

I couldn't help it. "—Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said:

"Havn't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered with a short laugh. "I'm a bachelore."

"A bachelor!" I said, astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" Pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But at this point Peggotty—I mean my own peculiar Peggotty—made such impressive motions to me not to ask any more questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she informed me that Ham and Em'ly were an orphan nephew and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood, when they were left destitute; and that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel—those were her similes. The only subject, she informed me, on which he ever showed a violent temper or swore an oath, was this generosity of his; and if it were ever referred to, by any one of them, he struck the table a heavy blow with his right hand (had split it on one such occasion), and swore a dreadful oath that he would be 'Gormed' if he didn't cut and run for good, if it was ever mentioned again. It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but that they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation.

I was very sensible of my entertainer's goodness, and listened to the women's going to bed in another little crib like mine at the opposite end of the boat, and to him and Ham hanging up two hammocks for themselves on the hooks I had noticed in the roof, in a very luxurious state of mind, enhanced by my being sleepy. As slumber gradually stole upon me, I heard the wind howling out at sea and coming on across the flat so fiercely, that I had a lazy apprehension of the great deep rising in the night. But I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all; and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if anything did happen.

Nothing happened, however, worse than morning. Almost as soon as it shone upon the oyster-shell frame of my mirror I was out of bed, and out with little Em'ly, picking up stones upon the beach.

"You're quite a sailor, I suppose?" I said to Em'ly. I don't know that I supposed any thing of the kind, but I felt it an act of gallantry to say something; and a shining sail close to us made such a pretty little image of itself, at the moment, in her bright eye, that it came into my head to say this.

"No," replied Em'ly, shaking her head, "I'm afraid of the sea."

"Afraid!" I said, with a becoming air of boldness, and looking very big at the mighty ocean. "I a'nt!"

"Ah! but it's cruel," said Em'ly. "I have seen it very cruel to some of our men. I have seen it tear a boat as big as our house, all to pieces."

"I hope it was'nt the boat that \_\_\_\_"

"That father was drownded in?" said Em'ly. "No. Not that one, I never see that boat."

"Nor him?" I asked her.

Little Em'ly shook her head. "Not to remember!"

Here was a coincidence! I immediately went into an explanation how I had never seen my own father; and how my mother and I had always lived by ourselves in the happiest state imaginable, and lived so then, and always meant to live so; and how my father's grave was in the churchyard near our house, and shaded by a tree, beneath the boughs of which I had walked and heard the birds sing many a pleasant morning. But there were some differences between Em'ly's orphanhood and mine, it appeared. She had lost her mother before her father; and where her father's grave was no one knew, except that it was somewhere in the depths of the sea.

"Besides," said Em'ly, as she looked about for shells and pebbles, "your father was a gentleman and your mother is a lady; and my father was a fisherman and my mother was a fisherman's daughter, and my uncle Dan is a fisherman."

"Dan is Mr. Peggotty, is he?" said I.

"Uncle Dan—yonder," answered Em'ly, nodding at the boat-house.

"Yes. I mean him. He must be very good, I should think?"

"Good?" said Em'ly. "If I was ever to be a lady, I'd give him a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, a cocked hat, a large gold watch, a silver pipe, and a box of money."

I said I had no doubt that Mr. Peggotty well deserved these treasures. I must acknowledge that I felt it difficult to picture him quite at his ease in the raiment proposed for him by his grateful little niece, and that I was particularly doubtful of the policy of the cocked hat; but I kept these sentiments to myself.

Little Em'ly had stopped and looked up at the sky in her enumeration of these articles, as if they were a glorious vision. We went on again, picking up shells and pebbles.

"You would like to be a lady?" I said.

Emily looked at me, and laughed and nodded "yes."

"I should like it very much. We would all be gentlefolks together, then. Me, and uncle, and Ham, and Mrs. Gummidge. We wouldn't mind then, when there come stormy weather.—Not for our own sakes, I mean. We would for the poor fishermen's, to be sure, and we'd help 'em with money when they come to any hurt."

This seemed to me to be a very satisfactory and therefore not at all improbable picture. I expressed my pleasure in the contemplation of it, and little Em'ly was emboldened to say, shyly,

"Don't you think you are afraid of the sea, now?"

It was quiet enough to reassure me, but I have no doubt if I had seen a moderately large wave come tumbling in, I should have taken to my heels, with an awful recollection of her drowned relations. However, I said "No," and I added, "You don't seem to be, either, though you say you are;"—for she was walking much too near the brink of a sort of old jetty or wooden causeway we had strolled upon, and I was afraid of her falling over.

"I'm not afraid in this way," said little Em'ly. "But I wake when it blows, and tremble to think of uncle Dan and Ham, and believe I hear'em crying out for help. That's why I should like so much to be a lady. But I'm not afraid in this way. Not a bit. Look here!"

She started from my side, and ran along a jagged timber which protruded from the place we stood upon, and overhung the deep water at some height, without the least defence. The incident is so impressed on my remembrance, that if I were a draughtsman I could draw its form here, I daresay, accurately as it was that day, and little Em'ly springing forward to her destruction (as it appeared to me), with a look that I have never forgotten, directed far out to sea.

The light, bold, fluttering little figure turned and came back safe to me, and I soon laughed at my fears, and at the cry I had uttered; fruitlessly in any case, for there was no one near. But there have been times since, in my manhood, many times there have been, when I have thought, Is it possible, among the possibilities of hidden things, that in the sudden rashness of the child and her wild look so far off, there was any merciful attraction of her into danger, any tempting her towards him permitted on the part of her dead father, that her life might have a chance of ending that day. There has been a time since when I have wondered whether, if the life before her could have been revealed to me at a glance, and so revealed as that a child could fully comprehend it, and if her preservation could have depended on a motion of my hand, I ought to have held it up to save her. There has been a time since—I do not say it lasted long, but it has been—when I have asked myself the question, would it have been better for little Em'ly to have had the waters close above her head that morning in my sight; and when I have answered Yes, it would have been.

This may be premature. I have set it down too soon, perhaps. But let it stand.

We strolled a long way, and loaded ourselves with things that we thought curious, and put some stranded star-fish carefully back into the water—I hardly know enough of the race at this moment to be quite certain whether they had reason to feel obliged to us for doing so, or the reverse—and then made our way home to Mr. Peggotty's dwelling. We stopped under the lee of the lobster-outhouse to exchange an innocent kiss, and went in to breakfast glowing with health and pleasure.

"Like two young mavishes," Mr. Peggotty said. I knew this meant, in our local dialect, like two young thrushes, and received it as a compliment.

Of course I was in love with little Em'ly. I am sure I loved that baby quite as truly, quite as tenderly, with greater purity, and more disinterestedness, than can enter into the best love of a later time of life, high and ennobling as it is. I am sure my fancy raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child, which etherealised, and made a very angel of her. If, any sunny forenoon, she had spread a little pair of wings and flown away before my eyes, I don't think I should have regarded it as much more than I had had reason to expect.

We used to walk about that dim old flat at Yarmouth in a loving manner, hours and hours. The days sported by us, as if Time had not grown up himself yet, but were a child too, and always at play. I told Em'ly I adored her, and that unless she confessed she adored me I should be reduced to the necessity of killing myself with a sword. She said she did, and I have no doubt she did.

As to any sense of inequality, or youthfulness, or other difficulty in our way, little Em'ly and I had no such trouble, because we had no future. We made no more provision for growing older, than we did for growing younger. We were the admiration of Mrs. Gummidge and Peggotty, who used to whisper of an evening when we sat, lovingly, on our little locker side by side, "Lor! wasn't it beautiful!" Mr. Peggotty smiled at us from behind his pipe, and Ham grinned all the evening and did nothing else. They had something of the sort of pleasure in us, I suppose, that they might have had in a pretty toy, or a pocket model of the Colosseum.

I soon found out that Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do, under the circumstances of her residence with Mr. Peggotty. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition, and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her; but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

Mr. Peggotty went occasionally to a public house called The Willing Mind. I discovered this, by his being out on the second or third evening of our visit, and by Mrs. Gummidge's looking up at the dutch clock, between eight and nine, and saying he was there, and that, what was more, she had known in the morning he would go there.

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the forenoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everythink goes contrairy with me."

"Oh, it 'll soon leave off," said Peggotty—I again mean our Peggotty—"and besides, you know, it 's not more disagreeable to you than to us."

"I feel it more," said Mrs. Gummidge.

It was a very cold day, with cutting blasts of wind. Mrs. Gummidge's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed to me to be the warmest and snuggest in the place, as her chair was certainly the easiest, but it didn't suit her that day at all. She was constantly complaining of the cold, and

of its occasioning a visitation in her back which she called "the creeps." At last she shed tears on that subject, and said again that she was "a lone lorn creetur' and everythink went contrary with her."

"It is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

So at dinner; when Mrs. Gummidge was always helped immediately after me, to whom the preference was given as a visitor of distinction. The fish were small and bony, and the potatoes were a little burnt. We all acknowledged that we felt this something of a disappointment; but Mrs. Gummidge said she felt it more than we did, and shed tears again, and made that former declaration with great bitterness.

Accordingly, when Mr. Peggotty came home about nine o'clock, this unfortunate Mrs. Gummidge was knitting in her corner in a very wretched and miserable condition. Peggotty had been working cheerfully. Ham had been patching up a great pair of water-boots; and I, with little Em'ly by my side, had been reading to them. Mrs. Gummidge had never made any other remark than a forlorn sigh, and had never raised her eyes since tea.

"Well, Mates," said Mr. Peggotty, taking his seat, "and how are you?"

We all said something, or looked something, to welcome him, except Mrs. Gummidge, who only shook her head over her knitting.

"What's amiss," said Mr. Peggotty, with a clap of his hands. "Cheer up, old Mawther!" (Mr. Peggotty meant old girl.)

Mrs. Gummidge did not appear to be able to cheer up. She took out an old black silk handkerchief and wiped her eyes; but instead of putting it in her pocket, kept it out, and wiped them again, and still kept it out, ready for use.

"What's amiss, dame!" said Mr. Peggotty.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Gummidge. "You've come from The Willing Mind, Dan'l?"

"Why yes, I've took a short spell at The Willing Mind to-night," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I'm sorry I should drive you there," said Mrs. Gummidge.

"Drive! I don't want no driving," returned Mr. Peggotty with an honest laugh. "I only go too ready."

"Very ready," said Mrs. Gummidge, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. "Yes, yes, very ready. I am sorry it should be along of me that you're so ready."

"Along o' you? It an't along o' you!" said Mr. Peggotty. "Don't ye believe a bit on it?"

"Yes, yes, it is," cried Mrs. Gummidge. "I know what I am. I know that I'm a lone lorn creetur, and not only that everythink goes contrary with me, but that I go contrary with everybody. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It's my misfortun'."

I really couldn't help thinking, as I sat taking in all this, that the misfortune extended to some other members of that family besides Mrs. Gummidge. But Mr. Peggotty made no such retort, only answering with another entreaty to Mrs. Gummidge to cheer up.

"I an't what I could wish myself to be," said Mrs. Gummidge. "I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I wish I didn't feel 'em, but I do. I wish I could be hardened to 'em, but I an't. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. I've made your sister so all day, and Master Davy."

Here I was suddenly melted, and roared out "No, you have'nt, Mrs Gummidge," in great mental distress.

"It's far from right that I should do it," said Mrs. Gummidge. "It an't a fit return. I had better go into the house and die. I am a lone lorn creetur, and had much better not make myself contrary here. If thinks must go contrary with me, and I must go contrary myself, let me go contrary in my parish. Dan'l, I'd better go into the house, and die and be a riddance!"

Mrs. Gummidge retired with these words, and betook herself to bed. When she was gone, Mr. Peggotty, who had not exhibited a trace of any feeling but the profoundest sympathy, looked round upon us, and nodding his head with a lively expression of that sentiment still animating his face, said in a whisper :

"She's been thinking of the old'un!"

I did not quite understand what old one Mrs. Gummidge was supposed to have fixed her mind upon, until Peggotty, on seeing me to bed, explained that it was the late Mr. Gummidge; and that her brother always took that for a received truth on such occasions, and that it always had a moving effect upon him. Some time after he was in his hammock that night, I heard him myself repeat to Ham, "Poor thing! She's been thinking of the old 'un!" And whenever Mrs. Gummidge was overcome in a similar manner during the remainder of our stay (which happened some few times), he always said the same thing in extenuation of the circumstance, and always with the tenderest commiseration.

So the fortnight slipped away, varied by nothing but the variation of the tide, which altered Mr. Peggotty's times of going out and coming in, and altered Ham's engagements also. When the latter was unemployed, he sometimes walked with us to show us the boats and ships, and once or twice he took us for a row. I don't know why one slight set of impressions should be more particularly associated with a place than another, though I believe this obtains with most people, in reference especially to the associations of their childhood. I never hear the name, or read the name, of Yarmouth, but I am reminded of a certain Sunday morning on the beach, the bells ringing for church, little Em'ly leaning on my shoulder, Ham lazily dropping stones into the water, and the sun, away at sea, just breaking through the heavy mist, and showing us the ships, like their own shadows.

At last the day came for going home. I bore up against the separation from Mr. Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, but my agony of mind at leaving little Em'ly was piercing. We went arm-in-arm to the public-house where the carrier put up, and I promised, on the road, to write to her. (I redeemed that promise afterwards, in characters larger than those in

which apartments are usually announced in manuscript, as being to let). We were greatly overcome at parting ; and if ever, in my life, I have had a void made in my heart, I had one made that day.

Now, all the time I had been on my visit, I had been ungrateful to my home again, and had thought little or nothing about it. But I was no sooner turned towards it, than my reproachful young conscience seemed to point that way with a steady finger ; and I felt, all the more for the sinking of my spirits, that it was my nest, and that my mother was my comforter and friend.

This gained upon me as we went along ; so that the nearer we drew, and the more familiar the objects became that we passed, the more excited I was to get there, and to run into her arms. But Peggotty, instead of sharing in these transports, tried to check them (though very kindly), and looked confused and out of sorts.

Blunderstone Rookery would come, however, in spite of her, when the carrier's horse pleased—and did. How well I recollect it, on a cold grey afternoon, with a dull sky, threatening rain !

The door opened, and I looked, half laughing and half crying in my pleasant agitation, for my mother. It was not she, but a strange servant.

“ Why, Peggotty ! ” I said, ruefully, “ isn't she come home ! ”

“ Yes, yes, Master Davy,” said Peggotty. “ She's come home. Wait a bit, Master Davy, and I'll—I'll tell you something.”

Between her agitation, and her natural awkwardness in getting out of the cart, Peggotty was making a most extraordinary festoon of herself, but I felt too blank and strange to tell her so. When she had got down, she took me by the hand ; led me, wondering, into the kitchen ; and shut the door.

“ Peggotty ! ” said I, quite frightened. “ What's the matter ? ”

“ Nothing's the matter, bless you, Master Davy dear ! ” she answered, assuming an air of sprightliness.

“ Something's the matter, I'm sure. Where's mama ? ”

“ Where's mama, Master Davy ? ” repeated Peggotty.

“ Yes. Why hasn't she come out to the gate, and what have we come in here for ? Oh, Peggotty ! ” My eyes were full, and I felt as if I were going to tumble down.

“ Bless the precious boy ! ” cried Peggotty, taking hold of me. “ What is it ? Speak, my pet ! ”

“ Not dead, too ! Oh, she's not dead, Peggotty ? ”

Peggotty cried out No ! with an astonishing volume of voice ; and then sat down, and began to pant, and said I had given her a turn.

I gave her a hug to take away the turn, or to give her another turn in the right direction, and then stood before her, looking at her in anxious inquiry.

“ You see, dear, I should have told you before now,” said Peggotty, “ but I hadn't an opportunity. I ought to have made it, perhaps, but I couldn't azackly”—that was always the substitute for exactly, in Peggotty's militia of words—“ bring my mind to it.”

“ Go on, Peggotty,” said I, more frightened than before.

"Master Davy," said Peggotty, untying her bonnet with a shaking hand, and speaking in a breathless sort of way. "What do you think? You have got a Pa!"

I trembled, and turned white. Something—I don't know what, or how—connected with the grave in the churchyard, and the raising of the dead, seemed to strike me like an unwholesome wind.

"A new one," said Peggotty.

"A new one?" I repeated.

Peggotty gave a gasp, as if she were swallowing something that was very hard, and, putting out her hand, said:

"Come and see him."

"I don't want to see him."

— "And your mamma," said Peggotty.

I ceased to draw back, and we went straight to the best parlor, where she left me. On one side of the fire, sat my mother; on the other, Mr. Murdstone. My mother dropped her work, and arose hurriedly, but timidly I thought.

"Now, Clara my dear," said Mr. Murdstone. "Recollect! controul yourself, always controul yourself! Davy boy, how do you do?"

I gave him my hand. After a moment of suspense, I went and kissed my mother: she kissed me, patted me gently on the shoulder, and sat down again to her work. I could not look at her, I could not look at him, I knew quite well that he was looking at us both; and I turned to the window and looked out there, at some shrubs that were drooping their heads in the cold.

As soon as I could creep away, I crept up-stairs. My old dear bedroom was changed, and I was to lie a long way off. I rambled down-stairs to find anything that was like itself, so altered it all seemed; and roamed into the yard. I very soon started back from there, for the empty dog-kennel was filled up with a great dog—deep mouthed and black-haired like Him—and he was very angry at the sight of me, and sprung out to get at me.

# THE THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION COMPLETELY DEVELOPED.

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By G. W. RÖHNER.

LONDON—LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.

### EXTRACTS FROM OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

*From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, 16th Dec., 1848.

WE find from the preface of this work that it has been written by two individuals; the one a German professor of music, the other a literary, and, of course, a musical gentleman of this country: thus the book has all the advantages of German erudition upon the subject, without the objections which more or less are the consequences of a translation.

The treatment of the subject commences with scales and intervals; enters into a full consideration of the derivations, the nature and employment of chords in harmonic combinations; gives excellent precepts upon rhythmical and tonal structure; in short, carries the subject on to the construction of elaborate compositions, either instrumental or vocal. To give an entire analysis of the manner in which this has been done, would far exceed our limits, and anything less would convey no adequate idea of the book. Suffice it, that the whole has been treated with great care. It is copious, highly scientific, that is, perfectly simple, grammatical, and, we have no hesitation in saying, it is one of the most learned books ever written upon the art. It is beautifully got up, and, considering the importance of the subject, offered at a price which shows that the authors were sincere when they talked of music becoming an "essential part of national education." It concludes with a double chorus, the words being furnished by the author of "Rowland Bradshaw," who has evidently a talent for writing to music. The following may give some idea of the clearness of the style, although the whole work must of course be scientifically studied to be duly appreciated.

*From the Literary Gazette*, 16th Dec., 1848.

A concise, yet not too concise, and full practical exposition of the theory of music, has long, we believe, been considered a desideratum by the musical world; and the diligence and science of the author appear, at last, to have supplied the deficiency in a very satisfactory manner. To assist the teacher, and facilitate the studies of those whose genius has to be self-taught, are the objects he has endeavoured to accomplish, and, as far as this volume goes, we should say with skill and success. The instructions and examples are very clear; and we would therefore cordially recommend the work to the music *feuille* of all our melodious friends.

*From the Sunday Times*, 17th Dec., 1848.

Mr. Röhner says, in his preface, that, being a German, without the necessary knowledge of our language, he has had to take the assistance of a gentleman of literary as well as musical attainments, by which means all that is known of the art of music is conveyed to the English student divested of that crudity and obscurity which too frequently belongs to a translation. The authors, in stating their reasons for producing this work, affirm the necessity of sound training in the theory as well as the practice of music, and they predict that the day is not far distant when the acquirement of music shall be an exercise of the mind, not a mere operation of the fingers; when it shall rank as an essential part of a national and liberal education, instead of being held at the cheap value of a superficial accomplishment. The book has evidently been written with great care, and a thorough

knowledge of the subject it professes to teach. It abounds in exercises which are worked out in a key, thus rendering self-instruction easy, and greatly facilitating the labour of the master. It commences with scales and intervals, develops the nature of chords, and gives copious precepts for their employment. Rhythmical and tonal structure are fully considered. In fact, the instruction is carried upwards from a simple exposition of the first principles of music to the construction of compositions requiring the most extensive vocal and instrumental combinations. No partial selections from a work of this description would afford a just idea of its merits as a whole. We can, however, assert that, though strictly scientific and grammatical, it is well calculated, by its simplicity and clearness, to lead the student to a full mastery of the science of music. The volume ends with a double chorus, the words for which are from the pen of the author of "Rowland Bradshaw," a work of fiction which we had, sometime ago, occasion to commend for the excellence of its object, and the vigour of its style.

*From the Weekly Dispatch*, 24th Dec., 1848.

The author of this admirable elementary work is a German gentleman, who has had a long experience in the profession of music, and he has produced the best practical treatise on the theory of the art which has ever come under our notice. The voluminous works previously issued from the schools of Italy, France, and Germany, are certainly too diffuse and speculative for the general student; and M. Röhner has succeeded in his plan of conciseness, without omitting a single essential point.

*From the Court Journal*, 30th Dec., 1848.

This work is chiefly intended for amateurs, who wish to acquire a knowledge of composition; and it may be considered as one of the best treatises of the kind that have appeared in our language. The author (a German) very modestly acknowledges his obligation to an English friend, who has corrected his work in the niceties of our vernacular tongue; but he may fairly take to himself the credit of having expounded his intricate and difficult subject with a degree of clearness and concision that is not always found in didactic treatises. The volume contains all that is necessary to facilitate the general student's acquisition of a knowledge of musical composition. Altogether this treatise fills up a gap that existed in musical literature, and steers most happily between the dry brevity of a mere "hand-book," and the learned diffuseness of the ponderous tomes indited by German, French, and Italian contrapuntists.

*Key to the Exercises contained in Röhner's Practical Treatise on Musical Composition.*

This short pamphlet is a necessary complement to the "Practical Treatise." We here find a repetition of the examples given (in their incipient state) in the "Treatise," with all the parts filled in, so as to enable the student, who has no master to guide him to see whether he has written his exercise correctly; or to serve the master as a book of reference, to ascertain when and where the student is at fault.

## A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

We dismiss Mr. Röhner's works with a hearty recommendation to all musical aspirants, with whom they can scarcely fail to become popular, and we shall have much pleasure in meeting with any future volumes that may emanate from the pen of this conscientious writer.

*From the Illustrated London News, 30th Dec., 1848.*

We have received frequent applications from amateurs and students, to mention the best standard works on composition, and we have recommended the theoretical writings of Albrechtsberger, Schneider, G. Weber, Abbé Vogler, Choron, Reicha, Cherubini, Rameau, &c., to our applicants; but, for a lucid compilation of the principles of the great theorists, we have searched in vain. The appearance of the volume now before us will be of the greatest service to the teacher, and of inestimable value to the student. The work has the signature of a German; but, in his preface, he acknowledges the assistance "of an English gentleman, who was not only a sound musician, but of literary attainments." Mr. Röhner regrets that he is not permitted to publish his coadjutor's name; and this regret will be shared by those readers of the work who will participate in the value of its principles, as much for acquiring as for inspiring knowledge. Mr. Röhner commences with scales and intervals; and then treats of melody, and its accentuation according to time and measure. The third chapter, on harmony and chords, is extremely well treated. The hints on the construction of elaborate instrumental compositions are admirable; and the supplementary chapters on harmony, in two, three, and more than four parts, and on the composition of vocal music, are clear and full in explanation, and the examples well chosen and appropriate. Much time and trouble may be spared to the pupil who carefully studies this new treatise, which will be an easy introduction to the more voluminous works of the great theorists. The work has been got up with great care, and is printed in large bold type.

*From the Critic, 1st Jan. 1849.*

A thoroughly practical treatise on musical composition, or rather, we should say, on the theory of music, for its composition is not to be *taut*; it must come from within. If Mr. Röhner had termed it musical *expression* he would have been more strictly correct; for his purpose is to teach the manner of putting a musical *idea* into the form of music. It is profusely illustrated, and will, no doubt, be studied with great advantage by composers, whether professional or amateur.

*From the Morning Herald, Jan. 8, 1849.*

Mr. Röhner publishes this treatise because he believes that a practical book upon the theory of music "remained a desideratum;" that is, there has either been, on the one hand, too much compression, or, on the other, too much diffuseness. "Reflection on this," he adds, "grew at length into a desire to attempt to supply a work that should at once assist the teacher and render easier the task of those who have to toil in the path of self-instruction." Without coinciding in the impression that animates Mr. Röhner as to the general unavailable character of the thousand elementary treatises which have issued from the press, we may give him the credit of having produced a very serviceable volume for those who are about to study the theoretical principles of the art, and there can be no doubt that it is one of the best in existence as regards plan, development, and illustration. The letter-press which accompanies the chapters is the contribution of an English amateur, who, possessed of the requisite knowledge, aided the author in completing the wish that the work should be brought out in this country. The text thus supplied is clear and pertinent, and though copious in its details, exhibits no ostentatious verbosity, while the technical spirit which necessarily pervades the elucidations is ably defined to meet the inquiries of the uninitiated. The rules are well enforced by exercises, a key to which is printed in a separate volume.

*From the Lady's Newspaper, 13th January, 1849.*

So many practical treatises on musical composition continue to appear, all professing to accomplish the same end, namely, to make that which has hitherto been deemed difficult or obscure, easy and clear, but generally leaving the reader in the end more perplexed and in deeper obscurity

than ever, that the reviewer, upon taking up a new book making such profession, opens it with a feeling bordering upon prejudice against it, so certain does he feel of once again meeting with disappointment. It is, therefore, with a heightened degree of pleasure we place before our readers a recommendation of G. W. Röhner's work, for it fulfills its promise. It is a small quarto volume, containing 156 pages of letterpress and music, excellently printed, and has been corrected with peculiar care, a circumstance of the highest importance in theoretical works. It was our first intention to have gone into an elaborate analytical review of this treatise, but were soon after stopped by finding how much could be said upon every part, that to do justice to all would far outrun the space a newspaper can afford for any single work. We must, in consequence, content ourselves by giving it our hearty recommendation not only to the student in music, but to the professor. The first will obtain by its aid a vast store of practical information; the latter find things there set down in a new light that will at least revive all he has before studied, if not create in his mind entirely fresh views in the application of the science of music.

*From the Manchester Courier, 13th January, 1849.*

This new theory seems to have taken the musical world by surprise—the London press teeming with its praise; some going so far as to assert that it must become the national manual of music to the teacher, and more especially to him who has to toil in the path of self-instruction. Mr. Röhner is a German, but has had the assistance of an English literary and musical gentleman, thus giving all the German erudition upon the subject, without the crudity and obscurity which more or less belong to a translation. We are happy in being able to add our commendation to that of our contemporaries of the London press; feeling convinced than any work which will excite a study for the *theory* of music, instead of the unmeaning *practice* which we find too often aimed at alone, has conferred an intellectual boon upon the country—has given the means for an elevating, a rational, and most desirable exercise of the mind.

*From the Morning Chronicle, 16th Jan., 1849.*

Whatever doubt may exist of an absolute necessity for this production, on account of the paucity or inefficiency of those which already exist, we nevertheless hope that Mr. Röhner's work will do service to the progress of real musical science, as well as musical taste, in this country, by stimulating a demand for musical education more sound and solid in system, *ab initio*, than that which is now but too often bestowed—a system which, while it may impart a certain amount of dexterity in execution within a limited range, thus furnishing the material for superficial display before a partial and probably unskilled audience, yet often leaves the pupil, after a five or seven years' course of nominal instruction, with exactly the same amount of knowledge in the true principles of music as at the beginning.

*From the Morning Post, 25th Jan., 1849.*

Mr. Röhner's purpose, in publishing this work, has been to supply the musical student with a compendium of theoretical instructions, in which, whilst avoiding the diffuseness and speculativeness of the larger treatises, no branch of the subject should be left unnoticed, or insufficiently explained. In this we think he has succeeded. His book unites the qualities of perspicuity and conciseness, and is evidently the work of one competent to teach, and thoroughly conversant with the labours of those who have preceded him. Evolving no fanciful theories, but plainly and sensibly setting forth the principles of musical composition as received by the majority of professors, this treatise will no doubt be very generally studied and approved. The exercises recommended by Mr. Röhner for the adaptation of harmonies to a given melody are excellent; the remarks on rhythm and the tonal structure of a musical composition very felicitous. The construction of elaborate compositions, preceded by a chapter of figurate writing, is the last matter treated of; observations on the composition of vocal music being added in the form of a supplementary chapter. We may add, that a key to the exercises is published with the work, and, in conclusion, are happy to recommend it to the attention of all those who are desirous of acquiring a practical knowledge of the principles of musical composition.

*Now Publishing, in Monthly Numbers, Price ONE SHILLING each,*

*With Numerous Illustrations,*

THE

# JOURNAL OF DESIGN,

ADDRESSED TO

MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, RETAIL DEALERS, DESIGNERS,  
AND ART-WORKMEN.

THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN will have, as it ought to have, politics of its own. In this matter of Ornamental Design we hope to prove ourselves thoroughly conservative of the best interests of manufacturers, designers, and all parties concerned. We are the advocates for better laws and a better tribunal to protect copyright in designs, and for a largely increased extension of copyright. We think the restless demands of the public for constant novelty are alike mischievous to the progress of good ornamental art as they are to all commercial interests. We think that the Schools of Design should be reformed and made business-like realities. We shall wage war against all pirates; and we hope to see the day when it will be thought as disgraceful for one manufacturer to pillage another's patterns as it is held to be if he should walk into the counting-house and rob his till. These are some of the points of our political creed, with which we start on our undertaking. In conclusion, we profess that our aim is to foster ornamental art in all its ways, and to do those things for its advance, in all its branches, which it would be the appropriate business of a Board of Design to do, if such a useful department of Government actually existed.

*The following Testimonials, among others, to the practical value of the Work,  
have been already received:—*

"It is matter of surprise to us, as it has no doubt been to others, that no periodical of the kind should have been established in this country; for although decorative art has received incidental notice in various journals, it has not received that complete and systematic consideration which its national value in a commercial point of view demands. THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN, therefore, if it is conducted upon the principles described by its conductors in their opening address, can hardly fail to be very extensively acceptable, as supplying one of the obvious wants of the day. The present part, making the allowances claimed for it as a first appearance, gives promise of substantial utility, the fulfilment of which we shall have pleasure in recording from time to time, as the successive numbers come under our notice. . . . THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN is published at a price which will place it within the reach of all who are interested in its contents."—*Midland Counties Herald*.

"We last month had the pleasure of welcoming the first appearance of this periodical, and of noticing the promise of utility which it held out. An examination of the contents of the present number confirms the favourable opinion we then expressed, and we would again commend the publication to the notice of all who are interested in the cultivation and spread of decorative art. . . . We shall certainly be much mistaken if THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN (supposing it to be continued as it has commenced) does not give a lively impulse to every description of manufacture on which decorative art can be brought to bear."—*Midland Counties Herald*, SECOND NOTICE.

"The manner and tone of THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN are good, the editor's resources appear to be considerable, and some novel features in the undertaking cannot fail to arrest attention strongly. The introduction of actual patterns of manufactured fabrics strikes one at first as a somewhat daring innovation, a too obvious introduction of literature to trade; but it is found, on examination, to be in no respect out of place, but indeed suitable and useful in every way."—*Examiner*.

"The objects of THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN, a monthly periodical, are directly practical. To the *soi-disant* connoisseur its tone and aim may savour too much of the trade—its insertion, whenever practical, of absolute patterns of textile fabrics or printed paper-hangings, may startle Fine Art nerves with its air of a mercer's pattern-book; but the tone of writing is healthy and independent, and its criticism on the patterns reviewed are characterised by judgment and artistic knowledge

of the subject. We anticipate that, whilst it may thus become a good circulating medium for new ornamental designs, it may be also ancillary to the diffusion of just taste."—*Advocate, or Irish Industrial Journal*.

"This is the first number of a monthly magazine which bids fair to become of vast utility to towns like Nottingham, where the staple trades depend so much upon elegance and newness of design. The illustrations in the part before us are very numerous and extremely good. . . . These illustrations are accompanied by thirty-two pages of letterpress—and all for a shilling."—*Nottinghamshire Guardian*.

"Manufacturers who wish any new fabric noticed have only to send as much to the office as will be a *swatch* in each copy of the journal. The literary as well as the artistic part is well got up, and the journal deserves the patronage of the admirers of the fine and useful arts."—*Glasgow Examiner*.

"The letterpress is profusely illustrated with woodcuts. The work appears likely to be of service in promoting the growth of taste."—*Glasgow Constitutional*.

"It is with feelings of genuine pleasure that we welcome the appearance of another journal devoted to the important subject of decorative art. In THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN we observe one characteristic feature not contained in any other work occupying a similar field of operation. Besides woodcuts of ornamental designs, such as have been long made familiar to our readers in the pages of the *Art-Journal*, the work before us is an actual *pattern-book*. We have the very textures and fabrics themselves before us."—*Sheffield Times*.

"The sample number of a new periodical, devoted to a review of ornamental design and art-manufactures. It promises to be a well-conducted work, and the patterns and numerous illustrations which accompany it will render it of utility to manufacturers, artists, and designers."—*Bristol Mercury*.

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[Turn over.]

# THE JOURNAL OF DESIGN.

Contents of No. I. for March 1849.

## ADDRESS.

### Review of Patterns.

#### ON THE MULTITUDE OF NEW PATTERNS.

WOVEN FABRICS. Chintzes, printed for Hindley and Sons; and Halling, Pearce, and Stone.

Also for Clarkson.

Flannel, printed by Swaisland, for R. Andrews.

Swiss printed Cottons, for Faulding and Co.

Calico for Bookbinding, printed for Bone and Son.

SILK. Coventry Ribbon, made for Harding, Smith, and Co.

Tapestry, made by Keiths, for J. Webb.

CARPETS, manufactured by Morton; also by Pardoe, Hoomans, and Co.

RUG, manufactured by Watson, Bell, and Co.

METALS. Bracelet, manufactured for Hunt and Roskill, W. and D. Gass, &c.

Two Epergnes, designed and made by W. Potts. Chandelier, manufactured by Messengers, for the garden-pavilion in Buckingham Palace.

Double Candlestick, manufactured by Messengers.

Urn, manufactured by Warner and Sons.

PAPER-HANGINGS. French Paper-hangings, imported by W. B. Simpson.

Cheap English Paper, sold by W. B. Simpson.

WOOD. Potato Bowls, carved by Philip and Wynne, W. G. Rogers, and the Wood-carving Company.

POTTERY. Statuette, "The Distressed Mother."

Statuette, "Dancing Girl."

Statuette, "Prince of Wales, in a sailor-boy's costume."

Statuette, "The Cornish Wife at the Well of St. Keyne."

Vase, manufactured by Copelands.

Two Spill Cases, manufactured by Wedgewoods.

Oyster-Tub and Dish, manufactured by Wedgewoods.

Jugs, manufactured by Copelands, by Ridgways, and by Mintons.

Potted Hare-pot, manufactured by Copelands.

WITH TEN PATTERNS OF FABRICS AND PAPER-HANGINGS, AND THIRTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

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### Review of Patterns.

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Hunt and Roskill's Dish.

Coalbrookdale Iron Castings, Eagle-Slayer, &c.

Stuart & Smith's Door-Porter; Pierce's Pyro-Pneumatic Stove-Grate.

Smith's Pistol and Gun; Pott's Flower-Stand; Broadhead and Atkins' Tea and Coffee Service.

WOVEN FABRICS. Walters' Silk Brocatelles.

Aspect of the Month's Market for Garment Fabrics.

Mousseline de Laine, by Inglis and Wakefield, Partridge and Price, J. and A. Crocker.

Koechlin's Swiss Cambrics.

Adam's Flax Damask; Odier's Brillantes.

Cox's Ribbon; Stone and Kemp's, and Campbell's Spitalfields Silks.

Norwich and Honiton Lace.

Patent Printed Carpet; Holmes' Wilton Velvet Carpet.

Henderson's Patent Tapestry, and Templeton's Axminster Table-Covers.

Macalpin's Chintz.

PAPER-HANGINGS. Jackson and Graham's French Bed-room Paper; Simpson's Paper for Pictures; Potters' Cheap Paper.

GLASS. Messengers' Flower-Glass; Richardsons' Decanter; Faraday's Alboni Lamp Shade.

Osler's and Pellatt's Candelabra.

Pellatt's Claret Jug and Glass.

POTTERY. Mintons' Greek Slave, and Maternal Devotion.

WITH THIRTEEN PATTERNS OF FABRICS AND PAPER-HANGINGS, AND FORTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

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### Review of Patterns (continued).

GLASS. Flower Vase, Wine Glass, and Finger-Glass.

MISCELLANEOUS. Book-Cover to Songs, &c.

### Original Papers.

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MIXTURES OF STYLES.

### Books.

Original Treatises, dating from the 12th to the 18th Centuries, on the Arts of Painting, &c. Translated by Mrs. Merrifield.

A Booke of Draughtes. By Henry Shaw.

The Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon. By A. Rich.

Byrne's Euclid. Printed in Colours.

### Institutions.

History of the Constitution of the "Government" School of Design and its Proceedings.

Lecture on Ornament delivered to the Students of the London School of Design. By W. Dyce, R.A.

Meetings of Edinburgh and Leeds Schools of Design.

Commons' Report on School of Design; Changes in Masterships in Schools of Design; Williams's Paper on Design at College of Freemasons of the Church.

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### Institutions.

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### Correspondence.

Sir F. Thesiger on Models from Prints; Short Copyright for Silks; Pirates; &c.