than vocal. Sometimes it may be thought rather laboured, but it is admirable in the *tout ensemble*; masterly in modulation, and in melody full of new passages\*. This was the first rehearsal, and the instruments were rough and unsteady, not being as yet certain of the exact time of expression of the movements; but, as far as I was then able to judge, the compo-

\* Jomelli, since his residence in Germany, is said to write more for the *learned few* than for the *feeling many*.  
position

position was perfectly suited to the talents of the performers, who, though all good, yet not being of the very first and most exquisite class, were more in want of the assistance of instruments to mark the images, and enforce the passion, which the poetry points out.

The public expectation from this production of Jomelli, if a judgment may be formed from the number of persons who attended this first rehearsal, was very great; for the pit was crowded, and many of the boxes were filled with the families of persons of condition.

The theatre of San Carlo is a noble and elegant structure: the form is oval, or rather the section of an egg, the end next the stage being cut. There are seven ranges of boxes, sufficient in size to contain ten or twelve persons in each, who sit in chairs, in the same manner as in a private house. In every range there are thirty boxes, except the three lowest ranges, which, by the king's box be-

ing taken out of them, are reduced to twenty-nine. In the pit there are fourteen or fifteen rows of seats, which are very roomy and commodious, with leather cushions and stuffed backs, each separated from the other by a broad rest for the elbow: in the middle of the pit there are thirty of these seats in a row; the chief part of which are let by the season, each of these turns up and is locked, in the absence of the proprietor.

*November 1*, being All Saints day, I went, at least two miles, to the church of the *Incurabili* where I was told there would be good music; but I found it miserable. From hence I went to several other churches, where I only heard bad music ill performed.

*Friday, Nov. 3.* This day I visited his Neapolitan majesty's museum, at Portici, where I had enquiries to make concerning ancient instruments and MSS. which  
were

were of real importance to my History. In the third apartment of this curious repository, where the ancient instruments of surgery are placed, I met with the following musical instruments; three *Systrums*, two with four brass bars, and one with three; several *Crotoli* or cymbals; *Tambours de basque*; a *Syringa*, with seven pipes; and a great number of broken bone or ivory *tibiae*.

But the most extraordinary of all these instruments is a species of trumpet, found in Pompeii not a year ago; it is injured by time and broken, but not so much so as to render it difficult to conceive the entire form. There are still the remains of seven small bone or ivory pipes, which are inserted in as many of brass, all of the same length and diameter, which surround the great tube, and seem to terminate in one mouth-piece. Several of the small brazen pipes are broken, by which the ivory ones are laid bare; but it is natural to suppose that they were all blown

at once, and that the small pipes were unisons to each other, and octaves to the great one. It used to be slung on the shoulder by a chain, which chain is preserved, and the place where it used to be fastened to the trumpet, is still visible. No such instrument as this has been found before, either in ancient painting or sculpture, which makes me the more minute in speaking of it. This singular species of trumpet was found in the *Corps de Garde*, and seems to be the true military *Clangor Tubarum*.

As no person is suffered to use a pencil in the museum, when the company with which I had seen it was arrived at the inn where we dined, Mr. Robertson, an ingenious young artist of the party, was so obliging as to make a drawing of it, from memory, in my tablets; which all the company, consisting of seven, agreed was very exact.

In the ninth or tenth room are all the volumes as yet found in Herculaneum,

of which only four have been rendered intelligible, these are Greek. One upon the Epicurean philosophy, one upon rhetoric, one upon morality, and one upon music; each volume appears to be only a black cinder. I saw two pages, opened and framed, of the MS. upon music, written by Philodemus; but it is not a poem on music, as Mr. de la Lande says, nor a satire against it, as others say; but a confutation of the system of Aristoxenus, who, being a practical musician, preferred the judgment of the ear to the Pythagorean numbers, or the arithmetical proportions of mere theorists. Ptolemy did the same afterwards. I conversed with Padre Antonio Pioggi about this MS. it was he who opened and explained it; and he is now superintending, at a foundery, the casting of a new set of Greek characters, exactly resembling those in which it was written, and in which it is to be published.

Every

Every lover of learning laments the slow manner in which they proceed in opening these volumes. All that have been found hitherto were in Herculaneum. Those of Pompeii are supposed to have been wholly destroyed by fire.

*Saturday 3.* At night I went to a little neat new play-house, just opened; there was a comedy in prose, a Turkish story, ill told, and not well acted.

*Sunday 4.* I went this morning to San Gennaro, to hear the organ and to see the chapel, and the pictures in it, by Domenichini; after which I was conducted to the house of Don Carlo Cotumacci, master to the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, whom I heard play on the harpsichord; and who gave me a great number of anecdotes concerning the music of old times. He was scholar to the Cavalier Alessandro Scarlatti, in the year 1719; and shewed  
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me the lessons which he received from that great master, in his own hand writing. He also gave me a very particular account of Scarlatti and his family. Signor Cotumacci, was Durante's successor. He plays, in the old organ stile, very full and learnedly, as to modulation; and has composed a great deal of church music, of which he was so obliging as to give me a copy of two or three curious pieces. He has had great experience in teaching; and shewed me two books of his own writing, in manuscript, one upon accompaniment, and one upon counterpoint. I take him to be more than seventy years of age.

At night I went to the first public representation of Signor Jomelli's opera of *Demofonte*, in the grand theatre of *San Carlo*, where I was honoured with a place in Mr. Hamilton's box. It is not easy to imagine or describe the grandeur and magnificence of this spectacle. It being the great festival of St. Charles and the King of Spain's name-day, the court was  
in



in grand gala, and the house was not only doubly illuminated, but amazingly crowded with well dressed company \*. In the front of each box there is a mirror, three or four feet long, by two or three wide, before which are two large wax tapers; these, by reflection, being multiplied, and added to the lights of the stage and to those within the boxes, make the splendor too much for the achieving sight. The King and Queen were present. Their Majesties have a large box in the front of the house, which contains in height and breadth the space of four other boxes.

The stage is of an immense size, and the scenes, dresses, and decorations are extremely magnificent; and I think this theatre superior, in these particulars, as well as in the music, to that of the great French opera at Paris. But M. de la

\* The fourth of November is likewise celebrated as the name-day of the Queen of Naples and the Prince of Asturias.

Lande, after allowing that “ the opera in Italy is very well as to music and words,” concludes with saying “ that it is not, in my opinion, quite so in other respects, and for the following reasons ;

“ 1. There is scarce any machinery in the operas of Italy \*.

“ 2. There is not such a multitude of rich and superb dresses as at Paris.

“ 3. The number and variety of the actors are less †.

“ 4. The chorusses are fewer and less laboured. And

“ 5. The union of song and dance is neglected ‡.”

To all which objections, a real lover of music would perhaps say, *so much the better.*

\* The Italians have long given up those puerile representations of flying gods and goddesses, of which the French are still so fond and so vain.

† If the characters are fewer, the dresses must be so, of course.

‡ *Voyage d'un François.* Tom. vi.

M. de

M. de la Lande, however, allows that the hands employed in the orchestra are more numerous and various, but complains that the fine voices in an Italian opera are not only too few, but are too much occupied by the music and its embellishments to attend to declamation and gesture.

With regard to this last charge, it is by no means a just one; for whoever remembers Pertici and Laschi, in the burlettas of London, about twenty years ago, or has seen the Buono Figliuola there lately, when Signora Guadagni, Signor Lovatini, and Signor Morigi were in it; or in the serious operas of past times remembers Monticelli, Elisi, Mingotti, Colomba Mattei, Manzoli, or, above all, in the present operas has seen Signor Guadagni, must allow that many of the Italians, not only recite well, but are *excellent actors*.

Give to a lover of music an opera in a noble theatre, at least twice as large as

that of the French capital, in which the poetry and music are good, and the vocal and instrumental parts well performed, and he will deny himself the rest without murmuring; though his ear should be less stunned with chorusses, and his eye less dazzled with machinery, dresses, and dances than at Paris.

But to return to the theatre of San Carlo, which, as a spectacle, surpasses all that poetry or romance have painted: yet with all this, it must be owned that the magnitude of the building, and noise of the audience are such, that neither the voices nor instruments can be heard distinctly. I was told, however, that on account of the King and Queen being present, the people were much less noisy than on common nights. There was not a hand moved by way of applause during the whole representation, though the audience in general seemed pleased with the music: but, to say the truth, it did not afford me the same delight as at the rehearsal;

rehearsal, nor did the fingers, though they exerted themselves more, appear to equal advantage: not one of the present voices is sufficiently powerful for such a theatre, when so crowded and so noisy. Signora Bianchi, the first woman, whose sweet voice and simple manner of singing gave me and others so much pleasure at the rehearsal, did not satisfy the Neapolitans, who have been accustomed to the force and brilliancy of a Gabrielli, a Teiber, and a de Amicis. There is too much simplicity in her manner for the depraved appetites of these *enfants gâtés*, who are never pleased but when astonished.

As to the music, much of the *clair-obscur* was lost, and nothing could be heard distinctly but those noisy and furious parts which were meant merely to give *relief* to the rest; the mezzotints and back-ground were generally lost; and indeed little was left but the bold and coarse strokes of the composer's pencil.

During

During the performance, Caffarelli came into the pit, and Signor Giraldi, who was in Mr. Hamilton's box, proposed to make us acquainted; and at the end of the performance, he conducted me to him; he looks well, and has a very lively and animated countenance; he does not seem to be above fifty years of age, though he is said to be sixty-three. He was very polite, and entered into conversation with great ease and cheerfulness; he enquired after the Duchess of Manchester, and Lady Fanny Shirley, who had honoured him with their protection when he was in England, which, he said, was in the end Mr. Heydegger's reign. He introduced me to Signor Gennaro Manno, a celebrated Neapolitan composer, who sat behind him. Signor Giraldi had been with him before, to fix a time for bringing me to his house; it was now settled that we should meet at Lord Fortrose's; indeed it was to his Lordship that I was in-

debted for this, and for many other opportunities of information at Naples.

The house was emptying very fast, and I was obliged to take my leave of this sire of song, who is the only singer in Europe that continues the public exercise of his profession; for he frequently sings in convents and in churches yet, though he has for some time quitted the stage.

In the opera to-night there were three entertaining dances, but all in the lively way; the Italians are not pleased with any other. Indeed, as I have before observed, all their dances are more pantomime entertainments than any thing else, in which the scenes are usually pretty, and the stories well told. The subject of the first dance was *l'isola disabitata*; of the second, the humours of Vauxhall Gardens in England, in which were introduced quakers, sailors, women of the town, Savoyard shew-boxes, &c. and in the third dance, at the end of the piece, the people of Thrace figured at the

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nuptials

nuptials of Creusa and Cherinto, characters of the opera. The six principal dancers, among the men are *i Signori Onocuto Vigano, Giuseppe Traferi, Francesco Rafetti*; and among the women, *le Signore Colomba Beccari, Anna Torfelli, and Caterina Ricci*; the first man has great force and neatness, and seems to equal Slingsby in his *à plomb*, or neatness of keeping time; and the Beccari's *many twinkling feet* are not inferior in agility to those of Radicati.

*Monday 5.* This morning I went to the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, to see the boys take their lessons, and to hear some of the best of them play; they were all hard at work, and a noble clangor they made, not to be equalled by

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
A hundred pair of iron lungs,  
Ten speaking trumpets, &c.

However, the ears of both master and scholar are respected when lessons in sing-



ing are given, for that work is done in a quiet room; but in the common practising rooms the noise and dissonance are beyond all conception. However, I heard in a private room two of the boys accompany each other; the one played a solo of Giardini's on the violin, and the other one of his own on the base; the first was but indifferently executed, but the second was a pretty composition, and very well performed. I find all over Italy that Giardini's solos, and Bach's and Abel's overtures, are in great repute, and very justly so, as I heard nothing equal to them of the kind, on the continent.

From hence I went to see a great festival at the convent of *la Donna Regina*, it was *una bellissima Funzione*, as the Italians call it, on account of two Turkish slaves, who being converted to the Christian religion, were this day publicly baptised; several bishops assisted at the ceremony, and the church was crowded with the best company

pany of Naples. The music was composed by Giuseppe da Majo, a Neapolitan composer, brought up in the Conservatorio of the *Pietà*, and was excellent, though coarsely performed.

Having the honour, to-day, of dining at our minister's, I was very much entertained in the afternoon by the performance of a fat friar, of the order of St. Dominic, who came there to sing *buffo* songs; he accompanied himself on the harpsichord in a great number of humorous scenes from the burletta operas of Piccini and Paesello, which he sung with a comic force, little inferior to that of Cafaccia, and with a much better voice.

Signor Nasci, who leads the band at the comic opera in the theatre *de Fiorentini*, played on the violin in the Dominican's performance, and afterward in some of his own trios, which are extremely pretty, with a very uncommon degree of grace and facility.

After this Mr. Hamilton was so obliging as to shew me his charming picture, painted by Correggio; the subject is a naked Venus who has taken Cupid's bow from him, which he is struggling for, while a satyr is running away with his quiver. It is a wonderful performance, and reckoned equal, for the number of figures, to the St. Jerome, at Parma.

The curiosities both of art and nature in Mr. Hamilton's possession, are numberless and inestimable. The examination of his immense collection of Etruscan vases, and other rarities of the highest antiquity, was of the utmost importance to the subject of my enquiries. But by these precious remains of art I was not more enlightened, concerning the music and instruments of the ancients, than by his conversation and counsel.

When we returned to the apartments which we had quitted, in order to visit the library, we found a Neapolitan Prince and Princess, two or three ambassadors, Lord  
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Fortrose, the French consul, a number of English gentlemen, and much other company; in the evening there was more music, and at supper a select party, which did not separate till two o'clock in the morning, when I took leave of Mr. Hamilton and his lady with infinite regret, as the countenance and assistance with which I was honoured by them, during my residence at Naples, were not only of the utmost utility to me and my plan, but such as gratitude will never suffer me to forget.

*Tuesday 6.* This day I had the honour of dining with Lord Fortrose; the company was very numerous, and chiefly musical. Barbella and Orgitano were invited; there was likewise the French consul, M. D'Affier. After dinner, a complete band was assembled in the gallery, and we had music till past eleven o'clock. Barbella pleased me much more to-night than he had done before; he is very certain of

his tone, and has a great deal of taste and expression; if he had a little more brilliancy and fullness of tone, and a greater variety of stile, his playing would be unexceptionable, and perhaps superior to that of most players in Europe; as it is, there seems to be a drowsiness in his tone, and a want of animation in his manner.

Orgitano played the harpsichord, and Signor Conforte, a *musico*, was there to sing; there was likewise a pretty good solo hautbois. The whole company had given Caffarelli over, when, behold! he arrived in great good humour; and, contrary to all expectation, was, with little entreaty, prevailed upon to sing. Many notes in his voice are now thin, but there are still traits in his performance sufficient to convince those who hear him, of his having been an amazing fine singer; he accompanied himself, and sung without any other instrument than the harpsichord; expression and grace, with great

neatness in all his attempts, are his characteristics. Though Caffarelli and Barbella are rather ancient and in ruin, yet what remains of them is but the more precious. Caffarelli proposed our spending a whole day together, in order to discuss musical matters, and said it would even be too little for all that we had to say; but when I had acquainted him of the necessity I was under of setting out for Rome the next night, immediately after the opera, he offered to meet me again at Lord Fortrose's the next morning.

After supper, Barbella played extremely well several Calabrese, Lecceſe, and Neapolitan airs, and among the rest, a humourous piece composed by himself, which he calls *ninna nonna*; it is a nursery tune, or *lullaby*, excellent in its way, and was well expressed.

*Wednesday 7.* I visited by appointment, Padre della Torre, to whom I had letters;

ters; he is librarian to the king, and keeper of his majesty's cabinet of rarities at the foot of Capo di Monte. I never saw a person of a more cheerfully obliging character. He cannot be less than 70 years of age, and yet he is as lively and even sportive, as a young man of 20. He and his assistant had been hunting with great diligence in the king's library, which formerly belonged to the Farnese family, and was brought hither from Parma, for materials relative to music. He shewed me, among several books and MSS. which I already knew, some curious inedited tracts which are nowhere else to be found\*.

After this, he shewed me his microscopes and telescopes, which are famous all over Italy; this father being said to have made great improvements in both,

\* There is a dissertation upon found in his own works collected and published in 9 vols. 8vo. under this title—*Elementa Physicæ, auctore P. D. Johanne Maria de Terre. Napoli, 1769.*

but

but especially in microscopes, by means of a very small drop or globule of pure crystal glass, the smaller the better. He melts the glass himself in a vessel of Tripoli earth, and renders it spherical in a clear flame. It magnifies the diameter of an object, if the globule be of the smallest class, 2560 times; the common microscopes only magnify about 350 times \*. After shewing me the whole process, he was so obliging as to

\* The discovery is not new; Leeuwenhoek is said to have used little spheres of glass in his microscopes; Mr. Baker indeed treats them with contempt: and says, " Experience has taught, that they admit so little light, can shew such an exceedingly small part of any object, are so difficult to make use of, and strain the eyes so much, that their power of magnifying for want of due distinctness, is rather apt to produce error than discover truth." *Microscope made easy*. But however true this might have been at the time Mr. Baker wrote, *Padre della Torre* seems at present to have got the better of every objection to these glass globules by the dexterity with which he forms and uses them,

furnish



furnish me with several of these glass globules for my own use.

From hence I went to the house of Lord Fortrose, to meet Caffarelli; and now I have mentioned his name for the last time, it affords me an opportunity of acquainting my reader, that this celebrated singer has bought a dukedom for his nephew, after his own decease, the title is *Duca di Santi Dorato*. He is very rich, yet often sings for hire at convents and at churches. He has built himself a magnificent house, and over the door is this inscription :

AMPHION THEBAS, EGO DOMVM\*,

To-day I was favoured at dinner with the company of Signor Fabio, the first violin of the opera of San Carlo; he was so obliging and so humble as to bring with him his violin. It is very common in the great cities of Italy to see

\* Amphion built Thebes, I only a house.

performers of the first eminence carry their own instruments through the streets. This seems a trivial circumstance to mention, yet it strongly marks the difference of manners and characters in two countries not very remote from each other. In Italy, the leader of the first opera in the world carries the instrument of his fame and fortune about him, with as much pride as a soldier does his sword or musquet; while, in England, the indignities he would receive from the populace would soon impress his mind with shame for himself and fear for his instrument.

I obtained from Signor Fabio an exact account of the number of hands employed in the great opera orchestra; there are 18 first, and 18 second violins, 5 double basses, and but two violoncellos; which I think has a bad effect, the double bass being played so coarsely throughout Italy, that it produces a sound no more musical than the stroke of a hammer. This  
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performer, who is a fat, good-natured man, by being long accustomed to lead so great a number of hands, has acquired a stile of playing, which is somewhat rough and inelegant, and consequently more fit for an orchestra than a chamber. He sung, however, several *buffo* songs very well, and accompanied himself on the violin in so masterly a manner, as to produce most of the effects of a numerous band. After dinner, he had a second to accompany him in one of Giardini's solos, and in several other things.

I spent this whole evening with Barbellà, who now delivered to me all the materials which he had been able to collect, relative to a history of the Neapolitan conservatorios, as well as anecdotes of the old composers and performers of that school: besides these, I wrote down all the verbal information I could extract from his memory, concerning musical persons and things. During my visit, I heard one of his best scholars play a solo  
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of Giardini's composition very well; he was the most brilliant performer on the violin that I met with at Naples.

And now, having given the reader an account of the musical entertainment which I received at Naples, I hope I shall be indulged with the liberty of making a few reflections before I quit this city, which has so long been regarded as the centre of harmony, and the fountain from whence genius, taste, and learning, have flowed to every other part of Europe, that even those who have an opportunity of judging for themselves, take upon trust the truth of the fact, and give the Neapolitans credit for more than they deserve at present, however they may have been entitled to this celebrity in times past.

M. de la Lande's account of music at Naples, is so far from exact, that it would incline his reader to suppose one of two things, either that he did not attend to it,

it, or that he had not a very distinguishing ear.

“ Music, says this author, is in a particular manner the triumph of the Neapolitans ; it seems as if the tympanum in this country was more braced, more harmonical, and more sonorous, than in the rest of Europe ; the whole nation is vocal, every gesture and inflexion of voice of the inhabitants, and even their prosody of syllables in conversation, breathe harmony and music. Hence Naples is the principal source of Italian music, of great composers, and of excellent operas \*.”

\* *Voyage du'n François*, Tom. 6. The inaccuracy with which M. de la L. speaks about music and musicians, runs through his work. He places Corelli and Galuppi among the Neapolitan Composers ; whereas it is well known that Corelli was of the Roman school, and he himself says in another place (Tom. 5.) that Galuppi was of the Venetian.

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I am ready to grant that the Neapolitans have a natural disposition to music; but can by no means allow that they have voices more flexible, and a language more harmonious than the inhabitants of the other parts of Italy, as the direct contrary seems true: The singing in the streets is far less pleasing, though more original than elsewhere; and the Neapolitan language is generally said to be a jargon, that is unintelligible to the rest of Italy\*.

But though the rising generation of Neapolitan musicians cannot be said to possess in a supreme degree either taste, delicacy, or expression, yet their compositions, it must be allowed, are excellent, with respect to counterpoint and invention; and in their manner of ex-

\* A sufficient proof of the Neapolitan language being only a *patois* or provincial dialect, is, that it remains chiefly oral, few of the natives themselves, who are well educated, ever daring to write in it.

cuting them, there is an energy and fire, not to be met with perhaps elsewhere in the whole universe : it is so ardent as to border upon fury ; and from this impetuosity of genius, it is common for Neapolitan composers, in a movement, which begins in a mild and sober manner, to set the orchestra in a blaze before it is finished. Like high-bred horses they are impatient of the rein, and eagerly accelerate their motion to the utmost of their speed ; as Dr. Johnson says, that Shakespeare, in tragedy, is always struggling for an occasion to be comic. The pathetic and the graceful are seldom attempted in the conservatorios ; and those refined and studied graces, which not only change, but improve passages, and which so few are able to find, are less sought after by the generality of performers at Naples, than in any other part of Italy.

R O M E.

## R O M E.

*Sunday, Nov. 11.* Having a little recovered the fatigue of my journey from Naples, I renewed my operations at Rome.

This morning I went to the convent of St. Urfula, to see a nun take the veil.

The company was very numerous, and composed chiefly of the first people of Rome, who were all in full dress. I was placed closed to the altar, where I could see the whole ceremony, and hear every word that was uttered. The service was begun by saying mass, then cardinal de Rossi entered in great state, while the organ was playing, and the mass was singing: the music both vocal and instrumental, was performed by the nuns and ladies of the convent who were placed in the organ gallery. The composition was pretty, but ill executed; the organ was a bad one, and too powerful for the band:



most of the best hands, as I was informed, were occupied in the convent with the internal ceremony, the external was all performed in the chapel.

When the cardinal was robed, the novice was led into the chapel by a lady of the first rank in Rome, and brought to the altar in an exceeding splendid dress. Her hair was of a beautiful light brown, and curled *en tête de mouton* all over her head. Her robe was of the richest embroidered, and, I believe, embossed, blue and silver, I ever saw. She had on a large stage hoop, and a great quantity of diamonds; more than two yards of her train swept the ground; she seemed rather a pretty sort of young person than a beauty.

When she first appeared, she looked very pale, and more dead than alive; she made a most profound reverence to the cardinal, who was seated on the steps of the altar in his mitre and all his rich vestments, ready to receive her. She threw herself

herself upon her knees at the foot of the altar, and remained in that posture some time, while other parts of the ceremony were adjusting; then she approached the cardinal, who said *Figlia mia, che domandate?* My child, what is your request? She said, that she begged to be admitted into that convent as a sister of the order of St. Ursula: Have you well, said the cardinal, considered of what you ask? She answered, cheerfully, that she had; and was well informed of all that she was about to do. Then she kneeled down again, and kissed the cardinal's hands, and received from him a little crucifix, which she also kissed; after which she retired again to the foot of the altar, where she threw herself on her knees, while the cardinal said mass, which was sung at the same time in the organ loft. After this, there was a sermon in the Italian language, and that being over, the cardinal led the nun-elect into the convent, where she was divested

of all her gorgeous attire and worldly vanities, and had her hair cut off. She then came to the gate in her religious dress, to receive the white veil, with which she was invested by the lady abbess, the cardinal and the other assistants standing by.

After this there was more pretty music badly performed. The organ, by executing all the symphonies and accompaniments, overpowered the violins, and had a bad effect, though neatly played.

When her veil was on, the new sister came to the convent door, to receive the congratulations of her friends and of the company; but first, with a lighted taper in her hand, she marched round the convent to salute all the nuns, who had likewise tapers in their hands. When she was at the door, with the veil and a crown on, but her face uncovered, I, among the rest, went close to her, and found that she was much prettier than I had before imagined. She had a sweet mouth, and the

finest teeth in the world, with lively sparkling eyes, and an elegant shaped face; She would, any where else, have been stiled a very pretty woman; but here, her situation exalted her into a beauty.

At the altar she changed countenance several times, first pale, then red, and seemed to pant, and to be in danger of either bursting into tears, or fainting; but she recovered before the ceremony was ended, and at the convent door assumed an air of great cheerfulness; talking to several of her friends and acquaintance, and seeming to give up the world very heroically.—And thus ended this human sacrifice!

In the afternoon I went to the Chiesa Nuova, to hear an oratorio in that church, where the sacred drama took its rise. There are two galleries; in one there is an organ, and in the other a harpsichord; in the former the service was begun by the vespers in four parts, *alla Palestrina*; then the *Salve Regina* was sung

*a voce sola*, after which, there were prayers; and then a little boy, not above six years old, mounted the pulpit, and delivered a discourse, by way of sermon, which he had got by heart, and which was rendered truly ridiculous by the vehicle through which it passed. The oratorio of Abigail, set to music by Signor Casali, was then performed. This drama consisted of four characters, and was divided into two parts. The two first movements of the overture pleased me very much, the last not at all. It was, as usual, a minuet degenerated into a jig of the most common cast. This rapidity in the minuets of all modern overtures renders them ungraceful at an opera, but in a church they are indecent. The rest of the music was pretty common-place, for though it could boast of no new melody or modulation, it had nothing vulgar in it.

Signor Cristoforo, sung the principal part very well, in Guarducci's smooth  
and

and polished manner. He made two or three excellent closes, though they were rather too long: this fault is general throughout Rome and Naples, where such a long-winded licentiousness prevails in the cadences of every singer, as is always tiresome, and often disgusting; even those of great performers need compression, and those made by performers of an inferior class not only want curtailing, but correction. A few select notes with a great deal of meaning and expression given to them, is the only expedient that can render a cadence desirable, as it should consist of something *superior* to what has been heard in the air, or it becomes impertinent. This abuse in making closes is not of very ancient standing, for in a serious opera of old Scarlatti, composed in 1717, there is not a single place for a cadence *ad libitum* to be found.

Between the two parts of this oratorio, there was a sermon by a Jesuit, delivered  
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from the same pulpit from whence the child had descended. I waited to hear the last chorus, which, though it was sung by book, was as light and as unmeaning as an opera chorus, which must be got by heart. With respect to a true oratorio chorus accompanied with instruments in the manner of Handel's, I heard but few all the time I was in Italy. When this performance was over, I went as usual to the Duke of Dorset's concert.

*Monday 12.* I visited the Pope's, or Sistine chapel, and being a day in which there was no service, I had permission to go into every part of it, which I was curious to do on many accounts. First, as it is the place in which the famous *Miserere* of Allegri is performed; secondly, as it was here that church-music first had its rise, and was brought to its highest perfection; and thirdly, where, at the altar piece, is so wonderfully painted the  
last

last judgment: it is the greatest work of Michael Angelo, and perhaps of man. Nothing can be conceived more astonishing and dreadful than the ideas and figures which his dark imagination has produced; neither the *Inferno* of Dante, nor the hell of Milton, can furnish any thing more terrible. But this amazing work is greatly discoloured, and the ceiling, by the same painter, is in many places broken down two or three feet in breadth. The sides are painted by Pietro Perugino, and are the best works that I have seen of this famous master of the divine Raphael.

I went into the orchestra with respectful curiosity, to see the place sacred to the works of Palestrina. It seems hardly large enough to contain thirty performers, the ordinary number of singers in the Pope's service; and yet, on great festivals, supernumeraries are added to these. There was nothing in the orchestra now but a large wooden desk for the score-book of the  
*Maestro*



*Maestro di Capella*, and marble seats at the back and sides: it is placed on the right hand in approaching the altar, facing the Pope's throne, which is near the altar on the other side. There are seats or stalls for the cardinals at the sides of the chapel, and a small place for ambassadors to stand in, just within the rails opposite to the altar; but no other strangers are ever admitted; nor are any persons, except the performers, suffered to enter the orchestra during the service. The grate, or balustrade, which is in diamond squares, gilt, seems to take off one third of the whole room, which is very lofty and magnificent, but now very dusty and much out of repair; the floor is in beautiful Mosaic of marble.

From hence I went to the Pauline chapel, which is used only once a year, at which time it is illuminated with many thousand lamps.

In the afternoon I had the pleasure of seeing my very good friend Signor Santarelli, who had not only busied himself  
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in seeking curious things for me during my absence at Naples, but had employed several persons in transcribing them; the Abate Elie had done the same at the Vatican; and the Cavalier Piranesi, my English friends, and several eminent antiquaries and artists had been active in searching ancient instruments, among the *bassè relievi* the best sculpture of antiquity, and copying them ready for me at my return to Rome. Signor Santarelli was so obliging as to accompany me to the Cavalier Battoni's, where his scholar the Signorina Battoni, sung with noble simplicity, and a truly pathetic expression, several songs of Hasse, Galuppi, Traetta, and Piccini.

From hence I went to a great concert, at the house of M. Schuvaloff, the Moscovite general; and there I almost fancied myself in London; for, except three or four, the whole company, consisting of near thirty noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, was English. The

little Miniatrice, Baccheli, was there to sing, and another girl; the former sung very well, and the other *will* sing, some time hence: there was nothing extraordinary in the instruments.

*Tuesday 13.* I had but just time to step into the beautiful little church of St. Andrea della Noviciata, built by Bernini, at which there was music composed by Orificchio, and led by Nicolai; but though my stay was very short, I heard a *sinfonia* or overture, and a chorus *a due cori*, which were excellent.

Signor Orificchio ranks so high among the present Roman composers for the church, that upon any festival wherever he is *Maestro di Capella*, and has composed a mass, there is sure to be a very great crowd.

*Friday 16.* In a visit which I made Signor Santarelli this morning, I found with him three or four of his brethren of the Pope's chapel; among the rest,  
Signor

Signor Pasquale Pifari, who had with him the original score of a mass in 16 real parts, which was full of canons, fugues, and imitations: I never saw a more learned or ingenious composition of the kind. Palestrina never wrote in more than eight real parts, and few have succeeded in so many as those; but to double the number is infinitely more than doubling the difficulties. After three parts, the addition of another becomes more and more difficult; all that can be done on these occasion, is to adhere to a simple melody and modulation, and to keep the parts as much as possible in contrary, or at least, dissimilar motion.

In the composition of Signor Pifari, every species of contrivance is successfully used. Sometimes the parts answer or imitate each other, by two and two; sometimes the subjects are inverted in some of the parts, while their original order is preserved in others. A century

or

or two ago, the author of such a composition would have had a statue erected to his honour; but now, it would be equally difficult to find 16 people who would hear it with patience, as that number of good fingers, in any one place, to perform it. Besides vocal parts in this mass, there is a part for the organ, often on a regular subject, different from the rest: the ground-work, upon which all is built, is *canto fermo*; and in some of the movements, this *canto fermo* is made a subject of imitation, and runs through all the parts. Upon the whole, it must be allowed, that this work, which consists of many different movements, and is of a very considerable length, though it may be thought by some to require more patience than genius to accomplish, seems sufficient to have employed a long life in composing, and to entitle the author to great praise and admiration.

During this visit, which was my last to Signor Santarelli, he and his brethren

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of the pope's chapel, were so obliging as to execute several beautiful compositions of Palestrina, Benevoli, and Allegri, in order to give me a true idea of the delicate and expressive manner in which they are sung in the chapel of his holiness.

In the afternoon I went to Signor Crispi's *accademia*; I arrived late, while some new *Quartettos* of his composition were performing; but he was so obliging as to desire the band to begin again, and to go through with the whole six. I think these pieces have great merit, and are superior to any of his other productions.

*Sunday 18.* I went this morning with Mr. Wyseman to the church of S. John Lateran\*; it is the most ancient church

\* Mr. Wyseman is a worthy English music-master, who is well known and esteemed by all the English at Rome, where he has so long been an inhabitant, that he has almost forgot his native tongue. He now lives in the *Palazzo Rospo-ale*, without the gates of Rome; where, during the first winter months, he has a concert every

in Christendom. I here heard high mass performed in the Colonna chapel, by two choirs, and saw it played by Signor Colista, the celebrated organist of that church, on a little moveable organ. The music was by Signor Casali, *Maestro di Capella*, who was there to beat time. I was introduced both to him and to Signor Colista, after the service; and the latter upon being entreated to let me hear the great organ, very obligingly consented, upon condition that *Monsignore il Prefetto* of the church was applied to; which is a necessary ceremony in consequence of some injury formerly done to the instrument, by the malice or ignorance of a stranger who had played upon it. This application was readily

week till the operas begin. It was here that the great Raphael lived, where there are still some of his paintings in fresco; and where the late Duke of York, the Prince of Brunswick, and several other great personages, gave concerts to the first people of Rome.

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undertaken by Signor Cafali, and the permission soon obtained.

I was conducted into the great organ-loft by Signor Colista, who did me the favour to open the case, and to shew me all the internal construction of this famous instrument. It is a thirty-two feet organ, and the largest in Rome. It was first built in 1549, and has undergone two repairs since; the one in 1600, by Luca Blasi Perugino; and a second, a few years since, under the direction of the present organist. It has thirty-six stops, two set of keys, long eighths, an octave below double F. and goes up to E. in *altissimo*. It has likewise pedals; in the use of which Signor Colista is very dextrous. His manner of playing this instrument seems to be the true organ stile, though his taste is rather ancient; indeed the organ stile seems to be better preserved throughout Italy than it is with us; as the harpsichord is not sufficiently cultivated to encroach upon that



instrument. Signor Colista played several fugues, in which the subjects were frequently introduced on the pedals, in a very masterly manner. But it seems as if every virtue in music was to border upon some vice; for this stile of playing precludes all grace, taste, and melody; while the light, airy harpsichord kind of playing, destroys the *sofienuto* and richness of harmony and contrivance of which this divine instrument is so peculiarly capable.

It is very extraordinary that the *foell*, which has been introduced into the English organ more than fifty years, and which is so capable of expression and of pleasing effects, that it may well be called the greatest and most important improvement that ever was made on any keyed instrument, should be still utterly unknown in Italy\*. The *touch* too of the

\* It is the same with the *Beat* upon the unison, octave, or any consonant sound to a note on the violin, which so well supplies the place of the old  
close-

organ; which our builders have so much improved; still remains in its heavy, noisy state; and now I am on this subject, I must observe, that most of the organs which I have met with on the Continent, seem to be inferior to ours built by father Smith, Byfield, or Snetzler, in every thing but size. As the churches there are often immense, so are the organs; the tone is indeed somewhat softened and refined by space and distance; but when heard near, it is intolerably coarse and noisy; and though the number of stops in these large instruments is very great, they afford but little variety, being, for the most part, duplicates in unisons and octaves to each other, such as the great and small 12ths, flutes, and 15ths: hence in our organs not only the touch and tone, but the imitative stops are greatly superior to close-shake: for this beautiful effect, if not wholly unknown, is at least neglected by all the violin performers that I heard on the continent, though so commonly and successfully practised in England by those of the Giardini school.

those of any other organs that I have met with.

Immediately after dinner I went to St. Peter's, where there was a great *Funzioms* for the feast of it's foundation. The vespers were said by Cardinal York, assisted by several bishops; there were Mazzanti and Cristoforo to sing, besides several other supernumeraries, and the whole choir. The fat Giovanni, famous for playing the violoncello, as well as for being one of the *Maestri di Capella* of St. Peter's, beat time. The solo parts were finely sung by the two singers just mentioned, and the chorusses by two choirs, and two organs were admirable performed. Part of the music was by Palestrina, part by Banovoli, and the rest modern, but in a grave and majestic stile. I never heard church music, except that of the Pope's chapel, so well performed. There were no other instruments than the two organs, four violoncellos, and two double basses. Some fugues and imitations in dialogue between  
the

the two choirs were performed, which had a very fine effect. The service was in the large canonical, or winter chapel on the left, in which is the largest organ of St. Peter's church\*.

Cardinal York said mass likewise in the morning, when there was a great congregation.

At night I went to the oratorio of Jonathan, at the Chiesa Nuova; but not being either well set or well sung, I quitted that performance at the end of the first part, in order to hear another at the church of St. Girolamo della Carità, which had only three characters in it; this oratorio was called the Judgment of Solomon: the tenor singer in it was admirable; he had great taste, and a very uncommon facility of execution; a cu-buch likewise, who performed the part

\* There are no other organs nor indeed choirs at St. Peter's than those in the side chapels; so that the distance between the west door and the great altar, is wholly a free and unbroken space.

of one of the mothers, had a sweet toned voice, and sung in a very pleasing manner. The subject seems to be extremely well adapted for musical expression; the sternness of the judge; the indifference of the false mother; and the tenderness of the true, are severally susceptible of different musical colouring and expression. The music, which had merit, was by a young composer who had begged employment in order to have an opportunity of displaying his talents: his name is Giuseppe Maria Magherini.

*Tuesday 20.* I went this morning to visit the famous Podini gallery, in the Verospi palace. All the accounts of Rome are full of the praises of this music gallery; or, as it is called, gallery of instruments; but nothing shews the necessity of repairing for one's self, more than these accounts. The instruments in question cannot have been fit for use these many years; but, when a thing has once got into

into a book as curious, it is copied into others without examination, and without end. There is a very fine harpsichord, to look at, but not a key that will speak; it formerly had a communication with an organ in the same room, and with two spinets and a virginal; under the frame is a violin, tenor, and base, which, by a movement of the foot, used to be played upon by the harpsichord keys. The organ appears in the front of the room, but not on the side, where there seems to be pipes and machines enclosed; but there was no one to open or explain it, the old *Cicerone* being just dead.

*Wednesday 21.* This morning I went to the Kirchean museum, founded about the middle of the last century by Father Kircher, author of the *Musurgia*, and of several other curious and learned works. Mr. Morrison, who had obtained permission for me to see it, was so obliging as to accompany me thither. The musco

was shewn us by a young Irish jesuit, Father Plunket, I think, who is likewise a young antiquary; but Mr. Morrifon, who is undoubtedly one of the first and most sagacious antiquaries in Rome, set him right in many particulars. Ancient paintings, urns, vases, jewels, intaglios, cameos, and other antiquities, are here in such abundance, that I could have fancied myself at Portici; but the curiosities which I chiefly went to see, were Father Kircher's musical instruments and machines, described in his *Musurgia*; they are now almost all out of order, but their construction is really curious, and manifests the ingenuity as well as zeal of this learned father in his musical enquiries and experiments.

In visiting Rome a second time, I took a view of the theatres, of which there are seven or eight: the principal are the *Argentina*, the *Aliberti*, the *Pordenone*, and the *Capramica*: the two first are very large, and appropriated to serious operas.

The *Pordenone* theatre is used as a play-house for tragedies and comedies; and the *Capranica* for burlettas, or comic operas.

There are no public spectacles allowed in Rome, except during carnival time which lasts from the seventh of January to Ash-Wednesday; nor are any women ever suffered to appear upon the stage, the female characters being represented by eunuchs, and frequently so well, from their delicacy of voice and figure, as to deceive persons unacquainted with this prohibition.

Rome is the post of honour for composers, the Romans being the most fastidious judges of music in Italy. There is likewise in this city more cabal than elsewhere, and party runs higher. It is generally supposed, that a composer or performer who is successful at Rome, has nothing to fear from the severity of critics, in other places. At the opening of an opera, the clamour or acclamation of the company



pany frequently continues for a considerable time before they will hear a note. A favourite author is received with shouts of *Bravo ! Signor Maestro. Viva ! Signor Maestro.* And when a composer is condemned by the audience, it is with discrimination in favour of the singer, by crying out, after they have done hissing, *Bravo pure il Guarducci\* !* and on the contrary, if the performer displeases in executing the music of a favourite composer, after they have expressed their disapprobation of him, by hissing, they cry out *Viva pure il Signor Maestro !*

It was with much regret that I quitted this venerable city, which is no less delightful to strangers for the innumerable rarities it offers to their view, than for the easy and social manner in which they live with the natives, as well as with each other.

I have now given an account of the state of music in the principal cities of

\* *Bravo !* however, Guarducci.

Italy; there are, however, many places which I either was unable to visit, or in which my stay was too short to obtain much information; however, the following particulars seem worthy of being mentioned; at Loretto there is a considerable music school; at Siena there are curious missals: at Pisa, music is in a flourishing state, as I was informed upon the spot by Signor Lidarti, who lives there; Signor Gualberto Brunetti is *Maestro di Capella* at the cathedral; and Gerardeschi, Renzini, Lidarti, and Corrucci are eminent composers in that city.

At Perugia Signor Zanetti has long resided: but he lost his place of *Maestro di Capella* to the great church there, lately, by having appeared on the Alberti stage at Rome, as a singer in an opera of his own composition, and that, merely to supply the place of the principal tenor, who had run away, and to prevent the piece from being stopped; he

is since married to a pretty woman, who sings well, and is likely to indemnify him for the loss of his place.

At Parma, Signor Poncini is composer to the great church, as is Signor Colla to the prince; and Signor Ferrara, brother to the famous violin player, who is a remarkable fine performer on the violoncello; together with the celebrated singer Bastardella, and Signora Roger, a great harpsichord player, who was mistress to the princess of Asturias, are all in pension at the court of Parma. The theatre there is the largest in Europe; it is capable of containing four thousand people, and has water under the stage sufficient to form a great river, or for the representation of a sea-fight; but this theatre has not been used since the death of the last duke.

At Reggio, during the *Fiera*, in summer, there is usually a good opera, well performed; and music is said to be much cultivated in the college of that city.

In

: In arriving at Genoa, I found no other public musical performance than an *intermezzo*, in which Piatti, a young singer who had just returned from England, was principal.

From the number of musical establishments and performances mentioned in this journal, the Italians may, perhaps, be accused of cultivating music to excess; but whoever continues a short time in any of their principal cities, must perceive that other arts and sciences are not neglected: and even in travelling through the country, if some parts of the Ecclesiastical State be excepted, the natural fertility of the soil does not appear to be the only source of abundance in the necessaries of life; for I can venture to affirm, that, throughout Piedmont, Lombardy, and Tuscany, agriculture is carried on with such art and activity, that I never remember to have seen lands better laid out, or less frequently suffered to lie idle: the poor indeed seem to be oppress-

ed and rendered worthless by extreme indigence and the rigour of government; but were they less so under their Gothic tyrants, when arts and sciences were not only neglected but extirpated from among them? Perhaps the cultivation of the peaceful arts may contribute as much to the happiness of the present inhabitants of Italy, and, indeed, to those of other parts of the world, as the conquering kingdoms did to that of their martial ancestors; who, when they were not busied in cutting the throats of each other, employed all their time and talents in plundering and enslaving mankind.

But music is now thought necessary in every country in Europe; and if it *must* be had, why should it not be excellent? The superior refinement of the Italian music cannot be fairly attributed to the great number of *artificial* voices with which Italy, to its dishonour, abounds; for vocal music seems at present in its highest state of perfection in the conservatories

of Venice, where only the *natural* voices of females can be heard; so that the greatest crime of which the Italians seem guilty is the having dared to apply to their softer language a species of music more delicate and refined, than is to be found in the rest of Europe.

It is now time to close my account of the present state of music in Italy, in doing which I cannot dissemble my fears that the reader will think it prolix; as, upon revising my journal, I am sorry to find that the further I advanced into that country, the more loose is the texture of my narrative, for in proportion as I had more to hear and to see, I had less time to spare for reflection and for writing: indeed, the mere matters of fact concerning musical exhibitions, will, I doubt, afford but small entertainment to the reader; for they are so much the same, that an account of one of them is, in many particulars, an account of all; so that a circumstantial narrative of things, perhaps

not very interesting in themselves, might be tiresome even in spite of variety : all I have to urge in my defence, is, that the relation is faithful ; and that, if the places, through which I passed had afforded more entertaining incidents, they would have been given to the public.

After a very fatiguing and dangerous journey over the tremendous mountains of Genoa, and through Provence and Languedoc, during incessant rains which had rendered the roads intolerable, I arrived at Lyons in my way home, Dec. 3d, where, in visiting the theatre, I was more disgusted than ever, at hearing French music, after the exquisite performances to which I had been accustomed in Italy. *Eugenie*, a pretty comedy, preceded *Silvain*, an opera by M. Gretry : there were many pretty passages in the music, but so ill sung, with so false an expression, such screaming, forcing, and trilling, as quite made me sick.

I tried

I tried to observe, on the road, by what degrees the French arrive at this extreme depravity in their musical expression; and I find, that in descending the Alps, it does not come on all at once. In Provence and Languedoc, the tunes of the country people are rather pretty: I prevailed on them to sing some to me wherever I stopt, which they did in a natural and simple manner. The airs are less wild than the Scots, as less ancient, but I rather think the melodies of Provence and Languedoc are older than any now subsisting that were formed upon the system of Guido.

From Lyons I travelled night and day to Paris, and arrived there on Saturday, Dec. 8th; but I shall detain my reader no longer with observations upon French music, of which the expression is notoriously hateful to all the people in Europe but themselves: however, in the midst of this seeming severity of decision, it is but just to own, that the French have as



long known the mechanical laws of counter-point as any nation in Europe; and, that at present, by means of M. Rameau's system and rules for a fundamental base, they are very good judges of harmony. It must likewise be allowed, that they have long been in possession of simple and agreeable Provençale and Languedocian melodies, to which they continue to adapt the prettiest words, for social purposes, of any people on the globe; and that they have now the merit of imitating very successfully the music of the Italian burlettas, in their comic operas, and of greatly surpassing the Italians, and, perhaps, every other nation, in the poetical composition of those dramas.

During my last residence at Paris, I had the honour of conferring with many men of letters of the first class, whose openness and politeness to me were such as merit my most grateful and public acknowledgments; and I cannot resist the desire of mentioning two, among these,

these, of a very distinguished order, M. Diderot, and M. Rousseau.

With M. Diderot, I had the happiness of conversing several times ; and I was pleased to find, that among all the sciences, which his extensive genius and learning have investigated, there is no one that he interests himself more about, than music. Mademoiselle Diderot, his daughter, is one of the finest harpsichord-players in Paris, and, for a lady, possessed of an uncommon portion of knowledge in modulation ; but though I had the pleasure of hearing her for several hours, not a single French composition was played by her the whole time, all was Italian and German ; hence it will not be difficult to form a judgment of M. Diderot's taste in music. He entered so zealously into my views concerning the history of his favourite art, that he presented me with a number of his own MSS. sufficient for a volume in folio on the subject. These, from such

a writer, I regard as invaluable ; “ Here, “ take them, says he, I know not what “ they contain ; if any materials for your “ purpose, use them in the course of “ your work, as your own property ; if “ not, throw them into the fire.” But notwithstanding such a legal transfer, I shall look upon myself as accountable for these papers, not only to M. Diderot, but to the public.

I regarded the meeting with M. Rouffeau at Paris, as a singularly fortunate completion of my personal intercourse with the learned and ingenious on the continent : I was so happy as to converse for a considerable time with him upon music, a subject which has received such embellishments from his pen, that the driest parts of it are rendered interesting by his manner of treating them, both in the Encyclopedie, and in his Musical Dictionary. He read over my plan very attentively, and gave me his opinion of it, article by article ; after which he  
made

made enquiries concerning several Italian composers of his acquaintance, and seemed to interest himself very much about the present state of music in Italy, as well as the acquisitions I had made there towards my future work.

\* \* \* \*

The reader of this journal will now be enabled not only to form an idea of the present state of music in the countries through which I have passed, but likewise of the opportunities with which I have been favoured of consulting the libraries and the learned, on whatever is most disputable and curious in my projected history. I have mentioned some of the materials which I acquired, and to these may be added a great number, which I collected during many years in England, and near 400 volumes of scarce books on the subject of music, which I procured abroad. I have also settled a correspondence in every great city that I

visited on the continent, by means of which I hope to be furnished from time to time with the newest intelligence concerning modern music, as well as with further particulars, relative to the ancient; and as I am certain that no place abounds more with men of sound learning, or with collectors of curious compositions and valuable materials necessary to my intended work, than my own country; I humbly hope that I shall also be honoured with their counsel and communications.

But with all these requisites, respect for the public, for the art about which I write, and even for myself, will prevent precipitate publication: a history of the kind I propose, must inevitably be a work of time; for after consulting the most scarce and valuable books and MSS. and conferring with the most eminent artists and theorists; to select, digest, and consolidate materials so various and diffused, will not only require leisure and labour,

labour, but such a patient perseverance, as little less than the zeal of enthusiasm can inspire. It is not the history of an art in its infant state, whose parents are still living, that I have ventured to undertake; but one coeval with the world; one whose high antiquity renders its origin as doubtful as the formation of language, or the first articulations of the human voice.





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