

X

Glen 227.

THE
BRITISH MINSTREL,

AND
MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY;

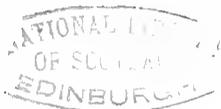
A SELECTION OF STANDARD MUSIC,

SONGS, DUETS, GLEES, CHORUSES,
ETC.

AND

ARTICLES IN MUSICAL AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. I.



GLASGOW:

WILLIAM HAMILTON, 33 BATH STREET,
J. MENZIES & CO., AND OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH; J. HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER;
AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
National Library of Scotland

INDEX.

	Page.		Page.	
SACRED CHORUSES.				
A New created World, Chorus,	4 voices	238	'Twas merry in the Hall,	
Dying Christian, Hymn,	3 —	197	True-hearted was He,	
From All that Dwell, Semi-Chorus,	4 —	35	'Twas only you,	
Glory be to God our King, Chorus,	4 —	117	Waefu' Heart, The,	
Hallelujah to the Father, Grand Chorus,	4 —	276	Weel may the Keel Row,	
O be Joyful, Chorus,	4 —	157	We'll meet beside the dusky Glen,	
With full Voic'd Choir, Chorus,	4 —	77	What ails this heart o' mine,	
GLEES.				
Awake, Æolian Lyre,	4 voices	19	When Autumn had laid her sickle by,	
Away, Away, Away,	3 —	4	When Rosie was faithful,	
Crabbed Age and Youth,	4 —	246	Widow's Wail, The,	
Drink to me only with thine eyes,	3 —	168	With lowly Suit, and plaintive Ditty,	
Fair Flora Decks,	3 —	29	CATCHES.	
Hail Smiling Morn,	4 —	150	A Boat, A Boat,	
Hark, Hark the Lark,	4 —	65	Celia's Charms,	
Here in cool Grot,	4 —	85	Come Follow, Follow,	
How merrily we live,	3 —	126	Dublin Cries, The,	
Let's Live, and let's Love,	3 —	292	Give me the Sweet Delights of Love,	
Let us the fleeting hours enjoy,	3 —	214	Old Chairs to mend,	
Life's a Bumper,	3 —	134	Peter White,	
Lordly Gallants,	3 —	57	Poor Thomas Day,	
Lützow's Wild Chase,	4 —	191	Sing ye with Glee,	
O Thou, whose Notes,	3 —	174	Sir John Guise,	
Poor Mary Ann,	3 —	285	'Twas You, Sir,	
Red Cross knight,	3 —	93	White Sand and Grey Sand,	
Rise, my Joy, sweet Mirth attend,	4 —	269	Wind, gentle Evergreen,	
We are three Friars,	3 —	142	CANON— Hey, Hoe to the Greenwood,	
When Sable Night,	4 —	204	CANZONET— The Nightingale,	
When Winds breathe Soft,	5 —	310	MADRIGAL— When as I looked,	
Witches, The,	3 —	45	TRIO— A Little Farm well Tilled,	
Youth of the Gloomy Brow,	3 —	229	TRIO, DUET, AND CHORUS— See the Conquering Hero comes,	
DUETS.				
Hark, The Goddess Diana,	222	Signatures of Keys,		
I love all beautiful Things,	252		
Love and Folly,	166	LITERATURE.		
Manly Heart, The,	110	Address, Our Preliminary,		
Minute Gun at Sea, The,	51	Advice Gratis,		
Tell me, Where is Fancy Bred,	12	Æolian Harp, To an,		
SONGS.				
Argyle is my Name,	190	Alcock, Dr. John,		
Banks of the Devon, The,	293	Alexander at Paradise,		
Black Hair'd Laddie, The,	41	Alpine Horn,		
Bothwell Bank,	321	Amateur Orchestra, Prospects of the,		
Brave Lewie Roy,	273	Ancient Ballads,		
Braw, Braw Lads,	113	— Greece, Music of,		
Come under my Plaidie,	70	— History of the Organ,		
Flowers o' the Forest,	288	— Minstrels of England, Essay on the, 261—265		
Gloomy Winter's now Awa,	137	Anderson, Robert, author of "Cumberland Ballads," 62		
In the Days o' Lang Syne,	154	Andre, M.		
Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane,	25	Androt, Albert Auguste,		
John Anderson, my Jo,	193	Anecdote of Madame Malibran,		
Johnnie Faa,	242	— Mrs. Wood,		
Kiss Dear Maid, The,	75	— Madame Catalani,		
Kitty of Coleraine,	161	— Rooke the Composer,		
Lassie wi' the lint-white Locks,	40	Arne, Dr.		
Life let us cherish,	234	Autumn, Sonnet to,		
Life on the Ocean Wave, A,	249	Bach, John Sebastian,		
Alice Gray,	170	—'s Recovery of Sight,		
O' a' the airts the Wind can blaw,	225	Baillot, Pierre,		
Oh, Mary dear,	64	Beethoven, Ludwig Van,		
Oh, the Moment was Sad,	121	—, Last Moments of,		
O Waly, Waly,	102	Beggars Opera, The,		
O Wat ye wha's in yon Town,	17	Bells, Limerick,		
Red, Red Rose, The,	309	Bentham on the Pleasures of Imagination, &c.		
She's Fair and Fause,	271-272	Bishop, Professor, Sir H. R.		
Tam Glen,	306	Blind Bard of Chichester, The,		
Tell Her I'll love Her,	81	Braes o' Gleniffer, The,		
The Banks of Allsn Water,	16	Braham's First Concert in America,		
Thorn, The,		Brass Instruments, Shaw's Patent,		
		Brook, A,		
		Burns' Bonnie Jean,		

Calcott, Dr. John Wall,	Page. 194	Musical Joke,	
Campoprese, Madame,	104	— Ladies, A hint to,	25
Catalani's, Madame, Love of the English,	182	— Monstrosity,	173
—, Madame,	221—236—237	— Supper Party, A,	41
Carpenter's Daughter, The, a Country Story,	106	Music,	7, 35, 163
Chantrey's Sleeping Children,	287	— among the Arabs,	112
"Charmante Gabrielle,"	272	— among the Peasantry of Saxony,	133
Choral Meeting at Exeter Hall,	153—306	— Classes at Exeter Hall,	15
Clara,	324	— Manifold uses of,	156
Colley Cibber, Daughter of,	208	— National,	140
Colman, George, the Younger,	133	— for the People,	163
Comus,	245	— of the Church in Italy,	170
Concerts, London Philharmonic,	167	— of the Ancients,	181
Conscience,	196	— and Literature,	228
Conscientious Mimic, The,	276	— Power of,	204
Conservatory of Music, The Royal Berlin,	149	— bath Charms,	241
Contentment,	173	— of Ancient Greece,	245
Correspondence, Euphonic,	322	— pleasing from Association,	255
— Irish Airs,	236	— The Poetry of,	71
— Musical Societies in Manchester,	156	— To,	51
Crystal from a Cavern, A,	40	— Scottish,	101
Dancing Girls of Egypt,	173	— of the Reformers,	92
Deil tak' the Wars,	207	— compared to Rhetoric,	324
Driving Tandem, a Trinity College Adventure,	22	Musick's Duell,	71
Duseek, Jean Louis,	255	Musician's Widow, The,	51
Early Development of Musical Genius,	304	Napoleon, The Tomb of,	296
— Musical Education in Germany,	57	New Piano Forte,	228
Editor's Kaleidoscope,	68—76—125—100	Nightingale's Song, The,	34
Edwin,	133	— To the,	140
Familiar Epistle to Peter M'Leod, Esq.,	180	Noyello, Miss Clara,	24
Farinelli,	43	Old Songs,	28—50
Fashionable Instruments since the 16th Century,	226	Organ, Ancient History of the	185
First English Opera at the Lyceum,	54	Organist, Miss Stirling, the Young,	250
Flowers of the Forest, The,	289	— the, by John Galt,	61
Flight of Fancy, A,	43	O Waly, Waly,	131
Fragment from Shelley,	31	Paganini,	244
French Modesty,	182	Pen and the Press, The,	255
Gaberlunzie's Wallet, The,	38	Poetical Character of the Scottish Peasantry, On the,	290
German Opera Company, The,	149	Powerful Instrument, A,	109
Germany, Part Songs of,	14	Quadrille Accompaniments,	196
Gian Batista, Story of,	2	Rest of the Heart, The,	324
Gloomy Winter's now awa'	157	Rose of Alhambra, The,	81
Grassl and his Family,	272	Saint George, The,	202
Gresham Music Lectures, The,	172	Serenade,	228
Grisi Madame, Lines to,	251	Singing Classes in Paris,	113
Handel, and Greene,	229	— Conducive to Health,	7
— made easy,	93	Sky Lark, The,	62
—, The works of,	17	Smith, R. A.,	26
Happy Valley, The,	173	Soldier's Betrothal, The,	273
Harper of Mull, The,	106	Song Birds of Scotland, The,	75
Haydn and Mozart,	170	Spohr, and the Norwich Festival,	172
Hesse Cassel v. Babylon,	208	Spring,	27—68
Hopkinson, To Miss, on her performance in the "Masque of Alfred"	157	Stirring the Fire in Time,	35
How a Correct taste in Music may be acquired,	207	Storm, The, An Anecdote of the Life of Haydn,	122
Hullah's Classes at Exeter Hall,	115	Specimen of the Sublime,	7
Hummel,	298	Stradella and Hortensia,	225
I'll aye ca' in by Yon town,	103	Summer Morning and Evening,	92
Influence of Singing upon Physical Education,	108	Tagliani,	76
Italian Wanderer, The,	193	Tivoli at Paris,	251
Jackson, the Composer,	77	Tragedian's Trunk, The,	162
Jamie Gourlay,	322	Three Seasons of Love, The,	276
Johnie Faa, the Gipsy Laddie,	243	Velluti, Signor,	286
Julia, A Night Piece, To,	257	Violin, An Air,	45
Lamb, Charles,	24	—, Eminent Composers who began their — Studies on the,	195
Liszt,	ih.	— The,	5, 10, 31
Lord Jamie Douglas,	131	Waes me for Prince Charlie,	243
Lover's Morning salute to his Mistress, The,	207	Waits, The,	307
Mainzer's Singing for the Million,	146	Waste Enthusiasm,	308
Martini in France,	221	Wilhem and Mainzer's Systems,	291
Mayerbeer, Jacomo,	226	— M. Bocquillon,	77
Midnight Landscape, A,	24	—'s Method of Teaching Singing, &c.	138
Minstrels of England, Essay on the Ancient,	261—265	Winter, To,	306
Moon, Sonnet to the,	208	Women of Kamtschatka,	236
Moral tendencies of the Parisian Singing Classes,	132	Work House Girl, The,	101
Mozart and the German Opera,	90	Worth can never Die,	34
—'s Violin,	133	Yankie Doodle,	51
—'s Requiem,	130	Young Organist,	250
Musical Accent, On,	297	— Wife, The,	294

THE
BRITISH MINSTREL;
AND
MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY.

OUR PRELIMINARY ADDRESS.

THE publication of this, the first number of our Miscellany, requires that we should show cause why such a work is given to the public, more especially, as there are already such hosts of cheap periodicals, exposed to tempt the appetites of those whose chief food is novelty. We have not a word to say against any one now existing, as there is still room enough for us to guide our small bark through the throng of regular and irregular traders; the staple article in which they all deal being literature of a really useful, or purely amusing nature, we shall not encroach very far on their trade, seeing we are chartered to carry goods from the almost unexplored country of music; and as the warehouses in that country, like some others, are crammed even to crushing with the finest produce of the richest manufactories, we feel confident that whoever may honour us with their custom, will find that our sample is sufficiently tempting, and that the stock contains many pieces which are invaluable, and will be offered at really job prices. Our Miscellany starts forth on its voyage with good auguries, and hopes, strong as certainties, that she will make her run safely and prosperously. The state of the market hitherto, offers no temptation to purchasers—except those who tread on carpets of Persia, or are wrapped in silks of Tyre—the price being so far above the abilities of the many to enter with a power of making purchases; but we know that there is a taste for such goods already existing, that that taste will continually be on the increase, and that the music which is already to be had is not sufficient to supply the demand; there are Teetotal concerts—social meetings—private chorus and glee parties, who cannot find matter to make proper variety, now we step forward that this want may be supplied, and believe that the selection we intend to publish will be such as to meet the tastes both of Professors and Amateurs.

It will be expected of us that we present a list of goods, or, in musical language, give a programme of what we intend to bring forward for the especial

No 1.

use of a music loving public. We do so willingly, as we are anxious that there should be a perfect understanding between us and our patrons.

It is our intention that this Miscellany be a collection of the best music, ancient and modern, and that it may furnish an abundant store of cheap, pleasing, pure, and rational entertainment; as to its cheapness, we shall in every number give more than is usually sold for half a crown, and our price only a thirtieth part of that sum—and there can be no doubt as to the pleasure derivable from the enjoyment of music; does not man, woman, and child express in music, (the language of exultant health and happiness), the promptings of the contented mind; and is it not the “food of love,” and nothing can be more pleasing than that which nourishes love, except Love itself. It was said of the songs of Burns,

In them the peasant told his love,
The mother soothed her infant child,
The crazed heart in snatches wove
Its measures, and its cares beguiled.

And we have only to substitute the singular “in it,” for the “in them” of the first line, and we have a beautiful description of the uses and powers of music; and though it is most frequently used as the language of pathos and affection, yet it has been the solace of many a bereaved heart, the chaser away of disease and pain, and the cause of heroic achievement; and it has led to the attainment of the highest honours in science—Galileo was first led to the study of astronomy by his musical studies. But examples are unnecessary, or they might be quoted till this preface would run to a quarto. Nothing is truer than that the cultivation of the musical faculty invariably tends to happiness, and to a happiness which is unmixed with anything impure or vicious, and must therefore be held as a necessary branch of moral tuition, and as the most rational of all enjoyments.

Our Work will contain matter for all minds and moods. We shall have music and songs which have been the war cry of combating nations, which have been heard in the onslaught of invading barbarians,

and the patriotic strains which have made a people rise as one man in defence of their homes and sacred privileges. These, mingled with songs whose chaste and tender sentiments are adapted for the paradise of young love, with the best specimens of the quaint and comical—which the joyous-hearted son of *Momus* may trowl lustily while driving gnarled care to the antipodes—and now and then we shall burn *Father Matthews' pledge*, and chaunt fearlessly a night merry "*Chanson a Boire*," knowing that it is sorry heart that always drinks cold water: but we shall indulge moderately in such sallies. And while we thus supply matter for those who prefer nearing their own melodious chaunt, we shall not forget that however pleasing it is to enjoy a good alone, it is necessary to have an eye to social harmony, and for the club of part singers we have a rich store of Madrigals, Glees, and Catches, with now and then a chorus from the Oratorios, for it is in harmony only that the full power and richness of music lies. The young, pure, and happy will meet with melodies sweet as wind wafted o'er Braes of Yarrow, and beautiful as the Broom of Cowden Knowes, married to words immortal as "*Highland Mary*," and fresh and flowery as was the genius of *Robert Burns* or *Tom Moore*. The musical antiquary will here and there catch glimpses of old and time consecrated music

Which spinners and knitters in the sun, [bones,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with
Do use to chant,

speaking the language of long extinct races, exhibiting the modes of feeling which actuated those whose names and deeds, whose hopes and fears are alike forgotten; we will show him those curious old "*Green Sleeves*" which *Shakspeare* talks of, and let him shake his legs to the hrawls and galliards which held the highest place in fashionable music in the Promenade Concerts of the old world Musards; and we will introduce to him, if he has no objection, the rich compositions for one, two, three, four, five, and six voices, of *Byrde*, and *Sebastian Bach*, and *Michael Este*, and old *John Douland*, and *Matthew Locke*, with a multitude of others which we can lay our hands upon, and which are lying temptingly open that we may pick and choose.

While music will form the principal feature of our *Miscellany*, we will devote a portion of each Number to original and selected articles on Music and Musicians, with Notices and Reviews of New Music; and Biographic Sketches of eminent Composers; and Notes connected with the history of Songs and Music, when necessary, either to illustrate obscurities, or give them a "local habitation"; by which means, when our readers are not in the vein for listening to "*Angel's Whispers*," and deaf to "*Jim along Jossey*," and willing to avoid the Bac-

chanalian mirth of "*Mynheer Van Dunck*," and have no relish for the clamour of "*High Church Bells*," we will go with them arm in arm to outskirts of the luxurious garden of literature, where men have gone forth as Gods, creating beauty and perfection where before was barrenness, and we will show them rivers of poesy meandering through fairest landscapes, washing away deformities, and leaving instead graces imperishable.

Variety and excellence is what we will always attend to, so that those who will honour us by becoming subscribers, will find an unceasing series of Songs, Duets, Glees, Anecdotes, &c., such as never before was made available to the public in so cheap and convenient a form; and having said thus much, give us a hearty welcome, as we meet you frankly with the honest intention to fulfil our part of this contract.

STORY OF GIAN BATISTA.

It happened one evening last winter that *Rubini*, *Tamburini*, *Lablache*, *Ferlini*, the unfortunate *Saverini*, *Persiani*, and the happy husband of the charming *Tacchinandi*, were gathered round the fire in the saloon of the *Italians* at *Paris*, a little half hour before the rising of the curtain, chatting gaily upon a thousand indifferent matters, and all the more freely as only one person was near them, a stranger, who did not appear to understand Italian. *Lablache* and *Rubini* were discussing the incidents of a rubber at whist, which had been played the evening before at the house of the illustrious *Tenor*: that dismissed, they reviewed the talent and position of a poor little ragged fiddler, who had been found half frozen the night before at the door of the theatre, and to whom the porter had extended hospitality; it was now under consideration among the singers to make a small collection for the sucking brother of their art.

"I give my share most willingly," said *Rubini*, drawing a *Napoleon* from his waistcoat pocket, and depositing it in the vase.

"Eh! eh! gold!" said *Tamburini* laughingly "you were then very lucky at whist last night?"

"By no means, mio caro," replied the *Tenor*, "but if you will give me your attention, that is, as much of it as you can, I will explain to you why I take an interest in these little vagabond musicians, who possess nothing but their courage and their violin, and have neither bed nor board." *Tamburini* placed himself in a comfortable listening attitude, the others drew nearer to *Rubini*, who began his tale as follows:—

"Some thirty years ago, a poor, wretched, half-starved family were wandering from one end of *Italy* to the other, without any means of getting their bread—and black bread it was too, black as the devil—than that of giving street concerts in each of the towns they passed through. There were four persons in this family of musicians, the father, mother, and two sons. After the concert the youngest boy made the tour of the spectators with a wooden cup in his hand, which he held up as near as he could to the pockets of the delighted listeners, who

frequently found it impossible to resist this appeal to their sensibility; the little lad then carried his wealth to his mother, who deposited it in the treasury, and then assisted to pack the baggage on the back of an ass, who looked as if he had fed upon nothing but music since the hour he came into the world; the father of the family took charge of the violins, the eldest boy was intrusted with the clarinet and flute, and the little brother collector was slung to a huge hunting-horn almost as long as himself. In the next large and populous street they came to the father commanded a new halt, another concert was given, and again the little brother and his wooden cup offered themselves to the benevolent sympathies of the listeners; and thus they went on the same thing, the halt, the concert, the cup, the packing, the unpacking, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. The receipts were not magnificent—the audience always listened to the concert, but frequently walked away at the aspect of the wooden cup, others put their hands in their pockets, but forgot to take them out again. The performers gained very little, and once to their sorrow they were even robbed—of a concert I mean, for they had nothing else to lose, and that was a part of their property—yes—strange as it may seem, they were actually robbed. A scoundrelly captain of a band of thieves thought it a good joke to demand of these poor people “a concert or your life;” they of course did not hesitate, though never did they give one with so little satisfaction to themselves, or with such an earnest desire to get to the end of it. The little collector put his wooden cup out of sight, played more than once horribly out of tune, and when the master cut-throat took hold of his chin to thank him for his music, the poor little fellow was actually afraid that he should not get it back again.

“But if there were many evil days for the wandering troubadours, there were now and then some good. There was one super-excellent—that on which Gian Batista, the little collector, was admitted to sing, with a troop of abominably bad performers, at the Theatre di Romano. The evening before the representation, the prima donna had suddenly disappeared, leaving her companions in the utmost consternation. Seduced by the cigar-smoking phrase-making graces of a French travelling clerk of a mercantile house, she had accompanied him on his return to France, and, in a few days afterwards, he repaid her in kind the trick she had paid her lyrical brethren, by setting off for Paris one morning without her, before she had left her couch. But in the meantime the unfortunate company were in the utmost distress. What was to be done? All the world was expected to assist at the representation, and the prima donna was wanting! The father of Gian Batista came to their assistance; he passed the whole night in teaching his son the part of the prima donna; and Gian, taking his courage in both hands, soon mastered all the difficulties, and the next night, dressed as a woman, sung the part, was rapturously greeted, and for the first time in his life heard the sound of that applause with which, later on, he was destined to be more familiar.

“Behold, then, the ragged boy collector transformed into a prima donna. It was no bad trade, and in the exercise of it he obtained so much success, that the manager gave two additional representations, at the last of which Gian, adorned in his feminine habits and graces, was seated in the vestibule, between two huge flambeaus, to receive the reward of his exertions, holding in his hand, not the old wooden

cup, but a handsome dish of shining tin, in which he gracefully received the offerings of the faithful, which offerings, *mio caro*, amounted to fifteen francs—twelve shillings English.

“The trade of prima donna would have answered very well to Gian, but unfortunately, besides his occupation on the stage as the heroine, he was obliged between the acts to go into the orchestra to help his father to make out a band, and then return behind the scenes to sing in the chorus. Two months of this hard work nearly knocked up the poor boy, when luckily Lamberti came to Bergamo, where Gian then was, to get up an opera of his composition. He wanted another tenor to fill up a secondary part, and Gian's constant and indefatigable puffer, his father, spoke to the maestro of his son's talent, and his success at Bergamo, and finally obtained from him a promise that the prima donna should have a trial. The thing succeeded admirably. Lamberti's music was so well sung that, enchanted, he actually made the young actor a present of a crown! Thanks to this superb generosity, the ex-prima donna could afford to buy himself a pair of shoes, and had something solid to go upon.”

At this last observation of Rabini, Tambourini burst into a loud laugh; but the former without losing his gravity continued his recital.

“After quitting Bergamo, poor Gian Batista had again some very wintry days; but better times were approaching, and fortune began to smile steadily upon him. Although refused as a chorus singer by the impresario of the theatre of Milan, who did not think his voice strong enough, he got an engagement of six hundred francs as a second tenor at Pallazuolo. Six hundred francs!—four and twenty pounds!—what a fortune! Per Christo! Gian felt like a mounted man; and now he could buy something more than shoes, he thought he would buy a cloak—a cloak!—a mantle!—that noble garment for which Gian Batista had sighed from infancy; which had been the admiration of his childhood, the hope of his youth, the dream of his whole existence; he had desired it with enthusiasm, with passion, with frenzy, as he had never desired anything since; and now he had it—this idolised garment—he could put it on—take it off—throw it on in folds, or fold it up. Happy, thrice happy Gian Batista; it was the most delicious moment of his life; he has never been half so happy since!

“To the six hundred francs succeeded an engagement of a thousand at the theatre at Brescia; to that another of two thousand to sing at Venice in Mosè. In a short time the poor boy became a person of importance. Fioraventi wrote an opera expressly for him. Rossini “*entreated*” him to undertake the principal part in the *Gazza Ladra*. Vienna and Paris disputed his possession; and—hark! the overture has begun; they are waiting for Gian Batista to sing in the *Sonnambula*—

“And Gian Batista,” said poor Severini, “is now worth forty thousand pounds.”

“Besides being the first singer in the world,” observed Lablache.

“And that nobody plays so good a rubber at whist,” said Tamburini with a twirl.

“Except me,” cried Lablache, carrying off his corporation.

In the next minute the curtain drew up, and Rabini, otherwise Gian Batista, entered on the scene, singing “*Prendi l'Anel ti dano*,” amid the kind smiles of his friends, and the thundering greetings of the audience.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY.

A Favourite Hunting Glee for Three Voices.

COMPOSED BY SAM. WEBB.

ALLEGRETTO.

A-way, away, a-way; We've crowned the day; we've
 A-way, a-way, a-way; a-way, away, a-way; we've crown'd the day;
 A-way a-way, a-way; We've crown'd the day;

crown'd - - - the day, The hounds are waiting for their prey. The Huntsman's call - - -
 we've crown'd the day, the hounds are waiting for their prey. The
 we've crown'd the day, the hounds are waiting for their prey. The

----- in - vites ye all. The Huntsman's call in - vites ye all.
 Huntsman's call in - vites ye all. The Huntsman's call in - vites ye all, Come
 Huntsman's call in - vites ye all. The Huntsman's call ----- in-vites ye all,

The Huntsman's call in - vites ye
 in Boys while ye may, Come in Boys while ye may, The Huntsman's call in - vites ye
 Come in Boys while ye may, The Huntsman's call in - vites ye

all, come in Boys while ye may, The Huntsman's call in - vites ye all, Come
 all, come in Boys while ye may, The Huntsman's call in - vites ye all, Come
 all, come in Boys while ye may, The Huntsman's call in - vites ye all, Come

in Boys while ye may, come in Boys while ye may.
 in Boys while ye may, come in Boys while ye may.
 in Boys while ye may, come in Boys while ye may.

2d Verse.

The jolly jolly horn, the rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep mouthed hounds,
 For these my boys are sportsmen's joys,
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

The music of the 2d verse is the same as the above with a slight alteration in the 2d and 4th bar of the bass, as follows:—

The jolly jolly horn, The jolly horn

THE VIOLIN.

(Abridged from *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

No one will deny that music is a lovely art. It is unquestionable that its use singularly increases the innocent enjoyments of life; that it remarkably humanises the popular mind; that its general cultivation among the lower orders on the Continent has always been found to supply a gentle, yet powerful solace to the hardships inevitable in a life of labour; that to the man of literature it affords one of the simplest, yet most complete refreshments of the overworked mind; while to the higher ranks its cultivation, frequently the only cultivation which they pursue with interest, often administers the only harmless passion of their nature.

All things which have become national have more to do with nature than perhaps strikes the general eye. Music and musical instruments certainly seem to have a remarkable connexion with the climate and conceptions of a people. Among the nations of antiquity, the people of Judea were perhaps the greatest cultivators of music. Their temple worship was on the largest scale of musical magnificence, and for that worship they had especially the two most magnificent instruments known to antiquity—the trumpet and harp. In later times, the horn is the instrument of the Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineer. Its long and wild modulations, its powerful tones, and its sweet and melancholy simplicity, make it the congenial instrument of loftiness, solitude, and the life of shepherds. The guitar is the natural instrument of a people like those of the Peninsula. Its lightness, yet tenderness—its depth of harmony—its delicacy of tone, yet power of expression—adapt it to a race of men who love pleasure, yet hate to toil in its pursuit, whose profoundest emotions are singularly mingled with frivolity, and whose spirits constantly hover between romance and caricature. The rich genius of Ireland has transmitted to us some of the noblest strains in the world, but they are essentially strains of the harp, the modulations of a hand straying at will among a rich profusion of sounds, and inspiring them with taste, feeling, and beauty. The violin is Italian in its birth, its powers, and its style—subtle, sweet, and brilliant, more immediately dependent on the mind than any other instrument—inferior only to the voice in vividness, and superior to all else in tone, flexibility, and grace. The violin, in the hands of a great performer, is the finest of human inventions, for it is the most expressive. The violin has a soul, and that soul is Italian.

Nothing is more extraordinary in this fine instrument than the diversity of styles which may be displayed on its simple construction; yet all perfect. Thus, from the sweet *cantabile* of the early masters, the world of *cognoscenti* was astonished by a transition to the fulness and majesty of the school of Tartini. Again, after the lapse of half a century, another school came, and the school of Pugnani developed its grandeur, and from this descended the brilliancy, rapidity, and fire of Viotti; and from the school of Viotti, after the lapse of another long period, the eccentric power, dazzling ingenuity, and matchless mastery of Paganini, who might seem to have exhausted all its spells, if human talent were not always new, and the secrets of harmony inexhaustible.

Thus the violin belongs to more than physical dexterity. Its excellence depends on the sensitive powers. It is more than a mean of conveying plea-

sure to the ear; it is scarcely less than an emanation from the mind. Of course this is said of it only in its higher grades of performance. In its lower, it is notoriously, of all instruments, the most intractable and unbearable. We shall now give a slight *coup d'œil* of its chief schools and professors.

The invention of the violin is lost in the dark ages. It was probably the work of those obscure artists who furnished the travelling minstrels with the *rebec* and *viola*, both common in the 12th century. The *violar*, or performer on the viol, was a companion of the troubadour. The name fiddle is Gothic, and probably derived from *viola*. *Videl* and *fedel*, are the German and Danish. About the close of the 16th century, the violin, which once had six strings, with guitar frets, was fortunately relieved from those superfluities, and was brought nearly into its present form. But the bow remained, as of old, short—scarcely beyond the length of the violin itself. Its present length was due to Tartini.

Italy was the first seat of excellence in music, as in all the other arts; and France, in the 16th century, was, as she has always been, the patron of all that could add to the splendour of court, and the elegance of public amusement. In 1577, Catherine de Medicis, the wife and mother of kings, invited her countryman, Baltazarini, to France. His performance excited universal delight; and the violin, which, in the hands of the wandering minstrels, had fallen into contempt, became a European instrument.

The first school was that of the celebrated Corelli. This famous master was born at Fusignano, in the Bolognese, in February, 1653. In 1672 he visited Paris, then the chief seat of patronage. From Paris he made a tour through Germany, and returning, fixed it at Rome; and commenced that series of compositions, his twelve Sonatas, and his "Ballate de Camera," which formed his first fame as a composer; crowning it by his solos, which have a fortune unrivalled by any other composition of his age, or of the age following—that of being still regarded as one of the most important studies of the performers for their science, and still popular for their beauty.

It is remarkable, that in those centuries which seemed to have scarcely recovered from the barbarism of the dark ages, and which were still involved in the confusion of civil wars, *enthusiasm* distinguished the progress of the public mind. It was not pleasure, nor the graceful study of some fine intellectual acquisition, nor the desire of accomplishment; it was a wild, passionate, and universal ardour for all that awakes the mind. The great schools of classic literature, of painting, of architecture, and of music—all first opened in Italy—were a conflux of students from all nations. The leading names of these schools were followed with a homage scarcely less than prostration. Even the masters of that driest of all studies, the Roman law, gave their prelections, not to hundreds, but to thousands. The great painter had his "seguaci," who paid him almost the allegiance of a sovereign. The announcement that, in Rome, the most expressive, skilful, and brilliant of all masters of the violin presided at the Opera, drew students from every part of Italy, and even of Europe, all hastening to catch the inspiration of Archangelo Corelli. About the year 1700, he produced his celebrated solos. In 1713 he died, and was interred in the Pantheon, close to Raffaele.

Corelli's performance was eminent for grace, tenderness, and touching simplicity. It wanted the

dazzling execution of later times, but its tone was exquisite. Geminiani, his pupil, said, long after, that it always reminded him of a sweet trumpet. For many subsequent years, his scholars performed an anniversary selection from his works over his tomb. At length the scholars themselves followed their master, and the honour sank with them into the grave.

The next celebrated violinist was Francesco Geminiani, born at Lucco in 1680. After acquiring the rudiments of music from Scarlatti, he completed his studies under Corelli. He now began the usual life of the profession. His fame in Rome, as the first scholar of Corelli, spread through Italy, and he commenced his career at Naples as the head of the orchestra. There his brilliancy, taste, and tone were unrivalled; yet, like many a concerto player, he was found but ill suited for the conduct of the orchestra. His impetuosity and animation ran away with him; he rose into ecstasies, and left the band wandering behind. He has been charged with deficiency as a *timeist*; but this, though the most frequent failure of the amateur, seems so incompatible with the professor, and is so easily avoided by the practical musician, that we can scarcely believe it to have been among the errors of so perfect a performer. He was still scarcely above boyhood—he was ambitious of display—he was full of fancy, feeling, and power; and in this fulness he rioted, until the orchestra, unable to follow, were thrown into confusion.

England is, after all, the great encourager of talent. It may be imitated in Italy, or praised in France, but it is in England alone that it is rewarded. In 1714 Geminiani arrived in this country. George I. was then on the throne. He has not been famed for a too liberal patronage of the fine arts, but he was a German, which is equivalent to his being a lover of music. The Baron of Kilmanssegge, a Hanoverian, and one of the royal chamberlains, was the protector of the young Italian violinist. Geminiani was introduced to the royal chamber; where he played before the monarch, with Handel accompanying him on the harpsicord. The King was delighted; acknowledged the violin, in such hands, to be the master of all instruments; and Geminiani was instantly in fashion. His reign was unusually long for a sitter on the capricious throne of taste,—he reigned fifteen years. During that time no one was allowed to stand in competition with him in the qualities of finished execution, elegance of conception, and vividness of performance. After this period, he began to write books of instruction, and treatises on harmony. He seems to have been the original inventor of those pieces of imitative music, which attained their height in that most popular and most tiresome of all battles, the "Battle of Prague." Geminiani conceived the extravagant idea of representing the chief part of the 13th Book of Tasso's Jerusalem by music. The ingenuity of the composer must be tasked in vain, where he has to represent things wholly unconnected with musical sound. He may represent the march of armies or the roar of tempests, the heaving of the forest or the swell of ocean; but in what tones can he give the deliberations of council or the wiles of conspiracy?

After a residence of thirty-six years in England, where he ought to have died, Geminiani went to Paris, where he was forgotten, and where he found it difficult to live. He returned only to pass through England on his way to Ireland, where, in a land

singularly attached to music, the great master's old age was honoured. Some faint recollection of him survives there still. His scholar Dubourg was leader of the King's band, and he delighted to do honour to the powers which had formed his own. Geminiani was frequently heard at the houses of his friends, and preserved, though in extreme old age, his early elegance. But his career was now near its close. A treatise on harmony, to which he confided his fame with posterity, was stolen or destroyed by a domestic. The loss to the world was probably slight; but to the old man was irreparable. It certainly hastened his death; he sank perceptibly, and, after a year's residence in Ireland, died in 1762, in his eighty-third year.—*Continued at Page 10.*

SINGING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH—It was the opinion of Dr. Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three or four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.

MUSIC.—Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community, Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.—*Dr. Channing's Address on Temperance.*

SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME.

Written on an Inn window at Windermere Lake.

I never eats no meat, nor drinks no beer,
But sits and ruminates on Windermere.

ALICE GRAY.

Plaintively. *Mrs. Phillip Millard.*

She's all my fan-cy

painted her, She's love-ly she's di - vine, But her heart it is a - nother's, She never can be

mine, Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd, A love without de - cay, O my heart, my heart is

breaking for the love of A - lice Gray, O my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Alice

Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
 A brow of spotless white;
 Her soft blue eye now languishes,
 Now flashes with delight;
 The hair is braided not for me,
 The eye is turn'd away,
 Yet my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
 And trembled in the blast,
 But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
 The weary conflict's past;
 And when the green sod wraps my grave,
 May pity haply say,
 Oh! his heart, 'as heart is broken
 For the love of Alice Gray.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.

Words by Miss Blamire.

Scottish air.

Slow.

What ails this heart o' mine, What ails this wat-ry e'e, What

makes me aye grow cauld as death, When I tak leave o' thee, When

thou art far a - wa', Thou'lt dear - er be to me, But

change o' place an' change o' face, May gar your fan - cy jee.

What ails this heart o' mine,
 What ails this wat'ry e'e,
 What makes me aye grow cauld as death,
 When I tak leave o' thee;
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou'lt dearer be to me,
 But change o' place an' change o' face
 May gar your fancy jee.

I'll ay gae to the bower,
 Which thou wi' roses tied,
 There aft among the blushing buds,
 I strave my love to hide;

I'll sit me down an' muse,
 Beneath yon spreading tree,
 An' when a leaf fa's in my lap,
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll doat on ilka spot,
 Where I hae been wi' thee,
 Ao' bring to mind some kindly word,
 By ilka burn an' tree;
 'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
 And keep friends i' the ae'e;
 And gin I think I see thee aye,
 What can part thee and me.

THE VIOLIN.

(Continued from Page 7.)

A phenomenon was now to appear, the famous Guiseppe Tartini. Tartini developed new powers in the violin, an instrument which seems to contain within its four simple strings all the mysteries of music, and which may be still far from exhausted.

Tartini was, what in Italy would be called a barbarian, for he was a native of Istria. His birth-place Pisano (April, 1692.) His family had been lately ennobled; and as commerce was felt to be too humble for his descent, he was destined for the law. He was fantastic from the beginning. He first exhibited a forbidden passion for music. The passion lured, or was superseded by a passion for fencing; he became the most expert of swordsmen, at a time when all the gladiators of Europe were furnished from Italy. It may be presumed, that law made but tardy progress in the rivalry of those active competitors. Perhaps to obviate this state of things, he was sent, in 1710, to Padua, once the great school of the civilians. There he committed the natural, but still more irreparable, fault of falling desperately in love. The object of his passion was inferior to the hopes of his *parvenu* family, and he was soon cast off without mercy. The world was now before him; but it was a desert, and the future delight and pride of Italy was near dying of hunger. At length, like many another son of misfortune, he fled to the cloister, where a relative, a monk, gave him protection. There he adopted the violin, as a solace to an uneasy mind; and rapidly acquired skill sufficient to take a place in the cathedral band. During this period his existence was unknown to his family. But on a grand festival, a gust of wind blowing aside the curtain which hid the orchestra, Tartini was seen by an acquaintance. The discovery was communicated to his family, a partial reconciliation followed, and as the triumphs of the law were now fairly given up, the wayward son of genius was suffered to follow his own will, and be a violinist to the end of his days.

But there was to be another stage in his ardent career. Veracini, a most powerful performer, happened to come to Venice. Tartini was struck with a new sense of the capacity of the violin. He determined to imitate, if not to excel, this brilliant virtuoso. He instantly left Venice, then a scene of tumultuous and showy life, retired to Ancona to devote himself to labour, and give night and day to his instrument. There he made the curious discovery of the "*Third Sound*," the resonance of a third note when the two upper notes of a chord are sounded.

He now rose into fame, and was appointed to one of the highest distinctions of the art, the place of first violin to St. Anthony of Padua himself. The artist was duly grateful; for, with a superstition that can now only make us smile, but which was a proof of the lofty enthusiasm of his heart, as it was then accepted for the most striking evidence of his piety, he dedicated himself and his violin to the service of the saint for ever. His pupils had already spread his fame through the European capitals, and he received the most tempting offers from the chief courts. But his virtue was proof against all temptation. St. Anthony was his sovereign still. His violin would stoop to no more earthly supremacy, and the great master lived and died in Padua.

It is remarkable that all the chief virtuosi of the violin, if they live beyond youth, palpably change their conception of excellence. Whether it is that

their taste improves, or their fire diminishes, their latter style is almost always marked by a study of elegance, a fondness for cantabile, and a pathetic tenderness. Difficulty, force, and surprise, are their ambition no more. Tartini's performance scarcely assumed superiority till mature manhood. He said 'that till he was thirty he had done little or nothing.' Yet the well known story of his dream shows with what ardour he studied. Lalande relates it from his own lips. The story has all the vividness of a man of imagination, that man an Italian, and that Italian a devotee—for though Tartini was an Istrian, he had the true *verve* of the Ausonian; and though he was not a monk, he was the sworn slave of St. Anthony. "He dreamed one night, in the year 1713, that he had made a compact with Satan, who promised to be at his service on all occasions. And during his vision the compact was strictly kept—every wish was anticipated, and his desires were even surpassed. At length he presented the fiend with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was. To his infinite astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, that it eclipsed all the music he had ever heard or conceived during his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight, that it almost deprived him of the power of breathing. With the wildness of his emotion he awoke; and instantly seized his instrument, in the hope of executing what he had just heard. But in vain. He was in despair. However, he wrote down such portions of the solo as he could recover in his memory; still it was so inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have subsisted by any other means." The solo still exists, under the name of the "Devil's Sonata;" a performance of great intricacy, but to which the imagination of the composer must have lent the beauty; the charm is now undiscoverable.

The late Dr. Burney thus sketches the character of Tartini's style:—"Tartini, though he made Corelli his model in the purity of his harmony and the simplicity of his modulation, greatly surpassed him in the fertility and originality of his invention—not only in the subjects of his melodies, but in the truly cantabile manner of treating them. Many of his adagios want nothing but words to be excellent pathetic opera songs. His allegros are some times difficult; but the passages fairly belong to the instrument for which they were composed, and were suggested by his consummate knowledge of the finger board and the powers of the bow. Yet I must, in justice to others, own, that though the adagio and solo playing in general of his scholars are exquisitely polished and expressive, yet it seems to us as if that energy, fire, and freedom of bow, which modern symphonies and orchestra playing require, were wanting."

Veracini's name has been already mentioned, as awaking Tartini into rivalry and excellence. He was the most daring, brilliant, and wild of violinists. His natural temperament had some share in this; for he was singularly ambitious, ostentatious, and vain. At the "Festa della Croce" at Luca, an occasion on which the chief Italian instrumentalists were in the habit of assembling, Veracini, who, from long absence was unknown to the Lucchese, put down his name for a solo. On entering the choir he found that his offer was treated with neglect, and that the Padre Laurenti, a friar from Bologna—for ecclesiastics were often employed as musicians in the cathedrals—was at the desk of the solo-player.

Veracini walked up at once to the spot. "Where are you going?" was the friar's question, "To take the place of first violin," was the impetuous answer. But Laurenti was tenacious of his right, and Veracini, indignantly turning on his heel, went down to the lowest bench of the orchestra. When the time for his solo was come, he was called on by Laurenti, who appears to have acted as the director, to ascend into a more conspicuous place. "No," said Veracini, "I shall play where I am, or no where." He began—the tones of his violin, for which he was long celebrated, astonished every one—their clearness, purity, and passion, were unrivalled; all was rapture in the audience, even the decorum of the church could not restrain their cheers. And at the end of each passage, while the *vivas* were echoing round him, he turned to the hoary director in triumph, saying, "That is the way to play the first violin."

Veracini's prompt and powerful style must have made his fortune, if he had taken pupils. But he refused to give lessons to any one except a nephew; he himself had but one master, an uncle. His style was wholly his own. Strange, wild, and redundant. Violin in hand, he continually travelled over Europe. About 1745 he was in England. He had two Steiner violins, which he pronounced to be the finest in existence, and with the mixture of superstition and frivolity so common to his countrymen, he named one of them St. Peter and the other St. Paul! Violinists will feel an interest in knowing that his peculiar excellencies consisted in his shake, his rich and profound arpeggios, and a vividness of tone that made itself heard through the londest orchestra.

The school of Tartini was still the classic "*academe*" of Italy. Nardini brings it nearer our own era. He was the most exquisite pupil of the great master. Of all instruments the violin has the closest connexion with the mind. Its matchless power of expression naturally takes the mould of the feelings; and where the performer has attained that complete mastery which gives the instrument a language, it is grave, gay, touching, or romantic, according to the temper of the man, and almost of the hour. Nardini's tenderness of mind gave pathos to his performance. He left the dazzling and the bold to others; he reigned unequalled in the soft, sweet, and elegant. "His violin," says the President Dupaty, who heard him in Italy in 1783, "is a voice, or has one. It has made the fibres of my ear vibrate as they never did before. To what a degree of tenuity does Nardini divide the air! How exquisitely he touches the strings of his instrument! With what art he modulates and purifies their tones!"

England was never visited by this fine virtuoso; but her musical tastes were more than compensated by the arrival of Felice Giardini, who produced effects here unrivalled till the appearance of Paganini. Giardini was born at Turin in 1716, and received his chief musical education under Somis, a scholar of Corelli. At the age of seventeen he went, as was the custom of the time, to seek his fortune in the great capitals. From Rome he went to Naples, and after a short residence in the chief musical cities of his own country, passing through Germany with still increasing reputation, came to England in 1750. His first display was a concert for the benefit of Cuzzoni, who, once the great favourite of the Italian opera, was now old and enfeebled in all her powers. In her decaying voice the violinist had all the unwilling advantage of a foil. The audience were even on the point of forgetting their gallantry, and throwing the theatre into an uproar, when the young

Italian came forward. His first tones were so exquisite, and so unlike anything that the living generation had heard, that they instantly put all ill-humour to flight. As he proceeded, the rapture grew. At length all was a tumult, but a tumult of applause, and applause so loud, long, and overwhelming, as to be exceeded by none ever given to Garrick himself. His fortune was now made, if he would but condescend to take it up as it lay before him. But this condescension has seldom formed a part of the wisdom of genius, and Giardini was to follow the fate of so many of his showy predecessors.

His first error was that avarice which so curiously and so often combines with the profusion of the foreign artist. In 1754 he was placed at the head of the Opera orchestra. In 1756 he adopted the disastrous idea, in connexion with the celebrated Signora Mingotti, of making rapid opulence by taking the theatre. Like every man who has ever involved himself in that speculation, he was ruined. He then fell back upon his profession, and obtained a handsome livelihood by pupils, and his still unrivalled performance. Still he was wayward, capricious, and querulous, and old age was coming on him without a provision. He had now been nearly thirty years in England, and his musical rank and the recollection of his powers would doubtless have secured for him the public liberality in his decline. But he then committed the second capital error of the foreign artists, that of restlessness, and breaking off their connexion with the country in which they have been long settled. Giardini went to recommence life in Italy with Sir William Hamilton. But Italy now knew nothing of him, and was engrossed by younger men. After lingering there just long enough to discover his folly in one shape, he returned to England to discover it in another. Five years' absence from London had broken off all his old connexions, dissolved all his old patronage, and left him a stranger in all but name. His health, too, was sinking. He was enfeebled by dropsy; his sight was failing; and he was glad to find employment as a supernumerary or tenor in the orchestra, where his talent had once reigned supreme. He attempted a burletta opera at the little Haymarket theatre, failed; took his company to St. Petersburg, failed at that extremity of Europe; took them to Moscow, failed there; and then could fail no more. In Moscow, at the age of eighty, he died.

In music, as in poetry, there have always been two schools. The classic and the romantic. The former regular, graceful, elegant; the latter wild often rude, often ungraceful, but often powerful and postponing all things to power. A performer was now to appear whose consummate elegance gave the palm to the classic school for the time. The name of Giornovichi is still remembered by some of our living amateurs. He was a Palermitan, born in the year 1745. His life was spent in roving through the capitals of Europe. Acquiring his exquisite and touching style under the celebrated Lolli, he went to Paris. After extinguishing all competitorship for two years, he went to Prussia as first violin in the royal chapel at Potsdam. He then went, preceded by his fame, to St. Petersburg. From 1792 he remained four years in England, visiting the provinces and Ireland, to the great delight of the public taste. Then, with that love of rambling which characterises musicians and foreign artists of every description, he returned to Germany, from Germany went to Russia, and in St. Petersburg died in 1804.—Continued at Page 31.

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

Moderato.

DUET.

Sir J. Stevenson.

Tell me, tell me, tell me where is fancy bred? Tell me,
Tell me, tell me, tell me where is fancy bred?

tell me where is fancy bred? tell me, tell me, tell me where is fan-cy bred?
tell me where is fancy bred? tell me, tell me, tell me where is fancy bred? Or in the heart, or

Or in the heart, or in - the head, Tell me, tell me, tell me,
in the head, Tell me, tell me, tell me,

tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me where is fan-cy bred? tell me, tell me where is

fan-cy bred? How be - got, how nourished? How be - got, how nourished? Re -

ply, ro - ply, re - ply, re - ply, re - ply, it is engender'd

It is engender'd in the eye, It is engender'd

express. rit. molto rit.

in the eye, engender'd in the eye, With ga - - zing fed, And fan - cy
 in the eye, engender'd in the eye,

dies, with ga - - zing fed - and fan - cy dies, In the cradle where it
 In the cradle where it

f lies, in the cradle where it lies, *p* by ga - - zing fed, and
f lies, in the cradle where it lies, *p* By ga - - zing

f fan - - cy dies, *p* In the cra-dle, in the cra-dle where it
f fed, and fan - - cy dies, in the cra-dle where it

f lies, *p cres.* In the cra-dle, in the cra-dle where it lies, where it
f lies, *p* In the cra-dle where it lies, where it

dim. cres. dim. *Allegretto, staccato, scherzando.*
p lies, where it lies. Let us all ring fancy's knell, let us all ring
p lies, where it lies. Let us all ring fancy's knell, let us all ring

f
 fancy's knell, let us all ring fancy's knell, let us all ring fancy's knell, I'll be-gin it
f *cres.*

> tempo. *lento.* *p tempo.*
 ding dong bell I'll be-gin it, ding dong bell, ding ding ding dong bell
p *lento.* *p*

f *f*
 . . ding ding ding dong bell, All, All, ding dong bell, All, All, ding
 ding ding dong bell,

ding dong bell

ding ding ding dong bell, ding ding ding dong bell.

THE PART-SONGS OF GERMANY.

THESE part-songs are too little known in England, as one of the most national and not least engaging features in modern German music. It is forty years since Zelter (best known in England as Goethe's correspondent) and his friend Fleming, founded at Berlin a congregation of staid elderly men, who met once a month to sit down to a good supper, and to diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. Their number was forty; and far the larger part of it composed of amateurs or men in office. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet, or a singer. During his lifetime Zelter was their president and principal composer; and in no branch of art did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humour, raciness, a masterly employment of

the limited material at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand, distinguish him among his contemporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter; and many of them were sung at the Berlin "Liedertafel" before they were printed or known elsewhere. Fleming also contributed some fair musical compositions,—that to Horace's ode, "Integer vitæ," amongst others.

It was in the year 1815, or thereabouts, that Berger, Klein, and a younger generation of musicians, founded a young "Liedertafel" society, on the same principle, and for the same number of members. Friedrich Forster wrote some very pretty songs for it. Hoffman, the novel writer and *kapellmeister*, made it one scene of his strange and extravagant existence; and left behind him there an immortal comic song—"Turkische Musik," the words by Friedrich Forster. In general, a gayer and more spirited tone pervaded this younger society than be-

longed to their classical seniors. It was the practice of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter, a little extra noise allowed for, than these latter meetings. They were not long in spreading far and wide. The good suppers became of less integral consequence; original compositions were not always attainable; but in every town it was natural to collect the younger men of all classes, for the purpose of singing together. A regular system of organisation, of division and subdivision, has arranged itself. The town societies in combination form provincial assemblies, where many hundreds come together. In the north of Germany the large class of young men who are either schoolmasters or organists in the towns and villages, or are educated as such at the normal schools, have societies of their own, and periodical celebrations.

The provincial festivals of these societies are held in the good time of the year, so that open air performances are practicable. A fine site, too, is a thing always chosen. Not very long before my Harz ramble, the Liedertafeln societies of that district had been holding a congress at Blankenburg. These Liedertafeln societies take part in other celebrations not their own. When Schiller's statue was inaugurated in Stuttgart, the singing bodies of all the towns in the districts round about poured in through the gates of the town, one after the other, each with its banners and its music, till the separate chords, to speak fancifully, united in a grand chorus in the market-place. And while there exists a well-trained army of volunteer choristers ready to be called into action on all occasions—it need not be pointed out how different it is in quality to the body of subordinates at once semi-professional and untaught, at whose mercy lies so much of the best music ever to be heard in England—I should say, *did lie*; for part-singing is now flourishing with us like the bean-tree in the fairy tale.

It is needless, again, to remark how the works which make a whole great people vocal, must have a value and an interest in more aspects than one. To offer an instance or two likely to be familiar to the English—Music has nothing nobler in her stores than the battle songs in which the harmonies of Weber and the burning words of Korner are united. We sit by our firesides, it is true, and know not the sound of an enemy's cavalry in the streets, nor the booming of an enemy's cannon without our gates; and hence are touched only faintly by the spell of the soul within them; but it is impossible coldly to listen to the masculine chords and bold modulations of "Lutzwow's Wild Chase," and the "Sword Song," and the "Husarendied." Again, we have taken home to ourselves and half nationalised "*Am Rhein*," among our "Black-eyed Susans" and "Rule Britanias," because of its spirit and beauty; though we cannot feel, save dramatically, and by going out of ourselves as well as from home, the joviality and mirth of those who dwell in a wine-land, or the kindling of such a spirit as moved the army of Liberators on their return from victory, when within sight of Ehrenbreitstein, to burst out with one consent into that noble melody which was heard with little ceasing for two days and nights while the band was passing over the river!

Honour, then, to the part songs of Germany, and better acquaintance with them! is not the worst toast one could propose at a glee club.—*Chorley's Music and Manners in France and Germany.*

THE BLIND BARD OF CHICHESTER.

A small volume of Poems, by Francis Champion, the Blind Bard of Chichester, has been forwarded to us; and we have had great pleasure in the perusal of a work which is so striking an example of how much genius may accomplish even under the most discouraging circumstances. Self-teaching, penury, and bodily affliction, constitute not the strings from which your delicately-tuned numbers fall, and the over-nice critic might probably pick out many faults in these lays of Sussex; for ourselves we have not looked for them—there is plenty of sweet and wholesome poetry where-withal to occupy one's self. As a specimen we subjoin some lines written by this blind poet after hearing Liszt perform on the pianoforte.—*Sussex Advertiser*

How beautifully wild that fairy touch—
Like pebbles gently dropping in a stream,
Then warbling as the lay of some stray Bird
Of Paradise! Scarce reaching sound, the tones
Swim rippling, gliding, whispering along;
As one could dream, embark'd on floating waves
The wat'ry spirits hail the rising sun.
The rapid bass now rumbling in the ear
Pourtrays an earthquake struggling to be free.
And then with sudden rush of tenfold power
The mingling notes assume the torrent's roar;
Again the swelling murmurs softly roll—
Fleet as the bounding Lama scours the wild
The pliant fingers fly. I dare not breathe,
Lest one sweet note of joy's ecstatic tune
Be lost. A thousand harmonies prevail—
Each note a word, each word a song of bliss.
The soul entangled by the silken chain
Is led to Rapture's last abandonment.
I've felt the power of sound approaching pain,
By turns (enslav'd by Harmony) have wept,
Have sung, have danc'd, and trembled at her feet;
But here's the soul, the poetry of sound—
A vivid painting hanging on each tone.

MUSIC CLASSES AT EXETER HALL.—The musical year 1841 opens with the prospectus of a "Singing School for Schoolmasters in Exeter Hall, under the sanction of the National Committee. The classes to consist entirely of persons engaged in elementary education, either in day-schools, Sunday-schools, or evening-schools." What amount of ultimate fruit is to be expected from this attempt, should it be supported and prove as successful as it deserves to be, it is difficult to prophesy. In this land, where competition for the mere necessities of life is so hard and pressing, we should be, possibly, too enthusiastic, were we to expect that rich artistic result which might be produced among a people with more time for pleasure. Much will depend upon the state of musical art out of the school as well as in it—upon the opportunities which teachers and scholars may have of hearing, as well as studying—and of nourishing their emulation, by the power of making acquaintance with the works of great masters. In this condition we are more fortunate in London than in Paris, where the amount of public vocal music, save of the theatrical class, is a mere nothing; while in London there already exist many cheap concerts and amateur societies, and their number is daily increasing. But whether the people of England be made to sing at sight or not, and whether or not the old days be revived, when a madrigal was a part of every gentleman's household pleasure, while his tradesmen and retainers had their own roundels, and gleees, and trolls—a great and substantial benefit is achieved in every hour that is redeemed from the beer-house and the gin-shop—in every hour in which the dimmest idea dawns upon the labourer, the mechanic, or the domestic, that he too is capable of something more than the duties of a machine. If a singing class for the people can be kept open at all, to our thinking, a great moral good is attained. —*Athenaeum.*

THE THORN.

Wutham Shield.

Andante.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloë re-quest-ed A sprig her fair breast to a-

dorn, From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloë request-ed A

With energy.

sprig her fair breast to a-dorn. No! by heav'n's, I exclaim'd, may I perish if

*Tenderly.**rf*

e-ver I plant in that bo-som a thorn. No! by heav'n's I ex-

claim'd may I per-ish if e-ver I plant in that bo-som a thorn.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloë re-	Then I showed her a ring and implored her to marry
A sprig her fair breast to adorn;	She blushed like the dawning of morn;
No! by heav'n's, I exclaimed, may I perish if ever	Yes! I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise that no
I plant in that bosom a thorn.	Jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

THE RED RED ROSE.

O my love is like the red red rose, That's newly sprung in June, O my love is like a

me-lo-dy That's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my hon-nie lass, So

deep in love am I, And I will love thee still my love, Tho' a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while,
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand miles.

THE WORKS OF HANDEL—OUR CHORAL PROGRESS.

DURING several years of active critical service, we have strenuously advocated the principle which now seems to be adopted, viz.—the performance of works *entire*; a plan which, though it may admit some compositions of inferior merit to the average quality of selections, alone portrays the complete design of the master, sets the picture with all its lights and shades before us, and discovers its total power or weakness. The liberties taken with great compositions from time to time would make an amusing chapter in the history of human pretension and vanity: and though, by cutting an Oratorio into shreds and patches, we do not destroy the original, as we should by the excision of our favourite effects from a Raphael, a Rubens, or a Titian; yet we inflict injustice of a similar nature on the memory of the composer, when we cause him to be misjudged by being partially judged. Handel is fortunately a man of that mould which best survives the effect of petty unfavourable accidents. He has sustained the worst of these, and yet so established himself in the

public heart, that we shall see his genius assume from year to year an increasing magnificence of character; and, becoming more and more acquainted with what he has done, with veneration and gratitude leave the true apotheosis of his sublime spirit to be celebrated by after ages.

It would astonish those who have not much concerned themselves in observing the music submitted to public performance, in how very small and limited a circle our pleasures of this kind revolve. In an early stage of amateurism, we like to hear only that which we have tested and know to be good; as we advance—though we acquire a distaste for excessive repetition—we still shrink from the fatigue of encountering perpetual novelty. So that between the experienced and instructed listener and the newly-fledged amateur, there are, to the last, strong points of mutual sympathy, which should engage both in mutual concessions for the advancement of music. We have now, we trust, arrived at this point.

One, and indeed the principal, reason why there remain so many untried and unheard things of Handel is the want of parts, by which the uninitiated reader is to understand copies for the individual

members of the band and chorus. The possession of these by sundry members of the musical profession, and the power to let them out on hire on particular occasions, has hitherto been a very valuable source of income. Strange that a common-place, or, perhaps, a ridiculous person, should be enabled to levy a tribute on the genius of a master, far greater in amount than any the author ever received for his own work! But this kind of property is now so well understood, and so widely shared, as no longer to provoke the lust of gain. Societies make their own stores, and encourage active and intelligent librarians of their own.

Next to the representation of the entire work of a master, the spirit of the age exhibits a stringent necessity for the purest and most authentic versions of his composition. Amateurs exhibit a strange laxity on this head, and have admitted into their scores the most ridiculously intrusive notes. These *additional orchestral accompaniments* have arisen out of that fatal love of hearing themselves, which is the destruction of a grand whole. If an amateur flute-player, for instance, wanted a part, he would, without remorse, get one made for him, or make one for himself; not once stopping to fancy the indignation of Handel. We recollect that the "Judah Maccabees" has been particularly ill-treated in this way, and to have felt the liveliest resentment at the impertinent vanity which could introduce into the impressive dramatic chorus "Fall'n is the foe," a succession of trivial flute passages. These passages, because they happen to form the subject, might seem peculiarly appropriate to the absurd pedant who made them; but they draw off the unity of the attention, divide the concentrated power of the author, and so injure, if not destroy, his original design.

We are aware that M. Moser, of Berlin, has made some alteration in the scores of Handel used in Germany; but this duty has been chiefly confined to the *remplissage* of the harmony—the mere supporting and thickening of it by the aid of instruments unknown in Handel's time, and not by venturing to add original features. Even this labour, however, is to be admitted with great caution.

Let it be conceived then, with what horror a refined and educated musician finds all sorts of incompetent people, re-instrumenting a master-work.

We are enabled to give an instance of this from personal observation. At a performance of "Don Giovanni" by a private musical society, some notes of trombones *not* in the score assailed the ear of the conductor. Inquiring into the circumstances of this eruption of big trumpets, we received the very *naïve* answer,—“Oh, they made the parts themselves!” Now, as it is well known that Mozart had a very pretty notion of the powers of the tromboni, and has used those instruments for the grave colouring of all the more solemn and awful scenes of "Don Giovanni," here was a complete example of the wilful and ignorant frustration of his purpose. For nothing is more injurious to effect than monotony of tone; and it was a principal of Mozart's composition, to reserve great means for great occasions. Had he wanted trombones, he might himself have used them; an inference, however obvious and simple, still not to be opposed to the love of making a noise.

Such are some of those violations of the sanctity of the composer, which afford the musician, when not immediately exposed to their annoyance, a hearty laugh in his chair after dinner. We must except from this general censure the additional

parts for brass instruments, which have been put to Handel's choruses by some English musician—we believe a Mr. Kearns. These indicate no coarse and vulgar hand; they are the mere notes of the composer heard through another and more powerful medium; and it is impossible to conceive, from the judgment and delicacy with which they are introduced, but that Handel himself would be in the highest degree delighted with them. The effect of brass instruments arises wholly from the *sparing* employment of them. When we hear in the chorus, "For unto us a child is born," the trumpet and trombones become prominent for the first time in the conclusion of the last symphony, the penetrating tones of these instruments create a new interest, and form a climax so charming that rarely the work escapes an encore. So also in one of the most powerfully affecting choruses that Handel ever penned, "Lift up your heads," what majesty marks the entrance of the bass trombones at the point, "He is the King of glory!" The whole presents an elevation of human feeling so sublime, as to make the blood thrill and to draw tears. We worship the spirit that can wing itself up to the Deity in this form; and feel, in the excess of our sensations, that we must possess the benevolence of some higher than human power. These devotional sentiments are not produced by mere noise—not by the acclaim of hundreds—but by that admirable regulation of effects, in which lies the whole mystery of music. Our ears are so constituted, as speedily to adapt themselves to any degree of sound; and the loudest thunder of the organ, or the gentlest notes of the flute, become alike in their operation upon us, if we are rendered as familiar with the one as the other. Impressions of greatness in music are produced at a blow; and though power, open or concealed, has to do with them, it must be always power well applied. Thus the true master knows how to electrify his hearers by one note; and who that remembers the opening of the last chorus in "Israel in Egypt," can have forgotten the effect of the triumphant multitudinous *unison*, "I will sing unto God." Again, the subdued effect of choruses sung in harmony, but entirely in an under tone—as "He sent a thick darkness,"—presents another form of majestic power, in which the poet's noble personification of might "slumbering on his own right arm," is brought vividly before us.

The truth, that great effects are only realised to their full extent, when met with in that relative position to the principal lights or shadows of his picture which the author originally designed, is the strongest argument we know in favour of the production of entire works. It should also restrain the rash hands of those unthinking people, who, without knowing any thing of the philosophy of the system of effect which guides the pen of a master in the formation of a score, have yet the hardihood to make additions. Critics in painting and poetry would soon discover and hold up to public indignation the author of any liberties with a great original; but in music (that is, in the copies used for performance), it is astonishing how many drivelling absurdities, perpetrated by the Lord knows who, have been allowed to sneak into public, affixed to master-works. But it is time to reduce these pretensions to their true standard. It ought to be the part of all genuine musical critics to make themselves well acquainted with the original scores of the works they hear, and to signalize any violation of their integrity and purity, except due cause be apparent. By these means they

will become the guardians of that fame which a great master commits to the love and the discernment of posterity.

All that we can be said to know well of Handel, and with proper choral power, are the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Solomon," and the "Dettingen Te Deum." We have lately had "Samson;" and how much remains behind to make the author's bodily presence still as palpable to us, as when, not long ago, he was domiciled in Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square! Pleasant is the memory of genius; endeared is the locality which it has haunted and rendered sacred by association! That the public should have existed for seventy or eighty years upon three or four works, with some odd selections—that it should yet have to come "Deborah," the noble "Jubilate," the "Chandos Anthems," the

"Funeral Anthems for Queen Caroline," &c. &c., that "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," in which Handel has not suffered by contact with the genius of Milton, are yet partially unheard—that there exist in the Royal Library, and, we believe, in the Fitz-William Museum, noble remains of the industry of the master still in MS.,—affords a cheering prospect of the continued advancement of music. For it is not to be denied by any, except those who unduly appreciate the labours of such men as Mendelsolhn and Spohr, that the age is destitute of any one commanding spirit; and however it is sought, by creating a factitious popularity, to place one or other of the cleverest of living musicians on the throne of choral music, the public are resolute in not being cheated of their homage. The world of music is at present a republic.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

AWAKE ÆOLIAN LYRE.

PRIZE GLEE. FOR FOUR VOICES.

Largo E Sostenuato

SOPRANO. *p* A - wake, a - wake *cres. f* Æ - olian Lyre a - wake, Æ - olian Lyre a - wake.

ALTO. *p* A - - wake, - - A - wake, *cres. f* Æ - olian Lyre a - wake, Æ - olian Lyre a - wake. *ff*

TENOR. *p* A - wake, a - - wake, *cres. f* Æ - olian Lyre a - wake, Æ - olian Lyre a - wake, And *ff m*

BASS. *p* A . wake, . . . Æ - olian Lyre . . . a - wake a . wake. *f*

mf And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

mf From Hel - i - cons har *p*

Andante give to rap - ture give to rap - ture all thy trembling strings, *mf* From

And give to rap - ture give to &c.

From Hel - i - cons har - mon - ious springs - - - - A

mon - ious springs. har - mon - ious springs, har - mon - ious springs A

Helicons har - mon - ious springs, har - mon - ious springs, A

From Hel - i - cons har - mon - ious springs har - monious harmon - ious springs, A

thousand rills - - - - - A thous - and rills, their mazy progress

thousand rills their mazy progress take, &c.

thousand rills their mazy progress take A thous - and rills their mazy progress

take, Drink life and fragrance as they flow,

take, The laughing flowers that round them blow,

take, The laughing flowers that round them blow, Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Andante Sostenuto

Now the rich stream of mu - sic winds a - long, Deep majestic smooth and strong.

Now the rich stream of mus - ic winds a - long, Deep majestic smooth and strong.

And Ceres' golden reign, Now - - - - - now

Spiritoso

mf Thro' ver - dant vales. *f* Now rolling down the steep a - main
mf a - main -

Headlong impetuous see it pour - - - - - The
see it pour see it pour, The
Headlong impetuous see it pour - - - - - See it pour see it pour, The

rocks and nod - ding groves re - bel - low to the roar -

rocks and nod - ding groves re - bel - low to the roar -

rocks and nod - ding groves re - bel - low to the roar -

rocks and nod - ding groves re - bel - low to the roar -

. re - bel - low to the roar to the roar to the roar.

. re - bel - low to the roar to the roar to the roar.

. re - bel - low to the roar to the roar to the roar.

. re - bel - low to the roar to the roar to the roar.

DRIVING TANDEM, A TRINITY COLLEGE ADVENTURE.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, along with a college chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, Tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anarcharis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in style—went ball-pitch to the theatre—and after a quiet breakfast next morning at the St. James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing over to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas —?

To escape was impossible. A cart before and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I

mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George? what the — do you here? Tandem too, by —" (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments that dropped from his mouth like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing. "What! you don't know me, you young dog? Don't you know your uncle? Why, sir, in the name of common sense—Pshaw! you've done with that. Why in — name a'nt you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge, sir?" said I. "At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment; "why I suppose you never were at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift: is this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? you young profligate, you young — you —" Seeing that he was getting energetic, I began to be

apprehensive of a scene; and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance." His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment. "I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me; but to my knowledge I never saw you before." A torrent, I perceived, was coming. "Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate, though your finding your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Bye, bye, old buck." The cart was removed, and I drove off, yet not without seeing him in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ridiculous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—"He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle by—"

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant to my memory. "Well, you've done it. Dished completely! What could induce you to be such a blockhead?" said he. "The family of the blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party." "Pshaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?" "Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge instantly." "Cambridge?" "In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him.

Without settling the bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us, a heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched, the traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress; but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the college in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas—been here?" said I to the porter, with an agitation I could not conceal. "No, sir." "If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving *veracious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of college for this fortnight. You twig!" I had hardly time to get to my own room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mathematics, and hydrostatics, strewed around in learned confusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I wish to see Mr. —," said he, "is he in his rooms?" "Yes, sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago." This was not the first bouncer the *Essence of Truth*, as Thomas was known through the college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for. "Ay! very likely; reads very hard, I dare say?" "No doubt of that, I believe, sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass. "You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he's not in college!" "Not in college! sir, as I hope—" "None of your hopes or fears to me. Shew me his rooms. If two hours ago I did not see—See him,—Yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement

bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?" "What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes! "How happy I am to see you!" I continued: "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking?" "How people may be deceived! My dear George, (speaking rapidly,) I met a fellow, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts! I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor; to tell the master; to tell all the college, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to inclose you fifty pounds and disown you for ever." My dear sir, how singular!" "Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's mother were acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and—that was *not* yours. No, no, you never would have treated your old uncle so." "How rejoiced I am, that—" "Rejoiced: so am I. I would not have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Ecod! I can't tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John's the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet, never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons, they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking: and that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, had shewn me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gowmsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, 'Oh! that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But,—it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle! I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is"—I moved instantly—"But it's impossible, you know, it's impossible. Come, my dear fellow, come; I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people so like.

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother was a handsome man; and there was a Lady Somebody, who, the world said was partial to him. She may have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you. Read hard, you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers!" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me the heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It

reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again until I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight-forward path of life, that of

New Monthly Magazine. AN OLD STUDENT.

A MIDNIGHT LANDSCAPE.—You would have been delighted with the effect of the northern twilight on this romantic country as I rode along last night. The hills and groves and herds of cattle were seen reposing in the grey dawn of midnight, as in a moonlight without shadow. The whole wide canopy of Heaven shed its reflex light upon them, like a pure crystal mirror. No sharp points, no petty details, no hard contrasts—every object was seen softened yet distinct, in its simple outline and natural tones, transparent with an inward light, breathing its own mild lustre. The landscape altogether was like an airy piece of mosaic-work, or like one of Poussin's broad massy landscapes or Titian's lovely pastoral scenes. Is it not so that poets see nature, veiled to the sight, but revealed to the soul in visionary grace and grandeur.—*Hazlitt's Liber Amoris.*

TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

Oh! breezy harp! that, with thy fond complaining,
Hast held my willing ear this whole night long:
Mourning, as one might deem; yon moon, slow waning,
Sole listener oft of thy melodious song;

Sweet harp! if hushed awhile that tuneful sorrow,
Which may not flow unintermitted still,
A lover's prayer one strain less sad might borrow,
Of all thou pourest at thine own sweet will.

Now, when—her forehead in that pale moon gleaming,—
Yon dark-tressed maid beneath the softening hour,
As fain to lose no touch of thy sad streaming,
Leans to the night from forth her latticed bower;

And the low whispering air, and thy lone ditty,
Around her heart thy mingled spells have wove:
Now cease those notes awhile that plain for pity,
And wake thy bolder song, and ask for love.

LISZT.—Assuredly, it is not in his own country that this great pianist finds the honours due to genius fall most sparingly on his head. Our island temperament has some difficulty in understanding the enthusiasm which makes every step of his progress a triumph. The following particulars are given in a letter from Pesth:—"On the evening of Friday, (10th Jan., 1840,) the Royal German Theatre gave, for the benefit of the charitable institutions of the town, Beethoven's opera of 'Fidelio,' after which Liszt had promised to execute some of his compositions. The pianist entered the box of the Municipality, during the performance of the overture, and was instantly hailed with the most vociferous acclamations. 'Long live Liszt! long live the great artist!' echoed from all quarters of the theatre, which was crowded with spectators; and the orchestra executed a series of trumpet movements,—an honour only paid, on other occasions, on the arrival of some member of the royal family. At the close of the opera the curtain rose again, disclosing the representation of a magnificent Gothic hall, ornamented with a profusion of musical trophies, crowns, and garlands of flowers. Liszt appeared in the rich and picturesque national costume of the Hungarian nobles, and seating himself at a piano, executed a fantasia on some movements from

Auber's 'Muette de Portici,' and Mayerbeer's 'Robert le Diable.' When the audience had testified, in an almost frenzied manner, its admiration of these performances, the Count Leon de Festetica, President of the Royal Philharmonic Society, entered, accompanied by the two assessors and two prothonotaries of the county of Pesth, and having addressed a short speech to the artist, delivered to him, in the name of the county, a magnificent sabre, valued at 600 florins (£60), in a crimson velvet sheath, whereon were embroidered, in gold, the arms of the family of Liszt,—one of whose ancestors was, towards the close of the seventeenth century, grand judge of the county. On returning to his carriage, Liszt found himself the subject of fresh homage from the students of the University, who had assembled, with torches, to escort him to his hotel. The torches, however, were useless; for all along the road which he had to pass, the houses were illuminated from top to bottom, and crowded with a populace estimated at thirty thousand at the least. Yesterday the municipality gave a grand ball in his honour, which was attended by all the notabilities of the town and all the nobles of the neighbourhood; and this morning at day-break, the great artist departed for Prague."

CHARLES LAMB.—Lamb was at one part of his life ordered to the sea side for the benefit of bathing; but not possessing strength of nerve sufficient to throw himself into the water, he necessarily yielded his small person up to the discretion of two men to 'plunge him.' On the first morning, having prepared for immersion, he placed himself, not without trepidation, between these huge creatures, meaning to give the previously requisite instructions which his particular case required; but, from the very agitated state he was in, from terror of what he might possibly 'suffer' from a 'sea-change,' his unfortunate impeding of speech became greater than usual; and this infirmity prevented his directions being as prompt as was necessary. Standing, therefore, with a man at either elbow, he began: 'I—I—I'm to be di—i—ipped.' The men answered the instruction with a ready 'Yes, sir!' and in they soused him! As soon as he rose, and could regain a portion of his lost breath, he stammered out as before, 'I—I—I'm to be di—i—ipped! Another hearty 'Yes, sir!' and down he went a second time. Again he rose; and then with a struggle, (to which the men were too much used on such occasions to heed,) he made an effort for freedom; but not succeeding, he articulated as at first, 'I—I—I'm to be di—i—ipped'—'Yes, sir!' and to the bottom he went again; when Lamb, rising for the third time to the surface, shouted out in desperate energy, 'O—O—only once!'—*Mathews' Memoirs.*

MISS CLARA NOVELLO.—About fifteen years ago, when she was a child playing with her dolls in the garden of her father's country residence at Shacklewell, and singing in a loud clear voice, for lightness of heart like a little wild bird; *Di tanti palpiti*, which was then popular, and much played on the barrel organs of wandering Italians, was one among a number of other melodies which she caught by ear, and was wont to sing to herself at play. It was this air that first indicated to her friends her peculiar natural disposition for music, and from which may be dated the first direction of the little Clara to serious efforts of song. In particular, we remember the admirable correctness of ear with which she made the modulation that occurs at the end of the second part of the melody. This was quite surprising in one who knew nothing of harmony, and who never seemed at least, to pay any attention to the music which was performed in her father's house. The education of the ear must have been proceeding unconsciously to herself and friends, or her early history, with which we are intimately acquainted, would compel us to believe in the phenomenon of an ear more perfectly adapted by nature to the execution of every interval, than many other not ungifted singers obtain by the most careful attention and laborious effort.—*Musical World.*

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Words by Tannahill.

Music by R. A. Smith.

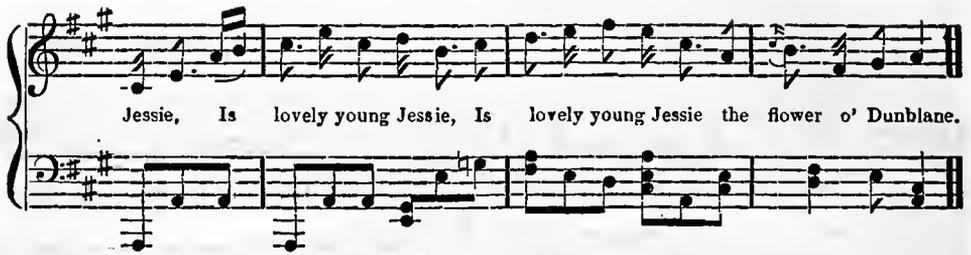
The sun has gane down o'er the lof-ty Ben-lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre-

side o'er the scene, As lane-ly I stray'd in the calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet

Jes-sie the flower o' Dunblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauldin' blossom, And

sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o' green, Yet sweeter and fairer and dear to this

bosom Is lovely young Jessie the flower o' Dunblane, Is lovely young



She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dun-
 blane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain,
 I oe'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 'Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dun-
 blane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

R. A. SMITH.

ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH was the son of a Paisley silk weaver, and was born at Reading in England, whither his father had removed sometime previously, on the 16th November, 1780. His mother, who belonged to Reading, like his father, was possessed of a taste for music, thus the musical genius of their son was fostered from his cradle by the melodies of their respective countries. At a very early age he began to exhibit his fondness for music, being able to play upon the violin in his tenth year. His ear was remarkably correct, and he began early the practice of noting down such strains of melody as he heard that pleased him, and to this early habit is to be ascribed the remarkable facility in musical notation which in after years he exhibited. An instance of this practice and facility in later life occurs in a letter of his to his friend Wm. Motherwell, written in 1826, in which he says,

"I have just finished the accompaniment to a remarkably fine Danish air, which happens most fortunately to be in the very spirit of your beautiful 'Song of the Danish Sea-King.' You must know that I was taking an excursion lately in a wherry on the Thames, when my ears were assailed by the hoarse bawling of half a dozen sailors, in a vessel lying at anchor, singing a boisterous song, in an unknown tongue. I instantly desired the waterman to rest on his oars, when he informed me that it was a Danish vessel. The air pleased me, and I noted it at the moment."

In the year 1800, the weaving trade, to which he had been apprenticed by his father, declining in Reading, the family removed to Paisley. The West of Scotland has always been a musical district, and there is no talent which so speedily introduces its possessor into society, and surrounds him with admirers, as "singing a good song;" and as Smith had a sweet and musical voice, and an exquisite taste, his talents as a singer soon became known in Paisley, and his society courted both by amateurs and professionals, at whose concerts he was often induced to officiate, and thus brought more immediately before the general public. He soon bade farewell to the loom, which at no time had been a favourite with him, and in 1807, having been engaged as

Precentor to the Abcy Church of Paisley, he shortly after commenced teaching music, and in this occupation he continued till his death.

Of the friends he made in Paisley one of the earliest was Tannahill, to many of whose songs he composed airs, and, amongst others, "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," the publication of which first brought him prominently before the musical public as a composer. This song appeared in 1808, and immediately attained an extraordinary popularity, which it has retained undiminished to the present time, and there must be few of our readers in Scotland to whom it is not familiar. A critic in the European Magazine of the time in which it was published, says,

"The air before us certainly has no common claim to general admiration. The descant consists throughout of the most graceful and euphonious intervals, and the cadence at the words 'the flower o' Dunblane,' is remarkably beautiful and happy. It is singular that a similar fall of a 4th rising thence into the tonic chord is to be found at the commencement of a 'Kyrie' by the immortal Mozart, which it is very unlikely that our author should have known, being in manuscript, and very scarce. . . . The whole melody is contained in the space of eleven notes in diatonic scale, and proceeds in intervals, never exceeding a 4th, and abounding in 2ds and 3ds, the most proximate distances: they are all managed with the utmost *skill of simplicity*, and we shall not easily find a more evident proof of the truth that *Artis est celare artem*."

In 1810 Smith published his "Devotional Music, original and selected, arranged mostly in four parts, with a thorough bass for the organ or piano-forte;" and in 1819, "Anthems, in four vocal parts, with an accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte—the words selected from the prose version of the Book of Psalms." In 1821, he commenced the publication of his "Scottish Minstrel, a selection from the vocal melodies of Scotland," which, originally intended to be in four, was extended by a fifth, and afterwards by a sixth volume. In this publication his habit of noting down all the airs he chanced to hear was turned to good account, and in the volumes many airs appeared that had been previously unpublished, with many, we believe, that were either wholly or

partly his own composition: to some of the airs his name is affixed. Besides these, the work contains a very complete selection of the previously well known melodies of Scotland. Many of the airs are suited with original words, among the authors of which appear the names of Hogg, Motherwell, Hew Ainslie, Robert Allan, Miss Blamire, &c. The old verses which have been retained are in many cases sadly mangled and belpatched, we do not know, however, that we can blame Smith for this, as the songs, we are led to conclude from the preface, have been under the superintendence of another editor. Smith subsequently added an "Irish Minstrel," in one volume, to the collection, and afterwards a volume of "Select Melodies," containing airs of various nations. This latter we are inclined to think the most interesting of all his works, many of the airs are very beautiful, and the verses are likewise superior to those in the other volumes. Amongst the contributors of songs were Mrs. Hemans, Motherwell, Hogg, Wm. Kennedy,* Ainslie, Henry Riddell, and others less known, in this volume appears the "Danish Melody" already mentioned, and also that song of Kennedy's "I have come from a happy land," now so well known.

In 1823, Smith removed with his family (he married in 1802,) to Edinburgh, Dr. Andrew Thomson having procured for him the situation of leader of the music in St. George's Church in that city. Here he continued his duties as a teacher, and here he collected, arranged, and published, the latter volumes of his "Scottish Minstrel," and the other works already mentioned, his "Introduction to Singing," which appeared in 1826, also "Sacred Music for the use of St. George's Church, Edinburgh," "The Sacred Harmony of the Church of Scotland," "Sacred Music, consisting of Tunes, Sanctusses, Doxologies, &c., sung in St. George's Church," and a number of Anthems, Glees, &c.

Smith had suffered long from attacks of dyspepsia, which, acting upon an originally delicate constitution, brought him to an early deathbed. After being confined about a fortnight, he calmly expired at Edinburgh, on the 3d day of January, 1829, in the forty-ninth year of his age, leaving a widow and five children. This event being quite unexpected, except by his intimate friends, caused a deep sensation in that city, and in the West of Scotland, where he was so generally known, and from his amiable character so generally loved and respected.

Our limits prevent us from writing further at present, but we intend shortly to return to the subject. We cannot better conclude than by giving the two following quotations, the first from Dr. Thomson's preface to the "Sacred Harmony," a part of which was published after Smith's death, and the other, which appeared in the Edinburgh Courant of 9th Feb., 1829, by Mr. George Hogarth, the well known author of "A History of Music."

"It is impossible," says the Dr., "to conclude this preface, without adverting to the editor of this work; which we can do more freely, since he is beyond the reach of both censure and praise. While he lived, his modest and unassuming worth gained him the esteem of all to whom he was known; and when he died, his death was universally and deeply lamented. We, for our part, felt it as the loss of a friend and brother. He was fond to enthusiasm of sacred music. He entered fully and feelingly into its true character. And he contributed ably and largely to its stores, in the an-

them, psalm-tunes, and other pieces which, from time to time, he composed and published. Much did he achieve in rescuing it from the barbarism and degeneracy into which it had fallen throughout the parishes of this country, by drawing the attention of influential people to its numerous defects, both as to the music performed, and the actual performance of it, and by diffusing a better taste, and a greater love for it, than what had previously prevailed. And in the choirs which he successively had under his superintendence in Paisley and in Edinburgh, he exhibited specimens, not only of what it ought to be, but of what it is capable of being made, when those who are concerned in its improvement unite in patronizing and promoting it."

"Smith," says Mr. Hogarth, "was a musician of sterling talent. His merits have been long recognised, but the extreme modesty of his character prevented them being so fully appreciated as they ought; and his labours were only beginning to gain for him that reputation and emolument they deserved, when he was cut off by an untimely death. His compositions partake of the character of his mind; they are tender, and generally tinged with melancholy; simple, and unpretending; and always graceful, and unaffectedly elegant. He had not the advantage of a regular musical education, or of having his taste formed upon the classic models of the art. But there was in his mind a native delicacy, and an intuitive soundness of judgment, which enabled him to shun the slightest tendency to vulgarity, and to make his productions always fulfil his object, whatever it was. His melodies are expressive, and his harmonies clear and satisfactory. He had the admirable good sense to know how far he could safely penetrate into the depths of counterpoint and modulation, without losing his way; and accordingly his music is entirely free from that scientific pedantry, which forms the prevailing vice of the modern English school. Mr. Smith has enriched the music of our own country with many melodies which have deservedly become national, and will probably descend, in that character, from generation to generation, in Scotland. His sacred music is uniformly excellent, possessing, in a high degree, the simplicity of design, and solemnity of effect, which this species of music requires. His sacred compositions, being written for the Scottish Church, and without instrumental accompaniment of any kind, are easily executed, and will undoubtedly tend to heighten the character of our church music, as they are beginning to be generally used in those places of worship where vocal harmony only is admitted. His own personal exertions, as precentor of St. George's Church, and the example which that Church has given, has already wrought a wonderful change in the musical part of our service."

[We are indebted for much of the foregoing information, to a biographical sketch of Smith by Philip A. Ramsay, Esq. of Paisley, prefixed to Fullarton's edition of Tannahill's poems by Ramsay, the best edition of Tannahill, we would remark, which has yet appeared.]

SPRING.

Sweet is thy coming, Spring!—and as I pass
Thy hedge-rows, where from the half-naked spray
Peeps the sweet bud, and 'midst the dewy grass
The tufted primrose opens to the day:
My spirits light and pure confess thy pow'r
Of balmy influence: there is not a tree
That whispers to the warm noon-breeze; nor flow'r
Whose bell the dew-drop holds, but yields to me
Predestinings of joy: O, heavenly sweet
Illusion!—that the sadly pensive breast
Can for a moment from itself retreat
To outward pleasantness, and be at rest:
While sun, and fields, and air, the sense have wrought
Of pleasure and content, in spite of thought!

Athenæum.

* Author of a late work on Texas.

OLD SONGS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

I like an old song. It is the freshest piece of antiquity in existence; and is, moreover, liable to no selfish individual appropriation. It was born far back in the traditionary times, so that its parentage is something equivocal; yet its reputation suffers not on that account, and it comes down to us associated with all kinds of fond and endearing reminiscences. It melted or gladdened the hearts of our forefathers, and has since floated around the green earth, finding a welcome in every place humanised by a ray of fancy or feeling, from "throne to cottage hearth." It has trembled on the lips of past and forgotten beauty; and has served, in countless wooings, as the appropriate medium for the first fearful breathings of affection. The youthful maiden has broken the silence with it in many a lovely, lonely dell; and the shepherd has charmed it on the still hill-side. The rude sailor has filled up the pauses of his watch by whistling it to the shrill winds and sullen waters; and it has bowed the head, brought the tear to the eye, and recalled home, and home thoughts, to the mind of many a wanderer on a distant shore. It has been heard in the solitudes of nature, and at the crowded festive board. It has refreshed the worn-out heart of the wordling, and awakened "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," in the minds of the moody and contemplative. It has been a source of consolation and joy to those who have passed away; it comes unexhausted to us; and it will glide gently down the stream of time, cheering and soothing as it goes, from generation unto generation, till utilitarianism becomes universal, and music and poetry fade into a dimly remembered dream. Yet a true-bred, moth-eaten, antiquary would sacrifice it, if he could, for a copper coin fifty years its senior!

If any musical man expect, from the title to this, a learned article, he will be egregiously disappointed. I have no pretensions to treat this subject scientifically, but what of that! Music is not altogether a mechanical science; and there are profounder sympathies in the heart of man than the orchestra think of. There is no more nauseous animal in existence than your musical coxcomb, who has all the terms and technicalities of the art at his tongue's end, without the glimmering of an idea concerning the human passions, the deep feelings, and the keen and delicate perception of the beautiful, on which that art is founded. Proportionally to be admired is the man who, after spending years in study and research, and successfully fathoming and mastering all difficulties, never dreams of considering his labouriously acquired knowledge as more than merely an accessory, not a principal, in the delightful science he has made his study. The former are, as a naturalist would express it, "in theatres and at concerts—common;" the latter is of a species scarce all over the world.

There may be loftier flights—a higher species of fame, than that attained or aimed at by the songwriter; but there is no one to whom honour is more gladly rendered by the mass of mortals. His claims come into notice, for the most part, in a genial season—when friends are met, and the glass and sentiment and song go round; when gladness swells the heart, fancy tickles the brain, and mirth and good humour sparkle from the eye; when Bacchus has almost closed up criticism's venomous optics, and laid his er-criticism quietly under the table; when the

fine-strung nerves are exquisitely alive to all pleasurable sensations—then it is that divine music, wedded to still diviner poesy, can, in an instant,

"bid the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek."

and then it is that the memories of the masters of song are pledged with a fervour that the ethical or epic poet may despise, but can never either expect or hope for, from the partiality of his cooler admirers. Next to Shakspeare there is no one whose memory is more fondly treasured than that of Burns. Independently of being intensely loved and revered wherever a Scottish accent is heard, social societies are formed in every country in which his language is known, to keep that memory fresh and green. And he well deserves it. Perhaps his songs are the best ever written. He has not the polish, the refinement, the exuberance of imagery, or the sparkling fancy of Moore, but he excels him in humour and pathos. They are, however, both glorious fellows; and it must be a narrow heart that cannot find room for admiration of more than one. If the lyrics of Burns do not, as yet, strictly come under the designation of "old songs," they at least will do so, for they have the germ of immortality within them. It is almost impossible to dream of the time when "Auld Lang Syne" will not be sung. He had his faults, (I am no Scotchman), but in turning over his pages, if your admiration of the poet begin to falter for a moment, perhaps the very next page brings you to "Highland Mary," "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," "A man's a man for a' that," "Mary Morrison;" or, that song without a name, commencing—

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jesy!"

Burns has done for Scottish song what Scott has done for Scottish history—made it known and renowned in every portion of the globe; and had "auld Scotland" never produced any other names of note, these two are amply sufficient to honour and glorify her through all time.

What are generally known by the name of "Irish songs,"—the "Paddy Whackme-cracks," and "Barney Brallagans" of the pot-house and the play-house, bear ten times less resemblance to the genuine melodies of the "green isle," than even the majority of regular stage Irishmen do to the existing natives. Both are merely broad English caricatures. The soul of Irish music, beyond that of all other national music, is melancholy. It is, perhaps, too fine a distinction to draw, but of the serious melodies of the three nations, perhaps the English airs are most characterised by mournful sadness—those of Scotland by pathos and tenderness—and those of Ireland by a wild, wailing melancholy, of an almost indescribable character. But words are poor expositors in such cases. Let any one play a few airs from each, and they will probably furnish him at once with the distinction here attempted to be drawn. I would humbly suggest "Coolun," or "Silent, oh Moyle," as the strongest instances I can think of on the part of Ireland. The English, it is said, have no national melody, and perhaps this is true of that portion of the country from Dover to the borders; but long prior to the presence of the Normans, who changed the manners and injured the pithiness of the language of the natives, the British had melodies marked by great simplicity and sweetness. Wb

does not remember the beautiful song, "Ar hyd y nos," familiarly known as "Poor Mary Anne?"—or that fine air, "Of a noble race was Shenkin," and many others, which are still to be met with in many a quiet and sequestered glen amid the fastnesses of Wales, where the harp of the Druids took sanctuary, and where the poetry and melody of that mysterious sect are still preserved. It is no wonder that at the inpouring of the heterogeneous and mercenary Norman flood, the pure native melodies became corrupted, and were nearly swept away; yet, notwithstanding, the splendid church music of the English excites the deep admiration of Europe; and their glees and madrigals have never been ex-

celled. Purcell, Locke, Jackson, and Arne, have written many charming melodies: but to come nearer to the present day, if I may venture an opinion, I would say that justice has scarcely been done to Shield, a sound, manly composer, who has left a number of things behind him which really and truly deserve to live and flourish. "The Thorn," "Let Fame sound the Trumpet," "Old Towler," "Heaving the Lead," "Ere round the huge Oak," and a number of others, if they cannot justly lay claim to any great degree of imaginative beauty, have at least an infusion of genuine melody—a body, ay, and a soul, that will long preserve them from oblivion.—Continued at page 50.

FAIR FLORA DECKS.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

Danby.

ALTO.



Fair Flo-ra decks the flow'ry ground, and paints the bloom of May,

TENOR.

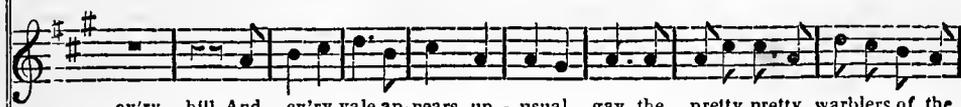


Fair Flo-ra decks the flow'ry ground, and paints the bloom of May, while

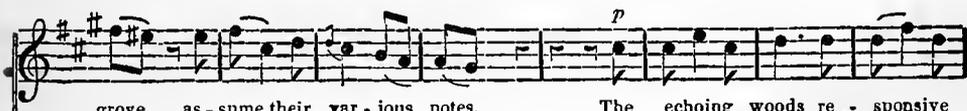
BASS.




And ev'ry vale ap-pears un - usual gay; the pretty pretty warblers of the



ev'ry hill And ev'ry vale ap-pears un - usual gay, the pretty pretty warblers of the

grove as - sume their var - ious notes, The echoing woods re - sponsive



grove as - sume their var - ious notes, The echoing woods re - sponsive sound the



The echo - ing woods re - spon - sive

sound, the music of their throats, the mu - sic of their throats, Lead
 music of taeir throats, the mu - - - - sic of their throats. Lead
 sound, the mu - sic of their throats, the mu - sic of their throats. Lead

on my Ce - lia quit the town, my Ce - lia quit the town.
 on my Ce - lia quit the townd, my Ce - lia quit the town, and
 on - - - - -

O haste my Ce - lia haste a - way, haste a - way, haste - - a -
 banish ev'ry care.
 O haste O haste my Ce - lia haste a - way, haste O haste a -

way to breathe the ru - ral air O haste - - - - - O haste - -
 way to breathe the ru - ral air. O haste my Celia haste away O

haste haste a - way; O haste to breathe the ru - ral air.

haste my Ce - lia haste haste a - way;

O haste to breathe the ru - ral air.

THE VIOLIN.

(Concluded from Page 11.)

Giornovich's style was neither powerful nor brilliant. It was what is better than either—delightful. Possessing great mastery of execution, it was always subservient to a native beauty of conception, which made his performance perhaps the most charming that was ever known. Delicacy, refinement, polish of the highest order, were there; but no violinist within memory had so fine a faculty of concealing his art, and subduing the audience as with a spell. His concertos have now gone out of fashion. Intricacy, eccentricity, and novelty are the choice of instrumentalists in our day. The startling, strange, and difficult are the modern triumph of the artist. But in these feats of the finger he abandons the nobler triumph of the soul. The concertos of Giornovich remain before us as evidence of the elegance, tenderness, and sensibility of his genius. They are, of course, neglected by the modern solo player, who must astonish or be nothing; but they form the limit of all that is delicious in the violin; and the first artist who will have the courage to try how far they may be felt by an audience, even in our day, will find that they possess at least rudiments of success, which are not to be found in the abruptness and extravagancies of the later mountebanks of the finger-board.

By a strange contrast with the playful grace of his style, Giornovich's temper was more than irritable. His life seems to have been a long quarrel with men and countries. He was almost a professed duellist. His caprices alienated the public; and his patrons generally found his petulance more than equivalent to their pleasure in his ability. He left England in anger, and appears to have transported this luckless spirit wherever he went. But he was a matchless musician, and his concertos must be long the study of every artist who desires to discover the true secret of captivation.

The classic school was now to give way to the romantic. Viotti, a name still familiar, appeared in London in 1790, at Salomon's concerts. He was instantly recognised as the creator of a new era of the violin. Bold, majestic, and magnificent, his style of composition was admirably seconded by the brilliancy and vividness of his execution. Unlike the majority of great violinists, he had also the talent of a great composer. No man of modern

times approached so near to the sublime. His master had been the well-known Pugnani, whose breadth of performance and force of tone were long unequalled. But to these his pupil added the fire of genius.

Viotti was born in 1755, at Fontaneto in Piedmont. His musical education was early and rapid. At twenty he was first violinist in the Royal Chapel of Turin. After a few years study there, he commenced the usual tour of artists, and passing through Germany, came to Paris. There he was the universal wonder; but his petulance at a concert in the palace at Versailles drove him from public representation.

It happened unfortunately for his peaceable career that he was a good deal infected with the revolutionary absurdities of the time, and the angry musician notoriously avenged himself by becoming the peevish republican.

Viotti, with all his republican sympathies, and we do not charge his memory with any direct attempt to put them in practice here, knew Paris too well to return there while the fever of Directories and Democracies raged. He quietly withdrew to Germany, and there, in a villa near Hamburg, he devoted himself to a much more suitable occupation than the rise or fall of dynasties, the production of some of those works, including his duets, which will make him remembered long after his political follies are forgotten.

His career was still capable of prosperity, but his rashness unfortunately rendered him unlucky. After a few years, in which his fame as a violin composer continually rose, he returned to England; but instead of relying on his own astonishing powers as a performer, he plunged into trade, became a wine-merchant, and shortly suffered the natural consequences of exchanging a pursuit which he understood better than any other man alive, for a pursuit of which he knew nothing. He lost all that he was worth in the world. He then returned to Paris as Director of the Conservatoire; but there he found himself all but forgotten. With the usual fate of musicians and actors, long absent, and returning into the midst of a new generation, he found national jealousy combining with the love of something new; and between both, he felt himself in what is termed a false position. He now gave up his employment, and on a pension returned to England, a country, of which, notwithstanding his

republican "exaltation," he was fond. Here, mingling occasionally with society, still admired for his private performance on the violin—for he had entirely abandoned public exhibition—Viotti sunk into calm decay, and died March 3, 1824, aged 69. Viotti's appearance was striking—he was tall, of an imposing figure, and with a countenance of strong expression—his forehead lofty and his eye animated. As a composer for the violin he is unquestionably at the head of all his school, and his school at the head. Its excellencies are so solid, that his violin concertos may be transferred to any other instrument, without a change of their character, and scarcely a diminution of their effect. Some of the most powerful concertos for the piano are Viotti's, originally composed for the violin. The character of his style is nobleness. Pure melodies and rich harmonies had been attained by others; but it was reserved for him to unite both with grandeur. This was, in some degree, the result of his having been the scholar of Pugnani, the first man who taught the Italians the effect of combined breadth and brilliancy. But it was for the celebrated Piedmontoise to be at once supremely elegant and forcible, and to unite the most touching taste with the most dazzling command of all the powers of the instrument.

De Beriot appears to hold the highest estimation among those French violinists who have visited England within these few years. He is probably also the best of the native performers. All the violinists of France who have figured since Rode, are growing old, and we have heard of no showy and novel successor. The school of Rode, is still the taste of the Conservatoire, and it is of the nature of every school to degenerate.

De Beriot is essentially of the school of Rode, though he is understood to be ambitious of referring his skill to Viotti. But his style, dexterous rather than dazzling, intricate rather than profound, and sparkling rather than splendid, is altogether inferior to the majestic beauty of the master violinist of the last age. It must be acknowledged that De Beriot's conduct on the death of the unhappy Malibran must raise more than doubts of his sensibility. And the musician, like the poet, who is destitute of feeling, is deprived of the first source of excellence. He may be ingenious, but he never can be great. He is ignorant of the secret which supremely sways the mind. In Germany, Spohr is still the celebrated name. Louis Spohr was born in the Brunswick territory, in 1784. His distinctions were rapid; for at twenty-one, after making a tour of the German cities, and visiting Russia with increasing fame, he was appointed first violin and composer to the Duke of Saxe Gotha. In 1817, he made a tour of the Italian cities, and in 1820 came to England, where he performed at the Philharmonic concerts. He had already been known to violinists by the science of his compositions, and his knowledge of the capacities of the violin. His performance in this country exhibited all the command which was to be expected from German vigour. But it must be confessed that the want of conception was apparent. His style was heavy. With remarkable purity of tone, and perfect skill in the management of the bow, he was never brilliant. Sweet melodies, graceful modulations, and polished cadenzas, were all; and in these were not contained the spells of music. Even his large and heavy figure had some effect in prejudicing the ear against his style. All seemed ponderous alike. The weather, too, during his visit, happen-

ed to be unusually close for the season, and the rather corpulent German too palpably suffered under a perpetual thaw. His performance in this state was the reverse of elegant; and the intricacy of his composition, the perpetual toil of science, and the general absence of expression—qualities so visible in all his written works, without the exception of his best opera, Faust—oppressed his violin.

The most popular violin composer now in Germany, or in Europe, is Mayseder. His style is singularly, yet sometimes showily toilsome. As Spohr's is the labour of science, Mayseder's is the labour of brilliancy. His works are strictly for the fashion of the time—popular airs with showy variations, some feeble and affected, but some unquestionably of remarkable richness, variety, and subtlety. His air, with variations, dedicated to Paganini, the "pons asinorum" of our amateurs, is a well-known specimen of all those qualities, and is even a happier specimen of Paganini's style than any published composition of the great violinist himself.

In our remarks on the musical genius of Italy, we had said, that south of the Alps lay the fount from which flowed periodically the whole refreshment of the musical mind of Europe. One of these periodic gushes has burst out in our own day, and with a power which has never been rivalled by Italy herself. Paganini commenced a new era of the king of all instruments, uniting the most boundless mastery of the violin with the most vigorous conception. Audacious in his experiments on the capacity of his instrument, yet refined to the extreme of subtlety; scientific, yet wild to the verge of extravagance, he brought to music the enthusiasm of heart and habit, which would have made him eminent in perhaps any other pursuit of the human faculties. Of a performer who has been so lately before the public, and whose merits have been so amply discussed, it would be superfluous to speak in detail. But, by universal consent, Paganini exhibited in his performance all the qualities combined, which separately once gave fame. By a singular adaptation, his exterior perfectly coincided with his performance; his tall gaunt figure, his long fleshless fingers, his wild eager and wan visage, his thin grey looks falling over his shoulders, and his singular smile sometimes bitter and convulsive, always strange, made up an aspect which approached nearly to the spectral. When he came on the stage half crouching, slowly creeping onward as if he found his withered limbs too weak to bear him, and with his wild eye glancing by fits round the house, he looked not unlike some criminal escaped from the dungeon where he had been worn down by long confinement, or a lunatic who had just been released from his chains. Of all earthly forms his was the least earthly. But it was when the first uproar of reception was stilled, when the orchestra had played its part, and the solo was to begin, that Paganini exhibited his singularity and his power in full view. He has hitherto held the violin hanging by his side; he now raises it up slowly, fixes his eye upon it as a parent might look upon a favourite child; gives one of his ghastly smiles; lets it down again, and glances round the audience, who sit in the profoundest silence looking at this mystic pantomime, as if it were an essential part of the performance. He then seizes it firmly, thrusts it close to his neck, gives a glance of triumph on all sides, waves his bow high above the strings, dashes it on them with a wild crash, and with that single impulse lets out the whole torrent of harmony.

Peculiar as this picture may seem, it is only so to those who have not heard the great master. To those who have, it will appear tame. He was extravagant beyond all bounds; yet his extravagance was not affectation, it was scarcely more than the natural result of a powerful passion acting on a nervous temperament, and naturalised by habits of lonely labour, by an all-engrossing imagination, and by a musical sensibility which seemed to vibrate through every fibre of his frame. The whole man was an instrument. It must, however, be acknowledged that his eccentricity in his latter performances, sometimes injured his excellence. His mastery of the violin was so complete, that he often dared too much; and by attempting in his frolic moods, and his frolics were frenzies, to imitate things altogether below the dignity of music, he offended his audience. One of his favourite freaks was the imitation of old women's voices! He imitated birds, cats, and wolves. We have heard him give variations to the pretty air of the "Carnival de Venise," the variations consisting of imitations of all the cracked trumpets, the drums, the fifes, the squeaking of the old women, the screaming of the children, and the squabbles of Punch. These were follies. But when his better genius resumed its influence he was unequalled, and probably will remain unequalled for another generation. He enjoyed one result which genius has too seldom enjoyed, extraordinary emolument. He is said to have made, during the first year of his residence in England, upwards of £20,000. His half share of the receipts of a single concert at the King's Theatre was said to amount to seven hundred guineas. Thus, in his hands, he established the superiority of the violin as a means of production over all others, and even over the human voice. Catalani, in her days of renown, never made so much by single performances.

The novelties which Paganini introduced into his performance have been highly panegyricised. Those are, his playing occasionally on a violin with but the fourth string—his pizzicato with his fingers of the left hand, giving the instrument something of the effect of the guitar—his use of the harmonic tones, and his staccato. That these are all novelties, that they add to the general compass of the violin, and that they exhibit surprising skill in the performer, we entirely allow. But excepting the staccato, which was finished and elegant, we have not been able to feel their peculiar value. That they may be the opening of future and wide triumphs to this beautiful and mysterious instrument, we believe perfectly possible. But in their present state they appear rather tricks than triumphs, rather specimens of individual dexterity than of instrumental excellence. The artist's true fame must depend on his appeal to the soul. Paganini was born in Scarra, about 1784, and died at Nice, 27th May, 1840.

A new candidate for praise has lately appeared among us in the person of Ole (Olous) Bull. Half his name would entitle him to our hospitality. He is a Norwegian, and unpropitious as the remote north may be conceived to the softer arts, Ole Bull is the only artist of Europe who can remind the world of Paganini. But unlike the great Maestro, he is nearly self-taught. His musical impulse came on him when he was about eight years old. His family successively proposed the Church and the Law; he espoused the violin, and at twenty resolved to trust to it and fortune. Some strange tales are told of his destitution. But all the histories of the great musicians have a tinge of romance. Ole Bull's

was ultra-romantic. He reached Paris in the period of the cholera. All was terror and silence. His purse was soon exhausted. One day after a walk of misery, he found his trunk stolen from his miserable lodging. His violin was gone with it! In a fit of despair he ran out into the streets, wandered about for three days, and finished his wanderings by throwing himself into the Seine. Frenchmen always throw themselves into the Seine, as we understand, for one or all of the three reasons:—that the Seine has seldom water enough in it to drown any body; that it is the most public point of the capital, and the suicide enjoys the greatest number of spectators; and that, let the worst befall, there is a net stretched across the river, if river it must be called, which may save the suicide, if he can keep his head above water for a while, or at least secure his body for a spectacle in the Morgue next morning. But we believe that the poor Norwegian was not awake to those advantages, and that he took the Seine for a *bona fide* place where the wretched might get rid of their wretchedness. He plunged in, but, fortunately, he was seen and rescued. Few men in their senses ever attempt to commit suicide; not even madmen attempt it twice; and Ole Bull, probably brought back to a wiser and more pious feeling of his duties by his preservation, bethought him of trying his professional powers. He sold his last shirt to hear Paganini—a sale which probably affects a foreigner but little. He heard, and resolved to rival him.

The concert season returned. He gave a concert, gained 1200 francs, and felt himself on the road to fortune. He now made a tour of Italy, was heard with pleasure; and at the San Carlos at Naples with rapture; on one night he is said to have been encored *nine times*. From Italy, where performers learn their art, he returned to Paris, like all his predecessors, for renown, and, like them, at length brought his matured talent to England for money. He is now twenty-five years old, if at that age his talent can be spoken of as matured. Determined in all things to rival the Gran Maestro, he would condescend to nothing less than a series of concerts in the vast *enceinte* of the Italian Opera House. The audiences were numerous, but the crowd belonged to Paganini. He has since performed with great popularity at the musical festivals; and if he shall overcome the absurd and childish restlessness which has so often destroyed the hopes of the most popular artists—can avoid hiring the Opera House—and can bring himself to avoid alternate flights to Italy and the North Pole, he will make his fortune within the next ten years. If he resolve otherwise, and must wander, he will make nothing, and will die a beggar.

His performance is of a very high order, his tone good, and his execution remarkably pure, powerful, and finished. He delights in double stopping, in playing rich chords, in which he contrives to employ the whole four strings at once, and in a singularly delicate, rapid, and sparkling arpeggio. Altogether he treads more closely on Paganini's heel than any violinist whom we have ever heard. Still he is not Paganini. The imitator must always be content to walk in the second rank; and his imitation, though the imitation of a man of talent, is so close, that if the eyes were shut it would be scarcely possible to detect the difference. Paganini is the parentage, and we must still pay superior honour to the head of the line. But Ole Bull will be no unfit inheritor of the title and estate.

POOR THOMAS DAY.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Slow. *Harrington.*

1 Look neighbours, look, Here lies poor Thomas Day, Dead, and turn'd to clay.

2 Does he sure what young Thomas, what old Thomas, what old Thomas lack! lack! a - day.

3 Poor soul! No! No! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

All is still,

A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark! the nightingale begins its song.
 He crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful, that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
 Of all its music!

— I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
 Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trin walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales: and far and near
 In wood and thicket over the wide grove
 They answer and provoke each other's songs—
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclos'd,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs, [full,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
 Glist'ning, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.—

— Oft, a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence: till the moon
 Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
 With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
 As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
 An hundred airy harps! And I have watch'd
 Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
 On blos'my twig, still swinging from the breeze,

And to that motion tune his wanton song,
 Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Just now the nightingales are wailing so sweetly
 around me! There are four of them here, and last
 year there were just the same number. How they
 breathe out their souls into that art of rapture—
 music—and as if all was thrown into a single tone
 —so pure—so innocent—so true and deep—such as
 no human creature can ever hope to produce, either
 with voice or instrument. Why must men learn to
 sing, while the nightingale, untaught, knows how to
 warble into our very hearts, so faultlessly in tune, so
 free from all failure? I have never heard any sing-
 ing from human voices that moves me like the night-
 ingales'. A minute since I asked myself, since I
 listen to them so intently, what if they would like to
 listen to me, as well? for just then they were silent:
 but hardly did I raise my voice, when all four burst
 out into such a warble of trilling—just as if they
 would say—leave us our own empire! Airs, and
 opera songs, are like the mere false tendencies in the
 moral world—the rhetoric of a false enthusiasm.
 And yet man is carried away by sublime music;—
 why should this be, when he himself is not sublime?
 —after all, it shows a secret wish in the soul to be-
 come great. It is refreshing like dew, to hear this
 better genius whisper in its natural language. Is it
 not so? O yes! and we then long to be ourselves
 like these tones, that dart onwards to their aim
 without wavering to either side. There they reach
 the absolutely complete, and in every rhythmical
 movement give out a profound mystery of spiritual
 form—this the human being cannot do! Surely
 melodies are beings created by the Divinity, that have
 a progressive existence of their own; every such
 idea comes forth at once in full life, from the human
 soul: it is not the man that creates the thought, but
 the thought creates the man.—*Bettine Brentano's*
Correspondence.

WORTH CAN NEVER DIE.—Beautiful it is to see
 and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can
 die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good

man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Burnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his "seven acres of nursery-ground," nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to "thole a factor's smash," and read attorney letters, in his poor poor but, "which threw us all into tears;" a man of no money capital at all; yet a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal among the others a hoy named Robert, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness and fiery wrath; and his voice, fashioned here by his poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy, like a stern prophecy to the ends of the world? "Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws!" What chancellor, king,

sonator, begirt with never such sumptuousity, dyed velvet, blaring, and celebrity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Burns? Courage!—*Thomas Carlyle's Essays.*

STIRRING THE FIRE IN TIME.—A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing during the performance of a long concert piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

SHELLEY calls music—

The silver key of the fountain of tears,

Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;

Softest grave of a thousand fears,

Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,

Is laid asleep in flowers.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

SACRED SEMI-CHORUS.

Dr. Arnold.

Lively. *mf*

TERCE. *mf* From all

ALTO. *mf* From all

TREBLE. *mf* From all

BASS. *mf* From all

f

- - From all that dwell - - - - be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's

f

- - - that dwell that dwell be - low the skies,

mf *f*

From all - - that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's

f

- - From all that dwell - - - - be . low the skies,

praise, Cre - a - tors praise a - rise. Let his Almigh - ty name be sung, Let

praise, Cre - a - tors praise a - rise. Let his Almigh - ty name be sung, Let

mf *f*

his Almighty name be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev'ry tongue; E - ter - nal are thy

his Almighty name be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev'ry tongue: E - ter - nal are thy

mercies Lord! E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, E - ter - nal are thy

E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, E - ter - nal are thy

mercies Lord! E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, E - ter - nal are thy

p *p*

mercies Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from

E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from

mercies Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from

f *pp*

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no

more, more, more

more

more

more,

more

Cres. - -

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Till suns shall rise and set no more." The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.

It is with great pleasure we direct the attention of our readers to "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," a monthly work now publishing in Edinburgh. The author, Jot, has undertaken to give scenes from the almost forgotten and romantic life of the Gaberlunzie—that privileged sinner of old times, who was the news-monger, and frequently the peace-maker of a whole country-side. There are many good jokes, and stories, told of his visitings to the farm-houses and home-steads of Auld Scotland.

When letters were almost, and the liberal arts altogether confined to cities and large towns, and when neither stage-coaches nor railroads had dared to open up the hidden corners of the country, the Gaberlunzie was welcome, whether his wallet was stuffed with legends, ballads, or the news of political changes, or whether he brought word that the last distaff had to give way before the better spinning-wheel, or that the spinning-wheel had to give place to the wonderfully productive power of thousand-handed spinning-jenny—it mattered not—still he was welcome to the cosie beild and the lown side of the farmer's or cottar's ingle, with besides a wisp o' "Clean pease strae," to serve instead of down or hair-matras for sleeping couch—and his entertainers thought themselves well paid, when they listened to some of his queer sangs or quaintly told stories.

And though no one knew the lineage of the Gaberlunzie, and he could neither claim kith nor kin, yet many lament that he now never comes to shed a cheerful influence on the dreary nights of winter. We, though not yet past our climacteric, have heard the complaint spoken (in prose almost as eloquent as that of Jot himself), by our venerated grandmother, for the passing away of those times in which his jokes and songs used to enliven the hearth of her first home, and with a long-drawn sigh, she would close her tale with the often-repeated burden—"aye, aye, young folks were happier then, aye and better too, than they are now"—she has gone to her last home, and the Gaber-

lunzie has laid aside wallet and staff and followed her, and instead of his oral knowledge, there are Libraries of Useful Knowledge, and Information for the People, together with British and other Minstrels, which we fear are but cold substitutes for his living music and poetry—aye, and his awmous is gathered by herds of shrunken paupers without spirit to make a jest, and wanting wit to tell, much less *make*, a story that would cheer the night—of whom the rural population are suspicious, and even the dogs do bark at them.

We may here relate an anecdote of a Gaberlunzie, who was, we believe, almost the last of his race. He was a tall raw-boned hard-visaged old man, lame in both feet from an accident he had met with in a quarry, with a shrewd wit, and knowing expression of physiognomy. In the course of his wanderings from place to place, he was frequently the bearer of letters and verbal communications between friends at a distance, and though of the slowest, still old James was a trusty courier. He had come to the village of K—, where he called at his usual roosting place, and found that the family had left the village; he then went to the Manse, though he knew that the then incumbent was a man whose charity was in the inverse proportion to his greed. Arrived there, he asked if he might be allowed to sleep in the kitchen? "No"—or in the hay-loft? "No." He made no further attempts on the benevolence of the Rev. Vitulus; but sought his awmous where he was sure of a kindly reception; and when told that he might stay over night, his answer invariably was—"No, no, kind folks, I thank ye a' the same; but I mean to gie your minister a practical lesson." At nightfall, he hirkled slowly to the sloping and wooded bank of the small river G—, which runs through the village, where he had resolved to bivouac soldier fashion. In the morning it happened, as the auld carle knew it would, that the minister made that bunk-head his morning walk, and James waited until he saw, not the good Samaritan, coming slowly along, when he struck up one of his auld world sangs, which stayed the rev gentleman in his walk, who said, "Poor old man

and have you slept here all night in this inclement weather?" it was the month of March. "Deed did I," said James, with mock ceremony touching his broad bonnet. "I am sorry for you; have you no house to go to?" "Weel Sir, I did sleep here; but, Sir, do you no think that pity without something mair is very like mustard; it disna tastewel without a bit o' saut beef till't" The minister bit his lip and passed on, and James chuckled heartily when relating the circumstance—he went away that day and never came back; but we believe died in Edinburgh at the long age of 103.

But we have forgotten the work which recalled this incident. There are some excellent ballads introduced, and it is illustrated with clever etchings and wood-cuts. As there is music given with some of the ballads, we may probably make these the subject of some future remarks. In the meantime, we extract the following passage which will speak more in praise of the work than any thing we can say:—

All Nature acknowledges the influence of music; Man bends before its power; and even the inferior animals own its dominion. The deep-toned organ, as it peals through the groined and richly fretted arches of the lofty cathedral, wafts the soul to heaven on the wings of melody, and elevates the devotional feeling of the sincere worshipper. The clear tinkle of the solitary church bell in the Sabbath morn, as it echoes among the hills, is felt and responded to by the well-attuned hearts of those who, impressed with its old and sacred associations, repair, at its summons, from their distant homes, to hold sweet converse with their God, in the same church where their forefathers often had met together in the olden time. The sad sound of the pibroch deepens the gloom of the Highland glee. The muffled drum bushes to stillness the noisy voice of the crowded street through which passes the funeral procession of the poor soldier. The blind vocalist, whose voice awakens the dull and silent lap at nightfall, like a spirit wailing among the habitations of the dead, leads after him, in the cold winter time, groups of merry little creatures, who, chained by the ear, follow him through half the town, regardless of the punishment that awaits them on their return home from their nocturnal perambulations. Bands of musicians find encouragement sufficient to induce them to serenade and enliven the darkest and closest alleys of the city. In the poorest districts of large towns, where nothing but squalid misery abounds, the itinerant ballad-singer finds purchasers for his woful ditties. The most popular street songs are chanted loudest by the friendless wretches, seated on outshot shelving stairs, poor homeless beings, who have their dwellings in the streets, and who can look forward to the grave only for a home, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The child, as he lisps and prattles on his nurse's knee, leaps bounding to a lively air, or is hushed asleep by a gentle lullaby. Old frail wrecks of humanity, whose dancing days have long since passed away, will beat time with their staff to the sound of the fiddle. Nations have been conquered, battles have been won, by the influence of music; and many a wounded soldier has shed his last sigh, and fallen asleep in the arms of death, amid dreams of home and friends, conjured up by a melody associated with

"Life's morning march, when his bosom was young."

Strong as is the influence of music over the mind at all times, its power is much increased by the stillness of the night. The æolian harp, breathed upon by the invisible spirits of the air, makes every heart echo to its irregular and fitful cadences; and many a hard pillow is softened, and many an aching head is soothed to slumber, by the gentle and pleasing strains of the night waits.

AUTOMATON VIOLIN PLAYER.

A number of Galignani's Messenger for 1840 gives the following account of an Automaton Violin-player, constructed by a Monsieur Mareppe, and exhibited before the Royal Conservatory of Paris:—

"Our informant, M. Bruyere, who was present, thus describes it:—On entering the saloon, I saw a well-dressed handsome figure of a man, apparently between forty and fifty, standing with a violin in his hand, as if contemplating a piece of music which lay on a desk before him; and had I not gone to see an automaton, I should have believed the object before me to have been endowed with life and reason, so perfectly natural and easy were the attitudes and expression of countenance of the figure. I had but little time for observation, before the orchestra was filled by musicians; and, on the leader taking his seat, the figure instantly raised itself erect, bowed with much elegance two or three times, and then, turning to the leader, nodded as if to say he was ready, and placed his violin to his shoulder. At the given signal he raised his bow, and applying it to the instrument, produced, a la Paganini, one of the most thrilling and extraordinary flourishes I ever heard, in which scarcely a semitone within the compass of the instrument was omitted, and this executed with a degree of rapidity and clearness perfectly astonishing. The orchestra then played a short symphony, in which the automaton occasionally joined in beautiful style; he then played a most beautiful fantasia in E natural, with accompaniments, including a movement *allegro mollo* on the fourth string solo, which was perfectly indescribable. The tones produced were like any thing but a violin, and expressive beyond conception. I felt as if lifted from my seat, and burst into tears, in which predicament I saw most persons in the room. Suddenly he struck into a cadenza, in which the harmonies double and single, arpeggios on the four strings, and saltos, for which Paganini was so justly celebrated, were introduced with the greatest effect; and after a close shake of eight bars duration, commenced the coda, a prestissimo movement played in three parts throughout. This part of the performance was perfectly magical. I have heard the great Italian, I have heard the still greater Norwegian, I have heard the best of music, but I never heard such sounds as then saluted my ear. It commenced *pianissimo*, rising by a gradual crescendo to a pitch beyond belief, and then by a gradual *motendo* and *colendo* died away, leaving the audience absolutely enchanted. Monsieur Mareppe, who is a player of no mean order, then came forward amidst the most deafening acclamations, and stated, that, emulated by the example of Vaucanson's flute-player, he had conceived the project of constructing this figure, which had cost him many years of study and labour before he could bring it to completion. He then showed to the company the interior of the figure, which was completely filled with small cranks, by which the motions are given to the several parts of the automaton at the will of the conductor, who has the whole machine so perfectly under control, that M. Mareppe proposes that the automaton shall perform any piece of music which may be laid before him, within a fortnight. He also showed, that, to a certain extent, the figure was self acting, as, on winding up a string, several of the most beautiful airs were played, among which were 'Nel cor piu,' 'Partant pour la Syrie,' 'Weber's last waltz,' and 'La ci darem la mano,' all with brilliant embellish-

ments. But the *chef d'œuvre* is the manner in which the figure is made to obey the direction of the conductor, whereby it is endowed with a sort of semi-reason."

A CRYSTAL FROM A CAVERN.—Glory to the selfish rich man's gorgeous offering, is still the cry of the world's orators, too often even of those most nobly gifted. Glory to the widow's mite, is that still sweet inward song of the true heart taught in endless harmonies issuing from the face of God.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine horn has, on the lofty hills of Switzerland, another still more solemn

and religious use besides that of the cowcall. When the sun has set in the valley, and his rays still glimmer on the snowy tops of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells on the highest of them, immediately seizes his horn, and calls through it "Praise God the Lord!" All the neighbouring shepherds, as soon as they hear this sound, seize their Alpine horns, hasten out of their huts, and repeat it. This often lasts a quarter of an hour, and the name of the Lord is re-echoed from the mountains and rocks. At last there is a solemn silence; all kneel, and with uncovered heads, pray. In the meantime it has become completely dark. "Good night," the highest shepherd exclaims through his speaking trumpet. "Good night!" resounds from all the mountains and the sides of the rocks. Then each goes to repose.—*Pocket Magazine*.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Words by Burns.

Cheerfully.

Las-sie wi' the lintwhite locks, Bonnie las-sie, art-less lassie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dea-rie, O? Now na-ture cleads the flow'ry lea, And a' is young and

sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dea-rie, O?

Lassie wi', &c.

Now nature cleads the flow'ry lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi', &c.

An' when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

THE BLACK-HAIRED LADDIE.

Gaelic Air.

Words by D. Tough.

Slowly.

A - lack my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sor-row; I ne'er can a - wa' wi' the
 thoughts o' to - mor - row; My fa - ther he bar-gain'd to part wi' his Flo - ra, My
 black-hair'd dear lad-die, O tak me a - wa! My black-hair'd dear laddie O tak me a-wa!

Alack, my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sorrow;
 I ne'er can awa wi' the thoughts o' to-morrow;
 My father he bargain'd to part wi' his Flora,
 My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak me awa.

I flee frae the grey-headed laird an' my father,
 I flee to my shepherd, wha trips owre the heather;
 We aye were fu' glad when at e'en we'd forgather;
 My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak me awa.

The story is tauld, an' her father's confounded;
 The ha' wi' his rage an' rampagin' resounded; [ed,
 The horn, an' the shout's spreadin' clamour, farsound-
 To tell wha the shepherd had carried awa.

Owre hill, stream, an' valley, through bramble an'
 They flew till the fugitives were overtaken; [brecken,
 They've torn them asinder, their tender hearts breakin';
 The black-hair'd poorshepherd they drave him awa.

The shepherd he look'd in a sad sort o' languish,
 An' Flora, owre-come, in a heart breakin' anguish,
 Exclaim'd "frosty-beaded laird oe'er shall extinguish
 My love for the laddie they've driven awa."

Then Flora, my life's saul, refrain thy sad sorrow,
 Nor heed ye the purposed plan o' to-morrow,
 The dotard is doited, thy shepherd dear Flora,
 Ere morning's gray dawnin' will hae thee awa.

A MUSICAL SUPPER PARTY.

I was at one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense during the opera season, at which "assisted" Julia Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff. Grisi came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, who had dined with her, and she walked into the room looking like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white, with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her chaproned her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and under the excitement of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sung with a rapture and a *freschet* of glory

(if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage—for it was worth her while. The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who are not only cultivated judges, but who sometimes repay delight with a present of diamonds. Lablache shook the house to its foundations in his turn; Rubini ran through his miraculous compass with the ease, truth, and melody for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and even fulness on the ear, and Russian Ivanhoff, the one southern singing-bird who has come out of the north, wire-drew his fine and spiritual notes, till they who had been flushed, and tearful, and silent, when the others had sung, drowned his

voice in the poorer applause of exclamation and surprise. The concert was over by twelve, the gold and silver paper bills of the performance were turned into fans, and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the *prima donna* still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by foreign *attaches*, and in the highest elation at her own success. The doors of an inner suite of rooms were thrown open at last, and Grisi's *cordon* of admirers prepared to follow her in, and wait on her at supper. At this moment, one of the powdered menials of the house stepped up and informed her very respectfully that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers! Medea, in her most tragic hour, never stood so abso- lutely the picture of hate, as did Grisi for a single instant, in the centre of that aristocratic crowd. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them, and for myself, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike. I knew, then, that there was more than fancy—that there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the *imaginary* passions she plays so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the high-born woman who had accompanied her, suddenly turned her humour, and she stopped in the midst of a muttering of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the terminations, and, with a sort of theatrical quickness of transition, joined heartily in her mirth. It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the insulted *prima donna* at the lower table, and they succeeded by this manœuvre in retaining Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unequivocal Italian fury. I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and, with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed Grisi and her amused friend to a small room on a lower floor, that seemed to be the house-keeper's parlour. Here supper was set for six (including the man who had played the piano), and on the side table stood every variety of wine and fruit, and there was nothing in the supper, at least, to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperutive gesture, and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grisi ordered the servants out of the room, and locked the door, and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own musical, passionate, and energetic Italian. My long residence in that country had made me at home in it; every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of seeing with what abandonment these children of the sun throw aside rank and distinction (yet without forgetting it), and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life, in the gaieties of a chance hour. Out of their own country these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the kind and gifted lady who was their guest; yet, with the briefest apology at finding the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their cloaks and hats as a safeguard to their lungs (more valuable to them than to others;) and as most of the cloaks were ho worse for travel, and the hats opera-hats with two corners, the grotesque contrast with the diamonds of one lady and the radiant beauty of the other, may easily be imagined. Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played; and between the excavations of truffle pies, and the bumpers of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established droll, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Rubini could

not recover from the slight he conceived put upon him and his profession by the separate table; and he continually reminded Grisi, who by this time had quite recovered her good humour, that, the night before, supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his Grace their host, attended to her on the other. "E vero!" said Ivanhoff, with a look of modest admiration at the *prima donna*. "E vero, e bravo!" cried Tamburini, with his sepulchral talking tone, much deeper than his singing. "Si, si, si, bravo!" echoed all the company; and the haughty and happy actress nodded all round with a radiant smile, and repeated, in her silver tones, "Grazie! cari amici! grazie!" As the servants had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in *pie-nic* fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the *attaches* and younger gentlemen, the health of the princess who honoured them by her presence was proposed in that language, which, it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress and friend, and drank her health in silence. It is a polite and common accomplishment in Italy to improvise in verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She reflected a moment or two with the moisture in her eyes, and then commenced, low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult, nay impossible, to convey in English, an idea of its music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glorious arts, its beauty and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the sentiment to have been "out of Italy every land is exile!" The glasses were raised as she ceased, and every one repeated after her, "Fuori d'Italia tutto e esilio!" "Ma!" cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, "siamo ben esiliati qua!" and, with a word of drollery, the party recovered its gayer tone, and the humour and wit flowed on brilliantly as before. The house had long been still, and the last carriage belonging to the company above stairs had rolled from the door, when Grisi suddenly remembered a bird that she had lately bought, of which she proceeded to give us a description, that probably penetrated to every corner of the silent mansion. It was a mocking bird, that had been kept two years in the opera-house, and between rehearsal and performance had learned parts of every thing it had overheard. It was the property of the woman who took care of the wardrobes. Grisi had accidentally seen it, and immediately purchased it for two guineas. How much of embellishment there was in her imitations of her treasure I do not know; but certainly the whole power of her wondrous voice, passion, and knowledge of music, seemed drunk up at once in the wild, various, difficult, and rapid mixture of the capricious melody she undertook. First came, without the passage which it usually terminates, the long, throat-down, gurgling, water-toned trill, in which Rubini (but for the bird and its mistress, it seemed to me) would have been inimitable: then right upon it, as if it were the beginning of a bar, and in the most unbreathing continuity, followed a brilliant passage from the Barber of Seville, run into the passionate prayer of Anna Bolena in her madness, and followed by the air of "Suoni la tromba intrepida," the tremendous duet in the Puritani, between Tamburini and Lablache.

Up to the sky, and down to the earth again—away with a note of the wildest gladness, and back upon a note of the most touching melancholy—if the bird but half equals the imitation of his mistress, he were worth the jewel in a sultan's turban. "Giulia!" "Giulietta?" "Giulietta!" cried out one and another, as she ceased, expressing, in their Italian diminutives, the love and delight she had inspired by her incomparable execution. The stillness of the house in the occasional pauses of conversation reminded the gay party, at last, that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half-dozen sleepy footmen hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and carriages; the drowsy porter was roused from his deep leathern *dormeuse*, and opened the door, and broad upon the street lay the cold grey light of a summer's morning.—
Willis' Loiterings of Travel.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

I saw a flower in a pathless wood,
Deep hidden in a mazy labyrinth
Of rank wild grass, briars, and prickly leaves.
'Twas a strange donjon for so fair a thing,
Dreary, and dark, and rude; but as I gazed
On its transparent hues and bending grace,
A golden sunbeam, stealing from a cloud,
Alit on the green summit of the wood,
And, lover-like, heeding no obstacles,
Shot thro' the clustering foliage and thick shade
Of interwoven boughs, through tangled brake,
Briar and branching fern, and tarried not,
Till, having reached its bourn, it smiling lay
On the white bosom of that lonely flower.
It was a pleasant sight to see how soon
The pretty prisoner rais'd its drooping head,
And gave back smile for smile, and opening wide
Its leaves, that erst were folded, seem'd to woo
The shunning guest still nearer to its heart—
It was a pleasant sight, and while I eyed
Their amorous dalliance, many a gentle thought,
Arose unsummon'd. Fancy too put forth
Her wanton spells, and lured me far away,
A willing wanderer. I scarce can tell
Whither, so rapid was her sunny flight,
The merry elfin led; but once, methinks,
Twining the flow'ret in her rainbow wreath,
She bore it, followed by the golden beam,
To by-gone ages, and to distant climes,
And called it—Danae.

Poems by T. Westwood.

FARINELLI.

THERE are few persons of musical taste who have not heard of, though none are living to remember, the wonderful abilities of Farinelli, as a singer. The goodness of his heart, and the natural sweetness of his disposition, were not exceeded even by the unrivalled excellence of his vocal powers, as some of the following anecdotes will testify.

It has been often related, and generally believed, that Philip the fifth of Spain, being seized with a total dejection of spirits, absolutely refused to be shaved; and was in other respects incapable of transacting affairs of state. The queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient that was likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of music upon the king, her husband, who was extremely sensible of its charms.

Upon the arrival of Farinelli, of whose extraordinary performance an account had been transmitted to Madrid, her majesty contrived that there should be a concert in a room adjoining to the king's

apartment, in which the singer executed one of his most captivating songs. Philip at first appeared surprised, then affected, and at the conclusion of the second air, commanded the attendance of Farinelli. On his entering the royal apartment, the enraptured monarch overwhelmed him with compliments and caresses, demanding how he could sufficiently reward such talents, declaring that he would refuse him nothing.

Farinelli, previously instructed, only entreated that his majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavour to appear in council as usual. From this moment the king's distemper submitted to medicine, and the singer had the whole honour of the cure.

By singing to the king every evening, his favour increased to such a degree, that he was regarded as prime minister; but what is still more extraordinary, and most highly indicative of a superior mind, Farinelli, never forgetting that he was only a musician, behaved to the Spanish nobles, attendant upon the court, with such unaffected humility and propriety, that, instead of envying his good fortune, they honoured him with their esteem and confidence.

The true nobility of this extraordinary person's soul appears still more forcibly in the following rare instance of magnanimity.

Going one day to the king's closet, to which he had at all times access, he heard an officer of the guards curse him, and say to another, who was in waiting, "Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier, like myself, after thirty year's service, is unnoticed."

Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, complained to the king, that he had neglected an old servant, and actually procured a regiment for the person who had spoken so harshly of him in the anti-chamber: and, on quitting his majesty, he gave the commission to the officer, telling him that he had heard him complain of having served thirty years, but added, "you did wrong to accuse the king of neglecting to reward your services."

The following story of a more ludicrous cast, was frequently told and believed at Madrid, during the first year of Farinelli's residence in Spain. This singer having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a gala at court, when the tailor brought them home, he asked for his bill. "I have made no bill, sir," said the tailor, "nor ever shall make one. Instead of money, I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have had the honour to work for a person, of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require will be a song."

Farinelli tried in vain to prevail on the tailor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the earnest entreaties of this humble tradesman, and perhaps more highly gratified by the singularity of the adventure, than by all the applause which he had hitherto received, he took him into his music room, and sung to him one of his most brilliant airs, delighted with the astonishment of his ravished hearer; and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had concluded, the tailor, overcome with extacy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli, "I am a little proud; and it is, perhaps, from that circumstance that I have acquired some little degree of superiority over other singers. I have given in to your weakness, it is but fair that, in your turn, you give in to

mine." Then, taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum, amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

Farinelli, during two reigns, resided upwards of twenty years at the Spanish court, with a continual increase of royal favour, and the esteem of the principal nobility of the kingdom.—*Artists' Magazine.*

We derived hope for future progress, no less than present pleasure, from Mr. Barnett's opera of 'Farinelli,' which was performed with great success at Drury Lane yesterday week, (8th Feb., 1839.) Every reader of musical biography must have known beforehand that the story would relate to the magical influence exercised over Philip the Fifth of Spain by Farinelli, whose singing lures the brain-sick monarch from his chamber, and is rewarded, by the artist being raised to the highest dignities of the state. Here, however, Farinelli is gifted with a wife, while Philip's malady, which is ascribed to the machinations of his physician, Don Gil Polo—a most absurd character, half poisoner, half buffoon—goes the length of making him denounce his Queen to the Inquisition. Farinelli, of course, is the good genius who brings every thing right at last; more, however, according to the fashion of a Figaro, than of the courteous gentleman, whose nice sense of honour and sound judgment enabled him successfully to acquire and retain the good-will of the Spanish grandees. The piece is taken from the French: we have seen infinitely worse opera-books, though the plot is crowded with unnecessary complications, while some effective dramatic situations have been thrown away, and the writing is the merest pantomime-jingle imaginable. The scene at the close of the first act is about the best English *finale* we remember: the crowd without the gates is riotously besieging the palace for a sight of their king; the doctor, in agonies of terror is pressed upon by all the courtiers to produce his patient—the cries without become fiercer and fiercer, till, as a last experiment, Farinelli, leaning against the door of the royal chamber,—sings a *Villanella*, at the close of which the pale melancholy monarch comes slowly out without speaking,—the act closing with the general joy at so unforeseen a turn of his malady. And now to speak of the music: 'Farinelli' is Mr. Barnett's very best opera—if we recollect right, far less laboured in imitation of the Germans than 'Fair Rosamond,' far richer in its instrumentation than 'The Mountain Sylph:' but never overcharged. We must take an exception against the composer, however, for making Farinelli sing so much in the Spanish style—more especially as the Spanish melodies (and, generally, indeed, all the single songs) are the weakest things in the opera. The rest of the part is excellently written, partly in imitation of the older Italian music; we must particularise the duet in the second act between the hero and Gil Polo, which would do credit to any composer whatsoever. All the concerted music, indeed, is superior: we must instance a little *terzett* in the first act, 'My scheme is accomplished,'—the capital *morceau d'ensemble* 'My noble friend,' in the *finale* already mentioned, and the duet in the second act, between Farinelli and the King: though the words have all the pathos of a dialogue between one who presses a savoury breakfast on another who is hungry, but resists the temptation to eat for fear of conscience and Gil Polo. We ought earlier to have mentioned the overture, which is fanciful and effective, deserving its encore, and worthy of becoming a concert-

piece. We are sure that the more 'Farinelli' heard, the better it should be liked.—*Athenæum.*

SHAW'S PATENT BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

WE have seen and heard a musical instrument newly invented by Mr. John Shaw, of Glossop, in Derbyshire, an ingenious mechanic, who has made the improvement of brass instruments an object of his attention for nearly twenty years. During this time he has produced five new kinds of valves for lengthening and shortening the tubes; and has now constructed an instrument bearing a general resemblance to the Cornet-a-pistons, but decidedly superior to that instrument in simplicity of mechanism, quality of tone, and facility of performance. It is so small that it can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience; yet, notwithstanding its diminutive size, its tone is superior in power and volume to that of the Cornet-a-pistons or the Cornopean; and it has a clearness and brilliancy—a *crispness*—of which those instruments are destitute. The instrument which we have examined has a perfect chromatic scale, extending from the G below the lines of the treble stave to the double D, in the hands of an ordinary player, but the scale may be carried still higher by a powerful lip. Its intonation is exceedingly true; and it seems capable of being played as easily as a German flute. Such an instrument must be an important addition to our orchestras, and to military bands be invaluable. Mr Shaw has taken out a patent for the invention; though the instrument has not yet been brought into use, nor, we believe, even christened.

We have lately seen and heard some brass instruments constructed on a principle which promises to enlarge their powers and extend their usefulness to a much greater degree than any former attempts have been able to accomplish. The limited scale of the trumpet and horn have materially circumscribed their employment in modern orchestral writing; and the impossibility of their following a composer rapidly from key to key, has still further limited their agency. In the time of Purell and Handel, the trumpet was a prominent orchestral and solo instrument; but this character it has wholly lost. Several attempts have been made to overcome this defect by the employment of keys and valves, but these have all changed the tone of the instrument to which they were applied, and deprived the trumpet of its martial and spirit-stirring character. The present invention may be described as a method of instantly shortening or lengthening the tube of the trumpet, horn, and trombone, or any other brass instrument. The mechanism is beautiful and simple; and the first impression on seeing it, is that of astonishment that it should have escaped all former inventors. When applied to the trumpet, it enables the performer to produce every semitone from the bottom to the top of the instrument in rapid succession, with all the freedom and fulness of tone of the common trumpet; the key of the instrument being as completely changed as if a crook were put on or off. The same remarks equally apply to the horn; in which the notes out of the scale are now produced by inserting the hand into the bell of the instrument, and thus, of necessity changing and injuring its tone. In the improved horn, all these notes are easily produced, and a perfect equality and richness of tone secured. To the performer on the trombone this invention is invaluable, as it will give to his execution both precision

and rapidity unattainable on the common slide-trombone. It is obvious that a discovery so important will effect a considerable change and extension of the employment of brass instruments in orchestras, as well as military bands. The improved instruments have been tried, and their immediate adoption decided on, by the Queen's Private Band, and by nearly all the bands of the Household Brigade. The inventor of this beautiful piece of mechanism is a Mr. John Shaw, of Glossop, in Derbyshire; and we are induced to give it all the publicity in our power, not only for its intrinsic importance,

but because of the modest and unpretending manner in which it was introduced to our notice.—*Spectator.*

AN AIR VIOLIN.—A newly and ingeniously invented instrument has lately been presented to the Academie des Sciences, of Paris, by M. Isoard. It resembles the common violin, with the strings extended between two wooden or metal blades; it is vibrated upon at one end by a current of air, while at the other the player presses on the strings, shortening them by the pressure of the finger, the wind acting, in fact, instead of the common bow. The sounds vary between those of the French horn and the bassoon.

THE WITCHES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

M. P. King.

Maestoso.

When when shall
When when shall

When shall we three meet a - gain, In thun-der lightning or in rain - - when shall

we three meet a - gain In thunder lightning or in rain - -
we three meet a - gain, In thun - der lightning or in rain in thun - der
we three meet a - gain in thunder lightning in thun - der

we three meet a - gain in thunder lightning in thun - der

- - - or in rain in thunder or in
lightning or in rain lightning
lightning or in rain who shall we three meet a - gain

lightning or in rain who shall we three meet a - gain

rain, in thunder or in rain,
lightning when shall
when shall we three meet a - gain, when shall we three

when shall we three meet, when shall we three meet a - gain - - - in thunder
we three meet a - gain, when shall we three meet a - gain - - - in thunder
meet a - gain when shall we three meet a - gain - - - in thunder

lightning or in rain in thun - - - der in thunder lightning or
lightning or in rain in thun - - - der in thunder lightning or
lightning or in rain in thun - - - der in thun - der lightning or

in rain. When the
in rain. When the
in rain. *ad. lib.* When the hur - - - - - ly bur - ly's done

Battle's lost and won

Battle's lost and won

When the hur - - - - - ly bur-ly's done

when the Bat-tle's lost and won when the hurly

Tempo giusto.

when the hur-ly bur - ly's done when the Bat - tle's

bur - ly's done when the Bat - tle's lost lost - - - and

when the hur - ly bur - ly's done when the Bat - tle's lost and

lost and won lost and won lost lost and

won when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's lost and won when the

won when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's lost and won

won when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's lost and won

p

ritard.

Battle's lost when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's
 when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's lost lost -
 when the Battle's lost when the Battle's

lost and won and won and won
 - - and won when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's lost and won when the
 lost and won and won and won

p *f*

when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's
 Battle's lost when the Battle's lost and won when the Battle's lost lost -
 when the Battle's lost when the Battle's

Andante. *p* *piu f.*

lost lost and won; That will be ere set of sun, That will be ere
 lost lost and won; That will be ere set of sun, that will be will be ere

f set of sun that will be ere set of sun ere set of sun *p*

set of sun that will be will be ere set of sun ere set of sun ere set of

dol. that will be ere set of sun *f* that will be ere *dim*

that will be will be

sun - - - - - ere set of sun - - - that will be ere

set of sun that will be will be

dol. that will be ere set of sun,

set of sun ere set of sun - - - - - ere set of sun - - -

f *dim.* that will be ere set of sun - - - - - ere set of sun.

that will be ere set of sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.

that will be ere set of sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.

OLD SONGS.

(Concluded from page 28.)

SHAKESPEARE'S songs, for the most part, have been fortunate in being married to good music; some of them almost better than they deserve. Whether in ridicule or not of the song-writers of his time, he certainly made too liberal a use of the "heigh hos" and "ninny nonnys." Next to Ariel's pretty fancy, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I," the one with the most freedom and lyrical beauty is, to my taste, "Under the Greenwood Tree." But it loses half its effect when transplanted from the forest of Arden, and sung in a modern room, amid long coats, cravats, decanters, and etiquette. Neither does it assimilate better with boisterous mirth and whisky punch. Yet it is an ill-used song, even on the stage. It is too operatically given. Your Amiens is generally (like the majority of male music-mongers) a stiff-limbed piece of humanity, who understands singing and little else; he generally takes his station about four feet from the foot lamps, and there, with elongated physiognomy, and one arm protruded towards the pit, goes through his work with most clock-like precision. To parody a beautiful simile, it is "music breathing from a wooden block;" all which is very unlike the free-hearted lord whom we imagine, throwing himself at the root of some antique oak, and, in a fine mellow voice, trolling forth, until the old forest rang again, his most joyous invitation. But this may be amended, when amid the other astonishing improvements of the times, leading vocalists shall be endowed with joints and ideas. Next to this, I like the one now invariably put into the mouth of Rosalind, and christened the "Cuckoo Song."

"When daisies pied, and violets blue."

But your stage Rosalind is generally the reverse of Amiens—an arch, vivacious lass, who imparts due effect to the mixture of natural images and domestic ideas suggested by the saucy words of this song.

The sea, "the battle and the breeze," and the rapid and manifold vicissitudes incident to the life of a sailor, furnish a bold and beautiful variety of subjects capable of being turned to good account in a song or ballad. Yet, somehow or other, Apollo does not much affect the quarter-deck. The ocean brine is too powerful for the waters of Castaly. Poesy in some sort suffers by a "sea-change;" and the quantity to be extracted from a volume of genuine naval ditties is wofully disproportionate to the bulk of rhyme. Some of the best sea songs have been written by landsmen, and one great cause of their being so, is their comparative freedom from perplexing technicalities; for though a characteristic phrase may occasionally impart life and spirit to a production, yet a technicality, whether in marine or agricultural poetry, is a sore stumbling-block to the uninitiated. Now every line (or plank) of three-fourths of your nautical melodies is caulked with them, independently of containing a much larger infusion of tar than tenderness—of pitch than pathos. They abound, likewise, in an inordinate degree, in descriptions of tornadoes, and discharges of artillery—in slaughter and sudden death; and the sentiments correspond thereunto, being as rough as a hawser, and as boisterous as a north-wester. Though admirably adapted to be growled out by the boatswain when the vessel is sending under double-reefed topsails, they would on land, and in a room, go off like a discharge of musketry. But, worse than all, is the minuteness of detail; the distressing particularity which ever pervades them. They are mere paraphrases of the

log-book; and the due course and reckoning of the ship is most especially insisted on—

"That time bound straight for Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore," &c.

Yet, after all, there are some noble things in this branch of the "service," amply sufficient to redeem it from dislike. Who is there that has not held his breath when he has heard a rich deep-toned voice commence Gay's glorious ballad,

"All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd;
The streamers waving in the wind!"

and listened throughout with a quickened pulse, to that "plain unvarnished tale" of humble love and tenderness. There is much, too, to please any man, who is not over and above fastidious, in dozens of Dibdin's vigorous and hearty sketches of a sailor's hardships and enjoyments; to say nothing of Pearce and others of inferior note; but from your regular fore-castle narratives, Apollo deliver us!

Things called "comic songs," to wit, "Four-and-twenty tailors all in a row," &c., are, in my mind, striking exemplifications of the depth of debasement of which the human intellect is susceptible.

In whatever way America is, or may become renowned, she will probably never be a land of song; and for two or three reasons. There are already a sufficiency of standard songs in the world to answer all purposes; and she has imported an ample sufficiency to supply the varied tastes and caprices of her musical population. Moore's Melodies are as common in the cities of the west as in their native land; and those of Burns are no rarity. The geography of the country, too, is strikingly unfavourable for indigenous song. Nature has created the land in one of her most liberal and magnificent moods, and formed its features on a scale of grandeur that is impossible to grasp in this kind of writing. The ocean lakes—the mighty rivers—the interminable forests—the boundless prairies, are all epic rather than lyrical. How would it sound, either for rhyme or reason,

"On the shores of Mississippi,
When the sweet spring-time did fall!"

The idea suggested is too vast. There is no snug endearing locality about such scenes; and as for "the sweet spring time," it never "falls" on a great proportion of the shores of rivers whose waters rise far towards the regions of eternal winter, and roll through every variety of climate, to those of everlasting summer; while the smaller streams, which correspond in size to the "Nith," the Dee," or "Bonnie Doon," are ruined by the general application of "crik" (ereck), which is bestowed upon them; and to which some such euphonious title as Big Elk, Buffalo, or Otter, is usually prefixed. Besides, America is not rich in recollections of the past. No castles, grim, hoary, and dilapidated, frown upon her heights; no gorgeous abbeys moulder in her verdant vales. The joys, and sorrows, and sufferings of humanity are, as yet, scarcely impressed upon her soil. She has no records of feudal strife, of faded greatness, and fond affection—of all tradition loves, and song delights in. Hope must, in some degree, be to her poets, what memory is to those of older lands. But the mind of the song writer is reminiscient—not anticipative; and therefore it is, that with whatever species of fame America may enrich her hovers, it is probable she will never, in one sense, be "worth an old song."—*Parterre.*

THE MUSICIAN'S WIDOW.

LINTON, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent-Garden theatre, was murdered by street robbers, who were afterwards discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children; and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the Benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

"The Widow," said Charity, whispering me in the ear, "must have your mite; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box-ticket."

"You may have one for five shillings," observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, slipped out.

"Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Justice, "what are you about? Five shillings! If you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And I shall owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the Widow's house.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand.

"Is your mother at home, my dear?" said I, to a child who conducted me into a parlour.

"Yes," answered the infant; "but my father has not been at home for a great while. That is his harpsichord, and that is his violin, he used to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a tune, my boy?" said I.

"No, Sir," answered the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched; for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry."

I looked on the violin—it was unstrung.

I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune.

Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in my ear, it

could not have insinuated to my heart thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.

It was the spirit in unison with the flesh.

"I hear my mother on the stairs," said the hoy.

I shook him by the hand—"Give her this, my lad," said I, and left the house.

It rained—I called a coach—drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.

TO MUSIC.

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts;
And, with some softly whispered air,
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair.

JOSEPH WARTON.

YANKEE-DOODLE.—In the early part of 1755, great exertions were made by the British Ministry for the reduction of the French power in Canada, and the Colonists were called upon for assistance, and contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men. The British army lay encamped a little south of the city of Albany, and in the early part of June the eastern troops began to pour in. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of their troops, furnished matter of amusement to the British. The bands played the airs of two centuries old. A physician of the British army, by the name of Dr. Shackburgh, to please brother Jonathan, composed a tune, and recommended it to the officers as a celebrated air. The joke took, and in a few days nothing was heard in the provincial camp but *Yankee-Doodle*. The tune has since been adopted as the national air of the United States—a distinction to which its intrinsic merits certainly do not entitle it. When contrasted, as it often is at sea, with the British national air of "Rule Britannia," its original meanness becomes strikingly apparent.—*Conversations Lexicon*.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

Andante.

DUET.

M. P. King.

Maestoso.

When in the storm on Al - bion's coast, The night - watch guards his

wa - ry post, From thoughts of dan - ger free; He marks some ves - sel's

dus - ky form, And hears a - mid the howling storm, The mi - nute gun at

sea. The mi - nute gun at sea, And hears a - mid the howling storm, The

minute gun at sea. Swift on the shore a har - dy few, The life - boat man

with a gallant gallant crew, And dare the dang'rous wave, Thro' the wild surf they

cleave their way, Lost in the foam nor know dis-may, For they go the crew to

save, For they go the crew to save; Lost in the foam nor

Allegretto.
know dis-may, For they go the crew to save. But oh what rap-ture

fills each breast, Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd, Then land-ed safe what

ad lib.
joy to tell of all the dangers that be-fel: Then is heard no more, By the watch on the

Tempo Andante *ad lib.*
shore, Then is heard no more, By the watch on the shore, The mi-nute gun at sca.

FIRST ENGLISH OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.

THE musical annals of this year (1809), are distinguished by the formation of a new institution at the Lyceum, under the direction of Mr. Arnold, called "The English Opera." The grand object of this establishment is to patronise the genius and acquisitions of its own country, and to cultivate a soil for the transplantation of those native flowers that might otherwise be

"born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The success of Mr. Arnold's patriotic attempts have already exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The theatre opened on the 26th June, with an entirely new opera from his pen, entitled "Up all Night, or The Smuggler's Cave," which forms a combination of incident and character altogether pleasing and interesting. The poetry is peculiarly elegant and figurative. The music (by M. P. King), although not distinguished by any flights of profound science, is agreeable, and well adapted to the comprehension of the audience and the powers of the performers, for whom it was intended. The numerous songs are of easy execution, both vocally and instrumentally, and, in general, pleasing. Mrs. Mountain's ditty, "A maiden once who loved in vain," is a neat little ballad, and the key of A minor well suited to the plaintive import of the text. "The minute gun at sea," a duet, sung by Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Philips, is a characteristic marine composition; but the first bars are taken from (or at least the same with) the subject of an old German song, "*Ohne lieb und ohne wein was waer unser leben*," (without love, and without wine, what would life's enjoyments be). The song, "Sigh not for love," had a good accompaniment, and the theme is natural and pleasing, although not new to us. "Tom Steady," another marine ballad, bears a determined expression, and will probably become a favourite sea-song. The opera has been nightly received with the rapturous plaudits of judicious and fashionable audiences.—*Ackermann's Repository*, 1809.

PROSPECTS OF THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.

THERE is no musical character that we contemplate with more benevolence or admiration than a good amateur. Willing to play, but content to listen—able to render efficient service, but ready to give place to any one who can do better—the steady supporter of musical schemes, both by purse and performance—preserving the freshness of his pleasures by enabling himself to command the selection of them—extending constantly his knowledge of styles—such a man, whom none will scorn to call wise, merits our highest esteem. If such were individually the character of the mass of performers, little indeed should we be concerned with the conflicting interests and jarring passions which have their seeds, and more or less appear, in every society.

In viewing our progress towards a great orchestra, the first instrument which presents itself to consideration is the violin. We could name lawyers, divines, and members of even graver professions, who handle the fiddle, whether as accompanists, solo, or orchestra players, with masterly precision and exact taste. The superiority of the performers we allude to is certainly to be traced as much to intercourse with good models as natural aptitude; but what was to them an accidental advantage is

now common to all. The French and German musicians, who have found a home in England, have established among us a good school of the violin. No longer are the spirit and effect that depend upon freedom, elegance, and correctness of bowing, doubted—no one thinks of being called a player who is unable to give point, accent, and emphasis to his passages. In estimating the amount of application and labour, required to attain excellence upon an instrument whose difficulties appear every beginner, we are assisted by recent experiments made on the talents of children, which show satisfactorily that a child of tolerable capacity, if put upon a good system, may execute difficult concertos in a finished style, and yet be under twelve years of age. It is recommended by Spohr that a boy destined to be a violin player should, if robust, commence between eight and nine years of age. Two words contain the whole secret of acquiring finished excellence, without immoderate and depressing exertion—begin young.

The principal faults of our amateur violin players are such as generally belong to inexperience, and are in a gradual course of amelioration. It is a very raw concert player who insists on making himself heard, and it in general indicates an imperfect execution where there is a disposition to hurry the time. Good accompanists, judicious second violins and tenors, who know how to make a melody stand out by their manner of putting in the inner parts, are of rarer occurrence than performers competent to execute a dashing bravura passage with crispness. In that falsely esteemed subordinate department of the orchestra, the second violin, experience, taste, and knowledge of the effect of scores are of the highest importance. A firm second violin is a pillar of the orchestra; and knowing, as we do, how those who learn merely to execute, precipitate their acquirements, and proceed a long way in music without any precise idea of the proportions of two quavers to a crotchet, we have a high esteem for the talent which judiciously fills this part.

The tenor, which ought to be a stronger part than it is in all orchestras, is, with one or two exceptions, but feebly supported by amateurs. Were all who take up the instrument qualified beforehand to judge of its characteristics, the tenor would be chiefly coveted by those who most revel in the luxury of harmony. In very great orchestras, where the parts are many times redoubled, the peculiar effect of any instrument can hardly be felt by the performer, who hears only the sounds that immediately surround him; but to the instracted listener, the low strings of the tenor, as employed by Beethoven and Mozart, convey the most delightful sensations, in which, in quartet or octet bands, the player may easily participate. The tenor, however, continues to be the refuge of dilatory amateurs, who consider it as the instrument that demands the least practice and address in the manipulation. To find this instrument in the hands of a *strong* player, one who is sufficiently master of the bow to give point and effect to his passages, is rare. Our tenorists, therefore, for the most part, rejoice in sustained or iterated notes.

Let us, however, defend several bad tenor players of our acquaintance, who are excellent musicians, not forgetting that the most rigorous critic would deduct a large amount from his satire, were he acquainted with all the circumstances under which the amateur first succumbed to the social passion of violin playing. Many they are in whom the sight of the four folios that contain the treasures of

Haydn's science in the quartet, has begotten the sanguine wish to acquire, even at a late period of life, a certain clumsy skill, sufficient to enable them to taste something and imagine the rest. With such we heartily sympathise,—we participate in their satisfaction in passages of repose,—enter into all the terrors of the coming *solo*, attacked with suppressed breath and a suspension of the faculties,—feel the satirical force of the leader's *bravo!*—and, notwithstanding this, know that, among all the hours of mortal life, there are none dedicated to purer enjoyment than those occupied in quartet performance.

On the violoncello we may acknowledge respectable acquisitions among amateurs, though no very high degree of artistical skill. This is of all stringed instruments the most universally *strummed*, and for a good reason,—the first stages of progress are easy, and the aspirant is soon able to refresh his ears with seductive and noble tones of his own producing. From King George IV. to Dr. Parr, the violoncello has had numerous votaries of this order; nay, there are some of drawing-room celebrity, who, encouraged by the smiles of a fair pianiste, actually acquit themselves with tolerable success in the duos of Muntzberger, Romberg, or Baudiot. But orchestra performers of a solid kind are rare.

The double-bass exhibits players of remarkable talent. Fine tone, correct execution, and masterly style, may be found among amateurs who hover between professional and non-professional, but who ordinarily settle in the former character.

This grand instrument is fit only for enthusiasts, who cherish a passionate love for the art, and whose perception of the character of music is deeper than ordinary. How different is the contra-bass, when played with character and intelligence of the meaning of phrases, to the same instrument in the hands of a literal reader and mechanical musician! The magical bow of Dragonetti, accompanying the tragic recitatives at the Italian Opera, imparts to them that yearning impassioned character, which heightens and carries to the last perfection the vocal inflections of a Rubini, a Grisi, or a Lablache. The singer, catching the fire, seems to walk superior—a being not of mortal mould. Such is the true art of making an instrument speak. Whenever it may be decreed that Dragonetti surrender to fate—whenever that great artist shall sleep beneath sepulchral marble, though the glories of his execution die with him, or become an idle tale, yet his influence upon the English orchestra, in which he has founded the finest school of the double-bass that exists in the world, will assuredly remain.

Thirty years experience of the style of this master has not been lost upon our musicians. All contra-bassists who do not come out of the school of Dragonetti are marks for laughter. The preposterous attitudes and ridiculous style of a race of amateurs, now extinct, when the clumsy man and his clumsier instrument were constantly in danger of toppling down together, still tickle our imagination. Not many years ago the orchestra of the ancient concert rejoiced in the services of a schoolmaster, who played the double bass in gloves! And even now, the French, who tune their instruments by fifths, know not what it is to execute every note of a quick passage. When we compare what was with what is, we may congratulate ourselves upon the present condition of the double-bass playing art in London.

The incomplete satisfaction which attends solitary practice on stringed instruments necessarily renders the performers of this kind gregarious.

Nevertheless, the talent which it is intended to perfect for the orchestra should be sedulously cultivated in private. But the instrumental glory of our metropolis is as yet only in the first stage of its development. We have but to recollect how many thousand clerks among us shut up their cares with their desks from four to six o'clock every day, to perceive how immensely capable of augmentation is our amateur orchestra. It is from among those whose hands are not rendered rigid and inflexible by mechanic labour that we may best expect an increase in the ranks of our effective instrumentalists. The music schools attached to literary and scientific institutions will, if well managed, greatly promote this desirable object.

Wind instrument practice, though improved and improving, is certainly not in a high and palmy state among amateurs. Of flutes, indeed, we might easily muster a regiment, but we question whether all London would produce us a pair of good amateur clarionets or bassoons. Rarely is the first consideration of the young man, in the choice of an instrument, the abstract one of utility or public pleasure, but how it will become him, how he will *look* playing. Thus the flute is seldom taken up but for sinister purposes, if not, indeed, to break the peace of families. Armed with this deadly instrument, and accoutred *point device*, the flautist makes his attack upon the principal beauty of the evening party, and happy is the victim if she is made an honest woman of. The flute, however valuable in the orchestra, has, therefore, a reputation not entirely musical. It is the Don Giovanni of wind instruments.

There prevails among the Germans, who in this evince true *orchestral* enthusiasm, a simple reliance upon effect for taking off whatever might else appear ungraceful or awkward. They are in the secret that that which is done in a masterly way never looks ill. Painful efforts and contortions may awaken a sense of the ludicrous, not so ease and conscious power. If Mozart and Beethoven have given to the oboe music which it is desirable to hear, they are not afraid to cultivate the instrument from the apprehension lest compression of the muscles of the mouth should draw the gnomon of their countenance into a distressing peak,—as we may observe in the nose of the street player, in Hogarth's "Enraged Musician." Distension of the cheeks forms no part of a good system; and we will venture to say, that any one, who is an apt pupil of Gratton Cooke or Barret, shall master the oboe,—difficult though it be, and most critical in the management of the breath,—without deranging the economy of his visage. Our great clarionet players, principally Irishmen, are notoriously men *a bonnes fortunes*. We leave as a question for the learned, whether there is any inelegance of execution on the clarionet, which six feet in height, and the shoulders of a Tom Jones, will not counterbalance. And then what a hold upon our most serious feelings must the performer have, the character of whose tone somewhat approaches that of Willman! The bassoon, the most difficult of all instruments to manage with grace, may be practised and mastered, as our late importations from Germany show, without sacrificing a gallant and even chivalrous demeanour. Horace tells us that we are much more at the mercy of our eyes than of our ears: and even the best tones will scarcely reconcile us to the sight of the "human face divine" dignifying the office of a manifest bellows. Here again, however, we are to avoid the plumpness of cherubic cheeks; the holding notes in the scores of the great

masters will create a general feeling in our favour, if we swell and diminish them with expression, and the pauses and rests give ample opportunity for the resumption of a dignified composure.

As for horns and trumpets, which require a hard mouth, we allow the plea of those young men, who urge the irrationality and almost impossibility of the effort to obtain one, between the age of eighteen and five-and-twenty. The young trumpeter who consecrates his mouth to his instrument, must practise a more heroic self denial than the nun who enters the cloister. For it is manifest that, if Amoret exchange frequent vows of fidelity with Celia, and seal them after the manner of the affianced, no scarification, no chemical process, will be able to resist the emollient effects of the healing balm; and the trumpeter, for all trumpeting purposes, will be undone. Education, under such circumstances must be more hopeless than the weaving of Penelope's web, or the rolling of the stone of Sisyphus.

We are obliged to look into the dim vista of futurity for amateur players of the more ponderous instruments, the trombone, the double bassoon, and the ophicleide. Let us console ourselves that, when all salutary political reform shall have been effected, future ages will still have a vent for the superfluous breath of tedious orators. How often have we not to wish, that the pulmonary effort made in many a droning sermon or tiresome speech were converted to the purposes of the fundamental bass! We have powers enough in the world to make a capital wind band, were there but a machine to direct the breath.

The vanity which besets young instrumental performers is a subject so fertile in ridiculous associations, that it is impossible to resist the temptation to merriment in treating of it. What, after all, has the personal appearance of a performer to do with the objects of the composer or the musician? It is, however, from want of consulting proper models that grimace or distortion of the features are thought to belong to any variety of good instrumental execution. And though, while amateurs segregated, it was natural enough for each to select that instrument which would be esteemed most graceful and pleasing in the private circle, now that higher views of the art prevail, and societies are constantly forming, who make the scores of Beethoven and Mozart their mark, there is no longer a reason why the useful in the orchestra should not supplant the ornamental in the drawing-room. We must exchange our superabundance of flutes and violoncellos for some of those valuable instruments, which, during the opera and concert season, the getter-up of a performance is obliged to commit to the coarse and rude style of regimental musicians. Experience teaches us how often this is worse than useless; and at the same time shows what an important part in practical music it remains for the leisure, the enthusiasm, and the taste of amateurs to supply. When once we can acquire good services of this kind *gratis*, an orchestra, that costs scarcely more than the desks and the carpenter's work, may open to the public an important class of music that they have never yet truly heard.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

'T WAS ONLY YOU.

French Air.

Ne-ver till now I knew love's smart, Guess who it was that stole away my heart.

'Twas on - ly you, if you'll be - lieve me, 'Twas on - ly you, if you'll be - lieve me.

Since I have felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has pass'd away each anxious hour,
If not with you if you'll believe me.

Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy, even tho' a king,
If not with you if you'll believe me.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone, alone I'd wish to stay,
For you alone if you'll believe me.

'Grave on my tomb where'er I'm laid,
Here lies a man who truly lov'd a maid,
That's only you if you'll believe me.

EARLY MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GER-
MANY.

In visiting the school at Schwabach, the first room we came to was that of the girls, who were all learning astronomy! A strange preparation thought I, for the after-life of a Nassau female. Who would think that the walking masses, half grass, half woman, one meets every day in the fields and lanes, would be able to tell whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun round the earth, or if the moon were any bigger than their own reaping hooks? We asked the master to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the delight of the little madchens when this request was made known; there was a universal brightening of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices in a pretty simple air, which they sung in parts and from the notes. * *

The next room was full of little boys between six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, "hardly higher than the table," I understood how it was that the Germans were a nation of musicians, and that, in listening to the rude songs of the peasants at their

work, the ear is never shocked by the drawing, untaught style of the same class of people in our countries. From the time they are able to lisp, they are all made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouze, and all the other children, had the music as well as the words they were singing, in their hands, written on sheets of paper; they followed the time as correctly as possible, marking with their little fingers on the page, the crotchets, quavers, rests, &c. * *

At Leipsic, the most un-English trait I gathered during my speculations at the window this evening, was a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and a few stockingless, and were engaged in some uproarious game, when, in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody—each taking his part, soprano, tenor, bass, &c.—with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true schoolboy fashion, sally down the street, vociferating their song in such time and tune, that, but for my initiation into the mystery at the Schwabach school, I should have stared at them as so many little wonders. What a delightful system is this music, as early and as indispensable a branch of education as the A B C!—*Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany.*

LORDLY GALLANTS.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Allegretto

Lord - ly Gal - lants tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,

Lord - ly Gal - lants tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,

In your great - ness what one bliss, Have you gain'd, That I en - joy not.

In your great - ness what one bliss, Have you gain'd, That I en - joy not.

You have hon - our, You have wealth, All the day I
I have peace, and I have health. All the day I

mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take. All the day I
mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take. All the day I

mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take, And at night no
mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take, And at night no

care I take. Bound to none my fortunes be, This or that man's fall I fear not,
care I take. Bound to none my fortunes be This or that man's fall I fear not,

Him I love that lov-eth me, For the rest, A pin I care not. You are sad when

others chafe, I that hate it and am free,
And grow mer-ry as they laugh, I that hate it and am free,

Laugh and weep as plea - seth me, I that hate it and am free,
Laugh and weep as plea - seth me, I that hate it and am free,

Laugh and weep as pleas - eth me, Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me.
Laugh and weep as pleas - eth me, Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me.

JEREMY BENTHAM

ON THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, AND THE DUTY
OF CULTIVATING AGREEABLE THOUGHTS.

It is not to be wondered at that we should find matter in the voluminous works of Bentham, to harmonise with the spirit of our Miscellany. The whole tenor of his writings teaches the absolute necessity of encouraging every art which may, at the smallest possible amount of evil to the few, conduce to the happiness of the multitude. We have already stated, and we hold it as a portion of our social creed, that music is of great benefit, and productive of much happiness, with as little concomitant evil as a source of enjoyment, as any study which one or many can enter upon. And seeing that Bentham spent a portion of his evenings in the practice of the musical art, (he was a singer, and no mean performer on the violin,) we do not consider that we are breaking the law of unity of design, when we steal a few extracts from the sage philanthropist. Neither are we aware that we use his works irreverently, when we place a portion of them within the reach of our well beloved friends, who, we hope, are in the constant habit of cultivating pleasant reflections, which (although Bentham says it not,) are strictly in accordance with, and may be cherished by good music.

The following extracts are from "Deontology," a work published after the death of Jeremy Bentham, edited by Dr. Bowring:—

"In the pursuit of pleasurable thoughts, (says Bentham), what infinite regions are open to the explorer! The world is all before him; and not this world only, but all the worlds which roll in the unmeasured tracts of space, or the measureless heights and depths of imagination. The past, the present, the future—all that has been, all that is of great and good, of beautiful and harmonious—and all that may be. Why should not the high intellects of days that are gone be summoned into the presence of the enquirer; and dialogues between, or with, the illustrious dead be fancied, on all the points on which they would have enjoyed to discourse, had their moral existence stretched into the days that are? Take any part of the field of knowledge in its present state of cultivation, and summon into it the sages of former times; place Milton, with his high-toned and sublime philanthropy, amidst the events which are bringing about the emancipation of nations; imagine Galileo holding intercourse with Laplace; bring Bacon—either the Friar or the Chancellor, or both—into the laboratory of any eminent modern chemist, listening to the wonderful developments, the pregnant results of the great philosophical mandate 'Experimentalise.' Every man, pursuing his own private tendencies, has thus a plastic gift of happiness, which will become stronger by use, and which exercise will make less and less exhaustible; all the combinations of sense and matter, the far stretching theories of genius, the flight of thought through eternity—what should prevent such exercise of the mind's creative will? How interesting are those speculations which convey men beyond the region of earth into more intellectual and exalted spheres. Where crea-

tures endowed with capacities far more expansive, with senses far more exquisite than observation had ever offered to human knowledge, are brought into the regions of thought. How attractive and instructive are even the Utopian fancies of imaginative and benevolent philosophy! Regulated and controlled by the utilitarian principle, imagination becomes a source of boundless blessings."

* * * * *

"In all cases where the power of the will can be exercised over the thoughts, let these thoughts be directed towards happiness. Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep your face constantly turned to it. If exceptions there are, those exceptions are but few, and sanctioned only by the consideration that a less favourable view may, in its results, produce a larger sum of enjoyment on the whole; as where, for example, an increased estimate of difficulty or danger, might be needful to call up a greater exertion for the getting rid of a present annoyance. When the mind, however, reposes upon its own complacences, and looks around itself for search of food and thought—when it seeks rest from laborious occupation, or is forced upon inaction by the pressure of adjacent circumstances, let all its ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production.

"A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousand in constant recurrence), when in attendance on others, and time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids—the economy of happiness recommends the occupation of pleasurable thoughts. In walking abroad, or in resting at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness; direct them aright; *the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit.*

"Let the mind seek to occupy itself by the solution of questions upon which a large sum of happiness or misery depends. The machine, for example, that abridges labour, will, by the very improvement and economy it introduces, produce a quantity of suffering. How shall that suffering be minimised? Here is a topic for benevolent thought to engage in. Under the pressure of the immediate demands of the poor, Sully is said to have engaged them in raising huge and useless mounds in his garden. Others have been found to purpose digging holes and filling them again, as meet employment for industry when ordinary labour fails. But what a fertile field for generous consideration is that, which seeks to provide the clear accession to the national stock of riches and happiness which all real improvements bring with them, at the least possible cost of pain; to secure the permanent good at the smallest and least enduring inconvenience; to make the blessings that are to be diffused among the many, fall as lightly as possible in the shape of evil on the few! Perhaps when the inevitable misery is really reduced to the smallest amount, by the attentions of the intelligent and benevolent, the transition will become, in most instances, neither perilous, as it has often been made by riotous violence towards those who introduce it, nor alarming to those whose labour may be temporarily shifted by its introduction."

* * * * *

"It frequently happens, when our own mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impressions of pain, those ideas may be found in the writings of others, and those writings

will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is given to them. To a mind rich in the stores of literature and philosophy, some thought appropriate to the calming of sorrow, or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favourite writer; and when emphatic expression is given to it, its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose; and where *sound and sense*, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied, happy indeed are their influences.*

THE ORGANIST.

BY JOHN GALT.

ONE day, while walking towards a neighbouring town, my attention was arrested by a young man, with an organ on his back, travelling in the same direction. He was carolling, unconsciously, as it were, with considerable musical pathos, the following rude Italian ditty:—

My country, my parent!—O mother, austere!
How I did love thee, did love thee in heart!
Was not my fervent vow ever sincere,
Ne'er from thy glory or danger to part?
I that so swore to die, mother, for thee!
Nor witness the dying of thy liberty.
Queen of the stars, O day that is past!—
O goddess! to whom still in worship the old
Do homage in spirit, why am I thus east,
Unshelter'd and lonely to perish in cold?
Proud parent! when Fortune was smiling and free,
I served thee for love; now I earn poverty.

When he had finished, he sat down on a dwarf wall by the road-side, apparently to rest, with so much of the air *penseroso*, that I was irresistibly induced to speak to him; and the following conversation arose:

"My father's country," said he, "was Asti, in Piedmont; but *Io, Io sono Romano*"—(I, I am a Roman.)

Something in the generous arrogance with which he uttered the unusual *Io*, caused me to prick up my ears; and I enquired how that had happened.

"Ah, signore," he replied, "it is the way of the world: One born to greatness does not always enjoy it. I saw the King of France guillotined: a ladrone (a thief) would not have been so used in *paese mio*,"—(my country.)

The manner of this observation interested me still more than the lordliness with which he had pronounced *Io sono Romano*; and I enquired, with a slight inflection, almost of pity, in my voice, if his father had been born to greatness.

He contemplated me, perhaps, the space of a minute, and then replied, with a degree of simplicity exceedingly affecting, by the helpless childishness of the look and tone with which he expressed himself

"He was born to be a marchese; but his father lost all his money by cards in Turin; and his mother, una donna superba, (a noble woman) died of weeping. Signore, the marchese, then married the daughter of a vine-dresser; and my father, with his brother, ran away to Genoa, where they found a vessel which brought them to Livorno. They landed very hungry; so he left his brother weeping on the wharf, with a crowd of boys around him, and came away with an English milady to Rome. My father and his brother were then dressed like the sons of the signori of Asti!"

It is not easy to convey an idea of the beauty with which this was said. The speaker might be turned of twenty; but the pathos with which he spoke, was as if memory had reconverted him into boyhood. I

would do injustice to my own feelings, were I to say that it only awakened my curiosity to hear a little romance.

I know not whether he had perceived the effect he had produced, but again he looked in my face as I said—'And what became of your father's brother?'

"Chi sa!" (who knows!) said he; "perhaps he went into paradise. I think he must, for I have heard my father say he was too good for this world."

"And your father," I added, really with emotion; "what became of him?'

"He lived with the signora while she remained at Rome," replied the pensive organist. "By her he became known to many grand persons; and, when she went away, he was taken into the palace of Cardinal Albano. Every one pitied him; and when they spoke to him, it was as to a young marchese, though he was but a servitore. Ah! signore, there is always cold in the heart of those who have been born to hope, and must live with despair."

The elegance and elocution of this little sentence would have done honour to the celebrated Alfieri, a native of Asti; and, though I saw but the seeming of a poor wandering organist before me, my imagination was excited, and I thought of the many shapes which the proteus genius assumes. Controlling, however, the perturbation which I could not suppress, I requested him to tell me the history of his father, adding, that I hoped he was not allowed always to remain a mental. Again, with that pathetic inquisition of the eye which had first induced me to address him, the organist said—

"Nobody before has asked me about my father: I hope, signore, you are not of the police. Indeed it is truth that I am a poor stranger just come from Dublin, where they are all so poor themselves that they could only listen to my benedetto organ—*sono senza danari*"—(they have no money.)

"Be not afraid," was my answer; "I am like yourself—a stranger here. Were there no inquiries ever made about your father?'

"Ah, no," said he; "when men become poor, their friends wish them dead, and willingly think them so when they do not see them. Asti is far away from Rome. My father was not a Rumoroso; he could not laugh; so, in the Cardinal's palace, he fell lower and lower; for he was very thoughtful—always sad—and at last no one heeded him; but he never forgot the castle of his forefathers."

"Who was your mother?'

"Oh, she was like the holy virgin—so calm, so beautiful, so good, and so kind—Adorata, adorata, Dea del mio core!* there is no sorrow in my tears when I think of her. Often, when I sit alone in the twilight, I see her, with my heart, as one of the blessed. She was the daughter of an apostolic fisherman. She resided with her parents on the sea-shore, not far from a villa belonging to the Cardinal, where my father was a domestic. Being alone in the world, he took her for his wife. O Madre mia! the spirit of the blessed was in her person. But I shall never see her in this world again."

"Why?" I exclaimed, affected by the singular sense, as it were, of absent objects, to which the evidently gifted but uneducated youth seemed liable.

"I am seeking my brother," replied he; "and, till I have found him, I have made a vow in the church of St. John the Theologian, never to return. Padre mio, madre, sono in paradiso. Giovanni e Deo fanno

* This cannot be translated. I give the sentiment—Goddess of my heart!

il mondo per me"—(my father and mother are all dead. Giovanni and God are the world to me.)

I perceived that it was in vain to expect a connected narrative; the sensibility with which the temperament of the friendless foreigner was so evidently saturated, and the tears which began to flow from him, as he remembered his home, were quite irresistible.

Whatever were his mental endowments, his power of pathetic utterance was truly extraordinary; and I could not but strongly sigh when I thought how much the refined world had probably lost of delight, by the mendicity of one who would have been such an ornament to the opera.

When his emotion had a little subsided, I inquired what he meant by seeking his brother.

"My father," replied he, "died when we were small children. We were four—two sisters, and brother Giovanni. My sisters were younger, and brother elder than me. My mother! how she carressed us when father died. The love that she then shed in tears is ever glowing in my bosom. We became very poor, and Giovanni, when he was not ten, went into Rome, when, as we heard, he travelled away into England with an organist. My sisters, the one after the other, when bambini, (babes,) were taken into paradise; and my mother then used to sit on the shore, where, often and often, at night, hath she pointed out to me the very star which Maria and Angelina were dancing with happiness within; and she would then kiss me, and pray that we might soon be there with Maria and Angelina; and, mio padre! her heart was dying then; and, when I was in my ninth year, Jesus Christ stretched down his hand from a star and lifted her up into heaven; so I was left alone in the world. Then it was that I went to the church of St. John the Theologian, and made a vow to wander away till I found Giovanni; and I have never forgotten my vow."

"Gracious! you, then, so young, and have still abided by that vow?"

"You know, signore," said he, looking intently in my face, "that it would be a sin to forget my vow; I durst never, then, hope to join madre mio in cielo"—(my mother in heaven.)

"But surely," cried I, "you have not, since then, been always in search of your brother?"

"I have not been always; but I have never forgotten my vow, nor done anything but to enable me to fulfil it."

"In what way?"

"The servants of the Cardinal when he went back to Rome, at the end of the year after my mother had been taken up to paradise, took me with them, and did all they could to tempt me to break my vow, but I would not; so I began to gather money to buy this organ, and they helped me. I beseeched, with its sadness, the world to let me pass into England, where I hope to find Giovanni; but I have not yet heard of him. I have been wandering up and down for three years, and I can hear nothing of him; nor is he in Dublin. Perhaps, signore, you can tell me if he be in Scozia. He has a black mole on his cheek, and his eyes are the colour of pleasure."

It seemed to me as if there was a more tender beauty in this ineffectual search, than even in the celebrated quest of Telemachus; and I became curious to know with what feeling he had been so long such a solitary and sentimental wanderer.

He had visited many countries; but his mind was so absorbed by one idea—the fulfilment of his vow—that he had seen nothing which, in any great de-

gree, interested him, but the execution of the unfortunate Louis. The ornaments of nations had never awakened his attention. He spoke of the Alps, however, with something indeed of enthusiasm—*Hanno una spetto come Iddio*—"They look like God," said he. Paris left no impression; even the magnificent greatness of London seemed only to be remembered as another town. But, when I asked what he thought of it as compared to Rome, he exclaimed, with glistening eyes—

"Roma, ah, Roma! who has seen her may desire to die. There is but one Rome upon all the earth. The stones there are stories, and the dust antiquity. It is only there, and by the basilica of St. Pietro, that you can guess the glory that may be in paradise. Methinks I hear the fountains, in front of the basilica, singing matins, and the voice of Time in the moonlight silence of the Colosseum. Roma, O Roma! Parent of Glory! There are but Heaven and Rome; all else is the rubbish from what they were made of."—*Tait's Magazine*.

THE SKY-LARK.

O, earliest singer! O, care-charming bird,
 Married to Morning by a sweeter hymn
 Than priest e'er chaunted from his cloister dim
 At midnight,—or veiled virgin's holier word
 At sunrise or the paler evening heard,—
 To which of all heaven's young and lovely Hours,
 Who wreathes soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
 Beautiful Spirit, is thy suit preferred?
 —Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
 Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;
 And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
 Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth—
 So may'st thou yet live on, from sun to sun,
 Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

BARRY CORNWALL.

ROBERT ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF "CUMBERLAND BALLADS," AND
 OTHER POEMS.

THERE are few people in England, who, during these last forty years, have not been gratified at fireside parties, or at clubs, with some of this author's songs; and, in the north of England, there are none of any class who are strangers to their graphic familiarities. The "Cumberland Ballads" are sung by the rural population in the house and in the field, in solitude and in society; and both tears and toil have been dispelled or softened by their influence. Yet few people out of the town of Carlisle know any thing of the author's life, though the native region of the songs comprehends broad and populous districts, and though their popularity reaches far beyond that region. The statesman who would originate a law affecting the happiness of the entire population of only one English county, for even a temporary period, would have a nation's eyes turned to him, and a nation's tongues occupied in his praise or blame; but how much more remarkable should we esteem the man whose thoughts, escaping from the point of his pen, or the melody of his voice, spread over a country taking root in the hearts of a people, and there becoming, from sire to son, the ready made incentives, and expressions of mirth and sorrow, hope and joy!

Anderson's ballads can never become universally popular, because of his inveterate adherence to a local dialect and local imagery. But that circumstance renders them the more popular where the dialect and the imagery are felt to be pleasantly fa-

mihar. There are in most of his pieces sentiments which touch the chords of human nature; and which, if disentangled from a profuse display of Cumbrian peculiarities, would find for his muse a name and place in every circle of society. Yet, though not claiming a high place in poetic literature, his ballads are well worth public attention. We have sailors and soldiers, as fine fellows as the united service can boast, from Cumberland and the adjoining counties; and those songs which embody their recollections of home and early days, which make them lovers of their country and their country's customs, which cheer their hearts in foreign lands, and under hard fatigues—those songs must have a national value; and the biography of their author cannot be uninteresting.

We have, therefore, to say that the writer of this sketch visited the birth-place of Anderson a short while ago, and found it in a suburb of Carlisle, called the Dam Side. Handloom weaving and squalid poverty are the characteristics of this part of that otherwise lovely town, as, indeed, of several parts of it. Anderson was the ninth child of poor parents. He was born on the 1st of February, 1770, and, being a sickly infant, was taken to church a few days after, that he might not die unchristened. He was named Robert. The river Caldew, which runs clear and pleasantly through this suburb, carried him away on one occasion when a child; but being rescued, he was put to bed until his clothes were dried; for his mother, though she had as many tears to shed for his misfortune as an affectionate mother could have, was too poor to have a change of clothes for him.

He went to school; and, at the age of thirteen, was apprenticed as a calico pattern drawer. Having served his apprenticeship, he proceeded to London, and was employed in the same line. In 1794 he commenced song making, the immediate cause of which we give in his own words:—"Being at Vauxhall Gardens, I happened to fall in with a pleasant youth, whose appearance was truly respectable. We felt equally disgusted with many of the songs written in a mock pastoral Scottish style; and supposing myself capable of producing what might by the public be considered equal, if not superior. I, on the following day, wrote four, namely, "Lucy Gray of Allendale," "I sigh for the girl I adore," "The Lovely Brown Maid," and "Ellen and I." "Lucy Gray," was my first attempt at poetical composition, and was suggested by hearing a Northumbrian rustic relate the story of the unfortunate lovers."

These songs were set to music by Mr. Hook, father of the late Theodore Hook; and with others of after composition, became popular at Vauxhall. In 1796, he returned to Carlisle, and while employed at his profession, wrote and published a volume of poems. In 1801, his first ballad in the dialect of Cumberland appeared, and was so favourably received, as to make him continue to write in that particular style. When he had produced a number of these, he published them in a volume called "Cumberland Ballads," which immediately became popular in the north, and also among his countrymen in London. It sold rapidly, and encouraged him to proceed. The most graphic of his songs, such as "Daft Watty," are so unintelligible to common readers, that we cannot venture on transcribing one of them; while, in fact, his love songs are not much plainer. "Barbary Bell," is one of those which has been sung in all corners of the world where

the English tongue prevails; and yet it would puzzle many people, even in the North, to read it as Anderson wrote it. We shall quote a piece not much known, not overdone with Cumberlandisms, and yet sufficiently so to be a fair specimen of the dialect, and the author's poetry. The subject is the rebuke of a mother who discovers her daughter to be in love; and is so entirely human as to find its way into every heart:—

O, Jenny! Jenny! where's tou been?

Thy fadder is just mad at tee;

He seed somebody i' the croft,

And guldens as he'd wurry me.

O, monie are a mudder's whopps,

And monie are a mudder's fears,

And monie a bitter, bitter pang,

Beath suin aud leate her bosom tears!

We brong thee up, pat thee to schuil.

And clead to weel as peer fwoke can;

We lan'd thee beath to dance and read,

But now tou's crazy for a man.

O monie are, &c.

When ton was young, and at my knee,

I dwoated on thee day and neet;

But now ton's rakin, rakin still,

And niver niver i' my seeet.

O monie are, &c.

Tou's proud and past aw guid adveyce—

Yen mud as weel speak till a stean;

Still, still thy awn way reet or wrang—

Mess! but tou'll rue't when I am geaue!

O monie are, &c.

Dick Waters, I hac tolt thee oft,

Neer means to be a son o' mine;

He seeks thy ruin sure as deeth,

Then like Bet Baxter tou may whine.

O monie are, &c.

Thy fadder's comin frae the croft,

A bonnie hunsup faith he'll mek;

Put on thy clogs, and auld blue brat—

Heaste, Jenny, heaste! he lifts the sneek.

O, monie are a mudder's whopps,

And monie are a mudder's fears,

And monie a bitter, bitter pang,

Beath suin and late, her bosom tears

The mother's anxiety that Jenny should deceive her father by having her clogs and auld blue brat on, as if she had not been out, is a truthful touch on a mother's common and natural sin. She rails herself, but does not like to hear her daughter railed on by another, not even by her father.

For some years Anderson resided in Belfast, where he followed his profession, and added to his ballads. He returned to Carlisle in 1820, in reduced circumstances, but met a friendly reception, was publicly entertained, and had a new edition of his works subscribed for. But he was not always comfortable; one of his besetting sins was the love of social company, and the too frequent use of that which stealth away the brains. Towards the close of his life a few friends entered into a subscription to provide for him, which provision was comfortably administered up to the time of his death, 26th September, 1833.

Amongst others of his qualifications besides that of song making, may be mentioned, his being able to write by candle light, and without the aid of glasses, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, a psalm, and his name, upon a piece of paper the size of a sixpence!—*Satirist*.

O THE MOMENT WAS SAD.

*dantino Affettuoso.**Irish Melody.**P Dolce*

O the moment was sad when my love and I part - ed. Sa - vour - na dee -

lish shigh - - an oh! As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh bro - ken heart - ed, Sa -

vous - na dee - lish shigh - - an oh! Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoul - der,

Damp was her hand, no mar - ble was oold - er, I felt that I no - ver a -

gain should be - hold her, Sa - vour - na dee - - lish shigh - - an oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna deelish shigan, Oh!
I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna deelish shigan, Oh!
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourna deelish shigan, Oh!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
Savourna deelish shigan, Oh!
All my pay, all my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna deelish shigan, Oh!
Peace was proclaim'd, escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her,
Savourna deelish shigan, Oh!

wa-ter at those springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink-ing

springs on cha - - lic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink - ing

wa-ter at those springs, on chalic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink - ing

ma-ry-buds be-gin to ope their gol - - den eyes, and wink - ing ma-ry-buds be-

ma - ry - buds be - gin to ope be - gin to

And wink-ing ma-ry-buds be - gin to ope wink - ing ma-ry-buds be-

ma - ry - buds be - gin to ope be - gin to

gin to ope their gol - - den eyes; With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty bin, my

ope their gol - - den eyes; that pret - ty bin, my

gin to ope their gol - - den eyes; My

ope their gol - - den eyes;

La - dy sweet a - rise, my La - dy sweet a - rise, my La - dy sweet a -

rise, With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty bin, my La - dy sweet a - rise, a -

rise, a - rise my La - dy sweet a - rise a - rise.

SPRING.

SPRING is come at last! There is a primrose colour in the sky—there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes.

Call her fickle April if you choose—I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for her showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes; if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more loveable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms.

Call her not fickle, but modest—an abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May or the passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple blossoms upon her cheeks, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the Sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm; and the Sky-God bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty; and if he withdraws his shining countenance she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss.

Fickle Sun! he too soon forgets the tender maiden, robed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full blossomed May or voluptuous June; forgetting April and her sighs and tears.

Oh! how delightful it is to wander into the sweet smelling fields; to set one's foot upon nine daisies; a sure test that Spring is come; to see meadows lighted with white flowers; to watch the sky lark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies

“Singing above, a voice of light;”

to hear the blackbird's mellow flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the woods, who are robing themselves for the mask of summer. All these are sights and sounds calculated to elevate the heart above its puny cares and sorrows, and to throw around it a repose calm and spirit-like as the scene whose beauty hushed its heavings.

There is an invisible chord—a golden link of love, between our souls and nature; it is no separate thing—no distinguished object, but a yearning towards the universal whole. We love the blue sky, the rolling river, the beautiful flowers, and the green earth; we are enraptured by the old hills and the hoary forests. The whistling reeds say something soothing to us; there is a cheering voice in the unseen wind; and the gurgling brook, as it babbles along, carries with it a melody of other years,—the tones of our playfellows, the gentle voice of a lost mother, or the echo of a sweet tongue that scarcely dared to murmur its love. Who is there that is not a worshipper of Nature? Look at the parties who emerge from the breathless alleys of the metropolis, when the trees have put on their summer clothing! listen to the merry laughter floating over the wide fields from beneath the broad oak where they are seated; the cares and vexations of this work-a-day world, and all its busy calculations are forgotten, and they loosen their long chained minds, and set them free to dally with the waving flowers. They join in chorus with the birds, and the trees, and the free streams; and sending their songs after the merry breeze, triumph o'er pain and care.

THOMAS MILLER.

THE EDITOR'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

Caliban.—Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not, Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Stephano.—This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have music for nothing. TEMPEST.

Assuredly Scotland has now become entitled to a high position amongst musical nations, and its people have a right to be called a most music loving people. This must be the necessary inference, if our good city of Glasgow may be taken in evidence. When we revert to the number and quality of the musical entertainments no further than fifteen years gone, and remember the manner in which songs and concerted pieces were performed, we find it difficult to admit that we are still in the same country. So far below mediocrity was the talent of the singers, and the bad taste, the slovenliness manifested in the execution of what was entrusted to them, compared with what tempts the appetite now, that in spite of Caliban's caution above, “be not afraid,” we really do fear lest some sudden shock should awaken us from our extatic trance. We are in a state of “Clairvoyance,” and have, by some occult and mysterious circumstance, been induced to undergo the magnetic manipulations of a disciple of the renowned Mesmer. It is unaccountable else, as we feel the atmosphere to be vocal with the melodious syllablings of myriad unpledged songsters—around, above, below, is harmony—and, like Ferdinand in the enchanted island, we are bewildered by the unaccountable phenomena.

In this wealthy and fashionable city, no one can be in want of resources to aid him in wiling away that fatiguing portion of his time which lies between eight and eleven, p.m., as scarcely an evening passes without one or more public musical entertainment inviting him to yield to the “divine enchanting ravishment.” Every room capable of containing an hundred or upwards, has its company of vocal and instrumental performers, who, night after night, are cheered on to renewed exertions by what the play-bills call bumper houses. From these small and unpretending *soirees*, where ragged urchins occupy the front, middle, and back benches at the small charge of one penny, we ascend to the musical reunions in the Trades' Hall and Assembly Rooms, where the merchant Princes congregate to listen with affected enthusiasm to the eloquent singing of Templeton or Wilson—or Grisi

and Lablache—or the Instrumental performances of the Distins—or Linley—or Benedict,—where the audience for their own well assumed raptures, must pay from five shillings to a guinea. Our mode of progression in this rapid *coup d'oeil*, has been according to the different sizes of the Concert Rooms, so that we now step up the Candleriggs, and enter the capacious “City Hall”—capable of containing upwards of three thousand of an audience—where there are occasional concerts, besides those given weekly under the direction of the Total Abstinence Society. We can scarcely give that Society sufficient praise for the exertions they have made to provide a profitable, rational, and uncommonly cheap pastime for the people, and there can be no doubt that their labours will ultimately produce an improved taste, and improved habits, too, in those who, from the want of such a pleasing source of enjoyment, were almost necessitated to have recourse to the coarser stimulus of ardent and intoxicating liquors; and is it to be wondered at that those who having never learned how to “cultivate pleasing habits of thought,” should greedily attach themselves to a habit of gross sensual indulgence, which, for however short a period of time, made them oblivious to their life of unceasing toil, and made them rise “o'er a' the ills o' life victorious,” and though, during the wild period of their Bacchanalian revels, the uncouth and ribald song might be heard swelling its unpolished strains above the Babel from which it emanated, still they were utterly incapable of appreciating the benign influence of the sweet voiced muse, and their feelings were deadened to the pure suggestions which are inseparable from the enjoyment of the best music.

While, however, we accord to this Society all the merit of their discovery, that music has it in its power, to a certain extent, to assist the moral reformation of society—and while we give the Directors great praise for the philanthropic zeal they have exhibited in working out their design—still we are not blind to the fact that they are encouraging a false style, and rather retarding the advance of a taste for pure and good music among the crowds who attend their exhibitions. What benefit can accrue to society, whether musically or morally, from the constant repetition of such inane and vulgar nonsense as they are in the practice of allowing, if not causing. Can modes of thought be changed for the better by stupid negro songs, howled to a series of sounds without theme or melody—and with a chorus jumped without grace—with the additional abomination of a caricature costume and sooty face—these exhibitions illustrate no phase of man's existence, excepting only such an one as the most illiterate would rather be injured than improved by the contemplation of. Can the morale of a people be elevated by wretched burlesques upon the manners and language of the natives of Ireland,

or the north and west of Scotland. These are not holding the mirror up to nature, that man may learn to copy or avoid; and more, they are never what they pretend to be, but only spurious fabrications—base counterfeits—the words and music of which have no nearer relationship to the simple and beautiful music and poetry of the originals, than our Miscellany has to the Vedas and Shasters of Brahminical superstition. Or can a nation of drunkards (supposing such to exist,) be reformed by having chaunted however lugubriously or however comically, such rubbish as is only fit for, and scarcely ever heard beyond the walls of the lowest pot-houses in London. No; these things, evil in the meantime, and worse in their effects, must be looked to. The Teetotal Society should entrust their concerts to the management of a committee of men of refined taste—of men who are capable of looking beyond the commercial view of the subject—it is not merely that the concerts should meet by the receipts all expenses which may be incurred, but they should, likewise, be made subservient, as far as possible, to the end which all public undertakings ought to have in view, namely, the improvement of the social and moral condition of mankind.

These concerts are always well attended, and that they give the fullest satisfaction to those who attend them, we dare not call in question; but we think it possible that, while the Society does not lose sight of their primary motive, they might produce occasionally some work, or a part of it, which, while it would satisfy the amateur, would gently lead those whose taste is lying fallow, and only requires a little prudent husbandry, to have a relish for the greater achievements of musical genius. Might not a portion of that money which has been so lavishly spent upon individual singers, of however high a status in their profession, and however great their excellence in solo singing, would not a portion of such money have been as well disbursed in training a choir, and in bringing before their audiences some of the rich and majestic choral music of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which does more than please the ear, for altogether independently of the words for which they composed, their works are suggestive of the great, the ideal, the sublime, in a much greater degree than either sculpture or painting, and (when associated, as in many instances they are, with the inspired language of Scripture,) they are, by their very nature, much more influential, and by far more easy of attainment as a source from which would flow an incalculable amount of pleasure and improvement.

We have more to say regarding the music now in vogue, and the musical taste of the people of Scotland, but it will not be too late though kept for a short time.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

*Air, Johnny M' Gill.**Words by Hector M' Neill.**Allegro*

Come un - der my plai - dy the night's gaen to fa', Come in frae the cauld blast the

drift and the snaw, Come un - der my plai - dy and sit down be - side me, There's room in't dear

Las - sio be - lieve me for twa. Come un - der my plai - dy and sit down be - side me, I'll

hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw, Come un - der my plai - dy and

sit down be - side me, There's room in't dear Las - sio be - lieve me for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae 'wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast the drift nor the snaw;
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no sit beside ye,
 Ye might be my gutcher, auld Donald gae 'wa.

I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou brow!
 O there's nane dancesae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tighty,
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

Dear Marion let that fle stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowl, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty and I am but three score and twa,
Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
At kirk or at market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My fither ay tauld me, my mither an' a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw,
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
But wae's me! I ken he has naething ava.
I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair thaa tventy, my time is but sma',
Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whar Johnnie was list'ning and heard her tell a',
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And struck 'gainst his side as if hursting in twa.
He wandered hame wearie, the night it was drearie,
And thowless, he tint his gate ded 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Womn
Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep themaye braw."

O the diel's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll tak' up wi' auld men o' threescore and twa,
The hale o' their marriage, is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the caulddest blast now that can blaw.
Auld doirds be wary! tak tent wha ye marry,
Young wives in their coaches will whup and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie wha's youthfu' and bon-
ny; then for your plaidy they'll carena a straw. [nie,

ANECDOTE OF ROOKE, THE COMPOSER.—William M. Rooke, the composer of the delightful music of 'Amilie,' an opera which has spread his musical fame far and wide, had in early life to contend for years in his native city, Dublin, against difficulties which would have broken the spirit of any one, save a man endowed with the strongest mental powers; indeed, many men of great talents have sunk under trials which the genius and perseverance of Rooke have at length overcome, placing him at his present height of celebrity as a British composer. None can so truly estimate his merits as those who are aware of the hard fortune of his early days, and what he had to struggle against previous to his visiting London in 1821. In reference to these struggles, the following singular fact may not prove uninteresting to those fond of the marvellous; and had not the circumstance occurred in my presence, I should have doubted its truth:—One morning during the summer of 1818, I called at Rooke's lodgings, and on entering the room found him in a state of great dejection. "How are you, Billy?" said I (my usual salute), "As well as a man can be," he replied, "who has not yet had his breakfast, and who has not a farthing in his pocket to procure one." This was at eleven o'clock. At the very moment that this reply was uttered, our eyes were attracted by a light piece of paper, which for a short time floating over our heads, finally settled upon the floor; and our astonishment may be imagined on discovering it to be a bank-note! It would not be easy to describe my feelings. I gazed on the object intently, scarcely believing it a reality, although I could plainly see the prominent features of its value—Thirty Shillings. We both remained for some time motionless, except that our eyes were cast alternately from the object of our wonder to the various parts of the room, seeking a cause for so unexpected but welcome a visitor. This apparent mystery, however was soon explained. Some months previous, Rooke had missed a thirty-shilling note, and supposed it to have been stolen from him. On the morning of my call he had been seeking some manuscript music stowed away in a

press near the window, the upper sash of which was down; and in his search the long-lost note had thus been exposed to a strong current of air, which ultimately dislodging it from its place of concealment, restored it to its owner at a moment when it was so much wanted. When last in London, during an evening's chat with my friend, casting our thoughts back upon old times and circumstances, I brought to his recollection the fact here related, the singularity of which principally rests upon the strange chance of the mislaid note re-appearing at such a time and in such a manner; and I question whether, in all its rambles before or since, the said thirty-shilling note ever came to hand so opportunely.—*Irish Penny Journal*.

THE POETRY OF MUSIC.—Music is under no necessity of speaking any language but its own. A beautiful instrumental composition is its own poetry, exciting the feelings and imagination without need of the intervention of words, and uttering, in fact, a more direct voice of the mystery and beauty of passion, than poetry itself. There is something so angelical in its being thus independent of speech, that it seems a kind of stray language from some unknown and divine sphere, where the inhabitants are above the necessity of words; and indeed it is a constant part of the charm of music to seem as if it signified still more than we have human words to express; while, on the other hand, it is so linked with all our faculties, and has certain proprieties of accord and sequence in its composition so appealing to our very reason and logic, that it is no refinement to say one feels sometimes as if it were pursuing some wonderful and profound argument,—laying down premises, interchanging questions and answers, and drawing forth deductions equally conclusive and bewitching; so that our very understanding is convinced, though we know nothing of the mysterious topic! There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in all philosophy; and music assuredly contains its due portion of them.—*Leigh Hunt in the "Musical World."*

MUSICAL JOKE.—Mr. Sutton, of Dover, an admirable musician, once announced a concert at the town of Sandwich. Half an hour after the time appointed for commencing, the Mayor walked into the room *solus*; upon which the musician, with more whim than policy, struck up the old air of "The Deuce a' one but you, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor."

MUSIC'S DUELL.

Now Westward *Sol* had spent the richest Beames
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the streames
Of *Tiber* on the seane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an Oake; there sate
A sweet Lutes-master in whose gentle aires
Hce lost the dayes heat, and his owne hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood—
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muse, their *Syren*, harmless *Syren* shee)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The Musicks soft report; and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:
The man perceiv'd his Rivall, and her Art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot Lady sport,
Awakes his Lute, and 'gainst the fight to come,
Informs it, in a sweet *Praludium*
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin
Hee lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charg'd with a flying touch: and straightway shee
Carves out her dainty voyce as readly,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quicke volumes of wild Notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, shee could doe something too

—His nimble hands instinet, then taught each string
 A capering cheerfulness; and made them sing
 To their owne dance: now negligently rash
 Hee throws his Arme, and with a long-drawne dash
 Blends all together: then distinctly tripps
 From this to that; then quicke returning skips
 And snatches this againe, and pauses there.
 Shee measures every measure, every where
 Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to bee out,
 Trayles her playne Ditty in one long-spun note,
 Through the sleeke passage of her open throat:
 A cleare unwrinkled song, then doth shee point it
 With tender accents, and severly joynt it,
 By short diminutives, that being reard
 In contraverting, warbles evenly shar'd,
 With her sweet selfe shee wrangles; Hee amazed
 That from so small a channell should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voyce, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety
 Straines higher yet; that tickled with rare art
 The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly doe fall out; the grumbling Base
 In surly groanes disclaimes the Trebles Grace.
 The high-perclat Treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger (Moderatour) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowling all
 Hoare, shrill, at once; as when the Trumpets call
 Hot Mars to th' Harvest of Deaths field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too
 Shee gives him backe; her supple Brest thrills out
 Sharpe Aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers ore her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
 The plyant Series of her slippery song.
 Then starts shee suddenly into a Throng
 Of short thicke sobs, whose thundering volleys float,
 And reule themselves ore her lubricke throat
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her Brest,
 That ever-bubbling spring; the sugred Nest
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
 Bathing in streames of liquid Melodie;
 Musicks best seed-plot, when in ripend Aires
 A Golden-headed Harvest fairly reares
 His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breathe
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.
 In that sweet soyle it seems a holy quire,
 Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo's* lyre.
 Whose sylver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipp'd Angell-Imps, that swill their throats
 In creame of Morning *Helicon*, and then
 Preferre soft Anthems to the Eares of men,
 To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleepe while they their Mattews sing:
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay,
 Prevents the Eye-lids of the blushing day.
 There might you heare her kinde her soft voyce,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,
 And lay the ground-woke of her hopeful song,
 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long
 Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to gett out)
 Heaves her soft Bosome, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Brest,
 Till the fleg'd Notes at length forsake their Nest;
 Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the Sky
 Wing'd with their owne wild Echchos, prating fly.
 Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a Tide
 Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
 On the wav'd back of every swelling straine,
 Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
 And while shee thus discharges a shrill peale
 Of flashing Aires; shee qualifies their zeale

With the coole Epode of a graver Noat,
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brasen voyce of Warr's hoaree Bird
 Her little soule is ravisht: and so pour'd
 Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
 Above her selfe, Musicks *Enthusiast*.

Shame now and anger mixt, a double staine
 In the Musicians face; yet once againe
 (Mistress) I come; now reach a straine my Lute
 Above her moeke, or bee for ever mute;
 Or tune a song of victory to mee,
 Or to thy selfe sing thine owne Obsequie;
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
 And with a quavering coyeness tasts the strings.
 The sweet lip't sisters musically frighted,
 Singing their feares are fearfully delighted.
 Trembling as when *Apollo's* golden haire
 Are fan'd and frizled in the wanton ayres
 Of his owne breath: which married to his lyre
 Doth tune the *Sphaeres*, and make Heavens self
 look higher.

From this to that, from that to this hee flies,
 Feeles Musick's pulse in all her Arteries;
 Caught in a net which there *Apollo* spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.
 Following those little rills, hee sinks into
 A Sea of *Helicon*; his hand does goe
 Thre parts of sweetnesse which with *Nectar* drop
 Softer than that which pants in *Hebe's* cup;
 The humourous strings expound his learned touch,
 By various Glosses: now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle.
 In shrill tongu'd accents: striving to be single.
 Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake
 Gives life to some new Grace: thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetnesse by all her names; thus bravely thus,
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light *Genius* now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swolne Rapsodies.
 Whose flourish (bleeteor-like) doth curl the aire
 With flash of high-horne fancyes: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone:
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
 Because those pretious mysteres that dwell
 In musick's ravish't soule, hee dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary
 Each string his Note, as if they meant to carry
 Their Master's best soule (snatcht out at his Eares
 By a strong Extasy,) through all the sphaeres
 Of Musicks heaven; and seat it there on high
 In th' *Empyreum* of pure Harmony.
 At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His finger's fairest revolution
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth'd *Diapason* swallows all.

This done, hee lists what shee would say to this,
 And shee, although her Breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender thoroate,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a Noate,
 Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule) shee tryes
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chattr'ring stringes, by the small size of one
 Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a Naturall Tone;
 Shee failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
 Shee dyes: and leaves her life the Victors prise,
 Falling upon his Lute; O fit to have
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dcad, so sweet a Grave!

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE KISS DEAR MAID.

Words by Byron.

L. Jansen.

The kiss dear maid thy lip has left, Shall ne - ver ne-ver part from mine, Till happier hours re-

store the gift, Un - taint - ed back to thine. The part-ing glance that fond-ly

beams, An equal love may see, The tear that from thy eye-lid streams, Can

ad lib. *a tempo*
weep no change in me - - - - - The kiss dear maid thy lip has left, Shall ne-ver

never part from mine, Till happier hours restore the gift, Untainted back - - - - - to thine.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot shew,
And silent ache for thee.

LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

(Translated from the French.)

IN the spring of the year 1827, in a house in one of the *faubourgs* of Vienna, some amateurs of music were occupied in decyphering the last *quatuor* of Beethoven, just published. Surprise mingled with their vexation, as they followed the capricious turns of this whimsical production of a genius then exhausted. They found not in it the mild and gracious harmony, the style so original, so elevated, the conception so grand and beautiful, which had marked former pieces, and had rendered the author the first of composers. The taste once so perfect, was now only the pedantry of an ordinary counterpointist; the fire which burned of old in his rapid *allegri*, swelling to the close, and overflowing like lava billows in magnificent harmonies, was but unintelligible dissonance; his pretty minuets, once so full of gaiety and originality, were changed into irregular gambols and impracticable cadences.

"Is this the work of Beethoven?" asked the musicians, disappointed, and laying down their instruments. "Is this the work of our renowned composer, whose name, till now, we pronounced only with pride and veneration? Is it not rather a parody upon the master-pieces of the immortal rival of Haydn and Mozart?"

Some attributed this falling off to the deafness with which Beethoven had been afflicted for some years; others, to a derangement of his mental faculties; but, resuming their instruments, out of respect to the ancient fame of the symphonist, they imposed upon themselves the task of going through the work.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a man entered, wearing a black great-coat, without cravat, and his hair in disorder. His eyes sparkled, but no longer with the fire of genius; his forehead alone, by its remarkable development, revealed the seat of intellect. He entered softly, his hands behind him—all gave way respectfully. He approached the musicians, bending his head on one side and the other, to hear better; but in vain, not a sound reached him. Tears started in his eyes; he buried his face in his hands, retired to a distance from the performers, and seated himself at the lower end of the apartment. All at once the first violoncello sounded a note, which was caught up by all the other instruments. The poor man leaped to his feet, crying, "I hear! I hear!" then abandoned himself to tumultuous joy, applauding with all his strength.

"Louis," said a young girl who that moment entered, "Louis, you must come back—you must retire; we are too many here."

He cast a look upon her—understood, and followed her in silence, with the docility of a child accustomed to obedience.

In the fourth story of an old brick house, situated at one end of the city, a small chamber, which had for its furniture only a bed with ragged coverlet, an old piano, sadly out of tune, and a few bundles of music, was the abode, the universe of the immortal Beethoven.

He had not spoken during their walk; but when he entered, he placed himself on the bed, took the young girl by the hand, and said—"My good Louise! you are the only one who understands me. You think these gentlemen, who perform my music, comprehend me not at all. I observed a smile on their lips as they executed my *quatuor*; they fancy my genius is on the decline, whereas it is only now that I have become a truly great musician. On the

way, just now, I composed a symphony, which shall set the seal to my glory, or rather, immortalise my name. I will write it down, and burn all my others. I have changed the laws of harmony; I have found effects of which nobody, till now, has thought. My symphony shall have for bass a chromatic melody of twenty kettle drums; I will introduce the concert of an hundred bells; for," added he, bending his head toward the ear of Louise, "I will tell thee a secret. The other day, when you took me to the top of St. Stephen's steeple, I made a discovery; I perceived that the bell is the most melodious of instruments, and can be employed with the greatest success in the *adagio*. There shall be, in my finale, drums, and fusil-shots;—and I shall hear that symphony, Louise; yes," cried he, with enthusiasm, "I shall hear it! Do you remember?" he resumed, after a pause, "my battle of Waterloo? and the day when I directed the performance, in presence of all the crowned heads of Europe? So many musicians, following my signal—eleven masters of the chapel superintending—a firing of guns—pealing of cannon? It was glorious—was it not? Well, what I shall compose will surpass even that sublime work. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you an idea of it."

At these words Beethoven rose from the bed, seated himself at the piano, in which a number of keys were wanting, and touched the instrument with a grave and imposing air. After playing awhile, he struck his hand suddenly on the keys, and ceased.

"Do you hear?" said he to Louise, "there is an accord nobody else has attempted. Yes, I will write all the tones of the gamut in a single sound; and will prove this the true and perfect accord. But I hear it not, Louise, I hear it not. Think of the anguish of him who cannot hear his own music! And yet it seems to me, when I shall have blended all these sounds in a single sound, they will ring in mine ears. But, enough! I have, perhaps, wearied you! I, also, am weary of everything! As a reward for my sublime invention, I think I ought to have a glass of wine. What think you, Louise?"

The tears ran down the cheeks of the poor girl. She, alone, of all Beethoven's pupils, had not forsaken him, but supported him by the labour of her hands, under pretence of taking lessons. The produce of her work was added to the slender income yielded by the compositions of the master. There was no wine in the house, there scarcely remained a few pence to buy bread! She turned away to hide her emotion, then poured out a glass of water and offered it to Beethoven.

"Excellent Rhenish wine!" said he, as he tasted the pure beverage; "'tis wine good enough for an emperor. 'Twas drawn from my father's cellar; I know it; it grows better every day!"

He then began to sing, with hoarse voice, but with true tone, the words of Mephistopheles, in the *Faust* of Goethe;

"Es war einmal ein König der hatt, einen grossen Floh,"

but returned, from time to time, to the mystic melody he had composed, formerly, for the charming song of Mignon.

"Listen, Louise," said he, returning her the glass "The wine has strengthened me; I feel better. I would fain compose, but my head grows heavy again; my ideas are confused; a thick mist seems before my eyes. I have been compared to Michael

Angelo, and properly; in his moments of ecstacy he struck great blows with the chisel on the cold marble, and caused the hidden thought to leap to life under the covering of stone; I do the same, for I can do nothing with deliberation. When my genius inspires me, the whole universe is transformed for me into one harmony; all sentiment, all thought, becomes music; my blood revels in my veins; a tremor pervades my members; my hair stands on end;—but hark! what do I hear?"

Beethoven sprang up and rushed to the window, threw it open, and sounds of music, from the house near, were plainly audible.

"I hear!" he cried, with deep emotion, falling on his knees and stretching his hands towards the open window; "I hear! 'Tis my overture of Egmont! Yes, I know it; hark! the savage battle-cries; the tempest of passion. It swells—it towers—it threatens! Now all is calm again. But lo! the trumpets sound afresh; the clamor fills the world—it cannot be stifled."

* * * * *
Two days after this night of delirium, a crowd of persons were passing in and out of the *salon* of W——, the Councillor of State, and Prime Minister of Austria, who gave a grand dinner.

"What a pity!" said one of the guests, "Beethoven, director at the Theatre Imperial, is just dead, and they say he has not left enough for the expense of his funeral."

His words passed unnoticed. The rest of the company were absorbed in listening to the discourse of two diplomatists, who were talking of a controversy which had taken place between certain persons at the palace of a certain German Prince.

THE SONG-BIRDS OF SCOTLAND.

The delightful music of song-birds is, perhaps, the chief cause why these charming little creatures are, in all countries, so highly prized. Music is an universal language;—it is understood and cherished in every country—the savage, the barbarian, and the civilised individual, are all passionately fond of music, particularly of melody. But, delightful as music is, perhaps there is another reason that may have led man to deprive the warblers of the woods and fields of liberty, particularly in civilized states, where the intellect is more refined, and, consequently, the feelings more adapted to receive tender impressions;—we mean the associations of ideas. Their sweet melody brings him more particularly in contact with groves and meadows—with romantic banks, or beautiful sequestered glades—the cherished scenes, perhaps, of his early youth. But independent of this, the warble of a sweet song-bird is, in itself, very delightful;—and, to men of sedentary habits, confined to cities by professional duties, and to their desks most part of the day, we do not know a more innocent or more agreeable recreation than the rearing and training of these little feathered musicians.—*Syme's Treatise on British Song Birds.*

* * * At this very moment we hear the loud, clear, mellow, bold song of the Blackbird. There he flits along upon a strong wing, with his yellow bill visible in distance, and disappears in the silent wood. Not long silent. It is a spring-day in our imagination—his clay-wall nest holds his mate at the foot of the silver-fir, and he is now perched on its pinnacle. That thrilling hymn will go vibrating down the stem till it reaches her brooding breast. The whole vernal air is filled with 'he murmur and the

glitter of insects—but the blackbird's song is over all other symptoms of love and life, and seems to call upon the leaves to unfold into beauty. It is on that one tree top, conspicuous among many thousands on the fine breast of wood, where, here and there, the pine mingles not unmeetly with the prevailing oak—that the forest minstrel sits in his inspiration. The rock above is one which we have often climbed. There lies the glorious loch and all its islands—one dearer than the rest to eye and imagination, with its old religious house—year after year crumbling away unheeded into more entire ruin! Far away, a sea of mountains, with all their billowing summits distinct in the sky, and now uncertain and changeful as the clouds! yonder castle stands well on the peninsula among the trees which the herons inhabit. These coppice woods on the other shore stealing up to the heathery rocks, and sprinkled birches, are the haunts of the roe! That great glen that stretcheth sullenly away into the distant darkness, has been for ages the birth and the death-place of the red deer. Hark, 'tis the cry of an eagle! There he hangs poised in the sunlight, and now he flies off towards the sea. But again the song of our blackbird "rises like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," and our heart comes back to him upon the pinnacle of his own Home-tree. The source of song is yet in the happy creature's heart—but the song itself has subsided, like a mountain-torrent that has been rejoicing in a sudden shower among the hills; the bird drops down among the balmy branches; and the other faint songs which that bold anthem had drowned, are heard at a distance, and seem to encroach every moment on the silence.

You say you greatly prefer the song of the Thrush. Pray why set such delightful singers by the ears? We dislike the habit that very many people have of trying everything by a scale. Nothing seems to them to be good—positively—only relatively. Now, it is true wisdom to be charmed with what is charming, to live in it, for the time being, and compare the emotion with no former emotion whatever—unless it be unconsciously in the working of an imagination set a-going by delight. Although, therefore, we cannot say that we prefer the Thrush to the Blackbird, yet we agree with you in thinking it a most delightful bird. Where a Thrush is, we defy you to anticipate his song in the morning. He is indeed an early riser. By the way, Chanticleer is far from being so. You hear him crowing away from shortly after midnight, and, in your simplicity, may suppose him to be up, and strutting about the premises. Far from it; he is at that very moment perched in his polygamy, between two of his fattest wives. The sultan will perhaps not stir a foot for several hours to come; while all the time the Thrush, having long ago rubbed his eyes, is on his topmost twig, broad awake, and charming the ear of dawn with his beautiful voeiferation. During mid-day he disappears, and is mute; but again, at dewy even, as at dewy morn, he pours his pipe like a prodigal, nor ceases sometimes, when night has brought the moon and stars. Best beloved, and most beautiful of all Thrushes that ever broke from the blue-spotted shell! thou who, for five springs, hast "hung thy procreant cradle" among the roses, and honeysuckles, and ivy, and clematis, that embower in bloom the lattice of my cottage-study—how farest thou now in the snow? Consider the whole place as your own, my dear bird; and remember, that when the gar-

dener's children sprinkle food for you and yours all along your favourite haunts, that it is done by our orders. And when all the earth is green again, and all the sky blue, you will welcome us to our rural domicile, with light feet running before us among the winter leaves, and then skim away to your new nest in the old spot, then about to be somewhat more cheerful in the undisturbing din of the human life within the flowery walls.

Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, soars and sings the Lark, the lyrical poet of the sky. Listen, listen! and the more remote the bird, the louder is his hymn in heaven. He seems, in his loftiness, to have left the earth for ever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill-flowers, must be unremembered in the lofty region of light. But just as the Lark is lost, he and his song together, both are again seen and heard wavering down the sky, and in a little while he is walking contented along the furrows of the braided corn, or on the clover lea, that has not felt the plough-share for half a century.

In our boyish days, we never felt that the Spring had really come, till the clear-singing Lark went careering before our gladdened eyes away up to heaven. Then all the earth wore a vernal look, and the ringing sky said, "winter is over and gone." As we roamed, on a holiday, over the wide pastoral moors, to angle in the lochs and pools, unless the day were very cloudy, the song of some lark or other was still warbling aloft, and made a part of our happiness. The creature could not have been more joyful in the skies than we were on the greensward. We, too, had our wings, and flew through our holiday.

Methinks we hear the "song o' the Grey Lintie," perhaps the darling bird of Scotland. None other is more tenderly sung of in our old ballads. When the simple and fervent love-poets of our pastoral times first applied to the maiden the words, "my bonnie burdie," they must have been thinking of the Grey Lintie—its plumage ungaudy and soberly pure—its shape elegant, yet unobtrusive—and its song various without any effort—now rich, gay, sprightly, but never rude or riotous—now tender, almost mournful, but never gloomy or desponding. So, too, are all its habits, endearing and delightful. It is social, yet not averse to solitude, singing often in groups, and as often by itself in the furze-brake, or on the briary knoll. You often find the lintie's nest in the most solitary places—in some small self-sown clump of trees by the brink of a wild hill-stream, or on the tangled edge of a forest; and just as often you find it in the hedgerow of the cottage garden, or in a bower within, or even in an old gooseberry bush that has grown into a sort of tree.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

TAGLIONI.

The white snow, drifting in its soundless showers;
The young bird, resting on a summer bough;
The South wind, bending down the opening flowers;
The clear wave, lifted with a gentle flow;
All things in nature that have gentlest motion,
That are most perfect in their natural grace—
Whether they float upon the glassy ocean,
Rest on the earth, or soar through azure space,
Come to the mind as types of mazy dancing,
While THOU dost move with light elastic tread—
Like her, the fabled nymph, whose step, scarce glancing,
Past on, and left unbruised the flower's bright head.

—*Schloss's Bijou Almanack*.

THE EDITOR'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

WE this week give *verbatim et literatim* the opinions of four of the principal weekly journals regarding the abilities of the new *debutante* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Who shall decide when Critics disagree?

"We have purposely postponed mention of the new *prima donna*, from reluctance to report unfavourably of a *debut* which had excited great expectations. Fatigue after a long journey—inexperience of Her Majesty's Theatre, and Her Majesty's public, &c.—such pleas were considerably whispered, to modify the judgment, and engage the gentle construction of sour critics like ourselves. But giving them all the force they possess, and that which courtesy gladly superadds, and holding ourselves open to change of opinions as reason may appear, we do not conceive that Madame Poggi Frezzolini could succeed to the throne of Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, without going through most severe studies, or the public losing some portion of its appreciating power. Her voice, it is true, is a *soprano* of the most extensive compass, and fine, solid quality, but it seems to us preternaturally strained in the manner of its production, and not merely from the fatigue of a journey, or the anxiety of a *debut*. Then, too, with great pretensions to such combined flexibility of detail and breadth of outline in ornament, as are required to decorate a grand *cantabile*, her whole style appears deficient in connexion and polish. In person she is very tall, with a face which in repose is handsome, but which the labour of her singing impresses with painful grimaces; her attitudes, too, are stooping and angular. Her faults, in short, appeared to us less accidents than characteristics."—*Athenæum*, April 30, 1842.

"Poggi Frezzolini, who made her *debut* on Tuesday night, in *Beatrice di Tenda*, is an artist of the first rate order—a singer of whose station there is no doubt or dispute. To natural powers, abundant and copious, she adds the highest degree of polish—substituting for mere clap-trap ornament true classical refinement. Her graces bespeak an elegant mind as well as a cultivated voice, and her singing not only delighted the ear but moved the heart; it added all the fascination of art to the truth of nature."—*Spectator*, same date.

"Madame Poggi Frezzolini made her *debut* on Tuesday, and though unquestionably an artist of great abilities, is not entitled to the fame which preceded her. She has neither the voice nor the powers of the two opera ornaments, Grisi and Persiani."—*Age*, May 1st.

"In face and figure Madame Frezzolini reminds us of the Miss Ellen Tree of some years since. Her voice is a high *soprano* of excellent quality and great range—in education less perfect. At first she disappointed those who look incessantly for those powerful effects to which they are so accustomed at this theatre; but with quiet art, and not less true, she won upon the audience as the opera went on, and the curtain fell to enthusiasm. She has great sincerity and fervor in her style. In action she is less graceful than in repose; and it may be objected to her that the effects of occasionally undue exertion are visible in voice as well as manner."—*Examiner*, April 30.

These remarks will in all likelihood, recal to the minds of our readers the story of the Chameleon.

M. ANDRE—M. BOCQUILLON-WILHEM.

THE death of M. Andre, of Offenbach, Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the probable dispersion of his musical manuscripts—is an event likely to create a sensation in one section of the world of European art. As a man, M. Andre was rough, eccentric, and whimsical. But he has many claims to the gratitude of the musician. Besides being a collector and publisher, he was a composer of no mean merit. He was the master in turn of Spohr, Schneider, Lachner, &c. He assisted by his contributions the musical gazettes of Leipsic, Berlin, and Vienna; but he will principally be regretted and remembered as having published the early essays of young musicians of talent. M. Andre has left a musical library containing about 13,000 printed works and 3,000 manuscripts. Among the latter are many unpublished compositions by celebrated authors, ancient and modern, about 300, it is said, by Mozart, which M. Andre purchased three years ago from the widow of that great artist. His funeral was attended by more than 1,500 persons, many of whom came from a distance, some from so far as Frankfort; and two hundred young persons performed a variety of hymns, set to music by himself.

The obituary of the past fortnight is also marked by the name of M. Bocquillon-Wilhem, which has recently become so familiar to our lovers of music and our friends of Art in Education. The early days of this good man's life were obscurely passed in struggle and difficulty; and it was not till his intimacy with M. Beranger enabled the latter to present him to M. Degerando, that he gained a hearing for the plans which have since spread so widely, and, we trust, rooted so deeply, here as well as in France. The latter period of his life, again, was darkened by a severe domestic calamity in the suicide of his son. At his obsequies, the church of St. Sulpice was crowded, and his pupils combined in executing a requiem. His old friend the *Chansonnier* was one of the pall-bearers, and M. le Chevalier Neukomm presided over the music. He is buried in Pere la Chaise.—*Athenæum*, 7th May, 1842.

JACKSON THE COMPOSER.

THERE was a musical party in the town, taught by the celebrated W. Jackson of tuneful memory. He used to indulge in private meetings, that is, with four or five of his best scholars, when they sung canzonets, elegies, &c., chiefly Jackson's compositions, who always accompanied on the instrument, and with his fine deep bass voice. Handel's music was also played and sung, and a harpsichord, with a double row of keys, for that composer's works, was preferred, although pianofortes had come to light and sound, but not with those strong powers they now possess. I was the only one not a performer allowed to be present, because I could hold my tongue and snuff the candles; and never was a person more delighted at hearing what it might be supposed I could not understand; but harmony reaches all hearts that have feeling, and to this day I recollect "Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair;" and "In a vale clos'd with woodlands."

Jackson was a man of sense and talent, did not paint badly, made good sketches, had read much and conversed very agreeably. One inconvenience attended him not uncommon in his profession; he had a very nice ear, and not being of a sordid disposition, and his compositions having had a very extensive sale at home and abroad, especially in Italy (so that he was in easy circumstances), he resolved on trying the experiment of teaching only those who were likely to play well, and thus save his own ears and his employers' purses. I knew a lady to whom he said, "I cannot any longer pick your pocket, your daughter will never play." He attended a family in the neighbourhood one whole day in the week, for which he received L.100 a year, equal to L.200 at present; there were several daughters who did credit to the instruction they received; but the father of the family wished to be a musician, and asked Jackson whether, if he took lessons on the violoncello, he should be able to play? "No, never, give me leave to tell your Lordship." Need I say the honest man was dismissed, and another master supplied his place.—*Gentlewoman of the Old School*.

WITH FULL VOICED CHOIR.

SACRED CHORUS.

Mozart.

TENOR.

With full voi'ed Choir re-sounding, Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise, Let

ALTO.

With full voi'ed Choir re-sounding, Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise, Let

AIR.

With full voi'ed Choir re-sounding, Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise, Let

BASS.

With full voi'ed Choir re-sounding, Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise, Let

heav'n and earth re-sounding, New songs of triumph raise, New songs, New songs of triumph

raise; New songs of triumph, New songs of triumph; Sing ye Je-ho-vah's

praise; Ye val-lies, Ye mountains, Ye ri-vers, And fountains, New songs of triumph

raise, With full voi'd Choir resounding, Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise; Let heav'n & earth re-

raise; With full voi'd Choir resounding, Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise; Let heav'n & earth re-

sound-ing, New songs of tri - umph raise, Ye val - lies, Ye mountains, Ye

sound-ing, New songs of tri - umph raise, Ye val - lies, Ye mountains, Ye

ri - vers, and foun-tains, New songs of tri - umph raise, New songs of tri-umph

ri - vers, and foun-tains, New songs of tri - umph raise, New songs of tri-umph

New songs of triumph, New songs of triumph raise; With full voi'd Choir re-sounding

New songs of triumph, New songs of triumph raise; With full voi'd Choir re-sounding

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise, Let heav'n and earth re - sounding, New songs of triumph

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's praise, Let heav'n and earth re - sounding, New songs of triumph

raise, New songs of tri-umph raise, New songs of tri-umph, of tri - umph raise.

raise, New songs of tri-umph raise, New songs of tri-umph of tri - umph raise.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

SONG.

Words by M. G. Lewis.

On the banks of Al-lan wa ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the

mil-ler's lovely daughter, Fairest of them all. For his bride a soldier sought her, And a

winning tongue had he, On the banks of Al-lan water, None was gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan water,
None was gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When brown Autumn spread its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smil'd no more.

For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan water
None was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast!
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan water
There a corse lay she.

THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

For some time after the surrender of Granada by the Moors, that delightful city was a frequent and favourite residence of the Spanish sovereigns, until they were frightened away by successive shocks of earthquakes, which toppled down various houses, and made the old Moslem towers rock to their foundation.

Many many years then roiled away, during which Granada was rarely honoured by a royal guest. The palaces of the nobility remained silent and shut up; and the Alhambra, like a slighted beauty, sat in mournful desolation, among her neglected gardens.

The tower of the Infantas, once the residence of the three beautiful Moorish princesses, partook of the general desolation, and the spider spun her web athwart the gilded vault, and bats and owls nestled in those chambers that had been graced by the presence of Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda. The neglect of this tower may partly have been owing to some superstitious notions of the neighbours. It was rumoured that the spirit of the youthful Zorahayda, who had perished in that tower, was often seen by moonlight seated beside the fountain in the hall, or moaning about the battlements, and that the notes of her silver lute would be heard at midnight by wayfarers passing along the glen.

At length the city of Granada was once more welcomed by the royal presence. All the world knows that Philip V. was the first Bourbon that swayed the Spanish sceptre. All the world knows that he married, in second nuptials, Elizabetha or Isabella (for they are the same) the beautiful princess of Parma; and all the world knows that by this chain of contingencies a French prince and an Italian princess were seated together on the Spanish throne. For the reception of this illustrious pair the Alhambra was repaired and fitted up with all possible expedition. The arrival of the court changed the whole aspect of the lately deserted palace. The clangour of drum and trumpet, the tramp of steed about the avenues and outer court, the glitter of arms and display of banners about barbican and battlement, recalled the ancient and warlike glories of the fortress. A softer spirit, however, reigned within the royal palace. There was the rustling of robes and the cautious tread and murmuring voice of reverential courtiers about the antichambers; a loitering of pages and maids of honour about the gardens, and the sound of music stealing from open casements.

Among those who attended in the train of the monarchs was a favourite page of the queen, named Ruyz de Alarcon. To say that he was a favourite page of the queen was at once to speak his eulogium, for every one in the suite of the stately Elizabetha was chosen for grace, and beauty, and accomplishments. He was just turned of eighteen, light and lithe of form, and graceful as a young Antinous. To the queen he was all deference and respect, yet he was at heart a roguish stripling, petted and spoiled by the ladies about the court, and experienced in the ways of women far beyond his years.

This loitering page was one morning rambling about the groves of the Generalife, which overlook the grounds of the Alhambra. He had taken with him for his amusement a favourite ger-falcon of the queen. In the course of his rambles seeing a bird rising from a thicket, he unhooded the hawk and let him fly. The falcon towered high in the air, made a swoop at his quarry, but missing it, soared away regardless of the calls of the page. The latter followed the truant bird with his eye, in its capricious flight, until he saw it alight upon the battlements of a remote and lonely tower, in the outer wall of the Alhambra, built on the edge of a ravine that separated the royal fortress from the grounds of the Generalife. It was, in fact, the "Tower of the Princesses."

The page descended into the ravine, and approached the tower, but it had no entrance from the glen, and its lofty height rendered any attempt to scale it fruitless. Seeking one of the gates of the fortress, therefore, he made a wide circuit to that side of the tower facing within the walls.

A small garden enclosed by a trellis-work of reeds overhung with myrtle, lay before the tower. Opening a wicket the page passed between beds of flowers and thickets of roses to the door. It was closed and bolted. A crevice in the door gave him a peep into the interior. There was a small Moorish hall with fretted walls, light marble columns, and an alabaster fountain surrounded with flowers. In the centre hung a gilt cage containing a singing bird, beneath it, on a chair, lay a tortoiseshell cat among reels of silk and other articles of female labour, and a guitar decorated with ribbons leaned against the fountain.

Ruyz de Alarcon was struck with these traces of female taste and elegance in a lonely, and, as he had supposed, deserted tower. They reminded him of

the tales of enchanted halls current in the Alhambra; and the tortoiseshell cat might be some spell-bound princess. He knocked gently at the door. A beautiful face peeped out from a little window above, but was instantly withdrawn. He waited expecting that the door would be opened, but he waited in vain; no footstep was to be heard within—all was silent. Had his senses deceived him, or was this beautiful apparition the fairy of the tower? He knocked again, and more loudly. After a little while the beaming face once more peeped forth; it was that of a blooming damsel of fifteen.

The page immediately doffed his plumed bonnet, and entreated in the most courteous accents to be permitted to ascend the tower in pursuit of his falcon.

"I dare not open the door, Senor," replied the little damsel blushing, "my aunt has forbidden it."

"I do beseech you, fair maid—it is the favourite falcon of the queen: I dare not return to the palace without it."

"Are you then one of the cavaliers of the court?"

"I am, fair maid; but I shall lose the queen's favour and my place, if I lose this hawk."

"Santa Maria! It is against you cavaliers of the court my aunt has charged me especially to bar the door."

"Against wicked cavaliers, doubtless, but I am none of these, but a simple harmless page, who will be ruined and undone if you deny me this small request."

The heart of the little damsel was touched by the distress of the page. It was a thousand pities he should be ruined for the want of so trifling a boon. Surely too he could not be one of those dangerous beings, whom her aunt had described as a species of cannibal, ever on the prowl to make prey of thoughtless damsels; he was gentle and modest, and stood so eutreatingly with cap in hand, and looked so charming.

The sly page saw that the garrison began to waver, and redoubled his entreaties in such moving terms that it was not in the nature of mortal maiden to deny him; so the blushing little warden of the tower descended and opened the door with a trembling hand, and if the page had been charmed by a mere glimpse of her countenance from the window, he was ravished by the full length portrait now revealed to him.

Her Andalusian bodice and trim basquina set off the round but delicate symmetry of her form, which was as yet scarce verging into womanhood. Her glossy hair was parted on her forehead, with scrupulous exactness, and decorated with a fresh plucked rose, according to the universal custom of the country. It is true her complexion was tinged by the ardour of a southern sun, but it served to give richness to the mantling bloom of her cheek, and to heighten the lustre of her melting eyes.

Ruyz de Alarcon beheld all this with a single glance, for it became him not to tarry; he merely murmured his acknowledgments, and then bounded lightly up the spiral staircase in quest of his falcon.

He soon returned with the truant bird upon his fist. The damsel, in the mean time, had seated herself by the fountain in the hall, and was winding silk; but in her agitation she let fall the reel upon the pavement. The page sprang and picked it up, then dropping gracefully on one knee, presented it to her; but, seizing the hand extended to receive it, imprinted on it a kiss more fervent and devout than he had ever imprinted on the fair hand of his sovereign.

"*Ave Maria, Senor!*" exclaimed the damsel, blushing still deeper with confusion and surprise, for never before had she received such a salutation.

The modest page made a thousand apologies, assuring her it was the way, at court, of expressing the most profound homage and respect.

Her anger, if anger she felt, was easily pacified, but her agitation and embarrassment continued, and she sat blushing deeper and deeper, with her eyes cast down upon her work, entangling the silk which she attempted to wind.

The cunning page saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and would fain have profited by it, but the fine speeches he would have uttered died upon his lips, his attempts at gallantry were awkward and ineffectual, and to his surprise, the adroit page, who had figured with such grace and effrontery among the most knowing and experienced ladies of the court, found himself awed and abashed in the presence of a simple damsel of fifteen.

In fact, the artless maiden, in her own modesty and innocence, had guardians more effectual than the bolts and bars prescribed by her vigilant aunt. Still, where is the female bosom proof against the first whisperings of love? The little damsel, with all her artlessness, instinctively comprehended all that the faltering tongue of the page failed to express, and her heart was fluttered at beholding, for the first time, a lover at her feet—and such a lover!

The diffidence of the page, though genuine, was short-lived, and he was recovering his usual ease and confidence, when a shrill voice was heard at a distance.

"My aunt is returning from mass!" cried the damsel in affright: "I pray you, *senor*, depart."

"Not until you grant me that rose from your hair as a remembrance."

She hastily untwisted the rose from her raven locks. "Take it," cried she, agitated and blushing, "but pray begone."

The page took the rose, and at the same time covered with kisses the fair hand that gave it. Then, placing the flower in his bonnet, and taking the falcon upon his fist, he bounded off through the garden, bearing away with him the heart of the gentle Jacinta.

When the vigilant aunt arrived at the tower, she remarked the agitation of her niece, and an air of confusion in the hall; but a word of explanation sufficed. "A ger-falcon had pursued his prey into the hall."

"Mercy on us, to think of a falcon flying into the tower. Did ever one hear of so saucy a hawk? Why, the very bird in the cage is not safe!"

The vigilant Fredegonda was one of the most wary of ancient spinsters. She had a becoming terror and distrust of what she denominated "the opposite sex," which had gradually increased through a long life of celibacy. Not that the good lady had ever suffered from their wiles, nature having set up a safeguard in her face that forbade all trespass upon her premises; but ladies who have least cause to fear for themselves, are most ready to keep a watch over their more tempting neighbours.

The niece was the orphan of an officer who had fallen in the wars. She had been educated in a convent, and had recently been transferred from her sacred asylum to the immediate guardianship of her aunt, under whose overshadowing care she vegetated in obscurity, like an opening rose blooming beneath a briar. Nor indeed is this comparison entirely accidental; for, to tell the truth, her fresh and dawning

beauty had caught the public eye, even in her seclusion, and with that poetical turn common to the people of Andalusia, the peasantry of the neighbourhood had given her the appellation of 'the Rose of the Alhambra.'

The wary aunt continued to keep a faithful watch over her tempting little niece as long as the court continued at Granada, and flattered herself that her vigilance had been successful. It is true the good lady was now and then discomposed by the tinkling of guitars and chanting of low ditties from the moonlit groves beneath the tower; but she would exhort her niece to shut her ears against such idle minstrelsy, assuring her that it was one of the arts of the opposite sex, by which simple maids were often lured to their undoing. Alas! what chance with a simple maid has a dry lecture against a moonlight serenade?

At length King Philip cut short his sojourn at Granada, and suddenly departed with all his train. The vigilant Fredegonda watched the royal pageant as it issued from the gate of Justice, and descended the great avenue leading to the city. When the last banner disappeared from her sight, she returned exulting to her tower, for all her cares were over; to her surprise, a light Arabian steed pawed the ground at the wicket gate of the garden:—to her horror, she saw through the thickets of roses a youth, in gaily embroidered dress, at the feet of her niece. At the sound of her footsteps he gave a tender adieu, bounded lightly over the barrier of reeds and myrtles, sprang upon his horse, and was out of sight in an instant. The tender Jacinta, in the agony of her grief, lost all thought of her aunt's displeasure. Throwing herself into her arms, she broke forth into sobs and tears.

"Ay de mi!" cried she; "he's gone!—he's gone!—he's gone! and I shall never see him more!"

"Gone!—who is gone?—what youth is that I saw at your feet?"

"A qucen's page, aunt, who came to bid me farewell."

"A qucen's page, child!" echoed the vigilant Fredegonda faintly; "and when did you become acquainted with a qucen's page?"

"The morning that the ger-falcon came into the tower. It was the qucen's ger-falcon, and he came in pursuit of it."

"Ah silly, silly girl! know that there are no ger-falcons half so dangerous as these young pranking pages, and it is precisely such simple birds as thee that they pounce upon."

The aunt was at first indignant at learning that in despite of her boasted vigilance, a tender intercourse had been carried on by the youthful lovers, almost beneath her eye; but when she found that her simple-hearted niece, though thus exposed, without the protection of bolt or bar, to all the machinations of the opposite sex, had come forth unscathed from the fiery ordeal, she consoled herself with the persuasion that it was owing to the chaste and cautious maxims, in which she had, as it were, steeped her to the very lips.

While the aunt laid this soothing unction to her pride, the niece treasured up the oft repeated vows of fidelity of the page. But what is the love of restless, roving man? A vagrant stream that dallies for a time with each flower upon its bank, then passes on, and leaves them all in tears.

Days, weeks, months elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the page. The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumnal rains descended in torrents from the mountain; the Sierra

Nevada became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra—still he came not. The winter passed away. Again the genial spring burst forth with song and blossom and balmy zephyr; the snows melted from the mountains, until none remained but on the lofty summit of the Nevada, glistening through the sultry summer air. Still nothing was heard of the forgotten page.

In the meantime, the poor little Jacinta grew pale and thoughtful. Her former occupations and amusements were abandoned, her silk lay entangled, her guitar unstrung, her flowers were neglected, the notes of her bird unheeded, and her eyes, once so bright, were dimmed with secret weeping.

At a late hour one midsummer night, after her aunt had retired to rest, she remained alone in the hall of the tower, seated beside the alabaster fountain. It was here that the faithless page had first knelt and kissed her hand; it was here that he had often vowed eternal fidelity. The poor little damsel's heart was overladen with sad and tender recollections, her tears began to flow, and slowly fell drop by drop into the fountain. By degrees the crystal water became agitated, and hubble—hubble—hubble—boiled up and was tossed about, until a female figure, richly clad in Moorish robes, slowly rose to view.

Jacinta was so frightened that she fled from the hall, and did not venture to return. The next morning she related what she had seen to her aunt, but the good lady treated it as a phantasy of her troubled mind, or supposed she had fallen asleep and dreamt beside the fountain. "Thou hast been thinking of the story of the three Moorish princesses that once inhabited this tower," continued she, "and it has entered thy dreams."

"What story, aunt? I know nothing of it."

"Thou hast certainly heard of the three princesses, Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda, who were confined in this tower by the king their father, and agreed to fly with three Christian cavaliers. The two first accomplished their escape, but the third failed in her resolution, and it is said, died in this tower. The lover of Zorahayda was thy ancestor. He long bemoaned his Moorish love, but time cured him of his grief, and he married a Spanish lady, from whom thou art descended."

Jacinta ruminated upon these words. "That what I have seen is no phantasy of the brain," said she to herself, I am confident. If indeed it be the spirit of the gentle Zorahayda, which I have heard fingers about this tower, of what should I be afraid? I'll watch by the fountain to-night—perhaps the visit will be repeated."

Towards midnight, when every thing was quiet, she again took her seat in the hall. As the bell in the distant watch-tower of the Alhambra struck the midnight hour, the fountain was again agitated; and bubble—bubble—hubble—it tossed about the waters until the Moorish female again rose to view. She was young and beautiful; her dress was rich with jewels, and in her hand she held a silver lute. Jacinta trembled and was faint, but was reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance.

"Daughter of mortality," said she, "what aileth thee? Why do thy tears trouble my fountain, and thy sighs and plaints disturb the quiet watches of the night?"

"I weep because of the faithlessness of man, and I bemoan my solitary and forsaken state."

"Take comfort; thy sorrows may yet have an end. Thou beholdest a Moorish princess, who, like thee, was unhappy in her love. A Christian knight, thy ancestor, won my heart, and would have borne me to his native land and to the bosom of his church. I was a convert in my heart, but I lacked courage equal to my faith, and lingered till too late. For this the evil geni are permitted to have power over me, and I remain enchanted in this tower until some pure Christian will deign to break the magic spell. Wilt thou undertake the task?"

"I will," replied the damsel trembling.

"Come hither then, and fear not; dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptise me after the manner of thy faith; so shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose."

The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand in the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom.

The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dew drops had fallen into the fountain.

Jacinta retired from the hall filled with awe and wonder. She scarcely closed her eyes that night, but when she awoke at day-break out of a troubled slumber, the whole appeared to her like a distempered dream. On descending into the hall, however, the truth of the vision was established, for, beside the fountain, she beheld the silver lute glittering in the morning sunshine. She hastened to her aunt, to relate all that had befallen her, and called her to behold the lute as a testimonial of the reality of her story. If the good lady had any lingering doubts, they were removed when Jacinta touched the instrument, for she drew forth such ravishing tones as to thaw even the frigid bosom of the immaculate Fredegonda, that region of eternal winter, into a genial flow. Nothing but supernatural melody could have produced such an effect.

Rumour soon spread the news abroad. The inhabitants of Granada thronged to the Alhambra to catch a few notes of the transcendent music that floated about the tower of Las Infantas.

The report of her wonderful powers spread from city to city. Malaga, Seville, Cordova, all became successively mad on the theme; nothing was talked off throughout Andalusia but the beautiful minstrel of the Alhambra. How could it be otherwise among a people so musical and gallant as the Andalusians, when the lute was magical in its powers, and the minstrel inspired by love?

While all Andalusia was thus music mad, a different mood prevailed at the court of Spain. Philip V., as is well known, was a miserable hypochondriac, and subject to all kinds of fancies. Nothing was found to be so efficacious in dispelling the royal megrims as the powers of music; the queen took care, therefore, to have the best performers, both vocal and instrumental, at hand, and retained the famous Italian singer Farinelli about the court as a kind of royal physician. At the moment we treat of, however, a freak had come over the mind of this sapient and illustrious Bourbon that surpassed all former vagaries. After a long spell of imaginary illness, which set all the strains of Farinelli, and the consultations of a whole orchestra of court fiddlers at defiance, the monarch fairly, in idea, gave up the ghost, and considered himself absolutely dead.

In the midst of this fearful dilemma a rumour

reached the court, of the female minstrel who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen dispatched missions in all haste to summon her to St. Ildefonso, where the court at that time resided.

Within a few days, as the queen with her maidens of honour was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues and terraces and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the far-famed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetha gazed with surprise at the youthful and unpretending appearance of the little being that had set the world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress, her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty, that still bespoke her "the Rose of the Alhambra." Jacinta followed the Queen with downcast eyes through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived at length at a great chamber hung with black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day: a number of yellow wax tapers in silver sconces diffused a lugubrious light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers who glided about with noiseless step and woe-begone visage. On the midst of a funeral bed or bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would be buried monarch.

The queen entered the chamber in silence, and pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner, beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence. At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft aerial harmony, that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody or the music of the spheres. By degrees the theme was varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads, treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollections of the Alhambra, was associated the

story of her love. The funeral chamber resounded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around: he sat up on his couch, his eye began to kindle—at length, leaping upon the floor, he called for sword and buckler.

The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete; the demon of melancholy was cast forth; and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious effulgence of Spanish sunshine burst into the late lugubrious chamber; all eyes sought the lovely enchantress, but the lute had fallen from her hand, she had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was elapsed to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcon.

The nuptials of the happy couple were shortly after celebrated with great splendour; but hold—I hear the reader ask, how did Ruyz de Alarcon account for his long neglect? O that was all owing to the opposition of a proud pragmatistical old father: besides, young people, who really like one another, soon come to an amicable understanding, and bury all past grievances when once they meet. But how was the proud pragmatistical old father reconciled to the match? O his scruples were easily overcome by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favourite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacinta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest breast. And what became of the enchanted lute? O that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all this story. That lute remained for some time in the family, but was purloined and carried off, as was supposed, by the great singer Farinelli, in pure jealousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old cremona fiddle. The strings still retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, but let it go no further—that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world—it is the fiddle of Paganini!—*The Alhambra, by Washington Irving.*

HERE IN COOL GROT.

The musical score is for the song "Here in Cool Grot." It is written for four voices: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The tempo is marked "Slow" and the initial dynamics are "p" (piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Here in cool Grot and mos-sy Cell, We ru-ral Fays and Fai-ries, We We ru-ral Fays and We ru-ral Fays and". The score includes dynamic markings such as "p", "mf", and "ff" (fortissimo) and includes fermatas and slurs over the vocal lines.

p *cres.*

ru-ral Fays, we ru-ral Fays and Fairies dwell, Tho' rare-ly seen by mor-tal eye, When the pale

Fairies, we ru-ral Fays and Fairies dwell, Tho' rare-ly seen by mor-tal eye, When the pale *cres.*

Fairies, we ru-ral Fays and Fairies dwell, Tho' rare-ly seen by mor-tal eye, When the pale *cres.*

p *cres.*

f *p*

moon as-cend-ing high, darts darts thro'yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, we frisk it

moon as-cend-ing high, darts thro'yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, we *p*

moon as-cend-ing high, darts thro'yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, we *f* *p*

f *p*

f *p* *f*

frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it frisk it

frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it frisk it

frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it frisk it

f *p* *f*

frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

near these cry - stal streams. Her beams re - flect - ed from the wave, Afford the

The turf with dai - sies broi - der'd o'er, Ex - ceeds we
light our re - vels crave, The turf with dai - sies broi - der'd o'er, Ex - ceeds we

wot, the pa - rian floor, Nor
wot the pa - rian floor, Nor yet for art - ful strains, nor
wot the pa - rian floor, Nor yet for art - ful
wot the pa - rian floor, Nor yet for art - ful strains we call, for

cres. *p*
 yet for art - ful strains we call we call we call, But lis-ten lis-ten
cres. *p*
 strains we call we call we call we call, Bnt lis-ten lis-ten
p
 art - ful strains

mf *p*
 lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall, lis - ten
mf *p*
 lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall, lis - ten
mf *p*

f
 lis - ten lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall.
f
 lis - ten lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall.
f

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

Tannahill.

R. A. Smith.

Andante. *p.*

We'll meet be-side the dus-ky glen, on you burn side, Where the bushes form

a eo - sie den, on you burn side; Tho' the broomy knowes be green, Yet

m. f.

there we may be seen, But we'll meet we'll meet at e'en, we'll meet, we'll meet at

p. *ad. lib.*

e'en But we'll meet we'll meet at e'en, down by you burn side.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on you burn side,
Where the bushes form a cosie den, on you burn side;
Though the broomy knowes be green,
Yet there we may be seen, [side.
But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by you burn

I'll lead you to the birken bower, on you burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on you burn side;
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,
While in ither's arms they lie, down by you burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae you burn side,—
Those fairy seenes are no' for you, by you burn side;
There fancy weaves her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream, [side,
And the roek-lodg'd echoes skim, down by you burn
[side,
Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' goud, on you burn
And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er you burn
Far frae the noisy scene, [side,
I'll through tbe fields alane, [burn side.
There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean! down by you

MOZART, AND THE GERMAN OPERA.

No man was more gifted by God with the power of enjoying life, and every thing in this beautiful world of ours, than Mozart. And this is the blessing which Heaven confers only on its especial favourites. Few men ever passed through a happier or higher existence. And we may say of Mozart, as Tacitus did of his valiant and noble son-in-law, "Whatsoever of him we loved, whatsoever we admired, remains, and shall remain, in the minds of men, the eternity of ages, the fame of things."

"Brief, bright, and glorious, was his young career."

He was at five years old, when other children are mere animals, an accomplished musician and composer. He died at three or four-and-thirty; just as he had completed his world-famous requiem, which the other day ushered Napoleon to his final resting-place on the banks of the Seine, amongst the French people whom he loved so well. These are the words of his will. Let us hope that, the wish being fulfilled, he now sleeps well. But for Mozart, if I did not firmly believe in the maxim inculcated by the Grecian sage and the Roman satirist,

"Whom the gods love die young,"

I should say of the composer, in the language of the Frenchman,

"Hélas sa brûlante énergie,
A fait sa gloire et son malheur ;
Son cœur inspirait son génie ;
Son génie a brisé son cœur.*"

Perhaps no man living ever had a higher musical genius, or greater knowledge to support it. He did for music what Pericles did for oratory, whereof George Croly has well written—

"Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow ;
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That waved her ægis o'er the land."

Since Mozart's day great additions have been made to the orchestra, especially in wind instruments; great improvements have been made in the instruments already in use; and men of exalted genius—Beethoven and Weber—have succeeded him, and taken their position *near* him, as men who have achieved that renown which shall never pass away. But with all advantages and modern aids, none have surpassed him in any single effort; and for number and variety of compositions, which even an age of barbarism, could it ever again arrive, never would permit to perish, he stands altogether unrivalled and alone. The *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz* are works of the very loftiest character—the composers have made the most skilful possible use of the enlarged orchestral means placed at their disposal; but if they have equalled some of Mozart's compositions, they have not excelled any one of them; and no other opera, except these two, is for one moment to be compared to any opera of Mozart's.

I do well believe that no man ever had a higher inspiration than Mozart—he was the Shakspeare of music. In all his works, like the great dramatist, he mingles tragedy and comedy, and is equally remarkable in both for the intensity and depth of feeling. What a wonderful composition is his *Don Giovanni*! How various the characters, how admirable are they not depicted in his music! What

* Alas his burning energy, caused at once his glory and his pain; his heart inspired his genius, his genius has broken his heart.

character was ever better sustained, from first to last than that of "our ancient friend, Don Juan," the heartless libertine; but one in whom, from his gay and dauntless courage, his graces and accomplishments, we never for a moment lose a breathless interest! We feel towards him as we do towards the Anastasius of Hope's grand romance. Love him we must not, pity him we ought not; but we cannot help admiring—ay, and enjoying him. How mighty, too, Mozart is in the management of his ghost! Here he shows a genius which Walter Scott and Shakspeare alone share with him. The ghost of Hamlet's father, clad in complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon and making night hideous, is not a whit more dread than the apparition of the commander's statue shaking the earth by its ponderous steps, ushered in by unearthly music and singing in tones that seem to have come from another world, and for once permitted to be uttered in this. Byron's *Don Juan* is a fine dashing fellow; but the poet was unable, though he strove, to raise him to the standard of the maestro's *Don Giovanni*. He is from first to last an Englishman—the child of a cold clime—and not a Spaniard of Seville, whose veins run lava. The *Don Giovanni* of Mozart, on the contrary, is as regular a hidalgo as blue blood at the boiling point could make him; as fierce and haughty as Satan; and, like him, never humbling himself before any creature mortal or immortal—except the woman he is anxious to betray. But the whole opera as a work of transcendent taste and genius, is delicious most exceedingly. Hush! they are beginning to prepare for the overture to the *Zauberflöte*. Certainly it is a splendid band in number, and you will soon feel in skill, moreover. The *ensemble* (pardon the foreign word, for I use it in the absence of any English equivalent) is perfect. The same is true of the choruses. The Germans, on their stage, have an advantage which is supreme in its effects—I mean their drill.

German music is as superior to Italian music as the rich and accurate language of the old Greeks was to the meagre Latin. Italian music is rarely addressed to anything higher than the senses; it wants depth, devotion, and earnestness; German music is always addressed to the soul. Invariably feel holier and happier after having listened to an opera of Mozart's or Beethoven's. I feel as if through the music, I had held communion with thoughts that lay too deep for words. One, also enjoys the delight of having been engaged upon a perfect work, into every portion of which the master-mind has been thrown. There is no deficiency, as there is no predominance; the orchestra and the vocalists are made to work together on terms of as perfect equality as the singers in a duet; and both are managed, however numerous may be the band, the chief vocalists, and the chorus, with the same consummate ease and with the same singleness of purpose—the same concentration to effect, that the less learned and enthusiastic composers of any other school could display with respect to one singer and one fiddle to accompany. The great charm of the German opera is the ensemble and equality in all points of interest between the vocal and instrumental melodies and concerted pieces; and the conviction that the whole work has been wrought by the inspirations and labour of one mighty mind. In Italian operas your present praise and pleasing recollections relate almost exclusively to the singers—Pasta, Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini. The composer is comparatively little thought of: you know that his *aria*

has been wonderfully embellished and improved by the art of the singer, and your gratitude is great in proportion to the vocalist. You reflect, as the notes come back to charm you in your bed,—Oh! these are exquisite! but they are Grisi's! What would they have been from any other lips? None know! but certainly nothing comparable to what they were. And therefore and for ever, Grisi's Mary Magdalene face (as Guido loved to paint the Magdalene) is for ever associated with the air you have heard, and it usurps your memory as a thing of grace and beauty in the precise mode and form in which she executed it, and for this no other can be substituted. But you think little of the composer—the Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini—and you dream only of snatches of the opera as sung by this or that performer; the opera, as a whole, has raised in you no lofty and soul-searching sensations; there has been nothing of what Aristotle styles a purification of the passions.

In a German opera, on the contrary, you commune with the spirit of the master; and forgetting singers, fiddlers, and all other accessories, as you would the common file of officers and men in a battle-field, you think of the whole opera with a devotional feeling of the composer's genius. In fact, the very peculiarities and faults of the German character tend to make great musicians—dreaminess, mysticism, enthusiasm, transcendental speculations, intense powers of labour, and aspirations scarcely earthly—these combine in giving their great men the use, as none others have possessed it, of a language whose native seat is supposed to be in another world, and which is intelligible only to the most finely moulded of earth's creatures—those whose minds and bodies are alike attuned and attuned, and of whom you can say, with Dryden,—

“This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into those noble moulds.”

Otherwise to speak, I look upon Italy's operatic music (I exclude the church music) to be such to our senses and our feelings as Shakspeare's words might thus describe, or well nigh thus describe,—

“A violet in the youth of primy nature—
Forward, not permanent—sweet, not lasting,—
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.”

On the other hand, one might say of the music of Germany, with Milton, that it is

“— such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old,
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate or sue
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds.”

I know no overtures which are to be mentioned in the same category with that of the *Zauberflöte*, except those of *Der Freischütz* and *Coriolan*. True, one can never tire of the first,—it is so true, so admirable an introduction and exposition of the whole story of the opera. Every thing is shewn you there as in the magic mirror of the wizard: the mutterings of demons and the strivings of the evil one are not made less apparent to you than the passages of free and gentle domestic life under the shadow of the reverent and holy forest. When Weber's demons are on the scene, he seems to make the very air murky by his weird sounds. You do not know the other overture. Well! I believe it is an overture by Beethoven to an opera (never written) on the story of Corio-

lanus; and by the majesty of *Jupiter Stator*, it is composed with Shaksperian ability. The whole story of the patrician's services, pride, wrath, triumphs, vengeance, pious yielding, indignation, death-struggle, and last gasp, accompanied by a faint and final tap upon a muffled drum, which leaves you in abrupt and horror-stricken silence, is told as distinctly to the reader of Sir T. North's *Plutarch* by the sounds of the composer as by the page of the poet. * * * Now for the opera. * * * What do I think? I am delighted! Never in my life have I (with one or two exceptions in minor singers) heard an act of an opera more exquisitely performed. And oh what delicious music! I never knew it before except in fragments! How flowing is the melody given to the singers—how delightful the sympathy of the orchestra! Bravo, maestro! You who, as a musician, combine the inventive genius of Homer and the scientific mind of Newton, bravo! And let us not omit to praise the singers! That man Staudigl, who, as I see from the bill, plays *Sarastro*, has one of the finest bass voices that was ever heard—the richest, the most flexible; and his style is chaste to perfection, and his feeling to the music of his great countryman is religious and true. Every note he sings bears upon it the imperial impress of Mozart. Surely, it is a pleasure to have a faithful utterance of such notes as Mozart issued! The first woman, too, is an excellent musician, and has great compass of voice, and no inconsiderable powers as a vocal actress. Haitzinger, too, whom we knew of old in Monck Mason's time, has high merit, and great skill and judgment. I like Mellinger, who plays *Papageno*, moreover, very much. I admire his singing for its correctness, and, if I may so say, appropriateness; and I have a high opinion of his capabilities as an actor. * * * You have not yet been able to understand the story? You will recollect the beautiful, and hearth and heart-home superstition of the ancients which connected you with the world of spirits, and infinitely raised your heart and hopes as a child of clay. I mean that about the good and the evil genius which attended and accompanied, invisibly, man from the first moment he was born—the one persuading to good, the other to evil—things of middle essence, called *genii*, because they have tuition over us from the time we are born. Upon this principle of the existence of supernatural suggesters of good and evil to man, the opera turns. Of course you have a pair of lovers. They are despitely used by the Queen of Night and her attendants, and comforted by angels of light dressed in white and spangles. But every thing except the music is trash not worth thinking of; and as we have the good fortune not to know a word of German, we shall not be troubled by the abomination of contact with any thing but the music. And the music is certainly, both as regards the solos, the concerted pieces, and the opera, in Mozart's very highest style of art. * * * Now that the *Magic Flute* has come to its conclusion, you desire to know what I think. I think, from the ineffable beauty of the music, the merits of the performers of all classes, and the genuine enthusiasm of an audience who have felt and enjoyed what they heard, that the German opera has acclimated itself to this country; and that we shall never again pass a season without being able to hear the first of all musical compositions whereof the world knows, performed with ability and truth. * * * Let me recommend you earnestly to see the *Oberon*, as played by the Germans. It never will be so popular as We-

ber's *Freischutz*—the subject is not so good or so genial; but, nevertheless, it is a work of surpassing genius. Performed with singers true to the music, and with choruses and an orchestra perfectly competent to do their duty, the opera wears a very different form, indeed, from what it did on the English stage. The sacrilegious impudence of the spoiled favourites of the London galleries was never more conspicuously displayed than upon the production of *Oberon* at Covent Garden. Poor Weher entreated the singers, with tearful eyes, to be good enough to sing the music as he wrote it, and not to deform his composition by their unmeaning shakes and abominable additions; but in vain. Mr. Braham, with lofty coolness, informed the German that no English audience would tolerate his music if it were not for the mode in which he sung it. Even then this was a foul libel. But since then the public taste in music has become infinitely more pure amongst all classes of the people. We have for several years past had an opportunity, not only of hearing the finest singers in the world, but, in the French phrase, assisting at Operas got up after a style of elegance—with an *ensemble*—that was never equalled in any other country. But nothing, perhaps, tended so much to refine and elevate the taste of common audiences as the introduction of Malibran to the English stage. The *Somnambula* probably charmed John Bull more than any opera he ever heard, and no singer or actress ever gave him more unmixed delight. *Apropos* to delight, however, you should hear Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* by the Germans. It is admirably cast; and never was there any thing wrought by mortal brain more delicious than the music. You have seen it at the Italian Opera. No doubt the artists who sing in it are of the very highest order of excellence. Yet your recollection of them will not in the least interfere with the fulness of your enjoyment from the performance of the Germans. The pleasure is of another, but not of a less exalted order. You ask about *Fidelio*. Most beautiful—most grand it is; but I confess in hearing it, my thoughts dwell on Schroeder Devrient, whom Malibran even did not equal in the impersonation of the heroine. No character on any stage was ever performed with greater tenderness, truth, and power, than *Fidelio* by Madame Devrient. Stoekel Heinfetter sings the part correctly and ably; but it wants the soul which Devrient threw into it. I wonder what has become of Devrient. It is strange that after having won such high favour in this terrestrial paradise of singers and fiddlers, she has never been induced to pay us a second visit. She was not handsome—quite the reverse. The eyes—the whole countenance was ordinarily dull, but recollect what fire and passion she could throw into them on occasions when she rose to the height of her great argument. The face was only as a mask to a mind of genius and beauty. Truth to say, however, the only pretty German actress I ever saw was Sontag; and she, in my eyes, was pretty enough to redeem the character of a nation.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.

THE feeble rays of divine truth which broke from the mind of Wickliff, on a dark and corrupt age, and which increased their radiance, till the deformity and impious domination of the Romish church was broken at the reformation, carried with them some alteration in the choral service of the church. A more simplified style of singing was practised by the

followers of Wickliff, and which was carried forward by the Hussites.

With these examples before him, Calvin gave a still greater impulse to dissent from the choral service of the popish church, with which, on many other accounts, it is well known he had but little sympathy. With the assistance of Theodore Beza, he introduced a new version of the psalms, set to music by Guillaume Franco, in one part only. These compositions soon became popular through all the reformed churches.

Martin Luther, from having an ear, no doubt more correctly attuned to melodious sounds than those of the two foregoing celebrated men, and a soul on which devotion ascended more readily on the sublime strains of devotion, retained more of the splendour of the established choral service. He composed many hymns, some of which he himself set to music; specimens of both remain to the present time. The hymn beginning, "Great God, what do I see and hear," &c., and the "Old Hundred" tune, are considered, amidst some doubts, to be of the number.

In England many of the reformers disapproved of the secular spirit, and cumbersome ceremonies, of the musical part of the church service, and Lattimer went so far as to forbid singing of any kind within the limits of his diocese.

Marbeck is supposed to have been the first who set the Cathedral service of the Reformed Church of England. He composed but for one voice, and they were published in 1511. Elizabeth, in her direction to the clergy, gave particular attention to the music of the church, saying, "Let there be a modest and distinct song used in all parts of the common prayers of the church; and for the comforting of all such as delight in music, it may be permitted, that, in the beginning and in the end of the common prayer, either morning or evening, there may be sung an hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God." The purity of her motives in this affair are, however, rendered very questionable; at all events, she manifested an arbitrary spirit in the manner in which she sought to supply choristers with singing boys.—*Hirst's Music of the Church*.

SUMMER MORNING AND EVENING.

The glowing morning, crown'd with youthful roses,
Bursts on the world in virgin sweetness smiling,
And as she treads, the waking flowers expand,
Shaking their dewy tresses. Nature's choir
Of untaught minstrels blend their various powers
In one grand anthem, emulous to salute
Th' approaching king of day, and vernal Hope
Jocund trips forth to meet the healthful breeze,
To mark th' expanding bud, the kindling sky,
And join the general paean.
While, like a matron, who has long since done
With the gay scenes of life, whose children all
Have sunk before her on the lap of earth—
Upon whose mild expressive face the sun
Has left a smile that tells of former joys—
Grey Eve glides on in pensive silence musing.
As the mind triumphs o'er the sinking frame,
So as her form decays, her starry beams
Shed brightening lustre, till on night's still bosom
Serene she sinks, and breathes her peaceful last,
While on the rising breeze sad melodies,
Sweet as the notes that soothe the dying pillow
When angel-music calls the saint to heaven,
Come gently floating: 'tis the requiem
Chaunted by Philomel for day departed.

Hone's Every Day Book.

THE LIMERICK BELLS.

THE remarkably fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were originally brought from Italy. They had been manufactured by a young native, who devoted himself enthusiastically to the work, and who, after the toil of many years, succeeded in finishing a splendid peal, which answered all the critical requirements of his own musical ear. Upon these bells the artist greatly prided himself, and they were at length bought by the prior of a neighbouring convent at a very liberal price. With the proceeds of this sale the young Italian purchased a little villa, where, in the stillness of the evening, he could enjoy the sound of his own melodious bells from the convent cliff. Here he grew old in the bosom of his family, and of domestic happiness. At length, in one of those fends common to the period, the Italian became a sufferer amongst many others. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, he found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The bells too, his favourite bells, were carried off from the convent, and finally removed to Ireland. For a time their artificer became a wanderer over Europe; and at last, in the hope of soothing his troubled spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the land to which those treasures of his memory had been conveyed. He sailed for Ireland; and proceeding up the Shannon on a beautiful evening, which reminded him of his native Italy, his own bells from the towers of Limerick Cathedral sud-

denly struck upon his ear. Home and all its loving ties, happiness, early recollections, all—all were in the sound, and went to his heart. His face was turned towards the cathedral in the attitude of intently listening; but when the vessel landed he was found to be a corpse.—*Metropolitan.*

HANDEL MADE EASY.

WHILST Dibdin was pedestrianising in Corowall, he chanced to meet a village choir going, one Sunday morning, from their own village to a neighbouring parish to assist their brethren of the pitch-pipe in the performance of a "Rorytory," as it was denominated, in honour of their new vicar.

"My good friend," said Dibdin to the violoncello, a thin, lunky tailor of the village of Trevery, "my good friend, whose compositions do you sing?"

"Handel, sir, of course—nothing like Handel," replied the owner of the big baritone, rather superciliously.

"Indeed!" remarked Charles; "do you not find him rather difficult?"

"Oh dear! no, sir," replied the man, "not now—practice does much."

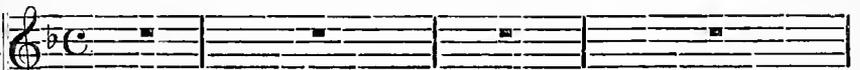
"Yes," replied Dibden; "practice does much, but knowledge more."

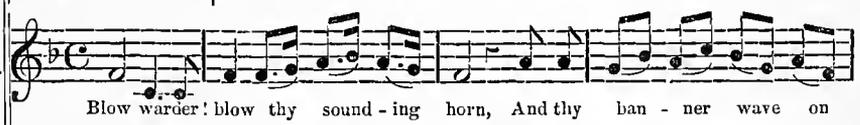
"Why, you see, sir," continued the violoncello, "we did find him rather hard at first, but you see we altered him."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

Callcott

1ST TREBLE. 

2D TREBLE. 

BASS. 

With animation, (p 116)



in the Ho - ly Land, And have won the vic-to-ry, and have

high For the Christians have fought in the Ho - ly Land, And have won the vic-to-ry, and have

won the vic - to - ry, Loud, loud, the war - der blew his horn, And his

horn, his horn,

ban - ner wav'd on high, Let the chant be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat

Let the chant be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat

mer-ri-ly And the feast, the feast eat

mer-ri-ly, Let the chant be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat

mer-ri-ly, Let the chant be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat

rit. f.

mer-ri-ly, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly mer-ri-ly. The warder look'd from his
mer-ri-ly, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly mer-ri-ly.

f

tow'r on high, As far as he could see, I see a bold Knight, and by his Red Cross, He
I see a bold Knight, and by his Red Cross, He

f

comes from the East coun - try, Then loud the war-der blew his horn, And call'd till he was
comes from the East coun - try,

f

hearse, I see a bold Knight, And on his shield bright, He bear-eth a flam-ing Cross,
I see a bold Knight, And on his shield bright, He bear-eth a flam-ing Cross, Then *mez.*

down the Lord of the cas-tle came, The Red Cross Knight to meet, And when the Red Cross

p
Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross
Knight he espied, Right lov-ing he did him greet, Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross
p

f
Knight, dear Knight, For thy fame's well known to me, And the chant shall be sung, And the
Knight, For thy fame's well known to me, And the chant shall be sung, And the
f

f
bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; And we'll
bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; And we'll
f

rit.

feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. Oh! I am come from the ho - ly

Land, where saints did live and die, Be - hold the de - vice I

bear on my shield, The Red Cross Knight am I. And we have fought in the Ho - ly Land and we've

won the vic - to - ry, For with va - liant might did the Chris - tians fight, and

p

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight come
made the proud Pa-gans fly. Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight come

lay thy ar - mour by, And for the good tid - ings thou dost bring, We'll feast us
lay thy ar - mour by, And for the good tid - ings thou dost bring, We'll feast us

f

mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, For all in my cas - tle shall re -
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, For all in my cas - tle shall re -

f

joice, That we've won the vic-to-ry, that we've won the vic-to-ry,
f
joice, That we've won the vic-to-ry, that we've won the vic-to-ry, And the chant shall be sung, And the
f

p

And the
bells shall be rung, And the feast eat mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

chant shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the feast the feast eat
And the feast the feast eat

f

mer - ri - ly, And the chant shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the
mer - ri - ly, And the chant shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the

rinf.

feast, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.
feast, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

THE EDITOR'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

"Another, and another still succeeds."—MACBETH.

It will be easily admitted that times are changed; and that so, in like manner, is what was called the taste of the town; when we find that the deep, earnest, sublime music of Handel and Mozart is appreciated, and night after night, throughout a season, applauded by crowded audiences consisting of the humble classes of society; while the clattering noise of Donizetti is provided constantly as the appropriate entertainment for the ears of the higher classes; who, not very long time since, had a monopoly of musical taste and enthusiasm, of musical knowledge and critical power, and, finally, of a capability of a pure and lofty musical enjoyment. The frequenters of our national theatres are, now-a-days, delighted with "Acis and Galatea," and the "Marriage of Figaro," the frequenters of the Italian Opera are devoted to the enjoyment of such productions as "Gemma di Vergy," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "L'Elisir d'Amore." Byron's story about the critical taste of the Lady Mayoress is no longer an acclimated fact, further than belonging to the feelings and manners of bygone days. "Rut your Italianos! give me an English ballad." A Lady Mayoress in our time might still feel "Rot your Italianos! leave them to the west end and your high folk, but give me something of Handel's—of Weber's—of Mozart's, of Beethoven's." In a word, within the last few years, musical taste has stepped beyond the pale of aristocracy, in which it was so long imprisoned, and is walking abroad amongst the people.

"Gemma di Vergy," we observed last month, is very bad; perhaps "Lucia di Lammermoor" is not intrinsically worse, but it is more offensive. Of "Gemma" we know nothing; and the composer and the writer of the libretto are alike determined that our ignorance never, through them, shall be enlightened. A more stale, flat, and unprofitable affair, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, was, perhaps, never heard. But there is no sacrilege about it. Horrible, however, is the desecration of Scott's most exquisite "tale of tears," alike in the libretto and in the music of "Lucia di Lammermoor." When the composer has genius, he translates the poetry of a story into music—bear witness "Don Giovanni!" bear witness "Der Freischütz!" But throughout the whole of "Lucia di Lammermoor" there is not a single gush of poetry, not one ray of genius—no terror, no pity! The notion that Donizetti seems to have of terror, resolves itself into the crash of the cymbals; of pity, into the dissonant shrieks of the orchestra. Never was there a story wrought with the most consummate art and power, so brutally marred—a fatidical story, which, if properly cast in the mould of the lyric drama, and dressed in the language of Æschylus and Sophocles, might have been played of old to the rapture of an Athenian audience. We sicken at the profanation. "L'Elisir d'Amore," is a poor thing; but here the story and the music are worthy of each other. Donizetti should try no higher flights.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was enacted on Wednesday; the beauties of this wonderful composition can only be heard through the medium of a German company. It would have been a sort of sacrilege if such

music, so sung, had not obtained some degree of protection: for, to say nothing of its other treasures, the *Isis and Osiris*, by STAUDIGL, is something (as is written, we believe, somewhere by somebody) not only occasionally to remember, but never entirely to forget. *Sarastro*, in the hands of this great artist is a piece of profound painting—an odd phrase to use, perhaps, but one that conveys a speaking truth to those who will see and hear, and reflect. It is the embodiment of the composer's thought—a glorious creation by the one, and a complete fulfilment thereof by the other. But the *Pamina* of Madame Heinfetter is little, if at all, short of the rival personation; and we doubt if, taken altogether, there is a more thoroughly beautiful performance in the whole German *Repertoire*, than the *Zauberflöte* by Mozart.—*Age*, May 15th, 1842.

Spontini's opera, *Die Vestalin*, was produced by the German company at Covent Garden theatre on Thursday night. It is a composition of great beauty; resembling *Norma* in many respects as to the character of subject; but far transcending that popular opera in all essential points, whether of pure and simple melody, or of noble instrumentation. But the singularly quiet and truthful character of its pathos, will not tend to its popularity amongst us. Madame Schödel surprised us with the power and sweetness of many passages in her performance of the *Vestal*; and in what fell to the share of Staudigl (the bass singer) as *High Priest*, that singer was magnificent. Such a "giant voice" was never in our recollection guided by a taste so pure, a genius in all respects so masterly.—*Examiner*, May 14th, 1842.

SPONTINI'S *Die Vestalin* was brought out on Thursday night; but not with sufficient success, we imagine, to induce a repetition of it. SPONTINI is a composer who has maintained a respectable station in his art, but no more. He was brought up in the best school of his country; having studied under CIMAROSA, and afterwards occupied the place of Director at the Conservatory of Naples. In all the mechanical resources of dramatic composition he is an adept; and the process of constructing an opera *secundum artem* he has completely attained; but his works want the stamp of true genius; and hence few of them have attained lasting popularity, and probably none will outlive him. *Die Vestalin* is regarded as his best opera; and at Paris it was, for a time, much admired. The libretto of *Norma* is chiefly derived from it; and of the two operas, SPONTINI'S is much the better: it has stronger evidences of the musician's art—more variety and greater power. The scena "Götter hört mein heisses Flehn" is worth the whole of *Norma*. *Die Vestalin*, being formed on the Italian model, is little suited to the powers of a German company; who uniformly fail when they quit their own school and endeavour to naturalise the operas of foreign masters. They wear the dress of Italy but awkwardly, and always seem, as they are, constrained and embarrassed by the attempt. Under this disadvantage, Madame SCHÖDEL'S personation of the offending Vestal deserves high commendation; her performance was full of expression and she sang with the skill of an accomplished artist. STAUDIGL'S representation of the High Priest was magnificent. But with these performers our commendations must end.—*Spectator*, May 14th, 1842.

The German company, as it stands, has but one singer, who is Herr Staudigl; and one voice, the property of Madame Stöckl Heinfetter.—*Athenæum*, May 21st, 1842.

THE WORKHOUSE GIRL.

THE Rev. Mr. Warner, in his "Literary Recollections," relates the following romantic story:—Mrs. Hackman's garden, in which she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as is usual in the spring season, of a weeder; and John, the footman, being despatched to the poor-house to select a little pauper girl for the performance of this necessary labour, brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age, and pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to 'warble her native wood-notes wild' in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's chamber window happened to be thrown up; she heard the little weeder's solitary song; and was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and inquired from whom it proceeded. 'Nancy Bere, of the poor-house,' was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman's order, the songstress was immediately brought to the lady's apartment, who was so pleased with her naivete, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive to be permitted to remain long in the kitchen. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady's maid, and had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and the protegee quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely, and still more irresistible from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed at length to her complying husband, that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their own daughter. Every possible attention was henceforth paid to the education of Miss Bere; and, I presume, with the best success, as I have always understood that she became a highly accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her, and her exaltation to Mrs. Hackman's family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. Shortly after this alteration in the workhouse girl's fortunes, a clergyman of respectable appearance, had taken lodgings in Lymington, for the purpose of amusing himself with partridge shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman called upon the stranger—shot with him, and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated, and accepted, as long as the shooting-days lasted; nor had many taken place ere their natural effect on a young unmarried clerk was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been 'nothing loth' to change the condition of a recluse for the more active condition of a clergyman's wife; but as the gentleman had no possession save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent, under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having met, and it was generally imagined that absence had obliterated from their minds the remembrance of each other. But such was not the case. At the ensuing partridge season, the gentleman returned to Lymington; and, with the title of 'very reverend'

prefixed to his name (for he had obtained a deanery in the interval), once more repeated his solicitations and his offers. These, as there was no obstacle to the marriage, were accepted. The amiable pair were united; and lived, for many years, sincerely attached to each other—respected, esteemed, and beloved by all around them. The death of the husband dissolved at length the happy connexion. His lady survived his loss for many years; and a few years ago the little warbling pauper, Nancy Bere, of Lymington workhouse, quitted this temporal being, the universally lamented widow of the Right Rev. Thomas Thurlow, Palatine Bishop of Durham.

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

From "*Lays and Lyrics*," by Capt. Chas. Gray, R.M.

— Strike up, my masters!
But touch the chords with a religious softness;
Teach sound to warble through the night's dull ear,
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And Carelessness grow convert to attention,
OLD PLAY.

O SWEET are Scotland's lyric strains,
Of days long past the sole remains;
By nameless bards her lays were sung,
And saved by dark Tradition's tongue.
But sweeter far than Doric rhyme
Her melodies of the olden time;
O sweet are they as mavis' note
Wild-warbled through its little throat;
Sweet as the skylark's early strain,
When Spring walks tiptoe o'er the plain
Soft as the breeze at evening's close,
When dew hangs on the blushing rose;
Softer than Beauty's love-fraught sigh
Beneath a watchful guardian's eye;
More plaintive than the blackbird's song,
When evening stills the choral throng;
More mournful than the nightingale,
When not a whisper stirs the vale;
As simple as the cuckoo's lay
Heard from the wood at close of day;
Or angel's harps, when martyrs die,
Heard chiming from the balmy sky!

O when shall I on Fife's loved plain
List Scottish melodies again,
As erst on winter nights so drear,
They fell on my delighted ear
And charmed my soul? The sooth to say,
The cares of life would pass away
Unnoted; while the hours flew by
On the glad wings of melody.
Now sad of heart, and dull of ear
My native strains I may not hear.

O when shall Roslin's ruined wall
The memory of the past recall?
'That chaunt, as sweet as lovers' vows—
'The bonnie broom o' Cowdenknowes?'
'Auld Robin Gray,' and Jenny's woes;
Or 'Barbara Allan's' mournful close;
Or 'Gala Water,' round me roll—
Or 'Ewe-bughts, Marion,' thrill my soul?
When shall I list that plaintive lay,
'The forest flowers are wede away?'
O'er my lone heart the notes prevail
Of 'Waly, Waly's' woeful tale?
That wail so touching, soft and tender,

'Ah woes my heart that we should sunder?
 Or that sad dirge, without a marrow—
 'My true love found a grave in Yarrow?
 Or 'Highland Mary's' heavenly strain
 Suffuse my eyes with tears again?
 For simple words, and music's tone,
 Can make another's woes our own;
 And I have o'er the harp-strings bent,
 Rapt in song's sweetest ravishment!

Enchanting strains! rude, simple, wild,
 I've loved you from a very child;
 When, wedded to the poet's song,
 Your thrilling tones are all divine:
 The mingled strains my joys prolong—
 The happy past again is mine;—
 I live in days of *auld langsyne!*

Spike Island, Cove of Cork.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Words by Burns.

Au, We'll gang nae mair to yon town.

Vivace.

O wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the e'en - in sun up - on? The

fair - est dame's in yon town, That e'en - in sun is shin - ing on. Now

hap - ly down yon gay green shaw, She wan - ders by yon spread - ing tree; How

blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw. Ye catch the glances o' her e'e! How

blest ye birds that round her sing, And wel-come in the blooming year! And

dou - bly wel - come be the spring, The sea - son to my Lu - cy dear.

O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'emin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'emin sun is shining on.
Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes o' Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and sbelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
You sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doomed to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!

O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'emin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town
That e'emin sun is shining on.

The heroine of this fine song was Lucy Johnstone—married to Mr. Oswald, of Auchincruive; an accomplished and lovely woman, who died early in life. This beautiful burst of poetic sensibility will convey no unjust image of her attractions to succeeding generations. The song is written in the character of her husband. "Did you ever, my dear Syme," said the Poet, "meet with a man who owed more to the divine Giver of all good things than Mr. Oswald? A fine fortune; a pleasing exterior; self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous, upright mind—and that, too, informed much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank; and to all this, such a woman! But of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate. In my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald." What the Bard hesitated to do for himself, was done by Syme; it has not been told how the lady received the rich incense offered to her beauty. She was rich and liberal, and might have regarded the song as a portrait of herself by a first-rate painter—worthy at least of acknowledgment.—*Cunningham's Burns.*

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

AIR.—*Same as foregoing.*

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town.
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nae sallow ken, there's nae sallow guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time draws near again
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

MADAME CAMPORESE.

WHILST in Paris, I was introduced to Camporese, in the autumn of 1816, by Pucitta, at the house of the celebrated composer Paer. She did me the favour to sing, and was accompanied by that great master on the piano. The next place where I saw her was at the Scala at Milan. The people crowded nightly to hear her. She was an immense favourite; and many anecdotes were told of her kindness and the excellence of her disposition. The following is one.

An intimate acquaintance waited on her one morning to make a request. In the hospital for the insane, a man was confined, literally *fanatico per musica*; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had by some accident heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city, and immediately conceived an ungovernable wish to hear her. For awhile his representations passed unnoticed, he grew outrageous, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state, Camporese's friend had beheld him.

She was dressing for an evening party, when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it. Then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, "Come then." "Whither?" "To the Ospedale." "But why? there is no occasion to go now—to-morrow, or the next day." "To-morrow—no, indeed, if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly." And they went.

Being shown into a room, separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed, at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered, she sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under the bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music, but Camporese running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness, that the music seemed excellent. "Sing it me once more," said the maniac. She did so, and departed accompanied by his prayers, and the tears of the spectators.

Few public performers have received the same degree of countenance in private circles as Madame Camporese. She was treated, by persons of the first quality, with all the respect and attention befitting her talent and character, mingling in their entertainments, not as merely tolerated, but recognised as one whose respectable birth and connexions qualified her to mix in polished society. The Countess St. Antonio, one of the most distinguished patrons of the Italian Opera, was her firm friend; so were the Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol; and a number of celebrated names might be added.

Camporese's countenance, fraught with a power of the most vivid change of expression, accommodated itself to every grade of passion, and in all its inflexions showed the operations of a mind capable of appreciating the niceties of character. She never sang a character merely, without looking and acting it.

At the conclusion of the season of 1823, Madame Camporese took her final farewell of the English stage. Respected and regarded as she had been, she could not leave, without regret, a country where her talents had been equally appreciated and encouraged. Other performers, it is true, may have received more

enthusiastic applause in public, as claimed by their superior physical powers; but in private society, none ever received the distinction bestowed on Camporese. Her kind and affectionate disposition was very sensitive to these marks of friendly interest, and her love for the country where they had been shewn her, was manifested in her anxiety to take with her memorials of England. She took away the Worcester china, the glass, and all the articles of English produce or manufacture, which she had used during her residence here. Few things are more grateful to dwell on than these little touches of feeling, which shew the unclouded purity of the heart, beneath all those artificial coverings, with which business and the cares of life invest the character. After taking a grateful leave of those to whose kindness she felt so much indebted, Camporese returned to Italy, and along with her husband, took up her residence at Rome, where they yet continue, under their proper name of Giustiniani.

Some of her English friends have visited her since her restoration to Italy, and speak with an uniform voice of her desire to please and oblige. I have already mentioned the attention paid to her by the Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol; and when the sister of the Marchioness visited Camporese at Rome, the latter sent many little remembrances to those in England whom she looked upon with gratitude.—*Ebers' Seven Years of the King's Theatre.*

ANECDOTE OF MADAME MALIBRAN.—One evening she felt rather annoyed at the general prejudice, expressed by the company then present, against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music; some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction. Malibran in vain endeavoured to maintain that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies, peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers, Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, &c.; declaring her belief, that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the works of a Signor Vescovo, or Cuerno, thus Italianising and Espagnolising their names, they would *faire furore*. In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarrerria. She commenced—the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began:—

Maria trayga nn caldero,
De aqua, Llama levante
Maria pou tu caldero
Ayamos nuestro te.

She finished—the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justice of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to their argument, if the same air sung adagio should be found equally beautiful when played presto. The parties were agreed; when to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody, which she had so divinely sung, was, on being played quick, instantly recognised as a popular English nursery song, by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

Maria trayga un caldero,
means literally, "Molly, put the kettle on!"—*Memoirs of Madame Malibran.*

WHEN ROSIE WAS FAITHFU'.

*Tannahill.**R. A. Smith.**Moderato.*

When Ro - sie was faith - fu', how hap - py was I! Still glad - some as sim - mer the

time glid - ed by; I play'd my harp chee - ry, while fond - ly I sang, Of the

charms of my Ro - sie the win - ter nights lang; But now I'm as wae - fu' as

wae - fu' can be, Come sim - mer come win - ter 'tis a' ane to me, For the

dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul, That cheerless for eye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
 Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
 And the thoughts of her beauty but feeds my despair;
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
 As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast:
 Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
 Thou wak'd'st me to tortures unequal'd before;
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
 And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

THE HARPER OF MULL.

THE story of the "Harper of Mull," on which T.annahill founded the preceding song, may be thus abridged:—

In the Island of Mull there lived a harper who was distinguished for his professional skill, and the affectionate simplicity of his manners. He was attached to Rosie, the fairest flower of the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards, he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank, almost lifeless, into the harper's arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid round her shivering frame; but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter, on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspecting of others, paced slowly along, leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round and beheld the faithless fair seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed in astonishment, gazed at them. Then, slowly turning his steps homewards, he sighing exclaimed—"Fool that I was, to burn my harp for her!"—*Ramsay's Tannahill.*

THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

A COUNTRY TALE.

WILLIAM JERVIS, the only son of a rich carpenter, in the county town of B—, had been attached, almost from childhood, to his fair neighbour, Mary Price, the daughter of a haberdasher in a great way of business, who lived in the same street. The carpenter, a frugal artisan of the old school, who trusted to indefatigable industry for getting on in life, had an instinctive mistrust of the more dashing and speculative tradesman, and even, in the height of prosperity, looked with cold and doubtful eyes on his son's engagement. Mr. Price's circumstances, however, seemed, and at the time were, so flourishing, and his daughter's character so excellent, that to refuse his consent would have been an unwarrantable stretch of authority. All that our prudent carpenter could do was, to delay the union, in hopes that something might still occur to break it off; and when, ten days before the time finally fixed for the marriage, the result of an unsuccessful speculation placed Mr. Price's name in the Gazette, most heartily did he congratulate himself on the foresight which had saved him from the calamity of a portionless daughter-in-law. He had, however, miscalculated the strength of his son's affection for poor Mary, for, on Mr. Price's lying within a very few months, of a broken heart, William Jervis, after vainly trying every mode of appeal to his obdurate father, married the orphan girl—in the desperate hope, that the step being once

taken, and past all remedy, an only child would find forgiveness for an offence attended by so many extenuating circumstances.

But here, too, William, in his turn, miscalculated the invincible obstinacy of his father's character. He ordered his son from his house and his presence, dismissed him from his employment, forbade his very name to be mentioned in his hearing, and up to the time at which our story begins, comforted himself exactly as if he never had had a child.

William, a dutiful, affectionate son, felt severely the deprivation of his father's affection, and Mary, felt for her William; but so far as regarded their worldly concerns, I am almost afraid to say how little they regretted their change of prospects. Young, healthy, active, wrapt up in each other and in their lovely little girl, they found small difficulty and no hardship in earning—he by his trade, at which he was so good a workman as always to command high wages, and she by needle-work—sufficient to supply their humble wants; and when the kindness of Walter Price, Mary's brother, who had again opened a shop in the town, enabled them to send their little Susy to a school of a better order than their own funds would have permitted, their utmost ambition seemed gratified.

Mrs. Jervis possessed, in a remarkable degree, the rare quality called taste; and the ladies of B—, delighted to find an opportunity of at once exercising their benevolence, and procuring exquisitely-fancied caps and bonnets at half the cost which they had been accustomed to pay to the fine yet vulgar milliner who had hitherto ruled despotically over the fashions of the place, did not fail to rescue their new and interesting protegee from the drudgery of sewing white seam, and of poring over stitching and button-holes.

For some years, all prospered in their little household. Susy grew in stature and in beauty, retaining the same look of intelligence and sweetness which had in her early childhood fascinated all beholders. Even her stern grandfather, now become a master builder, and one of the richest tradesmen in the town, had been remarked to look long and wistfully on the lovely little girl, as, holding by her father's hand, she tripped lightly to church, although, on that father himself, he never deigned to cast a glance; so that the more acute denizens of B— used to prognosticate that, although William was disinherited, Mr. Jervis's property would not go out of the family.

So matters continued awhile. Susan was eleven years old, when a stunning and unexpected blow fell upon them all. Walter Price, her kind uncle, who had hitherto seemed as prudent as he was prosperous, became involved in the stoppage of a great Glasgow house, and was obliged to leave the town; whilst her father, having unfortunately accepted bills drawn by him, under an assurance that they should be provided for long before they became due, was thrown into prison for the amount. There was, indeed, a distant hope that the affairs of the Glasgow house might come round, or, at least, that Walter Price's concerns might be disentangled from theirs, and, for this purpose, his presence, as a man full of activity and intelligence, was absolutely necessary in Scotland: but this prospect was precarious and distant. In the meantime, William Jervis lay lingering in prison, his creditor relying avowedly on the chance that a rich father could not, for shame, allow his son to perish there; whilst Mary, sick, helpless, and desolate, was too

broken-spirited to venture an application to a quarter, from whence any slight hope that she might otherwise have entertained, was entirely banished by the recollection that the penalty had been incurred through a relation of her own.

"Why should I go to him?" said poor Mary to herself, when referred by Mr. Barnard, her husband's creditor, to her wealthy father-in-law—"why trouble him? He will never pay my brother's debt: he would only turn me from his door, and, perhaps, speak of Walter and William in a way that would break my heart." And with her little daughter in her hand, she walked slowly back to a small room that she had hired near the gaol, and sat down sadly and heavily to the daily diminishing millinery work, which was now the only resource of the once happy family.

In the afternoon of the same day, as old Mr. Jervis was seated in a little summer house at the end of his neat garden, gravely smoking his pipe over a tumbler of spirits and water, defiling the delicious odour of his honeysuckles and sweet-briars by the two most atrocious smells on this earth—the fumes of tobacco and of gin—his meditations, probably none of the most agreeable, were interrupted, first by a modest single knock at the front-door, which, the intermediate doors being open, he heard distinctly, then by a gentle parley, and, lastly, by his old housekeeper's advance up the gravel walk, followed by a very young girl, who approached him hastily yet tremblingly, caught his rough hand with her little one, lifted up a sweet face, where smiles seemed breaking through her tears, and, in an attitude between standing and kneeling—an attitude of deep reverence—faltered, in a low, broken voice, one low, broken word—"Grandfather!"

"How came this child here?" exclaimed Mr. Jervis, endeavouring to disengage the hand which Susan had now secured within both hers—"how dared you let her in, Norris, when you knew my orders respecting the whole family?"

"How dared I let her in?" returned the housekeeper—"how could I help it? Don't we all know that there is not a single house in the town where little Susan (heaven bless her dear face!) is not welcome? Don't the very gaolers themselves let her into the prison before hours and after hours? And don't the sheriff himself, for as strict as he is said to be, sanction it? Speak to your grandfather, Susy love—don't be dashed:" and, with this encouraging exhortation, the kind-hearted housekeeper retired.

Susan continued, clasping her grandfather's hand, and leaning her face over it as if to conceal the tears which poured down her cheeks like rain.

"What do you want with me, child?" at length interrupted Mr. Jervis in a stern voice. "What brought you here?"

"Oh, grandfather! Poor father's in prison!"

"I did not put him there," observed Mr. Jervis, coldly; "you must go to Mr. Barnard on that affair."

"Mother did go to him this morning," replied Susan, "and he told her that she must apply to you —"

"Well!" exclaimed the grandfather, impatiently.

"But she said she dared not, angry as you were with her—more especially as it is through uncle Walter's misfortune that all this misery has happened. Mother dared not come to you."

"She was right enough there," returned Mr. Jervis. "So she sent you?"

"No, indeed, she knows nothing of my coming. She sent me to carry home a cap to Mrs. Taylor,

who lives in the next street, and as I was passing the door it came into my head to knock—and then Mrs. Norris brought me here—Oh, grandfather! I hope I have not done wrong! I hope you are not angry! but if you were to see how sad and pale poor father looks in that dismal prison; and poor mother, how sick and ill she is, how her hand trembles when she tries to work. Oh, grandfather! if you could but see them you would not wonder at my boldness."

"All this comes of trusting to a speculating knave like Walter Price!" observed Mr. Jervis rather as a soliloquy than to the child, who, however, heard and replied to the remark.

"He was very kind to me, was uncle Walter! He put me to school to learn reading and writing, and cyphering, and all sorts of needle-work; not a charity-school, because he wished me to be amongst decent children, and not to learn bad ways. And he has written to offer to come to prison himself, if father wishes it; and indeed, indeed, grandfather, my uncle Walter is not so wicked as you think for—indeed he is not."

"This child is grateful!" was the thought that passed through her grandfather's mind, but he did not give it utterance. He, however, drew her closer to him, and seated her in the summer-house at his side. "So you can read and write, and keep accounts, and do all sorts of needle-work, can you, my little maid? And you can run of errands, doubtless, and are handy about a house. Should you like to live with me and Norris, and make my shirts, and read the newspaper to me of an evening, and learn to make puddings and pies, and be my own little Susan? Eh? Should you like this?"

"Oh, grandfather!" exclaimed Susan, enchanted. "And water the flowers," pursued Mr. Jervis, "and root out the weeds, and gather the beau-pots? Is not this a nice garden, Susy?"

"Oh, beautiful! dear grandfather, beautiful!"

"And you would like to live with me in this pretty house and this beautiful garden; should you Susy?"

"Oh yes, dear grandfather!"

"And never wish to leave me?"

"Oh, never! never!"

"Nor to see the dismal gaol again—the dismal, dreary gaol?"

"Never!—but father is to live here too?" enquired Susan, interrupting herself—"father and mother?"

"No!" replied her grandfather—"neither of them. It was you whom I asked to live here with me. I have nothing to do with them, and you must choose between us."

"They not live here! I to leave my father and my mother—my own dear mother, and she so sick! my own dear father, and he in a gaol! Oh, grandfather, you cannot mean it; you cannot be so cruel!"

"There is no cruelty in the matter, Susan. I give you the offer of leaving your parents, and living with me; but I do not compel you to accept it. You are an intelligent little girl, and perfectly capable of choosing for yourself. But I beg you to take notice that, by remaining with them, you will not only share, but increase their poverty; whereas, with me you will not only enjoy every comfort yourself, but relieve them from the burthen of your support."

"It is not a burthen," replied Susan, firmly—"I know that, young, and weak, and ignorant as I am now, I am yet of some use to my dear mother, and of some comfort to my dear father; and every day I

shall grow older and stronger, and more able to be a help to them both. And to leave them! to live here in plenty, whilst they were starving! to be gathering posies, whilst they were in prison! Oh, grandfather! I should die of the very thought. I thank you for your offer," continued she, rising, and dropping her little curtsy, "but my choice is made. Good evening, grandfather!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, Susy," rejoined her grandfather, "don't be in such a hurry: you and I shan't part so easily. You're a dear little girl, and since you won't stay with me, I must e'en go with

you. The father and mother who brought up such a child, must be worth bringing home. So, with your good leave, Miss Susan, we'll go and fetch them."

And, in the midst of Susy's rapturous thanks, her kisses, and her tears, out they sallied; and the money was paid, and the debtor released, and established with his overjoyed wife, in the best room of Mr. Jervis's pretty habitation, to the unspeakable gratitude of the whole party, and the extatic delight of the CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.—*Country Stories*, by Miss Mitford.

T WAS YOU SIR.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Mornington.

1
"Twas you Sir, 'twas you Sir, I tell you no-thing

2
'Tis true, Sir, 'tis true Sir, you look so ve-ry

3
O Sir, no Sir, no no no no no Sir, how can you wrong me

2
new Sir, 'twas you that kiss'd the pret-ty girl, 'twas you Sir, you.

3
blue, Sir, 'twas you that kiss'd the pret-ty girl, 'twas you 'tis true.

1
so, Sir, I did not kiss the pret-ty girl, but I know who.

INFLUENCE OF SINGING UPON PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The various parts of the human body, in order that they may be kept in a healthy and active condition, require to be exercised according to the different functions assigned to them by nature. We are provided with a voice having the two-fold power of articulating words, and of uttering musical sounds.

We may thence conclude, that both singing and speaking contribute to maintain, and even to improve, the healthy state of the various muscles and other organs, called into action when these physical faculties are exercised. The first question, however, that suggests itself when we would consider the peculiar advantages singing affords to physical education, is this: Why do we prefer singing to performance on any musical instrument; and why does

the former exercise a more powerful influence than the latter, on physical education? This question will be easily solved by an analysis of the results already obtained from the practice of singing: these results sufficiently prove that the elementary exercise of this art materially aids the future development of the chief physical faculties, and prepares that development by removing such obstacles as the individual organization of the pupil may offer; under which latter circumstance instruction in singing is peculiarly valuable as a remedial measure.

One of the first benefits arising from vocal instruction, is improvement in speaking. It has been justly asserted that singing is the most effective means of improving the organs, if naturally good, and of correcting any defect in the speech; such as stammering, hissing, or a nasal enunciation. We therefore act in direct opposition to the purpose, and diminish the utility of vocal instruction if, as is frequently done, we exclude from it those children who have defects in the organs of speech. Such natural impediments, if made known at first, may be entirely overcome, provided the master apply earnest care to their removal, and the pupil attend with persevering patience to his advice.

In the manner of speaking, as well as of singing, as in the voice itself, there is a marked difference in different persons. This difference consists in more or less facility of utterance, more or less agreeableness of pronunciation, and in the peculiar tone with which nature has provided each individual. However various the shades of voice and tone, the practice of singing will be for all, we are assured, a never-failing means of improvement.

Instruction in singing serves to develop and cultivate the sense of hearing, the organs of which, like those of the voice, are not equally perfect in every individual. A great error will therefore be committed, in depriving those children of singing lessons who do not in the first instance evince a decidedly musical disposition, or what is popularly termed a musical ear. That quality, or faculty, is developed much more slowly in some persons than in others; there are some, indeed, in whom it seems totally deficient; but its absence often proceeds from their seldom or never having heard singing, and from their consequently not having had the opportunity of imitating the tones of others. By listening to singing we learn to distinguish the relative position of the notes uttered by the voice; our ear thus becomes practised, and able to convey the nicest distinction of tone to the seat of perception. Thus, by endeavouring gradually to imitate others, we succeed in rendering the organs of voice capable of reproducing the sounds which the ear has received.

We come now to consider the influence of singing on the health of children. One of the prejudices most obstinately maintained against teaching children to sing, arises from an opinion frequently broached, that singing, if practised at a tender age, may have a baneful influence on the health, and occasion spitting of blood, and other pulmonary affections. It is not long since this idea prevailed in Germany also; but the most minute investigations, made by governments as well as parents, have proved it to be quite erroneous. From the many thousand instances of contrary results, the German people have at last learnt the utter fallacy of this notion, and have not only ceased to dread singing as being injurious to health, but go so far as to con-

sider it one of the most efficacious means for giving strength and vigour to all the physical organs it calls into action. Nothing is better calculated than the practice of singing, to produce the power of free and lengthened respiration. In confirmation of this we may safely refer to all who have cultivated their voices, and who have been able to compare the results of their first, with those of their subsequent lessons. At the commencement, to take a long breath, as it is familiarly expressed, is very annoying to the learner; he finds it difficult to hold even a quarter note [crotchet], and several quarters in succession entirely exhaust his breath; but in a short time the pupil gains so much facility, that he finds it less fatiguing to sing several quarters with one breath, than to take breath at each note. He acquires by degrees the power of singing two, three, four quarters; then two, three, four halves [minims] consecutively, of a quicker or slower movement. It often occurs, that it would be beyond the capability of an untrained adult to sing that the lungs of a child execute with ease. Nevertheless, in this case as in every other, excess would become injurious, and it would be as dangerous to fatigue the pupil by prolonged exercise, as it would be unjust to ascribe every pulmonary complaint by which he may be affected, to the practice of singing.

On the whole, then, we are convinced that singing, or as it may be termed, the art of breathing, is one of the best preventives of, and surest remedies for, general weakness of the chest; and that its use, provided always it be proportioned to the other physical powers of the singer, is calculated to exert a most favourable influence on delicate constitutions, to impart vigour to the organs connected with the lungs, and thus to conduce to a healthy state of all parts of the body.—*Mainzer's Singing for the Million.*

A POWERFUL INSTRUMENT.—During the early part of the French invasion of Algiers—occupation, we believe, is the milder diplomatic term—a small party of the French troops fell into an Arab ambuscade, and those who were not immediately slain or taken prisoners, were obliged to place more trust in their heels than their muskets. It happened that the regimental band was with the party, and the musicians made a retreat with the rest, in a *prestissimo* movement of the most rapid execution. The ophicleid player was, however, embarrassed by his instrument, and he was hesitating about carrying it further, when, happening to cast a Parthian glance behind, to his consternation, he beheld an Arab horseman close upon him. Further flight was useless; there was nothing for it but to fight or surrender. Years of desert slavery made a gloomy prospect; and yet what could his side-sword avail against the spear of his pursuer? Desperation is the parent of many a strange resource. The lately abused ophicleid was lifted to his shoulder, musket fashion, and the musket brought to cover his foe. The Arab was struck with panic; doubtless this was some new devilry of those accursed Giaours—some machine of death, with a mouth big enough to sweep half his tribe into eternity. Not a second did he hesitate, but, wheeling round, he galloped off at a pace that soon took him out of what he conceived might be the range of this grandfather of all the muskets. Had Prospero been there to have treated him to a blast, something between a volcano and a typhoon, that side of Mount Atlas would never have beheld him more. Our musician made his retreat good, with a higher opinion of the powers of his instrument than he ever before possessed; and the story was the amusement of the French army for many a day afterwards.

THE MANLY HEART.

DUET FROM "DER ZAUBERFLOTE."

*Andantino.**Mozart.*

The man - ly heart with love o'er - flow - ing, Each fair - er

vir - tue calls its own, 'Tis beau - ty's task soft smiles be - stow - ing, To share and

soothe the Lov - er's moan, Hail sa - cred love thro' heav'n and earth, Hail sa - cred

flame, that gave us birth, Hail sa - cred flame that gave us birth.

And love tho' ills of life be - gnail - ing, The soul in will - ing bon - dage

leads, And while to peace each trou - ble smil - ing, It's po - tent sway all na - ture

pleads, Nor aught can dear-er rap - tures prove, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly

love, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly love, Love and Truth,

And Truth and Love, Love and Truth, and Truth and Love, E - mu -

late the joys a - bove, Love and Truth, and Truth and Love, E - mu -

late the joys a - bove - - - - - the joys a -

bove - - - - - the joys a - bove.

MUSIC AMONGST THE ARABS.

M. Edmond Combes, commissioned by the French government to renew his explorations in Abyssinia, has addressed a letter to the editors of *La France Musicale*, dated from the ruins of Thebes [1839,] giving some account of the state of music in the East, and musical feeling amongst the Arabs, of which the following passages may interest our readers:—"In quitting France, I have regretted few things so much as the music I leave behind. As often, therefore, as an opportunity has presented itself of listening to music, I have seized it with avidity. At Malta, I was present at the representation of Mercadante's '*I Briganti*,' but, in spite of my inclination to be satisfied with the orchestra and singers, I am obliged to avow that they were detestable; and greatly was I grieved to hear this score of Mercadante, which seems to me very fine, so ill understood and interpreted. I found, too, a theatre at Alexandria, and another at Cairo; but he who would enjoy them must not be too particular. Nevertheless, the establishment of these two theatres in a Mussulman country is a remarkable fact, well worth recording. Arab music makes little progress; it is monotonous, without sweetness or charm of any kind. The Arabs have some few melodies slightly striking; but all the rest are impressed with one character, which offers no variety. Of harmony, they are entirely ignorant. If they sing in chorus, they sing the same notes; and yet they are passionate lovers of music. No *fete* can take place amongst them without music, nor do they ever work but to the accompaniment of singing. Their musical sense only wants enlightening; they want composers and teachers. It is remarkable that music is here more intensely felt by the multitude—the populace—than by the higher classes. The few European musicians who have visited Egypt, have asserted that the Arabs were insensible to *our* music. This is not strictly true; and the following incident proves the contrary:—We were journeying towards Upper Egypt, and had halted in the neighbourhood of a beautiful village, called Magaga, situated betwixt Benisouef and Mignie, on the left bank of the Nile. The sky was cloudless, and the full moon shone on a fairy landscape. The ripples of the river ran silver in its light, and majestic palm trees threw their waving shadows on the bank. At intervals veiled women passed silently by; and in the distance was heard the barking of famished dogs. The firmament glittered with stars; and I wandered slowly through the palm-groves, drinking in the beauty of the spectacle which spread out before me. All at once, I was seized with a passionate desire for music, and I entreated Peluchenu, one of my travelling companions, to send for his violin, which was in the boat, and play for me. With his accustomed courtesy, he indulged my longing; and at the first sounds of his instrument, a number of natives, who were scattered about, grouped themselves around us, and leaning on their clubs, listened attentively. The first pieces played were heard in silence, and it was evident that the auditors were agreeably affected by the music. A murmur of pleasure hailed the overture to '*La Caravane*;' but the enthusiasm somewhat cooled at the *andante*. A waltz, by Labitski, excited transports; but Weber's Last Waltz seemed to strike them as wearisome. The allegros, the quick and light movements, were decidedly more to their taste than grave and imposing compositions. The '*Prayer of Moses*,' however, made a profound

impression on them. They listened in religious silence, and questioned us as to the meaning of that mysterious and sublime language. When I explained to them that it was the prayer of a prophet to God, they asked for a repetition of it; and when their request was complied with, they looked at one another with astonishment, and expressed their admiration by a general exclamation. An Arab never stands when he can sit; yet, so long as the sounds of the violin continued, no one sat down: the pleasure which they evidently experienced made them forget that they were on their legs—a fact sufficiently remarkable to any one familiar with oriental habits. A native—I mean an Arabian—air, performed by Peluchenu, concluded the musical entertainments of an evening which will be long impressed on my memory. Peluchenu was vehemently applauded; and the Arabs—grateful for the pleasure which they had received from us—repaid the debt by dancing to the sound of the tarabouk, and singing their favourite airs. We passed a portion of the night beneath the palm-groves, and the hours glided rapidly away. I hope, shortly, to send you some of these airs noted, with some curious details of the actual state of music amongst the Arabs."—*Athenæum*.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. WOOD.—A General, living in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, who had become suddenly rich, furnished a house in a costly manner, and gave gay parties. He had little else but his wealth, however, to render them attractive; his wife being especially untutored and unpolished, as he had married before he became rich, and both were elevated to their present importance without the requisite personal qualifications to sustain it. To render one of their parties more than usually popular, they invited Mr. and Mrs. Wood among their guests; these at first respectfully declined, on the ground of fatigue; but they were pressed with so much earnestness, that they at length were subdued into consent. When the entertainments of the evening were fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visitors had sung, the hostess invited Mrs. Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but Mrs. Wood begged, with a very serious countenance, to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence, and a fixed stare; but at length, the disappointed hostess broke forth:—"What! not sing! Mrs. Wood; why, it was for this that I invited you to my party. I should not have thought of asking you but for this; and I told all my guests that you were coming, and that they would hear you sing!" "Oh!" replied Mrs. Wood, with great readiness, "that quite alters the case; I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately!" "That's a *good* creature," rejoined the hostess, "I thought you could not persist in refusing me." So Mrs. Wood seated herself at the piano, sang delightfully, and, to the entire gratification of hostess and guests, gave, without hesitation, every song she was asked for, and some were encored. On the following day, however, when the host and hostess were counting up the cost of their entertainment, (for, rich as they were, they had not lost their former regard for economy,) to their utter consternation there came to a bill from Mr. Wood of two hundred dollars for Mrs. Wood's "professional services" at the party of the preceding evening, accompanied by a note, couched in terms which made it quite certain that the demand would be legally enforced if attempted to be resisted; and, however much they were mortified by this unexpected demand, they deemed it most prudent to pay it and hold their tongues.—*Buckingham's America*.

BRAW, BRAW LADS

Words by Burns.

Slow with expression.

Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wander thro' the bloom - ing heather, But

rit. f.

Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla Wa - ter.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better,
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure,
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

SINGING CLASSES IN PARIS.

PARIS, JANUARY 18th, 1840.—Two years ago, while writing to you from hence, I described the exhibition of part-singing, directed by M. Mainzer, in the Place de l'Estrapade. This time I have been admitted to the inspection of the singing classes among the operatives, organized according to M. Wilhem's system.

* * * A leaf from my journal, in which is chronicled my Saturday evening's occupation, may afford some far-off idea of one of its best features—namely, its providing adequate and simultaneous interest and occupation for scholars of every degree, from the urchin, on his first evening's entrance from the *quai* or alley, progressively upward to the well-practised monitor, so firm in scientific knowledge, that he is able not only to read, at sight, a single *solfeggio* from Steffani, Durante, and Handel, of any intricacy, but also to maintain his own part in proper style and spirit, however complicated be the whole, of which that part is only a third or a fourth.

The dark, dingy, *Halle des Draps*, where the pupils assemble, was filled with busy, industrious individuals, and wore an air of animation and rational enjoyment which was delightful. I was present at the drilling of a class of men, of all ages, and, it seemed, of all conditions. When the moment for commencement arrived, the entire party

was separated into twenty or thirty smaller companies, each numbering some fifteen or twenty individuals—each, too, under the guidance of a monitor, who referred to an exercise board in aid of his explanations. Thus arranged, they extended round the room, leaving its centre free for the superintendent, who, baton and tuning-fork in hand, presided over their exercises. Nearest the door were the new comers, to whom their monitor was explaining the numbers of notes in the scale, and their names, "*Do, re, mi,*" &c.—availing himself, at the same time, of an ingenious *memoria technica*, which is one of the peculiar inventions of M. Wilhem's system, and in which the fingers, and the spaces between them, are employed by the neophyte to represent to himself the octave and its divisions. The next knot consisted of those who, having learned their notes, were reading *verbally*, not *vocally*, a scale exercise, in which some of the simplest divisions of rhythm and tune were inculcated. A third group was studying the first intervals—the hand alphabet which I have mentioned being employed by all, and every pupil being compelled to read and count his exercise ere he attempt to sing it; while a fourth party was taking in filths, sevenths, ninths, &c.; and so on, until those were progressively reached who were firm and ready enough to attack a composition in two or more parts. It was so arranged, that while

one section of the pupils was singing, others might continue their *reading* practice undisturbed; and, from a careful inspection of the whole, resulted the impression, that no element of music was overlooked, or its comprehension empirically forced upon the pupil before he was prepared for its reception. I ought to add, that the exercises commenced and closed by the whole body singing the scale together: first, the notes of the common chord—then the tones and semi-tones of the octave, ascending and descending, *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*—now detached, now bound—then in thirds—lastly, in a full harmony, of three parts. The effect of this, from the purity, firmness, and sweetness of the tone, was very fine.

If I was musically pleased with the results of a system so comprehensive in its operation, I was no less morally gratified by the diligence and respectable demeanour of the learners. The mature man of forty (and there were many such in the company) was not more sedulous or attentive than the *gamin* of twelve, with his longer life of a tenor or bass voice before him. There was no rude joking—no making a pretext of the presence of strangers for carelessness or want of application. All seemed interested, because amused, by that healthiest of all amusements, the reception of new ideas, upon a subject in itself welcome and agreeable. I must insist, moreover, that M. Wilhem's method, here carried into effect by his able pupil, M. Hubert, seems excellent, as inculcating, from the first, some principles of style as well as of science. Of this, I had confirmatory proof in the exercises gone through by the monitors after their pupils were dismissed. These young men first read, and afterwards sang, *solfeggi* of great complication and difficulty, at first in single parts, then in combination; and this, not merely with a mechanical firmness, which no syn-copation, or protracted division, or difficult interval, or accidental sharp or flat, could shake; but with a feeling for that expression and regulation of phrase, which, when in perfection, almost as much as physical attainment, distinguishes a Thalberg or a Mendelssohn from the well-trained child, who makes

impartial friends yawn with her *pianism* at holiday-tide! In short, all that I saw and heard satisfied me highly at the moment—satisfies me yet more completely on reflection.

JANUARY 27th.—I have a word or two more to say about the Singing Schools. The other morning I heard the girls of a charity school go through their vocal exercises, on the plan described in my last; and, I think, even with greater satisfaction than I had derived from watching the progress of those, from whose riper years we might expect concentration and attention. Some of the children could hardly have reached eight years of age; yet they were in the firm possession of the elements of music; while the first class, without preparation or warning, executed *solfeggi*, contrived at the moment, by M. Hubert, which, I am sure, would have baffled nineteen out of twenty English professors. The universal truth of their intonation struck me as much as this clever readiness, which proved them to be armed at all points. M. Wilhem considers that, to this, the use of his Manual Alphabet largely conduces. I saw many of the youngest children correct themselves when at a loss, by employing it; and this with a quickness and certainty, which a glance at a printed stave would hardly have ensured. I regret that I shall not witness some of the grand results of this contemporaneous tuition—one of those meetings when all the separate classes are united to execute full choruses, in the presence of their families and of the municipal authorities. (Think what a sublime effect might be thus produced on the occasion of the assembling of our charity children in St. Paul's!) I have no doubt of their ability to meet the call upon them by any composition. I am sure of the high pleasure which must be derived from seeing the vagrant and "dangerous" population of a feverish metropolis like this combining in a pursuit which links them with the highest and most refined, and which—unless the old poets and proverbialists be so many false prophets—cannot pass away without some humanising results.—*Athenæum*.

WIND GENTLE EVERGREEN.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Hayes.

1
Wind gen - tle e - ver - green, to form a shade a -

2
Sweet I - vy lend thine aid and in - ter - twine with

3
So shall thy last - - ing leaves with beau - ty lung, prove

round the tomb where Soph - o - cles is laid.

blush - ing Ros - es and the clust - ring vine.

grate - ful em - blems of the lays he sung.

HULLAH'S CLASSES AT EXETER HALL.

DURING the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate successors, a knowledge of vocal or instrumental music formed a necessary part of the education of every person who wished to be considered as well informed. The individual who could not join in a madrigal, or take his part in a song for various voices, was treated as a person whose education had been neglected, and folks "wondered where such people had been brought up." The busy time of Oliver Cromwell and the gloomy tenets of the Puritans frowned down a great deal of this cheerful and healthy feeling for a season. The Restoration succeeded, and singing became again a fashionable thing, but associated as it was too frequently with the loose rhymes of the Rochesteres, the Sedleys and D'Urfeyes of that licentious period, it failed in getting an universal footing among all classes, and had little or no claims upon the consideration of those individuals whose sense of propriety refused to adopt such an union. The string of fiddlers introduced by Charles II. into the Chapel Royal, in allusion to which the song of "Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all of a row" was written, tended so little to make church music popular; that it only excited feelings of astonishment and dislike, and the music of the people became almost exclusively confined to simple ballad melodies. For such airs they always had an open ear and ready voice, and the gay strains of Lilliburlero aided powerfully in bringing about the deposition of James II., and the glorious revolution of 1688. "It made an impression," says Burnet, "on the King's army that cannot be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually." This powerful charm, inherent in many strains, has been frequently observed. Napoleon forbade under pain of death the playing of the "Ranz des Vaches" in his army, as the melody had such an effect on his Swiss soldiers that they deserted in dozens, the melody having excited an unconquerable home sickness by its associations with their native land.

The distaste of the English for music had become a word of reproach among the neighbouring nations during the reign of the Georges, and certainly with some reason. A lively sense of its importance as a means of national improvement is of the recent growth of the last few years. A legislator, a few

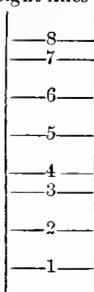
years ago, would have been—nay, has been, laughed at as an amiable visionary, for suggesting the propriety of making singing a part of education in every school. How forgetful were the laughers, of the important fact, that the coarseness of manners so painfully developed in too large a portion of our population was owing, in a great measure, if not entirely, to the want of more rational enjoyments, and the proper direction of their minds to higher means of gratification than the beer-shop could furnish, or the bull-bait present to them. It may thus raise the national mind through the gentle medium of its pleasures. Mr. Hullah and his music classes are an army to aid the good cause; a few pioneers have been struggling for years to make its way, but the deaf ear of government has only slowly and recently opened to the importance of their views.

John Hullah became first favourably known to the public as the composer of the music to "The Village Coquettes," a little opera by the celebrated "Boz," and which was for some time played at the St. James's Theatre. He is a young man of gentlemanly and prepossessing behaviour, and possesses that essential qualification in a teacher, without which he can never hope for great success—a good-natured kindness of feeling, that will smile when the scholar smiles, at anything ludicrous (and there are many things ludicrous in the system), or appreciate fully the difficulties a student may have to encounter, and do his best to remove such difficulties, by as clear an explanation as he can give, not with the sour air of a learned superior, but with the good nature of a friend; and this, in a great measure, is the secret of the success of a system that undoubtedly has many faults, and in other hands than Mr. Hullah's will fail in realising the expectations formed of it.

The method of teaching singing employed by Mr. Hullah, is an adaptation to English use of the one used in France by Monsieur Wilhem, a gentleman who had the good fortune to obtain the ear of the French Government, through the help of his friend Monsieur Orfila, a member of the "Conseil Royal" for public instruction. Wilhem ultimately reigned lord supreme as a teacher in Paris, to the exclusion of all other professors, towards whom a most unjustifiable spirit of illiberality prevailed. M. Mainzer, who was the first to shew how fruitful a field of instruction might be opened among the working

classes, on applying for leave to open *gratuitous* schools for their benefit in Paris, was refused, and having by great influence succeeded in giving a public concert in that capital, when nearly a thousand of his pupils, common working men of the city, whom he had taught gratuitously, executed a variety of concerted pieces with great precision and effect; he was never allowed to repeat his performances. The lame reason given was the fear of an *emeute*, if so large a number of working-men were allowed to meet; but M. Wilhem was allowed to continue with his myriads unmolested. This is not a solitary instance of exclusive patronage.

Let us walk into Exeter Hall, where, day and night, is to be seen the indefatigable and ever cheerful Hullah busily superintending his classes. He is mounted on the platform in front of the great organ and between two powerful lamps, where, baton in hand, he regulates the movements of some hundreds of pupils before him. Each pupil has a "Manual" of instructions open in front of his seat, and alternately listens to the teacher or goes through the exercises to be found in these lessons. We will begin "at the beginning." The first lesson teaches us what "scales" and "intervals" are; the major diatonic scale is "represented by a ladder," and the eight lines of this ladder represent the octave, the



first line being "Do" or C. The pupil is first taught to repeat the numbers in ascending the scale or ladder; at the same time elevating the right arm, and keeping the hand open, closing it on reaching the semitones at 3 and 7, and then descending, closing the hand at 8 and 4. The general effect of this process, when some hundreds are employed upon it, is not a little grotesque. The eager looks of the learners, who are doing something, for the first time in their lives, which they are anxious to do properly, the hundreds of up-

raised arms and clenched fists all directed towards Mr. Hullah, seem to give that gentleman a most unenviable position; albeit, it is quite irresistible to all who have a taste for the ludicrous, and we must plead guilty to a frequent laugh ourselves.

The hand is a very essential feature in the system, and is continually brought into use; the five fingers of the hand answer to the five lines in music; and the spaces between them to the corresponding musical spaces, the little finger representing the lowest line of the staff and the thumb the highest, thus taking in the notes from E to F; or, as this system calls them, from Mi to Fa. This method of naming the notes is open to many objections; the grand one being, that the pupil will begin and finish his course of lessons without being acquainted with the names of the notes as they are universally used in England. A writer in the *Spectator* of July 10th, 1841, says, "Turn one of Mr Hullah's pupils into any English orchestra, and he will be ignorant of the very language which is spoken and written by every performer in it. He will, literally, and not by a figure of speech, be ignorant of the difference between A and B." This is an unnecessary change, and will at once preclude the pupil from gaining any additional knowledge from the many works on singing published in this country, all of which are constructed according to the usual manner of naming the notes from the first seven letters of the alphabet.

The places of the notes on the five lines and spaces, or rather on the hand, having been taught;

beating time is the next part of the pupil's instruction. He takes a bar of four beats, and practises thus:—The left hand is held open, and with the palm uppermost, on a level with the waist; the right hand (also open) is first placed in contact with it, and is then moved swiftly, first across the chest towards the left elbow, then back in a contrary direction towards the right, is next raised directly upwards, and is then swiftly brought down upon the left palm, regaining the position from whence to recommence the same series of movements, and the hands thus clap together at every fourth movement. This action is accompanied at first, by counting 1, 2, 3, 4 (one at each move,) which after a little practice is abandoned for mental counting. The effect of this practice is singular to a spectator. Three or four hundred arms move backward, forward, up, and down, in solemn silence, and with various degrees of violence, until the fourth beat, when the ringing sound of an army of clapping hands echoes suddenly through the hall, followed by another deep quietude, to which another violent clap succeeds at proper intervals during the lesson. The violent contrasts of silence and noise are strikingly peculiar, and add much to the odd effect of the whole process.

The scholar is afterwards taught the value of a semibreve, minim, or crotchet, by repeating the word "semibreve" on the first beat, and remaining silent on the three following ones, repeating the word "minim" on the first and third beats, being silent on the second and fourth; while for crotchets he repeats that word shorn of a limb, and exclaims aloud "crotch" upon every move of his arm. The monotonous cry of "crotch, crotch," *ad libitum*, carries the imagination at once to a village duck-pond, and the "quack, quack," of its innocent tenants equally busy and harmless.

There is nothing very peculiar in the lessons that immediately follow these, or the songs introduced in them, except one on the interval of the octave, beginning—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

which never was, and never will be, sung without a roar of laughter. It is irresistibly funny (remember, dear reader, that we belong to the school of Democritus) to hear adults singing such words—men of thirty summers, or "by'r lady inclining to three-score," and jumping an octave at every other syllable. The words might do well for children, from them such words may come with propriety, but then the music! What child would, or rather what child *could*, sing it, except as a punishment? Such music should not be wedded to such words, and the sooner a divorce takes place the better.

The hand is again brought into use for sharps and flats, the central joint of each finger representing the natural notes, the tip of the finger the sharp notes, and the root the flats—thus, when the teacher points to the middle joint of the fore-finger, the pupils sing D natural, when he points to the tip of the little finger, they sing E sharp, to the root of the middle finger, B flat, and so on. This use of the hand is far from being a novelty, as is generally supposed. It is 700 years of age, being the invention of Guido Aretino, the musical mark of Arezzo, who flourished in the eleventh century, and who first applied the syllables still used in *soffeggio* exercises to the notes, having selected them from a catholic hymn to St. John. In England even it is no novelty, having been used for the same purpose forty years ago, but abandoned as an unprofitable waste of the pupil's

time. Surely the general disuse for centuries of so well known a thing is a sufficient proof of its worthlessness. It may amuse children who like to play with their fingers, but it can be attended by no better result, for it produces an association of *fixed* ideas, and as the key-note in music is constantly shifting, it can be nothing but an embarrassment to the pupil, because it is not adapted to such change of keys.

We must now close our necessarily brief notice of a system which at present occupies a considerable share of public attention. Let not our remarks be misunderstood. We hail with pleasure the introduction of a musical taste, and are glad to find it so extensively sought after. But "a clear stage and no favour" should be given, and we much doubt the amount of good that will be the *abiding* result of this system. It appears to us, and we speak from experience, that the pupils obtain only that amount of knowledge, which convinces men better grounded, of their ignorance. That they are herded together and driven on to a certain point, aided by the ear, listening to some few apter scholars, and are thus enabled to do much together, but to do nothing for themselves, we are certain. We speak of scholars who have been taught their *only* knowledge of music through this system, but a large number of scholars are to be found among a class who had some previous knowledge, therefore the public exhibition of their vocal powers is in nothing more wonderful than the public school examinations of pupils in arithmetic, who perform great feats while under the eye and system of the master, but who are utterly unfit for a counting-house. There is after all no royal road to learning of any sort, and the pupil after going certain lengths in such pretended road, is obliged to retrace his steps, or worse still, unlearn much that he has learned, and which only serves to hinder instead of aid him. The railroad system of tuition is always suspicious, and but throws hundreds of conceited smatterers upon a land where too many are already found. All such schemes, however successful in appearance, are

amazingly like the notable one of building a town without mortar.—*The Illustrated London News.*

ANECDOTE OF MADAME CATALANI.—When Captain Montague was cruising off Brighton, Madame Catalani was invited, with other ladies, to a brilliant *fete* on board his frigate. The captain went in his launch on shore, manned by more than twenty men, to escort the fair freight on board, and as the boat was cutting through the waves, Madame Catalani, without any previous notice, commenced "Rule Britannia." Had a voice from the great deep spoken, the effect could not have been more instantaneous and sublime. The sailors, not knowing whom they were rowing, were so astonished, that with one accord they rested on their oars, while tears trembled in the eyes of many of them. "You see, Madame," said the Captain, "the effect this favourite air has upon those brave men, when sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many victorious battles, but never felt any excitement equal to this." On arriving on board, the sailors, with his consent, entreated her to repeat the strain. She complied with increased effect, and with so much good nature, that when she quitted the ship they cheered her until she reached the shore.

A BROOK.

Choose in the middle wood a small green nook,
Through whose dim arbores winds a pausing brook,
Now with low chime—now with precipitate shout,
Amid the cool grass idling in and out—
Here in a short laugh let its music die—
There let it with uprisen songs sweep by,
But ever with its voice be blent the rustling
Of edging grass, and the unquiet bustling
Of the bold thrushes from the upper sky—
Within its current let the inverted trees
Glow with long chasms—while the capricious breeze
Widens or clasps their counterparts on high—
Through all the day in wood-paths let it flow—
Morning and sultry noon—but when the eve
Dusks the wide heaven above, the hills below,
And winds forlorn among the alders grin
In busier channels let its waters thrive
Afar by solitary cotes, anear
The hurrying voices of the pastoral hive,
And see the shepherd hark with sidelong ear!

GLORY BE TO GOD OUR KING.

SACRED CHORUS.

Haydn.

TENOR.

ALTO.

AIR.

BASS.

Thou hast bar'd thine arm di - vine, Wrought sal - va - tion, made us thine, Thou hast bar'd thine

Thou hast bar'd thine arm di - vine, Wrought sal - va - tion, made us thine, Thou hast bar'd thine

arm di - vine, Wrought sal - va - tion, made us thine. Wand'ring sheep how far, *Soli. p*

arm di - vine, Wrought sal - va - tion, made us thine. Wand'ring sheep how far, *Soli. p*

far from home, Sore be - wild - er'd did we roam, 'Till the gra-cious

far from home, Sore be - wild - er'd did we roam, 'Till the gra-cious

Shep-herd came. 'Till the gra-cious Shep-herd came, The Shep-herd sought and
 Shep-herd came, 'Till the gra-cious Shep-herd came, The Shep-herd sought and

f Tutti sav'd. O praise his name, O praise his name, Death no more we
f sav'd. O praise his name, O praise his name, Death no more we
p

ff dread thy sting, We joy-ful sing, We joy-ful
 dread thy sting, Sin sub-dued we joy-ful sing - - -, We joy-ful sing -
ff We joy-ful sing, We joy-ful

sing, We joy-ful sing, We joy-ful sing We joy-ful sing, Grave thy ter-rors
 We joy-ful sing - - - - -
 sing, We joy-ful sing, We joy-ful sing - - - - - Grave thy ter-rors
 We joy-ful sing,

we de - fy. We joy - ful sing, We joy - ful sing, We
 We joy - ful sing, - - - - -
 we de - fy. We joy - ful sing, We joy - ful sing - - - - -
 We joy - ful sing, We

joy - ful sing, Grave thy ter rors we de - fy; We shall live for Christ did die.
 - - - - -
 - - - - - Grave thy ter-rors we de - fy; We shall live for Christ did die.
 joy - ful sing,

O W A L Y W A L Y .

*Slow with expression.**Very Old*

O wa - ly wa - ly up the bank, And wa - ly wa - ly down the brae, And

wa - ly wa - ly yon burn side, Where I and my love went to gae. I

leant my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a trust - y tree, But

first it bow'd and syne it brake, And sae did my true love wi' me.

O waly waly love is bonny
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
 The sheits sall ne'er be press'd by me:
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true love's forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou come?
 And tak a life that wearies me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgowe town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
 And I mysell in eramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
 That love had been so ill to win,
 I had lock'd my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing over me.

THE STORM.—AN ANECDOTE OF THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER I.—1751.

ELEVEN o'clock at night sounded from the cathedral of St. Stephen; time's iron voice echoed far and wide through the still and deserted streets of the imperial city of Vienna with the deep and solemn tone peculiar to that hour, and which a great French poet has so well rendered in those two lines, the imitative harmony of which would do honour to the genius of a musician:

“Le bruit ébranle l'air, roule, et long-temps encore
Gronde comme enfermé sous la cloche sonore.”

At the sixth stroke of the hammer upon the bell, the door of a small obscure dwelling, against which a barber's ensign trembled in the wind, was opened by the hand of a young man apparently about nineteen years of age, and, by a counter movement closed again with nicely calculated precision, in order that such slight noise might be lost—absorbed in the pealing resound of the clock. But that sage precaution was rendered abortive by the indiscretion of the very party by whom it had been adopted. So that, as though some irresistible impulse stronger than prudence itself, had made him forget that silence was necessary to secure his retreat, scarcely had he placed foot in the street, ere he trilled with clear and melodious voice an extempore stave, to which the booming of the clock served as a bass, and which he ended in a sharp C several times repeated, whilst the bell-hammer struck the same note two octaves lower.

The principal, or to speak more correctly, the sole tenant of this dwelling, the barber Keller, shewed himself at the easement, and recognising the singer, “'Tis you, Joseph? I thought you had been within this long while; what the deuce are you at, my fine fellow, in the street at such an hour?”

Without making reply, and perhaps with a design to avoid the question, Joseph said to his interlocutor,

“With what sublime accents time speaks in the night by means of these clocks, don't you think so Master Keller? When all around is hushed and steeped in that repose which is born of fatigue, that voice, which the intelligence of man has given to time, still mounts towards heaven, to glorify him, even as a homage rendered while he sleeps; and hence it is, religious minds can never, under such thoughts and circumstances, hear it without emotion.”

“All very likely,” replied the barber; “but these fine metaphysics, of which I understand not one jot, don't explain to me the reason of your being in the street at this hour singing away there like a night-lark; you'll soon lose all the little voice you have left, and then, good bye to your pupils.”

“What matter!” replied the young man; “if I should become dumb, the violin will sing for me! Do you really think, then, my good friend, that I was created and brought into the world merely for the honour of the *solfà*? The meal of a nightingale is the pittance of those who have neither the head nor heart of a master. Be easy on that score, the airs that are humming through my brain, will never lack echoes for their repetition.”

“True, Joseph, thou art a great musician: I well know it. I have always said so from the first day I heard thee sing; and, out of gratitude for the pleasure afforded me, have I lodged and boarded you beneath my roof, ever since you were expelled from

the *soprani* class at St. Stephen's, for a boyish prank which merited not so severe a punishment. But don't let foolish ideas run in your head; throw not away that which you have in your possession, to run after a shadow.”

He reiterated his recommendation, and perceiving that the young man was not lending the most attentive ear possible, he followed it up with, “Come, get in doors.” “That's impossible,” said Joseph.—“And why, if it so please you?” “Because, far from wishing to come in, I was just taking my departure when you opened the casement.”

“Heaven forgive me!” cried Keller, gazing more attentively at him, “heaven forgive me, for as plain as I can see by help of the moonlight, thou hast decked thyself gaily, and wear'st the black coat thou w'e'rt wont to reserve for fete days alone. Ah! Joseph, Joseph, I fear me much, thou art taking to bad courses, and that I have just surprised thee setting forth on some gallant adventure!”

“Believe me it is not so, Master Keller; you full well know I have no other sweetheart than your daughter Anne—and meanwhile that I await her becoming my bride, have none other mistress than the sweet muse, who, wooing me even from the cradle, has taught me to express by song that which passes within my heart.”

“Where are you going then?”

“Under the balcony of a lady, it is true; but merely to ask her opinion, touching the serenade I composed yesterday, and which I am going to execute with Georges and Grantz, who are waiting for me behind the church.”

“And what lady is this?” “The lovely Wilhelmina.”—“The mistress of old Count de Staremberg! Know you her?” “I know her not; save by name, and as a relative of the harlequin Bernardone.”—“The very same.”

“Really!” said Joseph laughingly, “you treat me like a gossip customer, and retail at second-hand all the scandalous elit-chat of the city. But whether spouse or mistress, they say she is a good musician, and therefore I hope after having heard me, she will deign to open her window and cry, ‘Bravo! the serenade was well sung.’ So a good night to you Master Keller. Here have we been half an hour already, chatting together, my orchestra will become impatient, the night is cold, and that costume of yours seems somewhat too scanty for you prudently to remain any longer there with your elbows upon the balcony. So adieu! I have a presentiment I shall bring you back good tidings.”

So saying, Joseph set off at full speed, and turning the corner of the square, disappeared behind the church. The barber casting up his eyes towards the heavens, and emitting a sound, half groan, half sigh, betook himself to bed. The three young men traversed a considerable portion of the city, taking the road towards the Corinthian theatre, of which the harlequin was manager. They stopped before a window, from which a soft and tranquil light made its way through a double curtain of silk and ganze. The serenade commenced, was continued and ended, without the slightest movement being observable within the chamber. The three disappointed musicians had already exchanged several uneasy glances with each other, when the door of the house opened. The harlequin Bernardone appeared upon the threshold, and inquired of the singers whose music they had just executed.

“It is mine, signior,” replied Joseph, “and to speak frankly, as I thought it passable, I was desir-

ous of offering the first essay to you and your wife."—"Thine, my good lad, why how old are you? There is a very charming air in that serenade of yours then, which has just caused a dispute to arise between my niece and a great personage who honours us with his friendship—the Count Staremberg. The Count, who is in an ill humour this evening, I know not why, deems this said *aria* a very miserable composition; Wilhelmina has declared it ravishing, and I have left them both at high words thereon. As for myself, the tune pleases me exceedingly. Arrange it for me as a dance, bring it me to-morrow, and I will pay you handsomely."

"Many thanks for your proposition, signior; but the serenade shall remain a serenade. As for *airs de danse*, if you require them, I have here," said he, tapping his forehead with his finger, "I have here wherewithal to set all the harlequins in the world spinning, *en cadence*. Bestow, upon me one touch of your wand, and the stream will burst forth."

"*Per Dio!*" exclaimed Bernardone, "the lad pleases me. Could you compose an opera for me?"

"Why not, signior?"

"Well, come up stairs; we'll have some talk about the matter."

Joseph, begging his companions to wait for him, followed Bernardone. He was introduced to a richly furnished chamber, balmy with exhalations of the most exquisite perfume, wherein, though all around breathed of luxury, yet a somewhat confused and disorderly kind of elegance prevailed. But Joseph was far too great a novice in the world to remark this. Besides, his opera alone occupied his thoughts to such a pitch of abstraction as scarcely to allow of his observing that the Count Staremberg, who was pacing the apartment with folded arms and a frowning brow, limped about in a most frightful manner. Wilhelmina, fired of the disputation, was extended, with her back towards the door, upon a sofa; she raised her head as her relative entered, and judging that the new-comer—short, mean, and meagre—merited not a second glance, she resumed her first position.

"Count," said Bernardone, "I have brought you the culprit. I am grieved that I am unable to be of the same opinion as your excellency; but I am sure that this lad will do something. He talks about composing an opera."

The Count stopped shuffling about for an instant, shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "Capital! I'll go and hiss it."

Joseph bowed in reply to this polite intimation, and the Count recommenced his limping tour of the chamber.

"And I will go on purpose to applaud it," retorted Wilhelmina, seizing the opportunity of contradicting her old *cicisbeo*, and I should like myself to choose your *libretto*. Thank Heavens! we're in no want of such," added she, at the same time opening a cabinet in which some hundreds of manuscripts were heaped. After a short search, she drew forth one and placed it in the hands of Joseph.

"Thanks! madam," said Joseph; "I have ever experienced kindness from the hands of the fair sex. The black coat I wear upon my shoulders I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady, to whom I gave singing lessons some twelve months ago, at the baths of Marendorf, whither, in the capacity of servant, I had followed the celebrated Porpora.

The Count cast a disdainful glance at the narrator. "Yes, madam," continued Joseph, "for that great master, though as ill-tempered and brutally behaved

a man as ever existed, still deigned to give me what I prized more than all—instruction in harmony; for which I brushed his clothes, blacked his shoes, and powdered his old peruke. He paid me my wages in basses and counterpoint. The lady of whom I have just made mention having learned my history, sent for me to her house, and for twelve lessons gave me six sequins, with which I purchased this attire, that enables me to appear everywhere dressed in as good style as Prince Esterhazy. You are equally as kind as she, madam, and the contemplation of your beauty would be ample recompense for passing one's life in composing serenades for the sole satisfaction of obtaining a word of thanks, or even one look during the evening from you through the apertures of your Venetian blinds; but it would be sheer folly of me to think of such a thing, and all I desire is that you may esteem me somewhat for my music."

The Count, who was limping all the while round the apartment, halted again, and ironically begged to know what might be the title of the poem selected as a subject for the intended opera.

The young man, with some difficulty, suppressed a smile that had well nigh curled his lip, on seeing written in large characters upon the first page of the manuscript: *Le Diable Boiteux*.—[The Cripple Devil.] His glance met that of Wilhelmina, as he thus answered the Count, "Excuse me, noble Count, if I cannot satisfy your curiosity. The title of the piece shall remain a secret from you until the day of representation; then you will know, time enough to bestow your hisses on the occasion, without the necessity of my indicating it beforehand to your hostility, of which you may perhaps make others partakers." "This young man has decidedly talent," said Wilhelmina. "I do not think there is much indication of it in the latter speech," murmured Staremberg; "the reply is certainly more impertinent than witty."

The sum agreed upon for the score, between Bernardone and Joseph, was twenty-four sequins, under an express condition that the young man should deliver the work complete within eight days. It was more time than the composer needed—far more embarrassed to repress the crowd of ideas whirling through his brain, than to produce the melody. At the end of four days the score was finished, with the exception of a passage which was blank despair to the composer. The good Keller was first consulted, but in vain; the poet in his turn was appealed to:

"You have written upon your manuscript," said Joseph, "*here a storm arises*, but I have never seen one, and cannot, for the life of me, embody such a thing in music. Can you help me out of this dilemma?"

"Not I," replied the poet; "I put the tempest in a parenthesis, because I could not put it into verse. Like you, I have never seen either sea or storm."

The difficulty was serious. How was it to be got over?—They went to Bernardone.

"Have you ever seen a storm, signior?" inquired Joseph on entering.

"Pardieu! I should think I have. I have nearly perished four times from shipwreck."

"Can you picture it to me, my good friend—I will go to the piano."

"I'll do it better than that; I'll act you one." And Bernardone, exhausting all the resources of *ultramontaine* pantomime, and giving a thousand varied inflexions to his voice, began to gesticulate with every variety of action, raising and lowering his arms, balancing his body from poop to prow, as

he said, to describe the movement of the vessel upon the waves, and at the same time striving to imitate the noise of the thunder and whistling of the wind.

"Do you comprehend, my lad?"

"Nota whit," said Joseph; "it must be something different from that; your tempest resembles the caterwauling grimalkins make on the housetops."

"Figure to yourself," resumed Bernardone, overturning tables, chairs, and feteuils, one after another, thrusting, kicking and plunging them about with hands and feet, "figure to yourself the heavens overcast; *Pchi* . . . that's the wind howling;—the lightning cleaves the clouds; the vessel mounts and descends—*Bound* . . . that's the thunder. Now look; here a mountain rises up, there a valley plunges down, then again a mountain and a valley; the mountains and the valleys chase after, but cannot catch one another; the mountain is swallowed up by the valley; the valley throws up the mountain, the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw;—paint me all that distinctly. *Diable!* all that I've told you is clear enough, I should think."

Joseph, dumfounded by this imposing description, accompanied as it was by imitative contortions, and stunned by such a poetical *charivari*, shrieked out his part, stamped his feet, rattled his fingers over the keys, running through the chromatic scales, prodigalising his sevenths, leaping from the lowest and flattest to the highest and sharpest notes; it was one of those inconceivable hashes, alike void of time and sense, that in our days are dignified by the title of *air variè*—but as for a storm, it was far from such. Bernardone perspired *sang et eau*, and was still unsatisfied; at last the young man, grown impatient, placed his hands at the two ends of the harpsichord, and drew them rapidly together, exclaiming:—"May the devil take the tempest!"

"That's it! *Pardieu!* that's it!" cried the transported harlequin, and leaping over the wreck of furniture by which he was surrounded, had well nigh stifled the virtuoso in a vigorous embrace.

"You have got it, my lad. Begin once more. That's it. Superb! Astonishing! I give you thirty sequins instead of twenty four."

The opera of *Le Diable Boiteux*, got up in a few days, had a great success; but the Count de Staremberg, designated by epigrams all over the town, through the vengeance of Wilhelmina, whom it was well known he had quarrelled with and quitted, had interest sufficient to cause it to be forbidden after the second representation. Disgusted with the theatre, wherein he would ever have remained in the second rank, Joseph entered upon the legitimate career of his genius, and became the king of instrumental music.

CHAPTER II.—1790.

THIRTY-NINE years after the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, a vessel sailing from Calais to England, overtaken by a violent storm, very narrowly escaped shipwreck. One man alone, amid the general consternation, displayed such fits of inordinate gaiety, that in the critical situation in which the vessel was placed, might have passed for a species of idiotism. Before the danger grew imminent he had maintained a rigid taciturnity, and, seemingly absorbed in thought, took no part in that which was passing around him: whilst the bravest of the mariners were trembling, he manifested an exuberant mirth—frequently bursting into paroxysms of laughter. They were compelled at

length to make him quit the spot he had chosen upon deck, whence the wind would infallibly have blown him into the sea, and in the cabin where the passengers were crowded together, the women weeping and praying, this man laughing unceasingly was heard to exclaim aloud:—

"There's the mountain rising up; there's the valley plunging down: mountains and valleys chasing one another without counting . . . —the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw . . . *pchi* . . . *bound*—the deuce take the storm! *Ha! ha!* how like it mine was!"

These strange exclamations were as so many enigmas to the terrified hearers; and when the danger had passed, they were vividly recalled to mind on perceiving that this same man, so obstreperous a while ago, had become calm and taciturn. His physiognomy was inexpressive—indeed, common-place. His peruke and general attire, of an antiquated fashion, gave him the appearance of an aulic counsellor from France. He was seated in a nook of the cabin, and listened not to the pleasures that were showered upon him; he appeared occupied in counting the beads of a rosary. A young man, resolving to divert the company at the expense of this singular personage, made up, and accosted him.

"Sir," said he, "you seemed very merry just now. Would there be any indiscretion in asking what might be the cause of your laughter?"

This man, torn from his reverie by such an interpellation, and perceiving that all eyes were turned towards him, rose up with a somewhat embarrassed air, and bowed with all the simple urbanity and bland good-nature one meets with sometimes in aged men; the which caused no small diversion to the bystanders, and increased the general inclination to quiz him.

"I was remembering me of a youthful adventure, at the time when I composed my first opera!"

"The gentleman is a musician then; and doubtless an illustrious one?"

"I do not know as to that, gentlemen; I do my best; drawing all my inspiration from yonder heaven, which so kindly bestows it upon me. Not a single opera have I written without inscribing at its head, *In nomine Domine*; and at the end *Laus Deo*. The critics are pretty well satisfied with me, and I am going to London, invited thither by Saloman, the concertist. By my compositions I earn my bread; but as for fame, I do not think it will be my lot to attain it."

"That's a doubt of which it may be in our power to absolve you, if you'll tell us your name."

"My name is Joseph Haydn!"

All present rose up and took off their hats.

"Pardon me," cried the young man who had accosted him, "pardon me; I would have jested at your expense, and I ought rather to fall at your feet!"

"At my feet! and wherefore?" said the old man, who, perhaps, was the sole individual in Europe ignorant of the fame attaching to the name of Haydn, which he believed confined to the circumference of Vienna.

"Wherefore?" rejoined the young man, "because you are the greatest musician in the world?"

"You are mistaken," replied Haydn; "you would mean Mozart. Would you like now, ladies," continued he, with an engaging smile (his name having embellished him in their eyes), would you like me to relate the adventure which made me laugh so

heartily, when you were all of you shaking with fear?" The proposition was eagerly accepted. They made a circle round him, and Haydn commenced

the history of his opera, *Le Diable Boiteux*, and of the ludicrous storm of the harlequin Bernardone.—*The Parterre.*

COME, FOLLOW, FOLLOW.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Hilton.

1
Come fol - low fol-low fol-low fol - low fol - low fol low me.

2
Whi-ther shall I fol-low fol-low fol-low whi-ther shall I fol-low fol-low thee.

3
To the green-wood to the greenwood to the green-wood greenwood tree.

THE EDITOR'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

THOMSON, the Poet of the Seasons, in the second part of his poem, "Liberty," says of Greek music,

"The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaing music of the heart,
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears,
But that deep searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul."

Every reader of history or poetry, must have wondered at the laudation bestowed upon, and the miraculous powers attributed to the music of ancient Greece; and regretted that the strains should have been lost which were endowed with such wonder-working efficacy; and he will be apt to mourn over the decadence of human taste and human ingenuity, as, in consequence, men have forgotten how to construct and to manage instruments, whose tones could build or raze the mightiest structures, and lament that no more is heard "*that deep searching voice*" which could subdue and control the wills and actions of savage brutes, and not less savage men—and perhaps wish to hold in amicable bonds that "*artful hand*" not made to "*tickle idle ears,*" but which caused trees, towers, ayc, and Dolphins too, to waltz and gallop. And what can we say to the imaginative reader, if he should infer that the music of modern times is dull, prosaic, and unimaginative in comparison? Why, truly nothing.

In the absence of any more reasonable hypothesis, it may give pleasure to many to peruse the following paper from the "Winter Evening Lucubrations," of Dr. Viseesimus Knox. Without attempting a critical examination of the subject, he says as much

as is necessary, or, indeed, as can well be said concerning the music of Greece; and, in the last paragraph, if he does not arrive at the absolute truth, he approaches as near to it as may be, when he ascribes such marvellous tales to what he delicately calls the "disposition to fiction," which was a characteristic of the ancient Greeks.

ON THE EFFECTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

If a general ardour of a whole people in the pursuit of excellence, be likely to obtain it in its highest degree, it might reasonably be expected that the English nation should at this time be singularly distinguished for a skill in music. The musical mania, if it may be so called, has diffused itself from the court to the cottage, from the orchestra of royal theatres to the rustics in the gallery of a country church. As Juvenal said of the Greeks of his time who migrated to Rome for interest, that it was a nation of comedians, we may say of the English, that they are a nation of musicians.

But has this general ardour produced that stupendous, unexampled excellence which might have been expected? I allow the effect only to be an adequate criterion of that excellence. And what is the usual effect of a concert? It is in general an admiration of the performers, of the skill in execution, the volubility of fingers, the quickness of the eye, and the delicacy of the ear. But how are the passions affected? Look round the room and see the index of the passions, the eyes and the countenances of the audience. Smiles and complacent looks abound; but these are no indications of those sudden transitions of violent emotion, which music is said to have charms sufficiently to excite. A few may sometimes appear *affected*; but there is reason to suspect that it is too often an *affectation*, not the most laudable or amiable.

Among the ancients, the effects of music are said to have been almost miraculous. The celebrated

Ode of Dryden has made every one acquainted with the magic power of Timotheus over the emotions of the human heart. And all who have read anything of ancient history, must have remarked the wonderful effects attributed to the musical instrument in the hand of a master.

Among a hundred other stories, which evince the power of music, I recollect the following:—Pythagoras was once likely to be troubled at his lecture, by a company of young men, inflamed with wine, and petulant with the natural insolence of youthful levity. The philosopher wished to repress their turbulence, but forbore to address them in the language of philosophy, which they would either have not attended to, or have treated with derision. He said nothing; but ordered the musician to play a grave majestic tune, of the Doric style. The effect was powerful and instantaneous. The young men were brought to their sober senses, were ashamed of their wanton behaviour, and with one accord tore off the chaplets of flowers, with which they had decorated their temples in the hour of convivial gaiety. They listened to the philosopher. Their hearts were opened to instruction by music, and the powerful impression being well timed, produced in them a permanent reformation.

How desirable is it to revive the music of Pythagoras! How concise a method of philosophising to the purpose! What sermon or moral lecture would have produced a similar effect so suddenly?

But nothing of this kind was ever produced by the most successful efforts of modern music. Let us suppose a case somewhat similar to the preceding. Let us imagine a number of intoxicated rakes entering the theatre with the professed intention to cause a riot. Such a case has often been real. The music in the orchestra has done all that it could do to soothe the growing rage; but it was as impotent and contemptible as a pistol against a battery. It would be a fine thing for the proprietors, if a tune or two could save the benches, and the fiddlers preclude the carpenters. But Timotheus and the Doric strains are no more; yet surely in so general a study of music it might be expected that something of their perfection might be revived.

"That the music of the ancients," says Jeremy Collier, "could command farther than the modern, is past dispute. Whether they were masters of a greater compass of notes, or knew the secret of varying them more artificially; whether they ad-

justed the intervals of silence more exactly, had their hands or their voices farther improved, or their instruments better contrived; whether they had a deeper insight into the philosophy of nature, or understood the laws of the union of the soul and body more thoroughly; and thence were enabled to touch the passions, strengthen the sense, or prepare the medium with greater advantage; whether they excelled us in all, or in how many of these ways, is not so clear; however, this is certain, that our improvements in this kind are little better than *ale-house crowds* (fiddles) with respect to theirs."

I must leave it to the Burneys and Bateses of the age to determine to what cause the little effect of music on the passions is to be ascribed. In reviving and performing the works of Handel, they have done much towards vindicating the declining honours of impassioned music. But still the commanding effect recorded by antiquity seems to remain a great desideratum. I profess to consider the subject not as a musician, but as a moralist; in which character I cannot help wishing to find that sort of music cultivated, which possesses an empire over the heart, and which, like oil poured on the troubled waves of the sea, can soothe the tumultuous passions to tranquillity. I wish to see the musician, who not only pleases my ear by his sounds, and delights my eye by his legerdemain, but who, in the words of Horace, *irritat, mulcet*, enrages or stills my emotions at his discretion. I wish to hear musical Shakspeares and Miltons touch the lyre, or inspire the tube.

I should have ventured to conclude, from the universal application to music, from the perfection of the instruments, and the ingenuity of the compositions, that the art is at this time arrived at its ultimate excellence. It is not easy to conceive that much more can be done; and I am very doubtful whether the ancients had equal excellence in theory or in execution. Yet after all, when I consider the effect, I am compelled, however reluctantly, to deplore the great inferiority of the modern to ancient music. As I am no artist on the pipe or on the lyre, I can only suspect that the defect arises from the want of simplicity. It may not, after all, be unjust to surmise that the accounts handed down of the stupendous effects of music among the Greeks are exaggerated by *Græcia mendax*, or that disposition of ancient Greece to fiction, which gave rise to the nonsense of mythology.

HOW MERRILY WE LIVE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Michael Este, (1630)

How mer-ri-ly we live that shep-herds be, that shepherds shepherds

How mer-ri-ly we live that shep herds

How mer-ri-ly we live that shepherds

be, how mer - ri - ly we live that shep-herds be, that shep-herds

be, how mer - ri - ly we live that shep-herds be, that shep-herds

be, how mer - ri - ly we live that shep-herds be, that shep-herds

be, round - e - lays, round - e - lays, round - e - lays, round - e - lays,

be, round - e - lays, round - e -

be round - e - lays, round - e -

round - e - lays still we sing with mer-ry glee, rounde-lays still we sing with mer-ry

lays still we sing with mer-ry glee, rounde-lays still we sing with mer-ry

lays, round - e - lays still we sing with mer-ry glee, still we sing with mer-ry

1st 2d

glee. glee. On - - the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see, On -

glee, glee. On - - the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see, On -

- - the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see, we feel no cares, we fear not for-tunes

- - the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see, we feel no cares, we fear not fear not fortunes

for - tunes

frowns, we feel no cares, we fear not for-tunes frowns, we have no

frowns we feel no cares, we fear not fear not fortunes frowns, we have no en-vy, we have no

frowns, we feel no cares, we fear not for - tunes frowns, we have no en - vy

en-vy which sweet mirth, sweet mirth, sweet mirth confounds, sweet mirth con - founds - -

en-vy which sweet mirth, sweet mirth, sweet mirth confounds, sweet mirth confounds, we have no

which sweet mirth - - - confounds, sweet mirth confounds, we have no

we have no en - vy which sweet mirth con-founds. *Ad^o* D C

envy which sweet mirth, sweet mirth confounds, we have no en - vy which sweet mirth con-founds. *Ad^o* D C.

envy which sweet mirth, sweet mirth con - founds - - - sweet mirth con - founds. *Ad^o* D.C.

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

Allegro con Anima.

Oh who is like my John-ny, Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bon-ny! He's foremost 'mang the

mon-ny Keel lads o' coal-y Tyne. He'll set or row sae tight-ly, Or in the dance sae

sprightly, He'll cut and shuf-fle sight-ly, 'Tis true were he not mine. Weel may the

Keel row, the Keel row, the Keel row, Weel may the Keel row that my lad's in.

Oh who is like my Johnny,
 Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bonny !
 He's foremost 'mang the monny
 Keel lads o' coaly Tyne ;
 He'll set or row sae tightly,
 Or in the dance sae sprightly,
 He'll cut and shuffle sightly,
 'Tis true—were he not mine.
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

He has nae mair o' learning,
 Than tells his weekly earning
 Yet right frae wrang discerning,
 Tho' brave, nae bruiser he ;
 Tho' he no' worth a plack is,
 His ain coat on his back is,
 And nane can say that black is
 The white o' Johnny's e'e.
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

As I cam thro' Sandgate,
 Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
 As I cam thro' Sandgate,
 I heard a lassie sing—
 Weel may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Weel may the keel row
 That my lad's in.
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

He wears a blue bonnet,
 Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
 He wears a blue bonnet,
 A dimple in his chin ;
 And weel may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 And weel may the keel row,
 That my lad's in.
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

ONE evening the illustrious composer, Mozart, was seated at his piano, not engaged in playing, but with his head resting upon his hand. His look was that of one who had just undergone some severe physical exertion, and is left by it weak and exhausted. A hectic flush was yet upon his cheek, and an unnatural glow in his fine large eyes. "My dear Wolfgang," said the wife of the musician, entering the room while he was in this condition, "you have again I see made yourself ill—worse than before. Oh, why, for my sake, will you not refrain from this incessant labour?" As she spoke, she kissed his pale brow tenderly, and a tear rose to her eye.

"It is in vain, my love, answered Mozart; "I cannot avoid my destiny. Were I placed on a barren rock, or in the deserts of Africa, with neither instruments nor paper within a hundred miles of me, my thoughts would be equally intent on my divine art; I should exhaust myself not less than I do here. To follow out the suggestions of fancy, and commit them to paper, is not the weakening or toilsome portion of my occupations. On the contrary, I derive pleasure and refreshment from the fulfilment of my conceptions. The preliminary workings of the brain are the causes of exhaustion, and those I cannot put a stop to. It is my fate, Constance; it is my fate." The composer seemed so much wearied as he uttered these words, that his attached wife pressed him to lie down on the sofa, and endeavour to snatch some minutes of sleep. Mozart complied with her suggestion, and, having seen him comfortably placed, his wife retired.

The ailing composer—for he had been ill, very ill, for some months—was not destined, however, to enjoy his repose for any length of time. He was roused by a servant, who informed him that a stranger desired to speak with him. "Show him this way," said the musician, rising from his recumbent position. The visitor was immediately introduced. He was a person of very striking appearance, tall and commanding in stature. His countenance was peculiarly grave, solemn, and even awe-striking; and his manners were dignified and impressive. Altogether, his aspect was such as to arrest the attention of Mozart in a forcible manner. "I come," said the stranger, after bowing courteously to the composer's salutation, "to request a peculiar favour from you. A friend, whose name I am required not to mention, wishes to have a solemn mass composed, as a requiem for the soul of a dear relative, recently lost, whose memory he is desirous of honouring in an especial manner. You alone, he conceives, have the power to execute the task worthily, and I am here to pray you to undertake it." Mozart, though unwell, saw no great difficulty in such a task as this, and he even felt that to one so interesting in look and deportment as the stranger it would have been difficult for him to refuse a much harder matter. "In what time," said he, after a pause, "must the work be completed?" "In a month or so," answered the stranger; "and expense is not to be considered. Make your own terms for remuneration." Mozart mentioned a moderate sum. The stranger immediately pulled out a purse, and, taking from it one hundred ducats, a sum exceeding the composer's demand, laid the money on the table. Immediately afterwards, he took his leave.

The concealment of the name of the party requiring the requiem, and the remarkable air and appearance of the stranger, caused this visit to make

a strong impression on the sensitive mind of the great master. It was not long after the stranger had left, ere Mozart commenced to the work which he had engaged to perform. He had been brooding over the subject for a time, and suddenly started up, and called for writing materials. For a period he proceeded in his composition with extraordinary ardour, but the excitement of the task was hurtful to him. His fainting fits returned, and for some successive days he was confined to bed.

As soon as he was able he resumed his occupation, but, being too enthusiastic to proceed with only moderate diligence, he soon brought back his illness. Thus it was that the work was carried on by fits and starts. One day, when his wife was hanging over him, as he sat at his piano, he abruptly stopped, and said, "the conviction has seized me that I am writing my own requiem. This will be my own funeral service!"

At the end of the month, the stranger made his appearance punctually. "I have found it impossible to keep my word," said Mozart; "this work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design." "Then take a little additional time," answered the stranger. "Another month," said Mozart, "and it shall be ready." "For this added trouble," returned the stranger, "there must be an additional recompense." With these words he drew his purse, and, laying down fifty ducats, took his leave, with the promise to return again at the time appointed.

Mozart resumed his labours, and the requiem proceeded. Every day the composer grew more and more enthusiastic in the prosecution of his task, but every day his bodily powers became more and more enfeebled. The impression which he had communicated to his wife gained additional strength, and the more so as his endeavours to discover the name and character of the interesting and mysterious stranger proved unavailing. He had ordered a servant to follow the stranger on the occasion of his last visit, but the man had returned with the announcement that the object of his pursuit had suddenly *disappeared* from before his eyes. Inquiries amongst friends were equally fruitless. These circumstances, as we have said, deepened the conviction on Mozart's mind that he was composing his own requiem, and composing it at no earthly command. This idea, so likely to impress the romantic spirit of the great composer, rather favoured than impeded the completion of the requiem. As his physical powers decayed, the zeal of the composer increased. He finished the task, as far as he considered necessary, and, almost immediately afterwards, the soul of Mozart left its mortal tenement.

When the stranger returned—for he did return at the appointed day—Mozart was no more. Strange to tell, the visitor showed now no anxiety for the requiem, and it was left to serve as a commemoration of the great master himself. It is yet well known by the name of Mozart's Requiem.

This story has been often told in nearly the above terms. Mr. Hogarth's agreeable volume, "Musical History, Biography, and Criticism," enables us to add all that is known or conjectured with respect to the mysterious stranger. "The *Requiem* was afterwards completed by Sussmayer, a composer of considerable eminence, who was a friend of Mozart's family. The circumstances under which this work was composed, and the state in which it was when Mozart's pen was arrested by death, have occasioned, at different times, a good deal of controversy in Ger-

many; but the matter has not been fully cleared up. In the year 1827, an edition of the Requiem was published by André, a respectable music publisher at Offenbach, the preface to which contains all the information on the subject that can now be obtained. From M. André's statements it would appear, that the person by whom Mozart was employed to compose this work, was a Count Waldseck, who, having lost his wife, took it into his head not to obtain, but to pretend to compose a requiem to her memory; that he determined to procure a composition of which the repented authorship would do him credit; and that his steward was Mozart's mysterious visitant. M. André's evidence amounts to a presumption, and nothing more, that this might have been the case; but the truth will now probably never be ascertained."—*Chambers's Journal*.

O WALY, WALY.

This beautiful old song has hitherto been supposed to refer to some circumstance in the life of Queen Mary, or at least to some unfortunate love affair which happened in her court. It is now discovered, from a copy which has been found as forming part of a ballad, in the Pepsysian Library at Cambridge (published in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern"), to have been occasioned by the affecting tale of Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. This lady, who was married in 1670, was divorced, or at least expelled from the society of her husband, in consequence of some malignant scandals, which a former and disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, was so base as to insinuate into the ear of the Marquis. What added greatly to the distress of her case, she was confined in child-bed at the time when the base plot took effect against her, Lord Douglas never again saw her. Her father, on learning what had taken place, came to the house and conveyed her away. The line of the Douglas family has not been continued through her. Her only son died Earl of Angus, at the battle of Steinkirk, unmarried; and the late venerable Lord Douglas was grandson of her ladyship's husband by his second wife. It must be allowed to add greatly to the pathetic interest of the song, that it thus refers, not, as hitherto supposed, to an unfortunate amour, but to the more meritorious distresses of "wedded love."—*Chambers's Scottish Songs*.

We append the ballad, as printed in the Appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, where it is given without note or comment.

LORD JAMIE DOUGLAS.

O waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly by yon burn side,
 Where me and my lord was wont to gae.
 Hey Nonnie nonnie but love is bounie,
 A little while when it is new;
 But when love grows auld it grows mair cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.
 I lean'd my back against an aik,
 I thoct it was a trustie tree,
 But first it bowed and syne it break,
 And sae did my fause love to me.
 My mother tauld me when I was young,
 That young man's love was ill to throw,
 But untill her I would give nae ear,
 And alace my ain wand dings me now!

O wherefore need I husk my head?

Or wherefore should I kaim my hair?

For my good lord has me forsook,

And says he'll never love me mair.

Gin I had wist or I had kisst,

That young man's love was sae ill to win;

I would hae lockt my hert wi' a key o' gowd,

And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

An I had kent what I ken now,

I'd never cross't the water 'Tay,

But stayed still at Athole's gates,

He would have made me his lady gay.

When lords and lairds cam to this toun,

And gentlemen o' a high degree;

I took my auld son in my arms,

And went to my chamber pleasantlie.

But when lords and lairds cam through this toun,

And gentlemen o' a high degree;

I must sit alane intill the dark,

And the babie on the nurse's knee.

I had a nurse and she was fair,

She was a dearly nurse to me:

She took my gay lord frae my side,

And used him in her companie.

Awa awa thou fause Blackwood,

Aye, and an ill death may thou die,

Thou wert the first and occasion last,

Of parting my gay lord and me.

When I lay sick and very sick,

Sick I was and like to die,

A gentleman, a friend of mine,

He came on purpose to visit me;

But Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear

He was ower lang in chamber with me.

When I was sick and very sick,

Sick I was and like to die,

I drew me near to my stairhead,

And I heard my ain lord lichtly me.

Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,

And drink the orange wine with me,

I'll set thee on a chair of gold,

And daut thee kindly on my knee.

When sea and sand turn far inland,

And mussels grow on ilka tree;

When cockle shells turn siller hells,

I'll drink the orange wine wi' thee.

What ails you at our youngest son,

That sits upon the nurse's knee,

I'm sure he's never done any harm,

An its not to his ain nurse and me,

If I had kent what I ken now,

That love it was sae ill to win,

I should ne'er hae wet my cherry chee'c

For onie man or woman's son.

When my father came to hear

That my gay lord had forsaken me,

He sent five score of his soldiers bright

To take me safe to my ain countrie.

Up in the mornin' when I arose,

My bonnie palace for to lea',

I whispered in at my lord's window,

But the never a word he would answer me.

Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas,

I need care as little as ye care for me;

The Earl of Mar is my father dear,

And I soon will see my ain countrie.

Ye thought that I was like yourself,

And loving ilk ane I did see;

But here I swear by the heavens clear,

I never loved a man but thee.

Slowly slowly rose I up,

And slowly slowly I cam down;

And when he saw me sit in my coach,
 He made his drums and trumpets sound.
 When I into my coach was set,
 My tenants all were with me tane;
 They set them down upon their knees,
 And they begg'd me to come back again.
 Its fare ye weel my bonnie palace,
 And fare ye weel my children three;
 God grant your father may get mair grace,
 And love thee better than he has done me.
 Its fare ye weel my servants all,
 And you my bonnie children three,
 God grant your father grace to be kind
 Till I see you safe in my ain countrie:
 But wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
 Aye, and an ill death may you die;
 Ye are the first, and I hope the last,
 That put strife between my good lord and me.
 When I came in through Edinburgh town
 My loving father came to meet me,
 With trumpets sounding on every side;
 But it was no comfort at all to me,
 For no mirth nor music sounds in my ear,
 Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.
 "Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
 And of your weeping, pray let abee,
 For I'll send to him a bill of divorce,
 And I'll get as good a lord to thee."
 "Hold your tongue, my father dear,
 And of your scoffing, pray let abee:
 I would rather hae a kiss of my ain lord's mouth
 As all the lords in the north countrie."
 When she came to her father's land,
 The tenants a' cam her to see;
 Never a word she could speak to them,
 But the Buttons aff her clothes did flee.
 The linnet is a bonnie bird,
 And aften flees far frae its nest;
 So all the world may plainly see
 They're far awa that I love best!
 She looked out at her father's window,
 To take a view of the countrie;
 Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,
 And along with him her children three.
 There came a soldier to the gate,
 And he did knock right hostile:
 "If Lady Douglas be within,
 Bid her come down and speak to me,
 O come away, my lady fair,
 Come away, now, along with me:
 For I have hanged fause Blackwood
 At the very place where he told the lie."

ON THE MORAL TENDENCIES OF THE PARISIAN SINGING CLASSES.

THE singing classes have a relation to the amusements of the people; and for this reason it is, perhaps, that they have been judged less favourably than those courses of instruction which had reference to objects purely utilitarian. It has been said that they are not in harmony with the condition of those for whom they are designed. The objection is not a conclusive one; for the most brilliant airs of our operas are daily hawked about our streets and sung in our highways. These airs, caught flying, if we may so express ourselves, by the workmen, are repeated by them in their workshops and garrets. Why forbid them access to the punctuated music and accentuated harmonies of scientific composition, when you cannot prevent their seizing, and render-

ing often with great taste, by their musical instinct alone, the airs which float through the works of our greatest masters? The municipal administration, depend on it, is walking in a wise direction—and let us offer no obstacle! It may not, as yet, have fully satisfied itself as to the utility of the moral and civil effects which will result from the funds granted for the establishment of these music classes; for, unhappily, there is, even amongst the enlightened, a disposition to believe that the people are not susceptible of the charm of noble or refined amusements, or of emotions which are purely intellectual. Yet it is a fact in evidence, that such amusements have an irresistible attraction for them. I am anxious to point out this error, and call attention to the facts which attest it, because it is most mischievous. In truth, our rulers and political economists have reflected too little on the moral hearing of public amusements—on those especially adapted to the labouring classes. Yet, amusement of some kind is a necessity of all ages and all conditions. The poorer a man is, and the more he is the slave of toil, the more needful it is that he should find diversion and refreshment of some kind for his weary spirit, and the more important that he should find it in enjoyments which are not sensual, and which, while they soothe his senses, refine them. The human heart is naturally so unquiet, morose, and jealous a thing—so apt to make self the centre of all its thoughts and sentiments, that the happiest man is he who can most frequently find the means of escaping from his own narrow personality, to fix his attention on something which is not himself. Interest him in the recital of some noble action, excite him by verses or songs which give expression to lofty sentiments or paint the beautiful features of natural scenery, and you will see him rejoicing in his own emotions, mastered and melted by the omnipotence of the arts. Music, the most seductive and purest of them all, is calculated more than all to exercise a sway over the popular heart, raising therein sensations alternately glowing and refined. The historical monuments of antiquity universally attest the influence of this art as a means of civilisation. Why, then, should we reject a means so powerful, at a moment when the springs of morals are so weakened amongst us? Governments which seek to secure the affections of the masses will do well to attract their confidence by procuring for them, as far as the power lies in their hands, work, education, and amusement. Let the industrious poor, when assailed by the solicitations of the factories, be able to reply—"We, too, have our share in the distribution of the social enjoyments; that share is adapted to our simple tastes and proportioned to our scanty leisure. With it we are content; and, far from striking at a social condition of things in which we hold an honourable place, we are ready to defend it against every species of attack." For myself, I feel satisfied that the administration has rightly apprehended the wants of the people; it has justly felt that the labourer must have some diversion from his labour. His leisure hours it has sought to fill up in a manner which should be agreeable while it was useful; and, in that design, it has created this great and admirable system of scholastic institutions appropriated to different sexes and various ages,—and of which the musical one is, in my opinion, neither the least brilliant nor the least moral. I am firmly persuaded that the singing-schools are worthy of all favour, and fit objects of the munificence of the municipal councils.—*Fregier on the Dangerous Classes of Society.*

MUSIC AMONG THE PEASANTRY OF THURINGIA AND SAXONY.

CLAUDIUS the poet of the famous popular song, "Am Rhein, am Rhein da wachsen uns' re Reben," chanced one holiday to be in a village church among the mountains of Thuringia: they were performing there a mass with fugues. He relates how much he was astonished with the precision of their performers, and their unshakeable firmness in time. He approached the organist, and begged to be permitted to touch the organ. The other, surprised, looked at him suspiciously, as if he would measure the stranger's capacity. It was only after the repeated entreaties of an important personage—the churchwarden of the parish—that he quitted his seat, only yielding his place key by key, finger by finger. Claudius attempted to throw out the performers in their time: in an instant they were aware of the absence of their organist. Each kept one eye attentively fixed on his music-desk, from time to time glancing stealthily with the other towards the organist—smiling maliciously the while. After all was over, the astonished Claudius approached an old man who was among the first violins, and asked him how they had been able to acquire such precision of time. "It is by threshing," replied he; "if there are two of us, we keep a time of two beats—if three, that of three-fourths or three-eighths—if four, that of common time—if six, that of six-fourths or six-eighths—and if it happens by chance," added he, with a sardonic smile, "that a flail comes in out of time, it does not disconcert us."

There exist in Germany particular bodies of craftsmen, among the members of which music is cultivated with more than common zeal. Such is the case, for instance, in some China manufactories at Echternach, at Metloch, on the banks of the Sarre. The miners are, in particular, distinguished by their knowledge of music. What seems more surprising is, to find the art cultivated in localities entirely deprived of the means of instruction. They told us of a man who, without having ever had the least instruction in music, had learned it alone, and seemed to have fed his children with it, at an age when most children are fed on milk only. We had great desire to know him, and prolonged our journey in the Tyrol, as far as Berchtesgaden, in the neighbourhood of Salzburg. On our road to the dwelling which had been pointed out to us, we heard some Tyrolean songs, often accompanied on the *Zitter*. At last we arrived at the cottage; it was shut up. We knocked in vain; no one answered us. The whole family, Grassl, his wife and children, was out on the mountains, occupied in their daily work—that of finding aromatic herbs and wood. This man, who had no other means of subsistence than the sale of simples, procured with such hard labour by himself and family—had himself built, with the aid of his wife and children, the little cabin they inhabited; and at evening, when they came home, bending under their burdens, they took a frugal meal, and then betook themselves to the study of music, by way of repose and diversion after the labours of the day. Grassl learned the gamut and the time-table, and fathomed the principles of art, without any other assistance than his own wonderful perseverance. Little by little, he began to play on the violin, the bassoon, the clarinet, the flute, the octave flute, the trumpet, the keyed trumpet, the horn, and the trombone. Nor is that all: this naturalist in music has inoculated his children with

all he knows. * * The Queen of Bavaria, who possesses estates in this district, wished like ourselves, to know this interesting family. She arrived, with her suite, about six o'clock in the evening. The little family had not returned from its rural labours—some were foddering the cows, some digging up potatoes. The Queen had them collected, and when they arrived, without taking time to change their clothes or clean themselves, they ranged themselves round their table; and the poor children, with earth on their hands and sweat on their foreheads, began to perform the "Bavarian Troops' March," the "Salzburg Waltz," the "Chamois Hunter's Air"—some on stringed, some on wind instruments, sometimes on brass instruments only. A little boy on a chair, only five years old, played the double bass.—*Mainzer's Musical Sketches.*

BRAMH'S FIRST CONCERT IN AMERICA.—LONG before the doors opened, a dense crowd surrounded the entrance to the Tabernacle; and, by 8 o'clock, between two and three thousand people were seated in breathless silence to hear the great Braham, whose reputation in London, as first tenor, both in sacred and secular music, has been undisturbed for the last forty-five years. The overture to the Messiah was ably performed by Dr Hodges on the organ, which, however, is not one of the best specimens of Erben's manufacture; after which Mr Braham made his first appearance before an American audience. The applause and cheering with which he was greeted had a visible effect upon his nerves, for he commenced, although an experienced artist of years, trembling and rather flat; but he soon rallied and became himself. His first tender and expressive cadence was received with a feeling of surprise which seemed too great for utterance; but, when he once showed the full power of his wonderful voice, there was no controlling the enthusiasm of the auditors, and a burst of applause took place, such as has been seldom heard in the Tabernacle. "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," brought tears into the eyes, in spite of many a manly struggle not to show such weakness; but "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," was a perfect tornado of tone, and a volume of voice to which there appeared to be no end. His *crescendo*, at the end, was the most extraordinary musical effort we ever listened to. It appeared as if a thousand mortals were dashed into pieces like a potter's vessel; in short, each effort was crowned with increased effect and astonishment. In his "Jephtha's rash Vow," no one can imagine anything more expressive of the heart-broken grief of a father than Mr Braham in the words, "My only daughter—so dear a child!" and the struggle to sing "But Gilead hath triumphed o'er his foes;" again with convulsive sobs, "Therefore to-morrow's dawn," and the hopeless "I can no more," seemed almost too much to listen to. To say he has lost his powers, is ridiculous; his expression of feeling and tenderness he can never lose, for it was born with him, and will descend with him to the grave. His flexibility is the only point in which his age may be detected; in all other respects he is as full of freshness and vigour as when he was in the prime of life.—*New York Mirror.*

EDWIN.—The man who played the flute, by some accident broke it while in the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre; Edwin running into the green-room, cried out, "Poor fellow, poor fellow!"—"What's the matter, my dear Sir?" cries Mrs. Webb, "Why, madam, rejoined Edwin, poor Mr. Green has just split his *wind-pipe.*"

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.—A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily, that they were wanting to make a butt of him. "No, my good Sir," said Mr. Colman, who was present, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
LIFE'S A BUMPER.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Richard Wainwright.

f Life's a bum - per, *p* life's a bum - per fill'd by fate,

f Life's a bum - per, *p* life's a bum - per fill'd by fate,

f life's a bum - per *p* fill'd by fate, *f* Let us guests en - joy - - - the

f life's a bum - per *p* fill'd by fate, *f* Let us guests en - joy en -

treat, *f* Let us guests en - joy the treat. Nor like sil - ly

joy - - - - Let us guests en - joy the treat. Nor like sil - ly

p sil - ly mor - tals pass - - - - but half a glass, nor like sil - ly mortals *f*

p sil - ly mor - tals pass, *f* Life as 'twere but half a glass, nor like sil - ly mor - tals *f*

pass, Nor like sil - ly mortals pass nor like sil - ly mortals pass, Life as 'twere but

pass, Nor like sil - ly mortals pass nor like sil - ly mortals pass, Life as 'twere but

Allegro Spirito

half a glass. Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the Glee and

half a glass. Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the Glee and

Catch go round, Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the Glee - - - - -

Catch go round, Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the Glee and Catch go

- - Let the Glee and Catch go round, the Glee, the Glee,

round, Let the Glee and Catch, and Catch go round, go round, and Catch, and

and Catch go round - - - - -

and Catch go round, let the Glee and Catch go round. All the sweets of life com-
 Catch, go round, Let the Glee and Catch go round. All the

bine, Mirth and mu-sic love and wine, All the sweets of life combine, of life com-
 sweets of life com-bine, Mirth and mu-sic love - - and wine, love and
 All the sweets of life com-bine, Mirth and mu-sic love and

bine, All the sweets of life com - bine, Mirth and mu - sic love and wine, All the
 wine, All the sweets of life com - bine, Mirth and mu - sic love and wine,
 All the sweets of life com-bine, Mirth and mu-sic love and wine,

sweets of life com-bine, love and wine, Mirth and mu-sic love and wine.
 of life combine, Mirth and mu-sic love and wine, Mirth and mu-sic love and wine.

Adagio Ad. lib. *tr*

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

*In moderate time.**Tannahill.*

Gloom-y winter's now a-wa', Saft the west-lan breezes blaw, 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw, The

ma-vis sings fu' chee-ry, O; Sweet the craw-flow'rs ear-ly bell, Decks Glen-if-fer's dew-y dell,

Blooming like thy hon-ny sel', My young my art-less dear-y O. Come my las-sie let us stray,

O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae, Blythely spend the gowden day, 'Midst joys that ne-ver weary O.

Gloomy winters now awa',
 Saft the westlan breezes blaw,
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O;
 Sweet the crowsflower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie, O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day
 'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snow-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O;
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
 Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery, O;
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna' bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

MOZART'S VIOLIN.

ABOUT forty years ago, a poor dealer in nick-nacks and *bric-a-brac*, named Ruttler, took up his abode at the upper extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Joseph at Vienna. The scanty profits of his little trade but ill sufficed for the support of a young wife and fourteen children, the oldest of whom was but sixteen years of age. Ruttler, however, notwithstanding the discouraging position of his affairs, was kind-hearted, ever ready to serve his friends, and the needy traveller was never known to quit his door without the benefit of his advice or his charity. An individual, whose serious deportment and benevolent expression of countenance were calculated to inspire respect and interest, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. The individual in question was evidently struggling against the influence of a desperate malady; nature seemed no longer to have any charm in his eyes. A languid smile would, however, play around his discoloured lips as Ruttler's children each morning saluted him on his passage, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On such occasions his eyes were raised to heaven, and seemed in silence to implore for the young innocents an existence happier than his. Ruttler, who had remarked the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat every morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger frankly accepted the proffered civility, and Ruttler's children often warmly disputed with each other the prerogative of setting the humble stool before their father's guest. One day the stranger returned from his walk rather earlier than usual. Ruttler's children accosted him with smiles; "Sir," said they, "mamma has this night given us a pretty little sister." Upon this the stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest child, presented himself in Ruttler's shop, and kindly asked after his wife. Ruttler, who was going out, confirmed his children's prattle; and, after thanking his guest for his inquiries, "Yes, sir," said he, "this is the fifteenth that Providence has sent us."—"Worthy man," cried the stranger, in a tone of anxiety and sympathy, "and yet a scanty portion of the treasures showered on the courtiers of Schoenbrunn lights not on your humble dwelling. Age of iron! when talent, virtue, honour are admired only when the tomb closes upon them for ever: but," added he, "have you a godfather for the infant?" "Alas, sir, the poor man with difficulty finds a sponsor for his child. For my other children I have usually claimed the good offices of some chance passer or neighbour as poor as myself." "Call her Gabrielle. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, to which I invite myself, and by taking charge of which you will oblige me."

Ruttler hesitated. "Come, come," said the stranger, "take them; when you know me better you will see that I am worthy to share your sorrows. But you can render me a service: I perceive a violin in your shop; bring it me here—to this table—I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper." Ruttler hastily detached the viola from the peg to which it was suspended, and gave it to the stranger, whose skill drew from the instrument such extraordinary sounds that the street was soon filled with a crowd of inquisitive listeners. A number of personages of the highest distinction, recognizing the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages.

The stranger, entirely engrossed by his composi-

tion, paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop. When he had terminated, he thrust into his pocket the paper on which he had been writing, left his address with Ruttler, and took leave of him, intimating that he should expect to receive due notice of the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger returned no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several people, dressed in black, and their countenances impressed with the seal of woe, stopped before the humble seat, which they contemplated with sadness, and Ruttler then determined to make some personal inquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He arrived at the house to which the stranger had addressed him. The door was hung with black, a coffin was illuminated with an immense quantity of wax-lights; a crowd of artists, of *grandeens*, of scientific and literary men, deplored the fatal event that had taken place. For the first time the truth flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned with astonishment that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest, his benefactor, the proposed godfather of his child—was MOZART! Mozart had exhaled his last melodious sigh at Ruttler's miserable threshold! Seated on the shapeless stool, he had composed his harmonious Requiem—the last strain of Germany's expiring swan. Ruttler paid the last sad tribute of respect to one whom he had honoured and revered without knowing him. Returning home, he was astonished to find his modest asylum invaded by the idle crowd, who often incense the shrine only when the deity has departed. The circumstances just detailed brought Ruttler's establishment into vogue, and enabled him to amass a competence, and provide for his fifteen children. Conformably to the wish expressed by Mozart, the youngest was named Gabrielle, and the violin on which the great composer had played a few days before his death, served as the marriage-portion of his god-daughter when she had attained the age of sixteen. The same violin was afterwards sold for *four thousand florins*. With the seat on which Mozart had sat, Ruttler never would consent to part, notwithstanding the tempting sums offered for it. The honest merchant resolved to keep it as a monument at once of his former poverty and of his present good fortune.

ON "WILHEM'S METHOD OF TEACHING SINGING,

ADAPTED TO ENGLISH USE, UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL ON EDUCATION, BY JOHN HULLAH."

A VERY notable change has taken place during the present century, in the mode of imparting instruction to large bodies of pupils. Formerly a master had to undergo the toil of instructing each pupil separately; and too often one pupil was idle or worse than idle while the master was attending to another. When Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster, the one in connection with the Established Church, and the other distinct from it, founded their respective schools for the instruction of the poor, they adopted the system of division into classes, by which many pupils could be instructed simultaneously, each class being superintended by a monitor or assistant teacher.

To trace the progress of these schools, and of others on a similar system, is no part of our plan. We shall at once proceed to our object,—viz., to de

tail the remarkable and interesting attempt now being made to teach vocal music on a similar plan. An observant individual can hardly fail to have remarked the movement which English society has lately made in this direction; choral societies, sacred harmonic societies, and other associations for the practice of vocal music, have been formed in great number, and are largely attended by persons principally of the middle classes. When this circumstance became gradually known and appreciated by the benevolent persons who desire to impart the blessings of education to the poor, it became a subject for thought, whether vocal music might not aid in elevating the moral character of the people. In an official document, to which we shall more particularly allude presently, it is well observed that,—

Vocal music, as a means of expression, is by no means an unimportant element in civilization. One of the chief characteristics of public worship ought to be the extent to which the congregation unite in those solemn psalms of prayer and praise, which, particularly in the Lutheran Churches of Germany and Holland, appear the utterance of one harmonious voice. One of the chief means of diffusing through the people national sentiments is afforded by songs which embody and express the hopes of industry, and the comforts and contentment of household life; and which preserve for the peasant the traditions of his country's triumphs, and inspire him with confidence in her greatness and strength.

It is still more important to remark, that the degrading habits of intoxication which at one time characterised the poorer classes of Germany are most remarkably diminished since the art of singing has become almost as common in that country as the power of speech; and this improvement is in great part attributed to the excellent elementary schools of Germany.

The reader is probably aware, that a few years ago a portion of her Majesty's privy councillors were appointed a "Committee of the Privy Council on Education." The office of this committee is to superintend certain arrangements arising out of an annual parliamentary grant for educational purposes; and their attention was after a time directed to the subject of vocal music in schools. The secretary to the committee was empowered to make such inquiries both in foreign countries and in England, as would enable the committee to form some plan of proceeding. In the first place, it was necessary to ascertain how far singing had been carried in our elementary schools, how far the national taste seemed to lead that way, and whether there are any obstacles in the way of "voice" or "ear," to the attainment of moderate musical skill among us. In a "prefatory minute," subsequently published by the council, it is stated that,—

The information derived from the inspector of schools, and from various other sources, had made the Committee of Council acquainted with the fact, that vocal music has been successfully cultivated in comparatively few of the elementary schools of Great Britain. In the Sunday schools of great towns the children have commonly been taught to sing, in an imperfect manner, certain of the psalm and hymn tunes used in divine service. These tunes are learned only by imitation, from persons of little or no musical skill, and are therefore generally sung incorrectly and without taste. Thus the children acquire no power of further self-instruction, and little or no desire to know more of music.

It is stated, however, in the same "Minute," that though vocal music has been comparatively neglected in the elementary schools of England, there is sufficient evidence that the natural genius of the people would reward a careful cultivation. It is stated that in the northern counties of England, choral singing has long formed the chief rational amusement of the manufacturing population. The weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire have been famed for their acquaintance with the great works of Handel and Haydn, with the part-music of the old English school, and with the old English melodies. In respect of "voice," and "ear for music," we shall have to offer a few remarks hereafter.

The committee, being convinced that there was no vocal music, worthy of the name, practised in any of our elementary schools, and that our labouring classes are capable of learning and appreciating the beauties of this delightful recreation, set about inquiring what mode of instruction could be most fittingly introduced into schools. They sent their secretary to collect, from various parts of Europe, where music has been cultivated in elementary schools, the books most frequently used in teaching it. Such works were accordingly procured from Switzerland, Holland, the German States, Prussia, Austria, and France; and were then carefully examined, with a view to determine their relative fitness for the proposed object.

It was desirable that the system of teaching should proceed by easy gradations, beginning with the simplest details, and progressing by degrees to those more difficult, and the method of M. Wilhem, as pursued by that gentleman at Paris, seemed to the committee the one most fitted for their purpose. M. Wilhem had instructed large numbers of persons in Paris on his plan, under the sanction of the Minister of Public Instruction, whose sanction also was extended to the work in which M. Wilhem's method is developed. The Committee of Council accordingly sent their secretary to France, accompanied by Mr. Hullah, a gentleman who had bestowed great attention on the subject. The report of those gentlemen being every way satisfactory, Mr. Hullah was commissioned to prepare a "Manual," or book of instructions, which, while it adhered to the general principle of Wilhem's method, should be adapted to the particular wants of an English elementary school.

The general system pursued by M. Wilhem has been to instruct a certain number of monitors in music, and then to give to each monitor the teaching of a small class of eight children. The committee of Council thought it desirable, however, to adapt the system to the mode of instruction in one large class, as well as in sub-classes. In Paris, a body of 400 artisans are being instructed in the sub-class or monitorial method, one monitor being appointed to every eight learners, who assemble round a large printed tablet, on which some of the instructions are given. The committee have caused similar tablets to be prepared for the English schools; and have further authorised the publication of Instruction Books, some adapted for the use of both master and scholar, and some for the scholars only.

While these measures were in progress, steps were taken for the establishment of a "Singing-School for Schoolmasters." It is plain that unless the master of an elementary school be competent to teach singing, and to make it part of the regular school routine, the general introduction of singing into the school could hardly be accomplished. The

committee of education, though they did not feel justified in applying any part of the parliamentary grant to this purpose, nevertheless gave their full sanction and approval to the plan. Some liberal friends to the cause of education, subscribed sufficient funds to set the matter on foot; and at length, on the 1st of February, 1841, a "Singing-School for Schoolmasters" was opened at Exeter Hall, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Hullah. The experiment was so novel, and the desired result so important, that it was seen to be necessary to make an extremely low charge for admission to the school; the students, who were confined to masters and teachers in elementary schools for the humble classes, were charged fifteen shillings for the complete course of sixty lessons. As it is a part of the plan that all the pupils should progress simultaneously, no new pupils could enter the class after it had commenced. To admit other applicants, therefore, another class was formed on the 2d March, and a third on the 22d March. All these classes belonged to the School for Schoolmasters, but as the object in view applies equally to both sexes, a "Singing-School for Schoolmistresses" was formed on the 24th of March, under precisely the same regulations as the others.

These four classes, thus established, continued their course of studies during the greater part of the past year; and much curiosity was excited to observe the degree of progress made by the pupils. On this point we shall speak hereafter; but it may here be observed, that at the conclusion of the course of study prescribed to the first class, another was formed to which admission could be gained by persons not belonging to the scholastic profession. At the present time, Exeter Hall is, three evenings in the week, the busy scene of a vocal discipline, which would have excited no small surprise a few years ago.

We shall endeavour, in a future article, to give some idea of Wilhem's method, and of the chief differences between it and the methods commonly followed. We here conclude, in the meantime, with an extract from the "Prefatory Minute of the Committee of Council on Education," prefixed to the work used in these schools, (the title of which we have given at the head of the present article), explanatory of the sort of publications employed in the development of the system:—

The Committee of Council have now published only the first part of the course of instruction. This first part consists of *exercises* and *school songs*, printed in two forms, viz.:—on tablets for the use of the monitorial drafts, (*i.e.*, sub-classes of eight pupils each, taught by a monitor), and in a royal octavo edition for the use of schoolmasters and their assistants. It comprises those portions of a course of elementary instruction in vocal music, which a master of moderate skill may easily succeed in communicating to an ordinary elementary school. The music is all of a comparatively simple character; it is arranged in synthetic order, and words have been adapted to it, chiefly suitable to the use of children in elementary schools, and therefore to be denominated "School Songs." The second part of the course will encounter some of the greater difficulties of the art, and will be adapted to the use of normal and training schools, and those classes of young men which it is desirable to form, in order to continue the cultivation of vocal music beyond the period when the children of the working classes ordinarily attend elementary schools. The words

adapted to the music in this part of the course will chiefly be such as may inspire cheerful views of industry, and will be entitled "Labour Songs." To this will succeed such religious music as it may be deemed desirable to furnish for the use of elementary schools.—*Saturday Magazine*.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

Which the Author heard sing on New Year's Day, 1792.

Whence is it, that amaz'd I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May.

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone!

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practised in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to prestage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth my song,
Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make ev'n January charm,
And ev'ry season Spring.

COWPER.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

A NOBLE national music, if not a certain mark, is yet a probable indication of many national virtues. The general diffusion of beautiful traditional melodies among a people implies the prevalence of refined taste, and of tender or exalted feelings. Such compositions could not be produced, appreciated, or preserved, among men whose hearts were engrossed with sensual or sordid things, or refused admittance to the kindly and imaginative sensibilities of which music is the powerful and universal expression. We shall not deny that the qualities which are akin to musical taste may sometimes nationally, as well as personally, degenerate into softness and effeminacy, or wander into impetuosity and violence. But, if properly regulated and attuned, the same affections that are awakened by musical sounds, which are but the echoes of a higher and holier harmony, will not be insensible to the voice of moral sympathies. Popular music, too, it will be remembered, is generally the parent or the sister of popular poetry. The mass of mankind are too *sensuous* in their constitution, too fond of vivid and tangible images, to rest contented with the shadowy suggestions and wandering idealities of mere melody in its ethereal state, while unincorporated with significant language. National music is thus the frequent origin, as well as subject, of poetical genius. It will often, indeed, happen that the finest melodies, instead of being married to immortal verse, are but very indifferently provided with yoke-fellows; but it is not necessary, in order to

produce a powerful effect, that the words of a song should be equal to the music. Rude and feeble expressions may be sufficient to give a definite object and distinct character to a melody, and may, in combination with its influence, create impressions equal to those which proceed from the most superior poetry. The poetical feelings, which are thus called into action, will necessarily belong to the better parts of our nature, and, by the exercise which is given to them, will tend to ameliorate the character. At the same time, and by the same process, the music of a country will become linked more strongly with those local objects and events that are most cherished and most memorable. It will become the depository of all that is interesting to human feelings or dear to national pride; and, by the innumerable recollections which it involves, united with its natural power to excite emotion, it will acquire a magic influence over the heart which no other art can lay claim to. The love of country, a love which is the concentration of all social and domestic charities, appears to be the passion that is most powerfully moved by means of national music. A few characteristic notes, breathed from a simple reed, or sung by a rugged voice, will, to men at a distance from their native land, more readily and forcibly recall the images and feelings of home than the most elaborate description, or the most lively picture. The mind is at once replaced amid those pleasing scenes which formerly echoed to the same familiar strain, amid those beloved objects with which its melody so sweetly harmonised. As an auxiliary, therefore, to virtue and happiness, the possession of a national music is an inestimable blessing. It lightens labour, and enlivens recreation; it embellishes plenty, and compensates for hardship; abroad it reminds us of the loves that we have left, and the hopes that are before us; at home it invests every spot and object with the light of poetry and the charms of recollection; in the hours of peace it knits more closely the ties of neighbourhood and affection; in the day of battle it nerves the arm for victory or the soul for death.

Having said so much of the moral influence of national melody, let us add something as to its effects upon the progress of musical art. There is little doubt that the principal charm of modern music arises from the adoption, in scientific composition, of the peculiar attractions of popular melody. We should still be wearied with the drawing dullness of the old chants, if composers of discernment as well as science had not seen the necessity of following the universal taste of mankind, and of incorporating the results of experience with the speculations of theory. Music is the art of pleasing the ear, and the only standard of such an art is success. A scientific musical composition that gives no pleasure is a solecism—a contradiction in terms. Musical science may be of service in pointing out faults and in extending knowledge, but it cannot create beauties; and here, as well as elsewhere, the observation holds true—*Maximum est vitium carere virtutibus*. To be cold and tiresome is infinitely worse than to be incorrect. But the art of pleasing in music has been very much derived, or at least improved, from a study of those effusions which have either spontaneously sprung from the popular taste, or have been preserved by its influence amidst the wreck of other productions of a less congenial and buoyant character. The most successful works of modern composers have been formed, in a great measure, upon the model of national melody; and

an enlarged view of the science has shown that no sacrifice of musical system is necessary in order to please the simple as well as the erudite. The sources of musical beauty are the same, whether popularly or technically viewed. From adventitious circumstances, the pleasing and the profound may at times appear to diverge; but in this art, as in every other that is intended to address and to ameliorate human feelings, the highest perfection is to be found in that region where popular and scientific excellence are united and identified.

The subject of national melody, its origin, character, and influence in different countries, have been very imperfectly investigated or considered; and we have no doubt that much discovery, at once useful and interesting, might yet be made in this department. The affinities existing between the music of different nations, if carefully and scientifically traced, might, we conceive, throw much light both upon their community of origin, and also upon the predominant principles of musical sensibility among mankind; and in this last view we might, by such enquiries, more surely approximate to those immutable and universal laws of the art that can best assist composers in writing for a permanent and extensive popularity. Transcendent genius will often attain this object by its own instinctive perceptions: but merit, even of a high order, might, by instruction from this source, be preserved from those local or temporary aberrations into which it is often tempted by caprice or fashion, and which, though pleasing in a partial degree, must ultimately obscure its real excellence.

In the general dearth of information, which we believe prevails on this subject, we yet think that we cannot be much mistaken in claiming a very high degree of relative praise for the national music of our own country. The opinions of Scotchmen on such a question, may be suspected of bias, but the testimony of high and impartial authorities has been repeatedly given to the same effect. The Scottish music is extensive and various, and in every department possesses unquestionable merit. Our dancing tunes have a spirit and force unrivalled to our ear by any other music, and so electrically fitted to rouse the national fervour and enthusiasm, that we doubt not they will ere long regain their legitimate ascendancy in the ball room. Our humorous airs have an eminent power of clever or grotesque merriment. Our serious melodies are often highly polished and graceful; and those of a plaintive character are as exquisitely pathetic as the most finished compositions of the greatest masters. Taken all in all, we are not convinced that there is any other body of national music in the world that surpasses that of Scotland, in force, in character, in versatility, or in genius. We certainly feel not a little exaltation at our superiority in this respect over our neighbours of England, to whom we are willing to bow with a proud humility in many other subjects of competition, but whom, we rejoice to think, we can always outdo in the matter of mountains and music. We are far from denying to the English the praise of musical feeling, and we are grateful for the great contributions which, by their regular and scientific compositions, they have made to the general stock of musical pleasure. Not to enumerate the early madrigal and canon writers of England, who were equally remarkable for their talent, learning, and ingenuity, or to refer to her ancient church music, which will always command admiration, the country that owns Purcell for her

son, and can boast of Handel for her foster-child, deserves one of the highest places among modern nations in the scale of musical genius. But we are here speaking of that aboriginal or self-sown music which is referable to no individual author, or school of authors, but seems to be the fruit of the very soil itself, and reveals, by the raciness of its character, the peculiar qualities of its native hed. In point of national music, properly so called, we think our-

selves entitled to claim the advantage over our southern countrymen. The English have, undoubtedly, a national music. But, although recognising the great spirit and sweetness of many of the English airs, we think that, so far as we have yet seen, few or none of them exhibit those decided features either of antiquity or of peculiar origin by which our Scottish airs are so strikingly marked.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WE ARE THREE FRIARS.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES, FROM "HARLEQUIN AND OBERON."

(The 2d Stave is the Air, and may be sung by a single voice as a Song, altering the words to "I am a Friar," &c.)

We are three Friars of orders Grey, And down the val-lies we take our way, We

We are three Friars of orders Grey, And down the val-lies we take our way, We

Musical notation for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in G major, 6/8 time. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with lyrics: "We are three Friars of orders Grey, And down the val-lies we take our way, We".

pull not black-ber-ry haw or hip, Good store of ven-son does fill our scrip.

pull not black-ber-ry haw or hip, Good store of ven-son does fill our scrip, Our

Musical notation for three voices. The second system continues the piece with lyrics: "pull not black-ber-ry haw or hip, Good store of ven-son does fill our scrip. Our".

wher-e-ver we walk no mo-ney we want, where

long bead roll we mer-ri-ly chaunt, wher-e-ver we walk no mo-ney we want, where

Musical notation for three voices. The third system concludes the piece with lyrics: "wher-e-ver we walk no mo-ney we want, where long bead roll we mer-ri-ly chaunt, wher-e-ver we walk no mo-ney we want, where".

e - ver we walk no mo-ney we want, And why we're so plump the rea - son we'll tell, who

leads a good life is sure to live well,
 leads a good life is sure to live well, Who leads a good life is sure to live

What Ba - ron or Squire or Knight of the Shire, Lives half so well as a
 well. What Ba - ron or Squire or Knight of the Shire, Lives half so well as a

ho - ly Friar, lives half so well, Lives half so well as a
 ho - ly Friar, lives half so well lives half so well, Lives half so well as a

ho - ly Friar, Lives half so well as a ho - ly Friar, ho - ly Friar,
 ho - ly Friar ----- as a ho - - - -
 ho - ly Friar, Lives half so well as a ho - ly Friar, ho - ly Friar,

ho - ly Friar, ho - ly Friar, ho - ly ho - ly Friar,
 ----- ly Friar, a Friar -----
 ho - ly Friar, ho - ly Friar, ho - ly Friar,

Lives half so well as a ho - ly Friar.
 ----- Lives half so well as a ho - ly Friar.

We are three Friars of orders Grey,
 And down the vallies we take our way,
 We pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
 Good store of ven'son does fill our scrip,
 Our long bead roll we merrily chaunt,
 Wherever we walk no money we want,
 Wherever we walk no money we want,
 And why we're so plump the reason we'll tell,
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well,
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well,
 What Baron or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy Friar.

After supper of Heaven we dream,
 But that is fat pullets and clouted cream,
 Ourselves by denial we mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden pye ;
 We're cloth'd in sackcloth for our sin,
 With old sack wine we're lined within,
 With old sack wine we're lined within,
 A chirping cup is our matin song,
 And the vesper bell is our bowl, ding dong,
 And the vesper bell is our bowl, ding dong.
 What Baron or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy Friar.

WITH LOWLY SUIT AND PLAINTIVE DITTY.

Larghetto Expressivo. *Stephen Storace.*

With low-ly suit and plaintive dit-ty, I call the ten-der mind to
pi-ty I call the ten-der mind to
pi-ty, My friends are gone, my heart is beat-ing, And chill-ing po-ver-ty's my
lot, From pass-ing stran-gers aid in-treat-ing, I wan-der thus, a-lone, for-
got, Relieve my woes my wants distress-ing, And heav'n re-ward you with its bless-ing.

With lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
I call the tender mind to pity,
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
And chilling poverty's my lot,
From passing strangers aid intreating,
I wander thus, alone, forgot.
Relieve my woes my wants distressing,
And heav'n reward you with its blessing.

Here's tales of love and maids forsaken,
Of battles fought and captives taken;
The jovial tar so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desert shore,
The hapless bride his loss bewailing
And fearing ne'er to see him more.
Relieve my woes my wants distressing,
And heav'n reward you with its blessing.

SINGING FOR THE MILLION—M. MAINZER.

THERE are few of our readers, we believe, but must have heard something of the new systems of Singing lately introduced into England by Mr Hullah and M. Mainzer, but many very probably (particularly in Scotland) may have little more than heard of them. We have already inserted the first of a series of notices of the Exeter Hall Classes. At present we propose to lay before our readers a brief account of M. Mainzer's system and its progress.

Joseph Maitzer, who is by birth a German, and by nature a musical enthusiast, came to England about the middle of the year 1841, having previously taught singing both in Germany and France. Shortly after his arrival he succeeded in establishing classes here, and despite the numerous difficulties he had to encounter, (amongst others, that of having to convey his instructions in a language hitherto foreign to him,) he has had great success; and his system of instruction is rapidly spreading throughout the principal towns of England, and is about to be introduced both in Scotland and Ireland.

M. Mainzer's first London classes were begun under the auspices of the Temperance Societies. At the commencement he had great difficulty in obtaining scholars, indeed he states that at first he "paid men two shillings and sixpence each per week to attend, besides supplying them with lesson books gratuitously." Things, however, soon began to wear a different aspect—the system of payment was speedily reversed—pupils began to increase—and at present he has numerous classes established in the metropolis, several of them under the sanction of respectable public institutions; the numbers that have joined these classes has been quite extraordinary, and beyond parallel in the history of music—at the present period there are not less than six thousand scholars, in London and its neighbourhood alone, receiving instruction from M. Mainzer or others under his superintendence.

Besides M. Mainzer's numerous classes in the metropolis, he has gradually extended his exertions over many of the principal towns in England. He usually, we believe, commences the classes himself, and they are afterwards carried on by his assistants. In Brighton his classes have gone on for a considerable period, and have made great progress. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne above 5,000 persons have already been instructed upon his system; in Bristol his success has been as great; in Reading, Oxford, and other places in the south of England, great progress has been made; and we understand that persons properly instructed in his method of teaching and supplied with his class books, have taken their departure for New York and Sydney, to extend to these cities the benefit of the new system.

In order to convey an idea of M. Mainzer's manner of commencing his classes, and generally of his system, we cannot do better than subjoin from the *Brighton Herald* the report of his first lecture in Brighton:—

"M. Mainzer is between 30 and 40 years of age; of a rather light complexion, remarkably thin, and his countenance bears the marks of study; but it is wonderfully benign, yet animated to a high degree when addressing his audience. Having read a beautifully constructed lecture, which he delivered with much grace and propriety, though at times, perhaps from his German enunciation, accenting the words differently from our custom; he at once entered upon his subject; premising, however, that in these early lectures he did not profess to enter upon matter that would be useful to the singer or musician, but he took it *ab initio*, and as if all present were about to become acquainted with the art for the first time. Nor did he profess to teach any thing absolutely new in itself, but merely in the manner of communicating it. In music we dealt with the invisible, and there were three things in it principally to be considered—sound; the signs by which sound is denoted; and the application of sound and those signs to the voice. Every person had a voice, though some could sing or speak higher, and some lower, than others; but there was a tone which all persons could make, and this was *sol* (G in the treble clef), and this, therefore, he called the speaking note. M. Mainzer then caused the whole assembly to sing this one note five times in a bar. Having succeeded without the least difficulty in this he caused the audience to rise one tone to *la* (A treble clef). Upon this he exercised them through eight exercises, and then proceeded to *si* (B the major third), and then on to *do* (C the 4th). He next proceeded to direct his numerous and pleased audience to the scale downwards from *sol* (G) to *fa*, being the second note downwards, and from that to *mi* (E treble clef)—and thus proceeded through 20 or 25 exercises, which all accomplished with little difficulty. As he gave the various tones himself and chords on the instrument, the audience followed him with little hesitation. His next task was to give an idea of *time*. He discards all the old terms of *breve*, *semibreve*, *crotchets*, &c., which, as he truly observed, were arbitrary signs, conveying no clear notion of their import, and calls them (the signs observed being the same as those in common use) *whole notes*, *half notes*, *quarter notes*, and so on up to the thirty-second part of a note. Thus the old *semibreve* is a *whole note*; the *minim* a *half note*; the *crotchet*, a *quarter note*; the *quaver*, the *eighth* of a note; the *semiquaver*, the *sixteenth*; and the *demi-semiquaver*, the *thirty-second* of a note. He first made his audience hold the full whole note whilst he counted four slow beats. He then made them count the two half notes; then the fourth, eighth, and sixteenth, but avoided for the present the thirty-two notes, as it would have led only to confusion. His next step was to set out a passage of a bar or two in notes marked on the lines upon a black board, and these he caused the audience to sing, calling each note by its proper name—*sol*, *la*, *si*, *do*, as required. He then placed some notes in the downward scale beneath the former notes, and these he caused the whole of the audience next to sing. Having done this, he prepared them for the next step. He caused the audience to divide into two masses, directing those on his left hand to sing

the higher notes on the board, and those on his right hand to sing the lower notes on the board, and thus a duet was at once executed by about 300 voices on each part, and hundreds began to form a conception for the first time of musical notation, time, and counterpoint. The effect was striking and pleasing; and when the pupils get confidence, and give force to their voices, the combination of such masses of harmonious sound will be tremendous. M. Mainzer then asked for a theme that would be familiar to all, which being given to him by the Rev. Gentlemen present, he immediately set it to music so as to form a duet, and this also, after a few trials, was perfectly executed by the audience. This closed the first and introductory lecture and lesson. The audience were now animated and delighted beyond the power of any words we possess to describe. Mr. Holtham, the chairman of the Committee, came forward and proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and a scene presented itself which we never can forget. The audience rose tumultuously, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs, burst forth in one round of applause, such as we never saw exhibited on any former occasion. This was repeated again and again, and every time the enthusiasm increased."

One particular feature of M. Mainzer's system (in common with Hullah's) and a great advantage, so far as the working classes are concerned, is the great number of persons who are enabled to receive lessons at one time, the number being only limited by the size of the class room, in consequence of which the terms for instruction are enabled to be reduced to a very small sum, amounting only to about 1d. or 1½d. per lesson. The first or elementary course of instruction embraces fifteen lessons, during which the pupils are made acquainted with the appearance, positions, sounds, and time of the various notes, and exercised in singing easy pieces of harmony; from the pupils who have gone through this course, a second or superior class is afterwards formed, which proceeds to the study of the higher branches of the science. Afterwards M. Mainzer proposes that there should be frequent holiday assemblages of the pupils in the different towns, for the purpose of joining in the execution of Chorusses, Anthems, &c.; these meetings to be occasionally held in fine weather in the open air, similar to those musical meetings so often held in Germany. Several of these festivals have already been held at Brighton, London, and other places, and have gone off very happily and with every appearance of having contributed greatly to the pleasure and enjoyment both of the singers themselves and of their auditors. An account of one of these festivals, held at Brighton, by a correspondent of *Cleave's Gazette*, we shall subjoin, as also of one at Reading, from the *Musical Times* :-

"In my last communication on the subject of Mr. Mainzer's classes in Brighton, I spoke of an approaching open air festival, a *fete champetre*, in which it was to be shown even to the most sceptical,

that choral music might, and perhaps at no distant period would, become a very striking feature in all the public and private festivals of the people. This promised musical fete has taken place. Thursday, 2d June, was fixed for Mr. Mainzer's farewell meeting, and was anxiously looked forward to by his pupils, as to a day that was to realize a new enjoyment. The 'Tea Gardens' was selected as the most fitting place for our meeting, and perhaps no place could have better answered the purpose. This garden is prettily laid out, and the trees and shrubbery were in the full beauty of their spring-time luxuriance.

A platform, seats, &c., were arranged on the bowling green, and at 3 o'clock, the scene that presented itself on entering the garden was beautiful and striking. As a proof of the socialising effects of music, were to be seen persons of great respectability, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, commingled with the poor and the lowly, it was a spectacle as gay as it was animating; and the luxuriance of the surrounding trees and shrubbery, with the beautiful vista opening in the rear, gave an additional charm to the *coup d'œil* of the spectator at the entrance. At one time there were not less than 2000 people assembled in the bowling-green and the surrounding bank. At a little past three, Mr. Mainzer arrived, and seated himself at the pianoforte. Among the chorusses were "The Call to Prayer," "The Sea," "The Cuckoo," "Fraternity," "Blowing Bubbles," "Psalm 15," "The Hymn," "The Village Chimes," "Super Fulmina Babylonis," "Contentment," "Invitation to a Red-breast." The hours from 4 till 6 were set apart for refreshment, walking, &c., and at 6 the singers reunited around Mr. Mainzer; when in addition to the "Pilgrims at the Holy Sepulchre." (a beautiful Cantata by Hauman) were sung "Britain's Hymn," an exercise from the manual, the chorusses "I travelled among unknown men," "The Shepherd Boy," "Departure," and "God save the Queen."

I should have stated that at the close of the first part of the choral performance a piece for three voices, written and composed with a pianoforte accompaniment by a gentleman who is strongly attached to Mr. Mainzer's classes, was presented to the latter as a mark of respect for his benevolent and arduous exertions in endeavouring to imbue all classes with a love of music. In acknowledging this act of respectful gratitude, Mr. Mainzer took occasion to impress on the minds of his audience, that he attached to music not simply an intrinsic value, but felt a strong conviction, that it had a powerful tendency to develop the softer and better feelings of man; that it was this conviction alone that prompted him to the exertions which he had made, not only in this, but in his own country, and in France. Mr. Ingram then presided at the pianoforte, and the tributary piece of which I have spoken, was sung; and when it is borne in mind that it was a difficult piece, requiring great nicety in marking the time, and firmness in singing the intervals, it will surely be deemed a strong proof that facility in 'sight singing' is within the reach of the 'million,' when I state that about an hour and a half had been the full extent of the practice given by the singers to this piece. If there was anything that might be called a failure in this day's performance it was the deficiency of musical accompaniment; for the first time, singing in the open air, and on such an occasion there was an inevitable timidity on the singers. This would have been in a measure

obviated, and more body given to the harmony by the assistance of wind instruments, and double basses; these, however, could not be had conveniently, nor without great expense. The most gratifying part of the performance was when, in a retired part of the gardens in the cool of the evening, Mr. Mainzer was surrounded by his pupils, and several chorusses were sung with great spirit without any accompaniment whatever. This closed the festivity of the day, and the admired teacher took his leave in order to prosecute his object at Oxford, Bristol, &c.

R. COLLING.

"The Reading Fête Champêtre on the 23d, went off as delightfully as heart could wish. The weather was delicious. The preparations were extensive, and the supplies abundant. Five tents, one of which was devoted to culinary purposes, were erected round a beautiful spot, called the Slopes, a part of the magnificent wilderness of Whiteknights. These noble gardens were in a very handsome manner given for the use of Mr. Mainzer and his pupils by the proprietor, Mr. Pollock.

The company began to assemble about two o'clock, and shortly after Mr. Mainzer arrived from Bristol. He was accompanied by Mr. Guynemer, who has conducted the Reading classes since their commencement. The 'master' was enthusiastically received by his pupils, and they soon commenced the business of the day by singing several chorusses, which, considering they had received but eight or ten lessons, they executed in a very creditable manner; though Mr. Mainzer complained that he could hear few 'lady voices,' owing to the intervention of the bonnets, which his almost pathetic appeal failed to coax off the heads of his fair pupils. The deficiency in volume of sound which was so perceptible in the first chorusses sung, was in a great measure owing to the situation in which the singers were placed—a hollow between two grassy banks (the Slopes) which appeared to deaden the voices; an effect that is often felt in a room crowded with furniture. When the choristers afterwards removed into the large tent on the summit of the southern bank, the singing was far more effective. A seraphine, ordered by Mr. Mainzer from London, furnished an appropriate and organ like accompaniment.

The following is the programme of the performances:—

At three o'clock precisely, the trumpet will sound the first call, when the party will meet at the Slopes, near the Fountains—the ladies arranging themselves on the north side, and the gentlemen on the south. The following music, constituting the FIRST PART will then be executed:—

1. Instrumental Piece.
2. Chorus—"Praise," *Mainzer*.
3. Instrumental.
4. Chorus—"Temperance," *Mainzer*.
5. Instrumental.
6. Solo or Glee.
7. Chorus—107th Psalm, *Mainzer*.
8. Instrumental.
9. Solo and Chorus—"Britain's Hymn," *Mainzer*.

At five precisely the company are requested to assemble at the sound of the trumpet, for tea, which will be served up in and about the tents. The following Grace and Thanksgiving will be sung at the table, the former to the music of the first chorus (Praise)—the latter to that of the second chorus (107th Psalm):—

BEFORE MEAT.

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
Bless our repast, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

AFTER MEAT.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food;
Thy grace bestows what'er is good;
Let manna to our souls be given—
The bread of life sent down from Heaven

At half past seven the classes will re-assemble at the Slopes, for the performance of the SECOND PART of the music, to consist of the following pieces (the trumpet sounding as in the former cases):—

1. Instrumental—(Overture).
2. Round—(composed for the occasion) *Guynemer*.
3. Chorus—"The Cuckoo," *Mainzer*.
4. Instrumental.
5. Solo and Chorus—"I've travelled," &c. *Mainzer*.
6. Chorus—"Liberty," *Guynemer*.
7. Instrumental.
8. Chorus—"Village Chimes," *Mainzer*.

To conclude at nine o'clock with the National Anthem, as arranged by Mr. Mainzer.

Among the chorusses, "Britain's Hymn" seemed here, as elsewhere, to be the favourite. Mr. Guynemer's new chorus, "Liberty," was also very favourably received, being vociferously encored. It contains a delicate compliment to Mr. Mainzer in the form of an acrostic. We hope to see many more from the same source. The glee which is marked in the first part of the programme was sung by Mr. Guynemer, Mr. Corrie, and two other gentlemen, with great taste and spirit.

The important hour of tea passed away amid much fun and enjoyment, if we might judge by the eager, smiling faces, and brightened eyes which crowded around the long tables, and the frequent bursts of laughter which shook the tents.

After some of the gentlemen had politely resigned their places to the ladies who could not find seats, the singers performed the beautiful "grace before meat." The effect was so good owing to the awning overhead, that Mr. Mainzer desired it might be repeated; and all the subsequent pieces were sung in the same place. After the grace, hostilities commenced in real earnest. The sounds of attack arose in a mingled din from the assembled mass. A thousand tea-cups clattering against a thousand saucers might be compared to the ringing shields and helms of ancient warriors—spoons and knives, like the spears and falchions of former days, were busied in the work of demolition—there were loud cries for water—but it was not "blessed water from the spring" to lave the brow of some dying soldier, but hot water to replenish the friendly tea-pot—there were furious and gallant assaults upon bristling batteries of bread and butter. * * * Such a tea-drinking we never before beheld, and we doubt if the temperance folks themselves could surpass these Millionites in their enjoyment of the social beverage. Several visitors from London were present; and among the residents, besides several of the principal people of Reading, Miss Mitford, the amiable and well known authoress, was pointed out to us, smiling benevolently upon a scene which was doubtless as novel as it was delightful to her. All was joy and harmony; the serene sky above, the quiet trees below, the luxuriant carpet of softest turf, the warbling of the birds, the untiring splash of the fountains, and more than all the peaceful and brotherly purpose for which this multitude was met together, cast an indescribable charm over the whole.

The scene, indeed, was such as we had never hoped to witness, but which we trust often to see again. The harmony which prevailed, the happiness that was beaming from every countenance, the

absence of anything that might offend the most fastidious, and, above all, the spirit of fraternity which united all present, stamped this meeting with a distinct and most ennobling character. Many, many more such may Britain see in every town, from John O'Groat's House to the Land's End, from the white cliffs of Dover to the most westerly point of the Emerald Isle."

From all the various accounts we have seen of M. Mainzer's system and progress, we are disposed to attribute a very considerable portion of his remarkable success to his evident enthusiasm in his occupation and his imparting a portion of the like feeling to his pupils. We have looked into his class-book, the "Singing for the Million," in vain for any marked improvement in the ordinary system, we cannot perceive that there is any important variation in the lessons and exercises contained in it from those usually taught in their classes by our own teachers. M. Mainzer himself says that the difference is in the manner of communicating the instructions, this, we are happy to learn, we will soon have an opportunity of personally witnessing in the classes, our good city being one of the places announced as likely to have an early visit from M. Mainzer. As to the new mode of naming the notes introduced by him, we do not see that the alteration is any improvement; if the value of each of the written notes is explained to the pupils, it will be easily remembered by them although that value be not expressed in the name, and if alterations were to be made we think it would be more desirable to alter the absurdly long demisemiquaver names into others short and distinct, although without previous meaning altogether. Many persons will be disposed to think that change of any kind is uncalled for; we do not say that it is, but when decided upon we would have been pleased to see an improvement made. A complete alteration in the names of the notes would certainly be productive of some confusion and inconvenience at first, but, like the change effected in transposing the notation of the tenor and counter-tenor into the treble clef, and against which great outcry and many objections at the time were raised, it would soon become familiar, and the inconvenience speedily disappear with its general use. M. Mainzer's plan of large classes and low charges is not a new one in Glasgow, whatever it may be in other parts of the country, a class on the same principle having been taught here for the last three sessions, in connection with the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, by Mr. Samuel Barr. This class has usually consisted of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred scholars, and is intended to be continued each winter.

On the whole, it cannot but be gratifying both to the lover of music and the philanthropist, if indeed the latter be not included in the former, to contem-

plate the present remarkable awakening of a musical taste amongst the people, which, if well followed up by a sound and thorough-going system of teaching, cannot fail of being extensively and permanently beneficial. For contributing largely to the calling forth of this taste, we cannot doubt that very much is due to the exertions of M. Mainzer, whose skill and enthusiasm seem to have wrought almost miracles amongst our population, and, whatever opinion we may hold as to minutiae of his system, this praise, so far as our humble voice goes, we cordially award him. We trust that throughout the length and breadth of our islands, wherever he goes, he will be met in the same spirit in which he goes forth—that he will be received as a friend and benefactor of his fellow men, and that his exertions will be aided and seconded by all who can render him any assistance, and we trust and hope that his success will continue to be as remarkable and as highly gratifying in those places he has yet to visit as it has been hitherto.

We now take our leave of M. Mainzer for the present, but shall continue to notice his progress as we see occasion.

BERLIN ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—The statutes of the new Royal Conservatory of Music, at Berlin, the establishment of which was ordered in the month of November last, have been decreed by the Ministry of Public Instruction. They are in substance as follows:—1. The Conservatory will occupy a building pertaining to the Palace of the Royal University of Berlin. 2. There are to be a hundred pupils (fifty of each sex), who shall receive gratuitous instruction, and of whom forty (twenty boys and twenty girls), shall be maintained at the public expense. 3. The number of professors is fixed for the present at eighteen, but shall be successively raised to twenty-four. 4. All the duplicates of musical works and of treatises on the theory of music, contained in the royal or public libraries, shall be bestowed on the Conservatory, to form the nucleus of its future library. 5. A sum of 100,000 dollars (about £16,000 sterling) from the funds of the Ministry of Public Instruction, is to be applied to the necessary purchases, and the expenses of founding the institution. Count Redfern, Intendant-general of Music in Prussia, is placed at the head of the Conservatory, and Mendelssohn is appointed its Director. It will commence its labours in January or February next.—*Examiner*.

THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY.—The German Company, who have been giving Operas at Covent Garden Theatre during the season, terminated their performances on Saturday, the 2d July. The theatre was prematurely closed on account of the want of success which attended the undertaking. In consequence, however, of the appeal which the company made to the public, the performances of the concluding week, patronised by the Queen and Prince Albert, drew crowded houses, and, we hope, afforded the company some compensation for their previous losses. This want of success is much to be regretted, as the performances of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the German school, for several years past, have contributed to improve the public taste in Dramatic Music, and have given lessons from which our own theatres have profited, especially in regard to chorus singing. We trust, nevertheless, that the Germans will not be discouraged from making us another visit, which may turn out more successful.—*Ibid*.

HAIL SMILING MORN.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Spofforth.

ALTO.

Hail - - - - - smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn that

1st TENOR.

Hail, Hail smil - ing morn,

2d TENOR.

Hail, Hail emil - ing morn, smil - ing morn that

BASS.

morn - - -

tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy

whose ro - sy

tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy

whose ro - sy

fingers ope the gates of day - - - - -

fingers ope the gates of day - - - - - ope the gates of

day - - - - -

day - - - - -

ope tho gates the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail! Who the gay face of

Hail Hail Hail!

day ope the gates the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail! Who the gay face of

ope the gates

nature doth un - fold - - - - - at whose bright

Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold,

nature doth un - fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold, at whose bright

presence darkness flies a - way, flies a - way - - - - - flies a - way - - -

flies a - way, flies a -

presence darkness flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a -

THIRD GREAT CHORAL MEETING AT
EXETER HALL.

A STRANGER arriving in London after a long and tedious journey, for the first day is sadly at a loss what to do with himself. * * * What shall we do? Reader! this was the very question we asked ourselves as we sat listlessly sipping our coffee on Tuesday the 21st June (we like to be particular), at 10 o'clock, A.M., precisely, when our attention was unwittingly drawn to a conversation at an adjoining table, in the great room of our hotel. The purport was this: The Third Great Choral Meeting of Hullah's Classes, instructed in the Wilhem system of singing, took place that same evening in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the Queen, Court, and a whole host of the *beau monde*. There was a scramble for seats; perhaps there was not one to be had, but that would be known by applying at Parker's, the great publisher in the Strand. *Gemini!* here's a pretty piece of business; the very thing that would take us three hundred miles out of our way at any time to hear, and us dreaming of what we are to do! a truce to uncertainty; and with such energy we bestir ourselves that in five minutes after we were walking in the direction of the West Strand. On reaching the locale our spirits fell apace; a string of elegant equipages blocked up the door, the owners no doubt all as anxious as ourselves to secure places. However, in we went, and were shown into a room mostly filled with the fairer portion of the creation; it was, in short, a sort of levee, and the dispenser of favour a pale aristocratic-looking youth like Jacques, "melancholy and gentlemanlike."—Whether this young gentleman sympathised in our impatience, or that we were indebted entirely to our own good luck, we know not—at all events, we were secured a front seat in the organ loft. We speedily departed with our prize, resolving to be there in good time and enjoy the music in peace and comfort.

On entering the hall the *coup d'œil* was very imposing. The whole of the body or audience part of the hall was filled with a dense array of singers, on our extreme right was the tenor corps, on the left the basso corps—both these wings extending the whole length of the hall, and each mustering, as far as we could judge, about 450 strong. In the centre were the sopranos and altos, and in the vanguard of these two columns was a separate division called the upper class, and these three, viz., the upper class, sopranos, and altos, were mostly females, and the appearance of the entire array was that of respectability. The galleries at our right and left, the platform in front of the organ, as also the gallery at the west end of the hall, are being filled with visitors and spectators. * * * More cheering! it is in honour of Mr. Hullah, that pale young man walking hastily up these steps; he has the look of a dauntless ardent student, an enthusiast in his profession, whom no difficulties will overcome, and who will either gain his object or perish in the attempt; he is very like—perhaps a brother of the aristocratic-looking youth in the Strand; he walks up to his own platform, he raises both his hands above his head and silence is instantly restored. He lifts up his ivory *baton*, and whisks it briskly in the air—it drops down—and lo! as at the invocation of a wizard, there arises from the body of the hall a COLUMN OF SOUND, broad, stately, massive, overpowering. Reader! that is the key note of the Hundredth Psalm. * * * After the key-note, the scholars sing the chord of the Hundredth Psalm.

The harmony of this piece is simple and impressive, and the effect of such a mass of sound bursting on the ear was sublime beyond description. Each singer of the multitude made time with his or her hand, and it was given with perfect steadiness and correctness. This was followed by a full anthem by Richard Farrant, "Lord for thy tender mercies' sake;" which was also finely executed, and with an evident perception of the author's meaning; the *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages were admirably observed. To our notion, the boldest effort of the evening was a motet of Palestrina's "I will give thanks." The melody of this piece is characterised by a broad and stately simplicity, but in the execution full of counterpoint and imitation; and on the whole, we should say, it was a fair criterion to judge of the capacity of the singers, as unless they were thoroughly grounded in the performance of vocal music, it must have been a grievous failure. On the contrary, the beauty of the piece was gradually amplified by the majesty of the execution, and proved in the most convincing manner the superior musical education of the scholars.

After the CXLIX. Psalm, an evening Hymn, "The day is past, its works are done," by Mr Hullah, was given—both the subject and harmony was masterly, and proved him a man of genius and a thorough musician; we noticed a little obscurity of effect in one marked staccato passage, and are inclined to think that Mr. Hullah makes too great a work with the *staccato* expression. This was evinced in the performance of the National Anthem at the conclusion; by using the staccato often, the solemnity of expression is destroyed. Haydn's celebrated Hymn to the Emperor, with words adapted to the Prince Royal, was then sung, and if Palestrina's motet was the boldest effort of his army of vocalists, this hymn had the most sublime effect and of the whole performance pleased us best—pleased did we say? it was rapturous, overwhelming, and carried us fairly off our feet. That sublime burst at the middle of the second part! The Evening Hymn composed by Wilhem, although the harmony is simple, was a remarkable performance as to effect; it abounds in unison passages, and when you hear that host of vocalists all singing in unison—'tis something awful.

Previously to the performance of the Queen's Anthem, which concluded the night's performances, Mr. Hullah exercised his pupils in singing at sight and time. We may explain it thus:—The four fingers and thumb of the hand are used as the five lines of the stave on which music is written, the spaces between corresponding to those on the paper. This would allow of an ascending passage of eleven separate notes, without the use of ledger lines; a couple of these lines are imagined by the pupil, one above and one below, and thus a diatonic scale of thirteen notes is obtained. In the first he desired them to sing so many crotchets, quavers, &c., in a bar, making rests in given places, and tying notes together when they were divided by the bars. This they did with great precision. In the second he rapidly passed the finger of one hand over the extended fingers and thumb of the other, indicating thereby the lines and spaces of the stave, and the whole array of scholars instantaneously sung the corresponding notes. This was raised in every form of vocal difficulty, introducing sharps and flats, and even distant intervals. This part was very extraordinary, and showed great progress in the actual practice of singing.

It must be evident to all enlightened men, that this system is an argument of hope to all classes of the community, for the attainment of a new, innocent, and rational gratification, and that by it our congregational music will be immensely improved, especially in this country.

The congregational music of Scotland is a disgrace to the country. The precentor, generally speaking, is some journeyman tradesman, and learns the gamut over hours. When he has picked up a few Psalm tunes, he applies for the situation of precentor. When he gets it how seldom can he improve himself? he receives for salary a miserable pittance, scarcely sufficient to keep him in "parritch and sour milk," let alone paying for lessons under some good master. Look at the result:—He gives out the first line, or, as he calls it, *raises the tune*, in a way something between clearing his throat and singing the words. You expect the congregation to join boldly, with a fair mixture of tenors and basses—on the contrary, you have only a wheezing consumptive treble, as irresolute and timid as if the singers were afraid of ghosts. There are a few churches exceptions, and occasionally a man of mind among the precentors—but what we have stated holds good, as the rule in Scotland.—*Edinburgh Intelligencer.*

THE DRURY LANE PRIZE.—The most noticeable sign during the current week, with reference to Music, has been the prize of £10 offered by the Drury Lane management to the English composer who shall best set the song of Hymen, in the last scene of "As You Like It." That this step has originated in a desire to encourage native talent, it were injustice to doubt: but is it not calculated rather to humiliate than to cherish ambition? Are there no recognised composers worthy to be entrusted with Shakspeare's words? Our opinions of English creative talent is less exalted than that of some contemporary critics: but still we do not forget Mr. Bishop's elegant compositions to Shakspeare's words,—his duet, "Orpheus with his lute," and his canzonet, "By the simplicity," especially to be commemorated with gratitude. Neither can we overlook the fact, that since Mr. Bishop's retirement from the stage, Messrs. Barnett, and E. Loder, and Hullah, and Rooke, and Macfarren, have each of them produced operas (we pass Mr. Balfe, because he has not an atom of nationality in his compositions), so far successful as to have justified the proffer of the commission to any one of the company. The mistake in question is the more important, because the words themselves are not peculiarly inspiring, and demand more than the usual self-possession and experience required of him who would grapple with one of Shakspeare's songs.—*Athenæum.*

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE

(FROM McLEOD'S ORIGINAL SCOTTISH MELODIES. *)

Words by Robert Gilfillan.

Music by Peter McLeod.

Slow with feeling.

In the days o' lang - syne, when we carles were young, And

* It may be well to mention here, that in every case in which copyright songs are introduced into the British Minstrel, it is with the permission of the authors.

nae fo-reign fashions a - mang us had sprung; When we bak'd our ain ban-nocks, an'

brew'd our ain yill, An' were clad frae the sheep that ga'ed white on the hill: O! the

thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill.

In the days o' langsyne, we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea;
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotlaud float high on the wind.

In the days o' langsyne, we aye ranted an' sang,
By the warm ingle side or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine:
O! whaur is the Scotland o' bonny langsyne.

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted along through the valley or plain:
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne, there was feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk e'e;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seem'd to tine,
It was your stoup the night, an' the morn 'twas mine
O! the days o' langsyne! O! the days o' langsyne!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the British Minstrel.

SIR,—It is with some little feeling of elation at the spread of musical education in this town, that I sit down to write a few lines to you on the subject. * * * * Mr. Burnett, Mr. Weston, and several other eminent professors, are giving instructions to large classes on Wilhem's method of teaching; Mr. Harris, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Walton, and three others of our best, are at the head of the Mainzerian classes in their respective districts. These last are only just established; many classes on the other [Wilhem's] system, have almost completed the first course of sixty lessons. * * * * Our Choral Societies, and we possess three—the Choral, the Amateur Choral, and the Hargreaves' Choral—are in a most flourishing condition. Separate, they are in the first rank; what would they be if joined together? The Hargreaves' Choral Society is the offspring of the bounty of the late Mr. Hargreaves, who left £1000 for the support of such an institution. Both our then Choral Societies claimed the legacy, but the Executors decided that neither of them were entitled, and a society was formed to receive the benefit of it. Its first concert took place just twelve months ago, when it took its place in the front rank at once; long may it keep its proud position. Then we have Glee Clubs, both public and private, and many of them. The Cheetham Hill Club takes the lead of these. Of the private ones, I can speak but for one, and with that one is connected my greatest enjoyment. We all feel deeply grateful for the opportunity of obtaining cheap music and good, which is now opening upon us; and having practised, with much gratification to ourselves, the music with which you have already presented us, beg to tender our best wishes, and present our humble petition for a Part each month, winter and summer. We can easily make up the arrears when our winter meetings commence, and are persuaded you cannot be a loser by it.

I am, &c.,

Manchester, 30th Aug., 1842.

TENOR.

MANIFOLD USES OF MUSIC.

PRINCE GEORGE of Cumberland, the son of Ernest, king of Hanover, has contributed to the literature of the present day an Essay on the Properties of Music. The young author's loss of sight has doubtless quickened his sense of hearing, and he thus enthusiastically speaks of the power of music:—

A most peculiar and extraordinary influence is exercised over our minds, on our whole way of thinking, acting, and feeling, when we sing, or hear sung, what is dear and valuable to us, our profession, our relations, our feelings, and inclinations. Every object to which we are attached—persons, countries, seasons, days of joy, places of remem-

brance, appear to us in a fairer light when music surrounds them with the halo of its tones. The overcharged heart pours itself out in song; grief is assuaged by soothing harmonies; sullen sorrow is mitigated and dissolves into tears; and joy and gratitude ennoble themselves in the realm of song. We become fonder of our vocation, and its load is lightened when we sing it.

And under all circumstances, for every class of persons, Poetry and Song dispense their refreshing gifts. The soldier sings but an hour before death overtakes him on the battle-field; the hunter sings amid the toils and dangers of the chase, even in the icy steppes of Siberia; the hardy seaman sings when he ploughs the raging billows, and the roaring of the hurricane accompanies his song; the miner sings while ransacking the bosom of the earth for treasures; the fisherman, the herdsman, the husbandman, the artisan, the wanderer, the day-labourer, all sing songs apposite to their calling and profession, all pay to their Maker the tribute of their morning and evening hymn. The lullaby of the fond mother composes her suckling to sleep, and children sing to the hoary grandsire the tunes that he has taught them.

Music displays the height of its omnipotence when, very often with the simplest powers, it excites love of country, or longing for home. If a son of the Alps, when in a foreign land, hears a tune that is piped on his native mountains—if a Scotch highlander, far from his native country, hears the sound of the bagpipe—tears of the most ardent longing for the home where he has left all that is most dear to him, trickle from his eyes. Far from the paternal hearth, he feels solitary and forlorn; and not unfrequently have such sounds in a foreign land, where none understood the language of the sufferer's country or of his heart, produced that mortal home-sickness, which consumes the lives of these poor creatures in silent sorrow, and for which there is no remedy but home, here or—hereafter.

It is in a different way again that Music exercises its power over the human heart under other circumstances. I have known persons whose spirits were broken, and their hearts rent by care, grief, and affliction. They wandered about, murmuring at their fate, absorbed in meditation, in vain seeking hope, in vain looking for a way to escape. But the excess of their inward pangs needed alleviation; the heart discovered the means of procuring it: the deep-drawn sighs of the oppressed bosom were involuntarily converted into tones of lamentation, and this unconscious effusion was productive of relief, composure, and courageously calm resignation.

Yes, indeed, it is above all in the gloomy hours of affliction that Music is a soothing comforter, a sympathising friend to the sufferer; it gives expression to the gnawing anguish which rends the soul, and which it thereby mitigates and softens; it lends a tear to the stupefaction of grief; it drops mollifying healing balsam into every wounded heart. Whoever has experienced this effect himself, or witnessed it in others, will admit with me that for this fairest service rendered by the art, we cannot sufficiently thank and revere it.

But even bodily pain Music can very often alleviate. The vibration of the air, which produces tones, operates upon the extremely sensitive auditory nerves, and through them upon the whole nervous system of the human body, and hence it may well have the effect of calming a feverish excitement of the blood. The annals of the Academy of Science

in Paris relate, that Music actually cured a composer of a fever.

And even on the bed of death, Music kindly cheers the good man, mitigates the pangs of the final struggle, and gives him a foretaste of a better world. I could here mention instances of sufferers who, at the approach of death, heard in their inward ear a Music infinitely sweeter, softer, more soothing than ours, which was to them an anticipation of the purest joys of heaven, were not silence enjoined me by a regard for tender duties.

TO MISS HOPKINSON,

On her excellent performance of the vocal parts in an Oratorical Exercise at the College of Philadelphia.

IN the year 1757 the MASQUE OF ALFRED was acted in the college of Philadelphia, by the students of that seminary: several young ladies condescending to sing the songs. On that occasion the following poetical epistle was written by J. DUCHE, one of the students:—

To thee, sweet harmonist! in grateful lays,
A kindred muse her softest tribute pays;
Bids every art with every grace combine,
For thy fair brow the laureate wreath to twine;
Blest, would a smile from thee reward her care,
And doubly blest, wouldst thou the garland wear.

Tell me, ye powers, whence all this transport springs?

Why beats my breast, when *Seraphina* sings?
I feel, I feel, each struggling passion wake,
And, rous'd by turns, my raptur'd bosom shake.
Heavens! with what force the varying accents move?
I joy, I mourn, I rage, I melt, I love!
Each power, each spring, each movement of my soul,
Charm'd by her voice, all bend to her controul.
Not half so sweet the lark's shrill soaring lay,
Whose sprightly matin wakes the slumbering day;
Not half so soft the lonely night-bird's strain,
Whose pensive warblings lull the weary swain;
Less plaintive flows the turtle's love-lorn tale;
Less sweet the sweetest note that wakes the dale.

But oh! when such soft charms their influence lend
To gain the fairest prize, the noblest end;
To kindle in each breast the patriot flame,
And urge each arm to deeds of martial fame.
To bid stern vengeance rise with rigid hand,
Crush the proud foe, and save a sinking land;
To make each virtue grace the public weal,
And justice, mercy, goodness, truth, prevail.
When such the themes, and such the vocal charms,
What thrilling transport every bosom warms?
Each sense, each passion, all the soul is mov'd,
Each ear is ravish'd, and each heart improv'd;
The listening throng in dumb attention pause,
And silent rapture speaks their just applause.

[The foregoing specimen of early American poetry, is extracted from the manuscript memoranda of a Literary Lounger, and serves a double purpose, viz., as a tolerably good specimen of juvenile complimentary verse, and as a historical evidence of the feeling which pervaded the minds of the masters and pupils in Philadelphia with regard to the influence of music as a powerful means to produce salutary and pleasing consequences.—ED. B. M.]

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.—This melody was published in Nathaniel Gow's collection, under the name of "Lord Batgonie's Favourite," as a very ancient air. Afterwards, however, it was claimed by Alexander Campbell, who asserts, in *Atbyn's Anthology*, volume 1, that it was originally composed by him as a strathspey. The song, "Gloomy Winter's now Awa'," was written by Tannahill for Smith, who adapted the melody to the words, and published it in the key of C Minor about the year 1808. It became very popular, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time. Twenty years afterwards, when the song was, comparatively speaking, forgotten, its popularity was renewed from the inimitable manner of Miss E. Paton's singing; and Smith was induced to publish a new edition with an entirely new arrangement, and a third lower, and more suitable for the generality of voices.—*Ramsay's Tannahill*.

O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD

SACRED CHORUS.

Haydn.

TENOR.  O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful in the Lord,

ALTO. 

SOPRANO.  O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful in the Lord,

BASS. 

O be joy-ful in the Lord, O be joy-ful, be joy-ful in the Lord;

O be joy-ful in the Lord, O be joy-ful be joy-ful in the Lord;

Come be-fore him with a song, a song of
praise, a song of

Come be-fore him with a song of praise, a song of

Come be-fore him with a song of praise, a song of

praise; O be joy-ful, be joy-ful in the Lord all ye lands, and come be-

praise; O be joy-ful be joy-ful in the Lord all ye lands, and come be-

fore his pre-sence with a song. Know that the Lord is God, it is

fore his pre-sence with a song. Know that the Lord is God, it is

he that made us; We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture;

he that made us; We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture;

En-ter his courts with the voice of joy and praise; O be joy-ful, O be

En-ter his courts with the voice of joy and praise; O be joy-ful, O be

joy - ful, be joy - ful in the Lord; His mer - cy is great, and his truth en-

dur - eth for e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, e - ver, e - ver

dur - eth for e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, e - ver

dur - eth for e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, e - ver

more; His truth en - dur - eth for e - ver, e - ver more.

Svo. - - - - -

more; His truth en - dur - eth for e - ver, e - ver more.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Moderato.

As bean - ti - ful Kit - ty one morning was tripping, With a pitch - er of milk from the

fair of Coleraine, When she saw me she stumbled, the pitch - er it tumbled, And

all the sweet butter - milk water'd the plain. Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now, Sure

sure such a pitch - er I'll ne'er meet a - gain, 'Twas the pride of my dair - y, O!

Bar - ney M' - Clear - y, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Cole raine.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.
 Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
 Sure sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
 'Twas the pride of my dairy, O! Barney M'Cleary,
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE TRAGEDIAN'S TRUNK.

One fine day in the summer of 1812, a short and very important-looking gentleman was pacing backwards and forwards, in a state of great agitation, before the door of an inn at Naples; from time to time he placed his hand on his forehead with a look of despair, as if vainly endeavouring to bring forth a reasonable idea.

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried he, as the hostess passed him.

"What has happened to you, Signor Benevolo, that you distress yourself?" inquired the good woman.

"You ask me why I am in despair? Don't you know that it is the day after to-morrow I open my theatre at Salerno, when I have engaged to give them tragedies?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then! I have a splendid company, a beautiful princess, with eyes like two black diamonds, and a voice fit only to utter the language of the most sublime poets."

"In that case, why do you complain?"

"I have also," added he, "a most admirable low comedian, a frightful face, as ugly as Sancho Panca himself, a visage which can laugh and cry at will; a perfect monster."

"Then why, I ask you, are you distressed?"

"Because I want an actor I cannot find, and without whom all my treasures become useless—a tragedian."

"How unlucky!" said the hostess.

"Unlucky, indeed," said the poor manager; "for without a tragedian all my golden dreams must vanish."

"I'll tell you what, Signor Benevolo," cried the hostess, whose eyes suddenly sparkled with joy, "I esteem you and wish you success, and therefore I'll give you what you want."

"What! a tragedian?"

"Yes, a tragedian! a young man in the town who has run away from his family to become an actor, who wants only the tragic dagger to make his fortune and that of his manager."

"How fortunate; kind, good hostess, bring him to me instantly."

She did not wait to be told a second time; in a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand a great fat boy.

"Here's your man, Signor."

"Man, do you call him," said the disappointed manager, looking at the chubby-faced youngster, who aspired to represent the Roman Emperors and Italian Tribunes; "why, he's only a lad."

"A lad that'll make his way in the world," replied the good woman, a little angrily; "hear him recite, and look how he stands, isn't that tragic?"

In truth the boy had begun to recite some of Dante's verses, and had placed the skirts of his threadbare coat by way of drapery.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" cried Benevolo; "you will be admirable in Othello; you will make a superb Moor when your face is blacked; so give me your hand, my boy, I take you with me as first tragedian; I'll pay the expenses of your journey, and, as an encouragement, here's twenty gold ducats for pocket money until your *debut*; will that do for you?"

"Capitally?"

"What's your name?"

"Luidgi."

"Luidgi what?"

"Luidgi nothing," observed the hostess; "the

youth has reasons to conceal his name, as his family might find him out, and cause his return."

"Very well, then; let us prepare our baggage and be off," said Benevolo.

In less than an hour the young Luidgi had quitted Naples in company with Benevolo and his comedians.

On his arrival at Salerno the manager announced his youthful tragedian as a prodigy of talent; the result was everything that he could desire; for long before the doors were opened an immense crowd awaited to be admitted.

Benevolo rubbed his hands with delight; whilst Luidgi, dressed in the costume of the Roman Emperors, was studying the most imperial attitude; already the treasurer counted his piles of money; all was joy and happiness—when, alas! the genius of evil cast her envenomed breath over his paste-board castle of bliss, and the whole edifice crumbled into nothing. Six *sbirri* marched up to the debutant, and arrested him, by virtue of an order from H. M. Joachim Murat, who, for the moment, possessed the advantage of being King of Naples by the grace of his brother-in-law. The family of Luidgi had obtained this order, that he might be brought back to the Conservatoire of Music, where he was studying, before his flight, under the able direction of the celebrated *Maestro*, Marcello Parveno.

"Lord! Lord! did ever any body see the like; to prevent a man's doing what he likes, and what he is so calculated to shine in," exclaimed Benevolo.

"Never mind, friend," said Luidgi, squeezing his hand; "I'll be a tragedian in spite of them."

"Maybe; but that won't restore my lost receipts."

"No; but I will when I am rich," answered the boy, struggling with the *gens d'armes*, who dragg'd him forcibly away.

I haven't lost everything, thought Benevolo; the lad has left a large trunk, the contents of which will now be mine, and he instantly proceeded to force the lock, hoping that he should be amply indemnified for the money he had advanced. When, oh, horror! the trunk was filled with—sand. Luidgi had invented this plan in order to appear respectable, and thus hide his poverty in the inn at which he resided. In a towering passion, the manager wrote to him as follows:—

"You are a young rascal. You have left in my hands a trunk of no value. You will never be a tragedian. BENEVOLO."

To which Luidgi answered in the same laconic style:—

"You are an old fool; keep the trunk; in ten years I will pay you twenty times the sum you advanced me, with money I shall have gained in acting tragedy. LUIDGI."

Ten years—twenty years elapsed, and Benevolo heard no news from Luidgi. The boy has forgot me, said he, and his promise also; for, instead of acting the sublime tragedy, he is singing stupid operas. What madness!

About six years ago poor Benevolo was living in a garret at Naples, when one morning he was surprised by the receipt of a letter couched in these terms:—

"Come and see me, old boy; bring my trunk of sand, and I will pay you for it. Here are 500 francs for the expenses of your journey. LUIDGI."

Rue Richelieu, 102, Paris."

The old manager was almost wild with joy. He lost no time in preparation; but, taking the trunk

with him, started for Paris, where he was received with open arms by his former pupil.

"Here, old boy," said Luidgi, who was now become of an enormous rotundity, "take this deed, which ensures you 1200 francs a year for your life; it is the ransom of my trunk at Salerno."

"A sum like this! impossible. I cannot take it," said the ex-manager.

"Make your mind easy, old friend; since we met my fortune has grown with my *embonpoint*."

"You make me happy, Luidgi—there is only one thing which vexes me, and that is that you have not kept your promise, and are become a singer instead of a tragedian; but I suppose, as an old comedian, I must forgive this weakness of yours."

"You think, then, I have failed in my promise."

"Undoubtedly."

"Here's an order for the Italian Opera to-night; you will see me, and we will sup together afterwards."

Benevolo did not fail; there he was in his stall, wild with delight, literally trembling with pleasure; for Luidgi played the part of the Doge in *Othello*, and at the moment the Doge curses his daughter, Benevolo absolutely screamed, so excited were his feelings.

After the opera, Benevolo, in a state of feverish agitation, awaited Luidgi at the door of the theatre.

"Well," said Luidgi.

The ex-manager threw himself into his arms, exclaiming "*Tragico—oh, Tragico!*" which were the only words he could utter; that same evening, taking Luidgi's hand, he said—

"Friend, till now I have never even asked your real name; but now that you are a celebrated artist, I would tell it to my friends in Italy; I would repeat it with my last breath; therefore from your own lips let me hear that name."

"LANLACHE," replied the singer, much affected.—*Court Gazette*.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

ON Thursday evening, the 28th July, at a concert of choral and madrigal music, given at the British School, Harp Alley, Mr. H. E. Hickson delivered a farewell address, in which he took a brief review of the progress of popular instruction in music. He observed that, within the last few years, a great and an important change had been effected. When the proposition was first made that the people should be taught to sing, as a means of weaning our neglected operatives from the vice of intemperance, it was received with ridicule; and when he had endeavoured, by lectures and pamphlets, to show that music might be rendered a great moral engine for softening the manners, refining the taste, and raising the character of the working classes, he was treated as a well intentioned but an impracticable enthusiast. It was up-hill work in those days, and required both perseverance and some moral courage, but it was now pleasant for the pioneers in the cause, in retiring from the field of their labours, to observe that the path they had opened for others had become the road to professional success and personal distinction. When Mr. Wyse once intimated an opinion in the House of Commons that, amongst other branches of useful instruction, children should be taught to sing, as in Germany, the legislators present replied to his remarks by a laugh. Now Ministers of State, the highest dignitaries of the Church, the first nobles in the land rise in both Houses of Parliament, to avow their conviction that a normal school for instruction

in singing is a suitable object for a public grant; and although there was some reason to apprehend that any grant now contemplated would be confined to the propagation of music by one particular method (and exclusive government patronage had a tendency to check improvement, by operating practically as a discouragement to the professors of other methods of equal or superior merit), that, perhaps, after all, should be viewed by the friends of the object as but a slight drawback to the success which had attended their exertions, and the result, on the whole, must be considered as highly gratifying. And it ought to be especially gratifying to some of those he saw around him, because undoubtedly the impression produced on the public mind might, in great part at least, be traced to the impulse originally communicated from the place in which they were assembled. The first public demonstration of the practicability of Part Singing as a branch of school instruction was given, with the assistance of the children he had himself taught to sing in that place, the boys and girls of the British School. At the numerous lectures which he had undertaken the duty of delivering, he had been accompanied by about sixty of the children from that school, and undoubtedly the interest excited by those amateur juvenile concerts, the tuneful voices, and the happy faces of the children, greatly tended to prepare the way for a movement which had since become too strong for prejudice to resist. This was a circumstance to be remembered with pride, and he trusted the Society would long continue to prosper, as a permanent memorial of efforts commenced within those walls in favour of a great and good object, now in train of happy accomplishment. Musical instruction in some form or other, was certain to penetrate into every corner of the United Kingdom; and as the same reason which had formerly induced him to sacrifice a large portion of his time to the object, no longer existed, it was fitting that in the same place where they commenced should now close that series of public duties (self-imposed, but sometimes of an arduous character) which he had undertaken to perform in connexion with the subject of music.—*Athenæum*.

MUSIC.

I speak in Morn's first breath to the opening flow'rs,
Warble a promise of the coming sun;
At noon I softly sigh 'midst summer bow'rs,
And chant Day's requiem when her course is run.

I am the gentle voice of murmuring waves,
As with slow measured pace they kiss the shore;
And I, deep hid in Ocean's darkest caves,
Rave midst the storm, and fiercest fury pour.

The dashing torrent owes to me its spell,
Lulling the senses by its solemn roar;
O'er the still lake, and in the deepest dell,
There am I felt too, with my magic power.

The graceful Poplar loves to call me Friend;
For I delight its lofty hymn to breathe,
The varied language of the trees to blend,
And with their garlands my glad brow to wreath.

The measured cadence of the matchless oak,
Nor less the trembling Aspen's sweeter strain,
Are but the melody with which I spoke
Our Maker's praise, ere man began his reign.

In early Spring in every breeze I laugh;
List to yon wood-note, doubt not I am there;
I, with the wild bee, Nectar stoop to quaff,
And as we rise, my song salutes the air.

I can to maiden's cheek the pale blush call,
When her fond ear detects loved footsteps near;
And o'er her heart in softest echoes fall,
As with low accents I dispel all fear.

Mine is the varied might to reign a Queen,
O'er mystic Memory, and her hallowed stores;
And by a touch wake Fancy's wildest dream,
Or change to Sadness the erst smiling hours.

And not on Earth alone, my power I wield,
For Heaven's pure arch resounds to my high strain;
And when that hour shall come when worlds shall
yield
Their empire, power, their being, and their fame

To him who gave them; then while elements dis-
solve,
And sea gives up her dead, I'll wake a song,
Shall drown the crash of worlds, and swell through
ceaseless ages.
M. L.

Tait's Magazine.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

THE paramount whim, the captivating absurdity of the season, was "The Beggar's Opera," with all the characters metamorphosed; men being substituted for women, and women for men. This folly was introduced by a prelude written with considerable humour, in which Bannister played the prompter, and prepared the way for the follies which were to ensue, by a grave apology for a delay in beginning the performance, as Polly was only half shaved. The most striking travesties were Mrs. Cargill in Macheath, Mrs. Webb in Lockit, and Mrs. Wilson in Filch; Mr. Bannister, the father, in Polly, Edwin in Lucy, Jack Bannister in Jenny Diver, and Dick Wilson in Mrs. Peachum. We have with pleasure seen ladies perform male characters—but the contrary disguise, even to carry on during one scene a particular part of the plot, has been generally viewed with impatience and distaste. A few exceptions occur; but there the females are so masculine, that, if women were to perform them, the metamorphosis would almost be petitioned for; take as an instance, Moll Flaggon in "The Lord of the Manor." Could a woman be tolerated in it, if Liston were engaged at the house? In "The Beggar's Opera," the extraordinary merit or the extreme whimsicality of the performance reconciled the audience even to this portion of its impropriety. Wilson's vulgarity in Mrs. Peachum was often ludicrous and effective, but if Sir Hugh Evans was shocked at the old woman who had a "peard under her muffler," the spectators of "The Beggar's Opera" had much more right to be so, when Mrs. Peachum, holding her dress a little awkwardly, or swinging too heedlessly in her chair, let them perceive a pair of black plush breeches under her petticoats. They were not so much offended when Charles Bannister, managing his dress too carelessly, showed an ankle which, for its elegance, the fairest lady present might have wished her own. Edwin's Lucy was everything that a low virago, transplanted from the bar of a dram-shop to the

high office of an inferior turnkey at Newgate, could be expected to display. Her ludicrous grief, her vulgar rage, her nauseous fondness, and her petulant vituperation, were delineated even beyond the life. Those who witnessed it cannot easily forget the tone and spirit which he infused into the songs "Thus when a good housewife sees a rat," and "I'm huddled, I'm huddled." The line, "These fingers, with pleasure, could fasten the noose," was given with a most unfeminine energy. In the mock female characters, the great achievement was Charles Bannister's Polly. * * * Had he, with his ample, muscular, manly frame, and deep intonation both in speaking and singing, attempted to mince in his gait, or to "aggravate his voice" into any feminine softness, the effect would, however successful for a moment, in the end have become tiresome and disgusting. The public had been used to witness his imitation of the Soprano of Tenducci; and his Arionelli, a similar personage in "The Son-in-law;" but they were short, and produced an effect very different from that which would have attended a repetition during three long acts. He appeared overloaded, but not encumbered, by a complete dress of white muslin, with a hoop, and a middle which appeared tightly laced; and however inconsistent his large size, a certain trick of his countenance, and his manly step, might be with the delicacy of a young female, no antics, or superadded drolleries of his own, drew down the senseless laugh, so often a tribute to mere grossness and absurdity. His 'big manly voice' alone produced a sufficient comic effect: his Caliban roar when Peachum pinches his daughter to make her confess, in the press-yard fashion, 'by squeezing an answer from her;' and the deep intonation of her kindness when she recommends a *repetatur haustus* from the gin-bottle—'Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double quantity whenever she is out of order,' would have drawn a hearty laugh from the sourest misanthrope. The songs, whether tender or spirited, were given with the utmost taste and judgment; and as much applause as could possibly be bestowed on an attempt of the kind, was readily given to Polly's male representative. To the ladies in the travestie no less praise may be assigned. Mrs. Cargill's small and unincumbered figure, made her a ludicrous contrast to Bannister, who, when singing the line, 'Fondly let me loll,' hardly knew on what part of her diminutive person to accommodate himself: yet the sweetness and spirit with which she gave the songs more than reconciled, it captivated the public. After her, Mrs. Kennedy played the hero of the highway; and that not in the disguised opera only, but when the other characters were restored to their proper sexes: the unrivalled tones of her exquisite voice made the audience forget that nature had denied her every advantage of face and form. * * Mrs. Webb shewed much ability in Lockit; she was superior to Mrs. Lefevre in Peachum, and their quarrel produced much amusement; but Mrs. Wilson, the arch, comical little creature, nick-named, from the colour of her locks, the Goldfinch, presented in Filch the perfect personification of a handy, expert pickpocket, and the genuine manners of a well-plumed Newgate bird. So complete was the representation, that I remember hearing a lady remark that, if she saw such a fellow near her in the street, she would not require the admonition of a Bow Street officer to 'take care of her pockets.'—Ladies wore pockets in those days.—*Memoirs of John Bannister.*

THE DUBLIN CRIES.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

*Moderato.**Dr. Stevenson.*

1
Come buy my Cher - ries, beau - teous las - ses, fresh from the gar - den

2
Fine Ap - ples and choice Pears, Eat boys, for -

3
Fruit in a - bund - ance, sold by me, Fruit in a - bund - ance

4
Whey. fine sweet Whey, Come

pluck'd by me; All on a sum - mers day so gay, you *cres.*

get your cares; All on a sum - mers day, so gay you

here you see; All on a sum - mers day so gay you

taste my Whey; All on a sum - mers day so gay you

hear the Dub - lin cries, Knives ground here by me. 2

hear the Dub - lin cries, Sweep, Sweep, Sweep, Sweep. 3

hear the Dub - lin cries, fine Pars - nips, fine Car - rots and choice Beans. 4

hear the Dub - lin cries, fine Rad - dish, fine Let - tuce, sold by me. 1

THE BRITISH MUNSTREL; AND
LOVE AND FOLLY.

DUET BY WEBBE.

*Ado Ad. Lib.**Allegretto.*

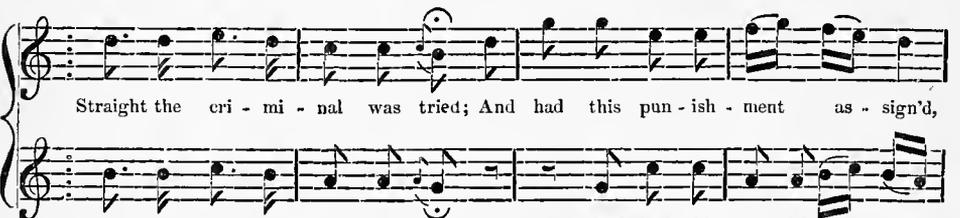

Love - - - - and Fol - ly. Love and Fol - ly were at play,



Both too wan - ton, both too wan - ton, both too wan - ton to be wise,
Both too wan - ton, both too wan - ton, too wan - ton



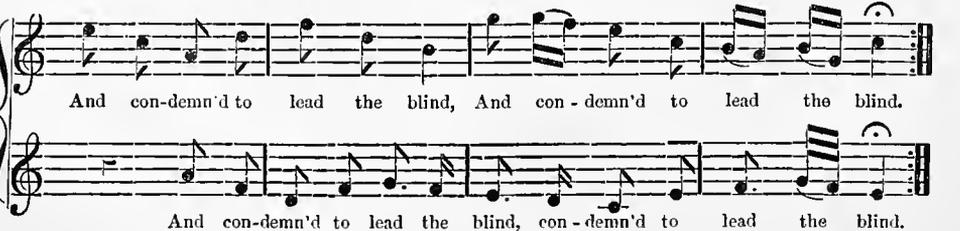
They fell out, and in the fray, Fol - ly put out Cu - pid's eyes.



Straight the cri - mi - nal was tried; And had this pun - ish - ment as - sign'd,
And had this pun - ish ment as -



had this pun - ish - ment as - sign'd, Fol - ly should to Love be tied,
sign'd this pun - ish - ment as - sign'd.



And con - demn'd to lead the blind, And con - demn'd to lead the blind.
And con - demn'd to lead the blind, con - demn'd to lead the blind.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Sixth Concert of 1842, Monday, May 30th.

ACT I.

- New M.S. Descriptive Symphony, (first performance in this country),..... *Spoehr*.
 Scena, Miss Bassano, "Ah parlarti,"
 (*Il Sacrificio d' Abramo*),..... *Cimarosa*.
 Concerto, pianoforte, Mr W. S. Bennett, *Bennett*.
 Scena, Mdlle. Pacini, "L'Automne,"... *Neidermeyer*.
 Overture, (*Egmont*),..... *Beethoven*.

ACT II.

- Sinfonia in D, No. 2,..... *Mozart*.
 Terzetto, Miss Bassano, Mdlle. Pacini,
 and M. Vrugt, "Pria di partir, (*Ido-
 meneo*),..... *Mozart*.
 Concerto in D minor, violin, M. Molique, *Molique*.
 Scena, M. Vrugt, "Champs Paternels,"
 (*Joseph*),..... *Mehul*.
 Overture, (*Calypto*),..... *Winter*.

The principal feature in this concert, indeed the only one requiring notice, was the new Symphony by Spöhr, "Descriptive of the Conflict of Virtue and Vice in Man," and now produced for the first time in this country.

The power of music to excite ideas of things by inarticulate sounds is very limited indeed, and most of the attempts so to apply it have generally proved abortive, and frequently ridiculous. The notes of birds, the sound of bells—"the far-off curfew," for instance—the noise of thunder, or artillery, may become subjects for direct imitation; for indirect imitation, elemental strife and the battle field are allowable, or, more correctly speaking, music may be made to *suggest* these. But the endeavour to represent to the mind such pure abstractions as Virtue and Vice, and their workings, by means of fiddles and flutes, trumpets and trombones, crotchets and quavers, was an exploit worthy of him who undertook to describe "The Silence of Sound," and this by the agency of those gentle instruments, double basses. In charity, then, to the author of the present symphony, we will view it only as a musical composition; and even thus considered, we must be rather sparing in encomiums. In form it is quite original; and, by a licence in language, may be called a *Symphony Concertante*. It is written for eleven principal instruments, placed in front of the orchestra, accompanied by a full band, and is divided into three movements, besides an introduction. Except what is given to the leading violin, the *Soli* parts do not sufficiently stand out to be easily distinguished from the secondary instruments, and the crowding all together produces, if not a confusion, at least a want of clearness, an obscurity, however, which a familiar acquaintance with the work would, perhaps, in a considerable degree abate. But the crowding, the overburthening his *score*, is the defect of the composer now before us. As an instrumental composer, he has no great fund of new ideas to draw upon, and often falls—unintentionally, we believe—into the phrases and passages of others, giving them frequently, we admit, a new colouring by means of added and often rich harmony, though this is too commonly redundant. The scientific musician is apparent in every part of this symphony; it is graceful, and sometimes beautiful, particularly the last slow movement, which is solemn, hymn like, and impressive. But the design excepted, there is a want of originality throughout. Much is traceable to Beethoven and Mozart, and as a whole it is far too long; passages are too often repeated, and the materials are not strong enough to bear the attenu-

tion—the spinning-out—to which they are subjected: and this is one of the least defects of the new composition, by which hopes were raised that certainly have not been realized.—*Examiner*, June 4th, 1842.

We have oftener than once had occasion to notice the novel direction in which Spöhr has been led to test the powers of his art, and to remark that, unlike those of his great predecessors who have given expression to material objects, he has chosen to connect music with the world of mind. This is scarcely the result of deliberate preference, but rather of individual temperament, and partly of national character. We must think of Spöhr in his tranquil home, living in and for his art, and using its language as his own; not as a composer, dwelling in a busy metropolis, and writing for public demand or individual speculation. "I sit down," he may truly say, "to write what I shall think, not to think what I shall write." In such a spirit and under a similar impulse our greatest poets have spoken to us—the sonnets of SHAKESPEARE reflect his own thoughts and feelings, and are the unbidden utterance of his mind. Their publication was an accident—their production was involuntary. So, in many, if not most, of Milton's minor poems, his thoughts

"Involuntary mov'd harmonious numbers,"

and the same may be affirmed of Spöhr. How far the bold experiment has succeeded, is another question; but in regarding a work of this kind, it is necessary to regard its origin, and as far as we can, to become acquainted with the mind that produced it and the motives which called it into being. The imitative or the descriptive power of music, as it is one of its most effective attributes, is also one which often misleads and ensnares a composer. The most eminent of these have given evidences of signal failure as well as complete success; and if this risk is incurred in the attempt to imitate or describe sensible objects, how much more fearful is the attempt to enter the ideal world, and to make the appeal to the imagination alone! We know the difficulty even in the sister art. What volumes have been written in order to expound the purpose and intent of DANTE! And when a composer professes to make the conflict between Vice and Virtue in the mind of man the subject of instrumental illustration, he must be aware that no audience can follow his train of thought. The language which he employs is not sufficiently definite for his purpose, and the impression must be indistinct.

The general design of Spöhr's Sinfonia may be gathered from the argument prefixed to it, of which the following is the translation by Professor TAYLOR:—

FIRST PART—INFANCY.

"O'er childhood's bright and blessed age
 No dark or threatening tempest lowers;
 Nor anger's storm nor passion's rage
 Disturbs its pure and tranquil hours;
 Even should temptation's arts assail,
 They pass—like clouds before the gale.

SECOND PART—AGE OF CONFLICT.

"But in the youth's impetuous mind,
 By pride assailed, by passion tost,
 Calm reason is to rage resigned,
 And in the whirl of passion lost;
 In vain religion's mild control
 Seeks to restrain his troubled soul.

THIRD PART—FINAL TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

"The tempest and the strife subside,
 The storms of pride and passion cease:
 Within the breast again reside
 Devotion's calm and virtue's peace.

The first part represents the innocent joy and sportiveness of childhood, in a movement replete with grace and beauty. The storms and strifes of youth and manhood succeed: and here the composer's aim could only be partially discerned. The language of the conclusion was as intelligible as it was beautiful; a strain of more celestial harmony never was breathed by instruments.

As the plan of this Sinfonia is altogether original, so also is its orchestral arrangement; there are, in fact, two orchestras—one of solo instruments, ranged in front of the band, each being employed either separately or in combination. This idea is wrought out with consummate skill, and displays all that command of orchestral effect which SPOHR so pre-eminently possesses.

That such a composition will be at once appreciated, and its right character and station accurately ascertained, it were vain to expect. He who ventures beyond the beaten path in music must not expect, at least in England, to be attended with a crowd of followers. Viewed as a mere musician, SPOHR'S course is not to be tracked by the crowd. His harmonies are the study and the admiration of

the most accomplished artists; to the many they present merely an assemblage of sounds which produce a novel impression on the ear. But regarded as the poet of his art, fewer still will be able to follow him, or understand that exquisite sense of beauty and power that cannot be contained within itself—that is impatient of all limit—that strives to link itself to some other image of beauty or grandeur, and to enshrine itself in the highest forms of fancy. In Germany this feeling is stronger and more pervasive. It is displayed in the fiction, in the poetry, in the metaphysics, in the theology, of the people; and the musician finds ready sympathy as well as competent knowledge among his hearers. Among English musicians, properly so called, there will be, and we believe there is, but one feeling towards this composition, simply regarded as a work of art. They will feel, with the judicious critic in the *Morning Chronicle*, that "it is worthy of its author's great name, though one which it would be rash and presumptuous to criticise on a single bearing." Other less competent judges will give a bolder opinion, and probably the wholly incompetent the boldest.—*Spectator, June 4th, 1842.*

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Words by Ben. Johnson.

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine.

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's Nectar suck,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me,
Since when it looks and smells. I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

DR. JOHN ALCOCK.

JOHN ALCOCK, Doc. Mus. was born in the year 1715, a native of London. When only seven years of age he was entered as Chorister of St. Paul's; and at fourteen became an articled pupil to John Stanley, Bac. Mus., who, although at that time himself only sixteen, was organist of two London Churches. Dr. Alcock died at Litchfield in the year 1806, aged 91 years. His works consist of six suites of lessons for the harpsichord, and twelve

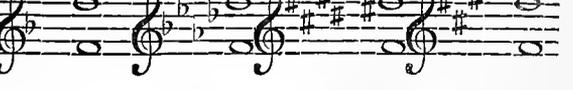
songs, published at Plymouth; six concertos and some psalms, hymns, and canons, published at Reading; twenty-six anthems, and a collection of glees, called the "Harmonia Festi," also many double and single chants, published at Litchfield. At each of the above places he was organist. A glee by Dr. Alcock, entitled, "Hail, ever pleasing Solitude," gained a prize medal at the Catch Club, and is considered to be a beautiful as well as scientific performance.

KEYS OF MUSIC.

The following rhymed rule, after the model of the good old doggerel, "Thirty days hath September," &c., for assisting the learner in remembering the signatures of the various keys of music, was written by Dr. Alcock, and has never appeared before in print. For this rule, together with the biographic sketch above, we and our readers are indebted to an esteemed correspondent, K. of Sandyford, who was in early life a pupil of Dr. Alcock's.

RULE.

EXAMPLE.

Keys of A.	As a major key three sharps will tell, The minor A is natural; And A flat major all will say, With four flats ever we must play.	Major. Minor. Major.	
Keys of B.	With major B five sharps are sent, B minor is with two content; To B flat major two flats place, With B flat minor five flats trace.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of C.	To prove our axiom plain and true C's major key we natural view; On minor C three flats attend, And C sharp minor four befriend.	Major. Minor. Minor.	
Keys of D.	The major D two sharps doth crave, The minor D one flat will have; With flat D major, five are told, With sharp D minor, six behold.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of E.	With major E four sharps must come, The minor E has only one; To E flat major, three flats fix, And E flat minor, must have six.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of F.	F's major key has one poor flat. The minor F has four times that; For F sharp major, six sharps score, For F sharp minor, three--no more.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of G.	G's major key with one sharp make, G's minor key two flats will take; To G sharp minor, five sharps name, And G flat major, six flats claim.	Major. Minor. Minor. Major.	

MUSIC OF THE CHURCH IN ITALY.

HITHERTO I have heard little which has given me pleasure; the constant introduction of secular music into the service is offensive; in the midst of religious ceremonies, to hear the airs from Rossini's or Bellini's operas, or noisy overtures of Auber, is so discordant with my feelings that I have often left the church in disgust. Widely different is the effect produced by the music which may be said properly to belong to the Church—I should say rather to the service of religion; for music is truly catholic in its spirit; and in my opinion it is delightful to reflect that, differing as men must do in matters of doctrine and belief, there is a power in this truly divine art which sets aside these differences and appeals to their common sentiments of devotion. It is interesting to observe the various forms under which this power is manifested in the different styles of ecclesiastical music—each according with the tone and spirit of the services to which it is adapted. But those composers who have really understood the powers of their art, and felt the true influences which it is capable of producing, have uniformly studied simplicity and grandeur. I confess that in the compositions of the modern school of church writers—in the masses even of Mozart and Haydn

—these principles seem to me often lost sight of or disregarded. The florid style of these compositions (independent of their total disregard of rendering in music an expression of the sentiment of the words) is false in principle, and often offensive in execution. Those alone who have heard the sublime and massive harmonies of Palestrina, performed as they are at Rome by the Papal choir, can feel all the influence which ecclesiastical music possesses over the mind. The Mass which we heard this morning was a noble specimen of the ancient Roman school of music; I was told (but whether on good authority or not I know not) that this was the famous work of Palestrina which saved music from being banished from the Church service. I could well believe that the divine harmonies we listened to this morning had produced such an effect.—*Miss Taylor's Letters from Italy.*

HAYDN AND MOZART.—The sincerest and most enthusiastic of all Mozart's admirers was Joseph Haydn. When both these illustrious Masters were invited to Prague, to assist in the musical department of the ceremony of Leopold's coronation, Haydn excused himself, exclaiming, "Where Mozart is Haydn dares not come."

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

Words by Burns.

Music by William Marshall.

Andante con moto.

O a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west, For there the bon-nie

las-sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best. Tho' wild woods grow, and ri-vers row, Wi'

mony a hill be-tween; Baith day and night my fan-cy's flight Is e-ver wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dew-y flow'rs, sae love-ly, sweet, and fair, I hear her voice in

il-ka bird, Wi' mu-sic charms the air; There's no' a bon-nie flow'r that springs, By

fountain, shaw or green, There's no' a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

O' a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best:
Tho' wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between;
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely sweet and fair
I hear her in ilk tunefu' bird,
Wi' music charms the air:
There's no' a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie hird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blow ye westlin winds, blow saft
Among the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle gale frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

Burns wrote this charming song in honour of Jean Armour, during their honeymoon. The poet published but the first and second verses, the others are added, not only on account of their beauty, but because they contain a part of the author's history, and deserve to be held in remembrance.—*Cunningham's Burns*. The air, "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," was the composition of William Marshall of Keithmore, who, in Burns' time, was butler to the Duke of Gordon. Mr. Marshall was also the composer of "Wishaw's Favourite," "Madame Fredrick," "Honest men and bonnie lasses," and other favourite Scottish airs.

Mr. Wm. Reid, late bookseller in Glasgow, wrote the following two additional verses to this song, which are very generally sung in the west country:—

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them brow;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a':
In hamely weeds, she far exceeds,
The fairest o' the town;
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, (if sae ye ca't)
Except her love for me:
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining e'en;
In shape and air, nane can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

SPOHR AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

FROM a correspondent in the Norwich papers we perceive that the above illustrious musician is unable to fulfil his intention of being present at the approaching festival, in order to conduct the performance of his Oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, written expressly for it. At the last festival, he conducted in person the performance of his *Calvary*; and the gratification which he received on that occasion induced him not only to engage to produce another great work for the next festival, but to make its performance the occasion of another visit to England. On his applying, however, to the Elector of Hesse Cassel (whose chapel master he is), for a few weeks' leave of absence for that purpose, he met with a peremptory refusal! And this refusal was rudely persisted in, without even the courtesy of assigning a reason, when the request was afterwards made, first by the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, and next by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who is related by marriage to the Elector. To such petty tyranny is the greatest musician of the age subjected, in a country which is called the Paradise of Musicians! Never was such an epithet more misapplied than to the country in which Mozart and Beethoven struggled all their days with neglect, and died in penury—where Haydn lived all his life little better than the domestic servant of a great magnate, unaware of the greatness of his own name, even when it was familiar as a household word all over Europe—where Hummel has been seen, at Weimar, waiting in an ante-chamber among his master's menials, till he should be called in to amuse the company—and where Spohr, without the civility of a cause assigned, has been refused to make a brief visit to England. A PRETTY PARADISE OF MUSICIANS! Our Germanised composers, we think, may console themselves under the misfortune of being Englishmen. The absence of Spohr is much to be regretted, though he appears to feel no anxiety as to his Oratorio. "I console myself," he says, in a letter to Professor Taylor, "with thinking that my Oratorio will be conducted by you. I have no anxiety respecting its performance." His confidence is based on the solid ground of experience, and will, we doubt not, be justified by the event.—*Chronicle*.

THE GRESHAM MUSIC LECTURES.

AMONG the musical incidents of the times, the Gresham Lectures claim occasional notice. The value of Sir THOMAS GRESHAM'S gift to his fellow-citizens is now generally felt, crowds flock at every succeeding term to partake of its advantages. His College was founded at a time when musical education was neither rare nor costly, and when an exclusion of music from the circle of the sciences would have been regarded as an imperfection in its plan of instruction, which was liberal in every sense of the word. To a similar state of society we are slowly but surely approaching. We are now at the very commencement of seed-time; the harvest must be gathered in by our successors; meanwhile, the thirst for musical knowledge increases, and the citizens of London gladly avail themselves of that provision for their instruction which the princely merchant of a past age bequeathed them. This was designed to embrace, not merely elementary knowledge of the art, which it was presumed had been already attained, but an exposition and critical examination of its results. The subject of the lec-

tures of the term just concluded, as well as those of the preceding one, was the music of the German school up to the time of HASSE. The lectures on Friday and Saturday were devoted to the labours of SEBASTIAN BACH; commencing with an exposition of the principles on which his system was founded, and the objects he proposed to accomplish. These were illustrated by the performance of some of his Chorals, and one of his entire Motets, consisting of various movements, all marked by the originality of his genius and his extraordinary power of combination. On Saturday evening Professor TAYLOR continued his review of the system of BACH as displayed in his compositions for keyed instruments; which was illustrated by his masterly Triple Concerts, played by Messrs. MOSCHELLES, BENEDICT, and TURLE. Before its performance, the Professor expressed his thanks to these accomplished artists for having most kindly offered their services in furtherance of his endeavours to elucidate the principles and display the genius of its author. "Some persons," he added, "may feel surprised at such an act of spontaneous liberality from men of such distinguished reputation; but those who know as well as I do the sincere and ardent love of their art by which their conduct is guided, will only recognise in this desire to aid in the accomplishment of our founder's intention, and to further the humble exertions of his representative in this place, another manifestation of the same generous and high-minded feeling." On the merits of this composition it would be idle to descant. It embodies in a pre-eminent degree that wonderful power of invention and combination which is stamped, to a greater or less extent, upon all its author's works; and its fitting place of performance was in a lecture, of which those works formed the theme. Crowded as the theatre was, the concerto was listened to with breathless attention; and the tumult of applause which broke out at its termination did not subside for several minutes. Much of this, doubtless, resulted from mere wonder. Many had heard of such players as MOSCHELLES and BENEDICT, who now saw and heard them for the first time; but there were not a few to whom this performance would be an event in their musical lives, a privilege to be highly valued, and an impression never to be erased. The lecturer then proceeded to review BACH'S celebrated *Gros Passions Musik*; from which oratorios several sacred detached portions were sung. This work has never been heard in England, and probably never will in its entire form; no portion of it has ever been published in this country, although abounding with those original thoughts and masterly conceptions which are stamped upon all its author's writings. MOLIQUE, PIRKHART, HAUSMANN, and MOHR, were present, who, as well as MOSCHELLES and BENEDICT, appeared to listen with great interest to the eulogy on their immortal countryman, with which the lecture concluded.

The compositions of HASSE, so widely different in plan and purpose from those of his great contemporary, formed the subject of Monday's lecture. The Professor's remarks were illustrated by selections from several of his Operas and Oratorios; among which the delightful air, "*Cara, ti lascio*," admirably sung by HOBBS, deserves especial notice. We commend this, and the beautiful Chorus, "*O godete cari amanti*," to the attention of the Directors of the Ancient Concerts, who seem to have forgotten that such a composer as HASSE ever existed. BACH is out of their reach.—*Spectator*, May 14th, 1842.

CONTENTMENT.

(From the *Bostan*, or *Garden of Sadee*, the *Persian Poet*.)

Smile not, nor think the legend vain,
That in old days a worthless stone,
Such power in holy hands could gain,
That straight a silver heap it shone.

Thy Alchemist contentment be,
Equal is stone and ore to thee.

The infant's pure, unruffled breast,
No avarice nor pride molest;
He fills his little hands with earth,
Nor knows that silver has more worth.

The Sultan sits in pomp and state,
And sees the dervish at his gate;
But yet of wealth the sage has more
Than the great King with all his store.

DANCING GIRLS OF EGYPT.

AT Daménour, near the mouth of the canal, I had an opportunity of witnessing the performances of the dancing ladies, called Alme. Some five-and-twenty of them were living in their tents here, assembling every evening at an adjoining coffee house, to exhibit before the passengers of the various boats; the crews of which club their ten or twelve paras, to have their first of all enjoyments, music and dancing. The Alme are called Zinganees, in Constantinople, and Ghaise, in Cairo. Niebuhr calls them gipsies. In fact, the dancing girls of Egypt are of the same race as our gipsies, who were originally, as their name imports, Egyptians. About 1512, Selim the First, having conquered Egypt, drove his opponents into the desert, where one party of them, headed by a swarthy slave, called Zinganeus, became formidable to the towns adjoining the desert, by their frequent depredations; they were at length dispersed by the Turks and Bedouins, and henceforth they straggled about various countries as magicians, fortune-tellers, and dancers, preserving always a distinct character wherever they went. I have heard some of them boast of their origin from a Grand Vizier of one of the Caliphs, and talk of their yet being restored to the possession of Egypt, and with as much certainty as the Jews speak of regaining Jerusalem. This tribe of the Zinganees take the name of Alme in Lower Egypt, and are the only professed votaries of the Turkish Terpsichore. Notwithstanding the dissoluteness of their conduct, they are brought by the most respectable Turks into their harems, to teach the young ladies the voluptuous mazes of the dance, the most befitting postures and graceful attitudes, and to instruct them in the art of feigning raptures which they do not feel.

The Alme are dressed for the dance in a flame-coloured silk gown, fitted closely to their shapes, and confined over the hips by a large shawl; an immense pair of chintz drawers completes the costume: their hair is plaited in ringlets, and in Lower Egypt is smeared with suet, or castor oil in the upper country: their chins and lips are tattooed with blue spots, their eyelids are painted black, their hands and feet yellow, and she who desires to surpass all her companions in loveliness, has her nose bored, and a tremendous ring hanging over her mouth.

The music is a rude sort of lute called *seminge*, and a tambourine or kettle drum, made of an earthen pot covered with parchment. Five or six ladies commonly set-to at a time, singing at the commencement a "merry dump," which becomes more

thrilling as the vibrations of their joints increase, and at length becomes so languid, that "the dying fall" of the music is lost in languishing sighs, corresponding with the soft passion their dance is meant to illustrate. Denon, in a few words, has described the Alme, "leur danse fut d'abord voluptueuse; mais bientôt elle devint lascive, ce ne fut plus que l'expression grossière et indécente de l'empotement des sens." When it terminated, the ladies seemed quite exhausted; they accosted me with a demand for money and a few glasses of brandy. I had no brandy, but gave them two bottles of wine, which they finished in a very few minutes.—*Dr. Madden's Travels.*

MUSICAL MONSTROSITY.

THE members of a Russian family of *fifty-three* persons (*twenty-seven* men and *twenty-six* women), called the KANTROWICZ family, have been training their voices, confining each to two or three notes, on the principle of their famous Horn Bands. These performers are about to *sing* at the Grand Opera of Berlin, a series of *instrumental* compositions.—*Athenæum.*

[The people of Russia must have a strange *penchant* for reducing themselves lower in the scale of rationality than any other people on the face of the earth, or how else could they study to become as useless individually, as one pipe of an organ would be without the other pipes of the *Register*. Their Horn Band was the most pitiable exhibition that could have been presented to gratify a vulgar and depraved taste. However excellently well they might succeed in the performance of their musical selections, or however precisely they managed to play in correct time, still we are certain that the same music could have been as correctly executed upon the organ, by a single performer, and his whole intellect all the while actively employed in giving sentiment and character to his study. But in the case of these wretched and debased *serfs*—human wind chests—what sentiment or expression could they infuse into their music? Why truly none; unless, indeed, the feeling of pain, which every rational mind and regulated taste and judgment would feel, at the presence of such a total prostration of all qualities and capabilities which go to make a progressive and intellectual humanity. In the case of the Horn Band or the Kantrowicz family, it requires no very great stretch of imagination, to believe that their exercises have not enabled any single one of them to sing or play over any one piece which, with such misapplied industry, they have trained themselves to perform certain notes of. Such rude and irrational attempts could only have been suggested and perpetrated in a state as barbarous, with a people as enslaved, and a government as despotic as that of Russia.—*Ed. B. M.*]

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,

A languid music haunted everywhere,—

Like those with which a summer-eve abounds,

From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,

Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,

With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;

Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,

And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
 Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
 The very air seemed sleepily to blow,
 And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
 Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
 It was a valley drowsy with delight,
 Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed
 the sight.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
 The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
 The trees slept in the steeping sunbeams' glare,
 The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
 And took its own free course without a care:
 Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters
 throng,
 Until the valley throbb'd beneath their lays,
 And echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
 Sent down to see the summer-beauties dress,
 And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
 Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
 And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
 The very flowers seemed eager to carress
 Such living sisters, and the boughs long leaved,
 Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed
 bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward
 peeping,
 Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
 Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
 Or looking love askance, and when descried,
 Her coy glance on the bedded-greensward keeping;
 She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she sighed,—
 Then blushed like timid day-break when the dawn
 Looks crimson on the night, and then again's with-
 drawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
 On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade;
 Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
 And half shook down her silken circling braid;
 Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made,
 She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
 Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
 With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
 With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling,
 Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
 Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—
 Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
 'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling;
 She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
 Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
 The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
 And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
 As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
 So close were rose and lip together twined—
 A double flower that from one bud had blown,
 Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
 Where swelled the curving-lip, or where the rose-
 bloom ended.

One half-asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
 Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;
 Still as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers:
 Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray
 Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers;
 They looked like roses on a cloudy day;
 The warm white dalled amid the colder green;
 The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to
 screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
 With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
 And singing to the waves for evermore;
 Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
 If but a sound above the muffled roar
 Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
 Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
 Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny
 valleys.

They were such forms, as imaged in the night,
 Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue;
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view;
 Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
 Women they were, such as the angels knew—
 Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
 Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in sunset
 red.

Friendship's Offering for 1841.

O THOU WHOSE NOTES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Harrington.

Moderato.

O thou whose notes could oft re-move, The pangs of woe or

O thou whose notes could oft re-move, The pangs of woe or

hap-less love; Rest here, dis-tress'd by cares no more, And

hap-less love; Rest here, dis-tress'd by cares no more, And

taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore, and taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore.

taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore, and taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore.

Largo. p.

Sleep, sleep, un-dis-turb'd, Sleep, sleep, un-dis-turb'd, Sleep - - - - -

Sleep, sleep, un-dis-turb'd, Sleep, sleep, un-dis-turb'd, Sleep - - - - -

Sleep un-dis-turb'd, Sleep un-dis-turb'd, Sleep - - - - -

Allegro ma non troppo

sleep - - - un-dis-turb'd, with-in - - thy peace-ful shrine.

sleep - - - un-dis-turb'd, with-in - - thy peace-ful shrine. Till An-gels

- - - un-dis-turb'd,

Till An - gels wake thee with such notes as thine, Till

Till An gels wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such notes as

Till An - gels till An - gels wake thee with such notes as thine, Till

An - gels wake thee with such notes, Till An - gels

thine - - - - - Till An - gels

An - gels wake thee with such notes such notes as thine - -

wake thee with such notes such notes as thine - - -

wake thee with such notes, Till An - gels

Adagio

such notes as thine, such notes - as thine.

wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such notes - as thine.

BURNS'S BONNIE JEAN.

THE father of this young woman was a master mason or builder, of some substance, in the village of Mauchline. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own story, she and Burns first saw each other as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying of "Love me, love my dog," and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was; but their acquaintance was not to stop short here. We are enabled to continue its history by John Blane, a decent old man now residing in Kilmarnock, who was at this time Burns's plough-boy and bed-fellow. There was a singing-school at Mauchline, which Blane attended. Jean Armour was also a pupil, and he soon became aware of her superior natural gifts as a vocalist. One night there was a "rooking" at Mossiel, where a lad named Ralph Sillar sang a number of songs in what was considered rather good style. When Burns and Blane had retired to their sleeping-place in the stable-loft, the former asked the latter what he thought of Sillar's singing, to which Blane answered that the lad thought so much of it himself, and had so many airs about it, that there was no occasion for others expressing a favourable opinion—yet, he added, "I would not give Jean Armour for a score of him." "You are always talking of this Jean Armour," said Burns, "I wish you could contrive to bring me to see her." Blane readily consented to do so; and next evening, after the plough was loosed, the two proceeded to Mauchline for that purpose. Burns went into a public-house, and Blane went into the singing-school, which chanced to be kept in the floor above. When the school was dismissing, Blane asked Jean Armour if she would come to see Robert Burns, who was below, and anxious to speak to her. Having heard of his poetical talents, she said she would like much to see him, but was afraid to go without a female companion. This difficulty being overcome by the frankness of a Miss Morton—the Miss Morton of the six Mauchline Belles—Jean went down to the room where Burns was sitting, and from that time her fate was fixed.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known. Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all weal or woe which befel him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable that, excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the earlier period of their acquaintance, nor till they were seriously and steadfastly married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing a home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,"

Not long afterwards, he infused his love for her into the still more passionate verses beginning, "Oh, were I on Parnassus Hill!" of which one half stanza conveys a description certainly not surpassed, and we are inclined to think not even approached, in the whole circle of British poetry—the vividness and

passion rising in union from line to line, until at the last it reaches a perfect transport, in which the poet involves the reader as well as himself.

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,*
Thy tempting lips and roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

Mrs Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in genteel society, but yet declaring that it wants "the witching grace" and "kind love" which he found in his "own lassie!" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it. Of "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtles" we are not so sure that Mrs. Burns was the heroine, though, if the wives of poetical husbands always had their due, she ought to have been so. Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March 1834. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, also a tolerable dancer. She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.—*Chambers's Heroines of Burns.*

* This phrase is apt to displease an English ear: but the displeasure vanishes when its Scotch meaning is understood—namely, *the reverse of clumsy.*

ADVICE GRATIS.

To the Conductor of a Concert during the performance of a Symphony.

ALWAYS, upon the commencement of any extremely beautiful passage, over which the composer has marked "*p. p. dolce possibile*," and with which the audience are in such an extasy of subdued delight, that you may hear a pin fall,—announce your own importance by a tolerably long, and, to a certain degree, powerful "*Hush!*" directed towards the orchestra, and driven through the teeth thus:—*H-t-s-h!!* You may, by this means, certainly annoy a few fastidious ears, and rouse a few drowsy old ladies; but never mind that. You will most likely earn the character of an extremely careful and clever conductor. *Mem.* Do not make the noise any more like a goose than you can help, lest some wag take it into his head to roast you.

To the Leader.

Stand up in the middle of the orchestra, and flourish your bow right and left. Never mind your *part*; there will be plenty of fiddles without you, and the occasional weakness of the leading melody will scarcely be felt among so many; besides, it would be a pity to let the Conductor have all the flourishing to himself. I know it is supposed by many addle-headed old fools, that the *Conductor* ought to give and keep time; but that's nothing. Flourish your bow as enthusiastically as he does his "*baton of harmonic command*," and the odds are—you are taken more notice of than he is. By the bye, do not on any account let the *first flute* leave off and flourish his instrument too. I dare say he will think he has as much right as yourself; but never mind that; *don't let him do it.* One of the joints of his flute might fly off, and he would create endless confusion, by scrambling down after it.

To the Orchestra.

Take your time from the first fiddle; never mind

the conductor—he's nobody! Start off "*con spirito*," and keep it up well. You may bring out a little stronger, if you can, upon the fortissimos; but never mind the pianos—run over *them*. An Englishman scorns to have his tongue tied—why should he have his fiddle-strings? Besides, what's the use of writing notes that are scarcely to be heard?—fetch them out! and if they *are* good, the more they are heard the better; its only the thief that hides his face; so fiddle away, and if the people say you "*rasp*," tell them they know nothing about it! I heard the horn-player in the opening movement to the overture to Oberon, some time ago, most heroically defy and set at nought the "*il tutti pianissimo possibile*," with which Weber deemed it necessary to preface the performance. What was that to him? He was

In possession of a fine-toned instrument; and who was to know it, if he did not let it be heard?—so he "gave tongue" right manfully. To be sure it *did* astonish the natives, who had rather prematurely prepared their ears for the soft and distant singing of the fairy horn; but that could not be helped;—its all very well for the gentlemen of the "honourable house" to talk about sacrificing the interests of the *one* for the welfare of the *many*, but let me tell them that it won't do. With *you*, every man must be heard; and I consider the horn-player perfectly justified in seizing upon the three first notes of the overture; they were written for him, and "why should he not do what he likes with his own." If people don't like to hear it, let them stop their cars till he has finished.—*Musical World*.

WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

(FROM M'LEOD'S ORIGINAL SCOTTISH MELODIES)

Words by Capt. Chas. Gray, R.M.

Music by Peter M'Leod.

Moderate with Expression.

When au - tumn has laid her sic - kle by, And the stacks are theck-it to

haud them dry; And the sap-less leaves come down frae the trees, And dance a - bout in the

fit - fu' breeze, And the Ro-bin a - gain sits bird a - lane, And sings his sang on the

auld peat - stane. When come is the hour o' gloam - in' gray, O

sweet is to me the min - strel's lay.

When Autumn has laid her sickle by
 And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
 And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
 And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
 And the Robin again sits bird alane,
 And sings his sang on the auld peat-stane:
 When come is the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 O sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
 And spairgin' about his snaw and his bail;
 And the door is steekit against the blast,
 And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast:

And the ribs are ryppet, the cannle alicht,
 And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright;
 And the bicker is reamin wi' pithy brown ale,—
 O sweet is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingleside,
 An' tell o' the blasts that I was wont to bide;
 When the nights war' lang and the sea ran high,
 And the moon hid her face in the depth of the sky
 And the mast was strain'd, and the canvass rent,
 By some demon on message o' mischief bent;
 O! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,
 For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO PETER M'LEOD, ESQ., EDINBURGH; ON HIS
HAVING SET "WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER
SICKLE BY" TO MUSIC.

(From "*Lays and Lyrics*," by Capt. Chas. Gray, R.M.)

Instead of prose, my honest Peter,
Accept from me a blaud o' metre;
For, whate'er some folk may suppose,
I write in verse as fast as prose.
Of cramba-clink I'm sic a master,
Indeed, I think I scrawl it faster;
And could I add to Scotland's glory,
I'd e'en turn *Improvisatore*.
I'll no just say, on nae pretence,
I hurst the bounds o' common sense;
That I, at ilka time and season,
Pour forth at ance baith 'rhyme and reason';
But I aver, wi' judgment cool,
I've found it sweet to play the fool;
And sweeter still, in place and time,
To play the fool in *Scottish rhyme*!
Just now I feel the words come rushing—
Like to a stream o' water gushing;
And rhymes within my brain are bizzin',
Enough to fill of sheets a dizzin':
And Metaphors for vent are striving,
Like bees frae byke when busy hiving;
Then hark ye, lad—'tis my intent
To gie this brain-born matter vent.

COWPER hath sung in measured strains,
The pleasure o' poetic pains;
That none else felt what poets feel,
As up Parnassus' hill they speak;
That 'terms, though apt'—(reverse o' sin!)
Are 'coy and difficult to win.'
As I ne'er thumb'd the muses' primer—
A ready, raffin, rustic rhym'er—
I never felt the pains and fash
Of those that rack their brains for cash;
Or hard that strive to leave a name,
And write (hard task!) for deathless fame.
Yet, with the Unité's* assistance,
I've seen Parnassus at a distance,
Not with a phrenzied dreamer's eye,
'But soaring snow-clad through the sky,
In pomp of mountain majesty!'
Lend me your lug—the truth to tell,
I write—for what? to please mysel;
Through rhyme and sang I aften skelp it—
For why? because I canna help it.
A laverock thus, at skreek of morn,
Soars frae a field o' braided corn;
She feels the impulse glad of spring,
And plies at once her throat and wing;—
To man her song may flow in vain—
No ear but Nature's list the strain;
Her notes may all be lost in air,
Yet still she sings her matins there.
I grant my lays are cauld and tame,
But still, the promptings are the same.
It's true I've many a stanza penn'd
In idle hour, to please a friend;
Nay, more, I've often touched the keys
For her 'whom man was born to please';
Aft has she set my fancy bummin',
That dear capricious creature, Woman!
With all her wit and whim about her,
The world wad stand stock-still without her.

* H. M. Ship Unité, in which the author served
for several years in the Mediterranean.

In fact, it was a look no chaney
That first set fire to my young fancy;
And though of years I feel the chill,
Its flame around me flickers still,
And Scottish song that used to warm
My heart, has still the power to charm.

Jog-trotting thus along life's course,
Ilk on his favourite hobby-horse;
I wi' my pen—you wi' your fiddle,
In fact, time seldom finds us idle.
'Tis said, (and they stand heavy knocks)
'That music's charms 'can soften rocks,'
'And bend,' like twigs, 'the knotted oaks':
A tale so strange may weel be doubtit—
Just now, I've nae time to dispute it.
Go we where verbal thunders roll,
There 'Eloquence' can charm 'the soul';
And though to skill we've nae pretence,
Wha hasna felt—'song charms the sense?'
This is a fact we wad hae notit,
Though MILTON's sel' had never wrote it.

In fiddlers' phrase I hardly ever
Could tell a crotchet frae a quaver;
For ay when I began to play,
I found a *bar* stood in my way;
And though I talked o' lyres and harps,
My sharps were flats—my flats were sharps:
Of every tune I tint the key;
True notes were counterfeits to me;
But though I ne'er could reach the treble,
My semitones were far frae feeble.
Nor jig nor solo could I play;
I lost the *tenor* of my way;
My bass was *base*—my grave was gay;—
In short, my chaunts would never chime,—
I spent my breath, and murdered *time*.—
Though Nature, wha has welth at will,
In music has denied me skill,
She wadna ilka fancy balk;—
'I ken a hand-saw frae a hawk';
A fiddle frae a German flute;
A bagpipe frae a Hessian boot;
A trumpet frae a tootin horn;
A magpie frae a lark at morn;
A blackbird frae a craw wanwordy;
An organ frae a hurdy-gurdy;
A big bassoon frae barrow tram;
An epic frae an epigram:—
But why waste further words upon it?
I ken a satire's no a sonnet;
That music moves the mind to pleasure,
And sangs, like breeks, are made to measure;—
O nought imparts such charms to me
As Scotland's simple melody!

Then thanks, dear Peter, for the score,—
I ne'er sae tuncfu' was before;
You've passed me through the Muses' portal,
And made my Scottish verse immortal;
My sang shall yet be sung wi' praise,
By Scottish lips, in after days;
Our names thegither be renowned,
Where mirth and music most abound:—
Sooth, I foresee, my rustic rhyme,
A foam-bell on the stream of time:—
Say, shall we there securely float
Along wi' ALLAN RAMSAY's boat?
Shall our crank coble trim the sail,
To catch wi' BURNS the balmy gale;

Shall the same breeze out-owre us steal,
That waves the streamer o' MACNEIL?
Shall our wee barkie follow still
Close in the wake o' TANNAHILL,
As down we glide for that deep sea,
Where Time's lost in Eternity?
Spike Island, Cove of Cork, 1st Feb., 1833.

MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

Music, like all other arts, has been progressive, and its improvements may be traced through a period of more than three thousand years. Being common to all ages and nations, neither its invention nor refinement can, with propriety, be attributed to any single individual. The Hermes or Mercury of the Egyptians, surnamed Trismegistus, or *thrice illustrious*, who was, according to Sir Isaac Newton, the secretary of Asiris, is, however, commonly celebrated as the inventor of music.

From the accounts of Diodorus Siculus, and of Plato, there is reason to suppose, that in very ancient times, the study of music in Egypt was confined to the priesthood, who used it only in religious and solemn ceremonies. It was esteemed sacred, and forbidden to be employed on light or common occasions; and all innovation in it was strictly prohibited.

It is to be regretted that there are no traces by which we can form an accurate judgment of the style or relative excellence of this very ancient music. It is, unhappily, not with music in this respect, as with ancient sculpture and poetry, of which we have so many noble monuments remaining; for there is not even a single piece of musical composition existing, by which we can form a certain judgment of the degree of excellence to which the musicians of old attained. The earliest Egyptian musical instrument of which we have any record, is that on the *guglia rotta* at Rome, one of the obelisks brought from Egypt, and said to have been erected by Sesostris, at Heliopolis, about four hundred years before the siege of Troy. This curious relic of antiquity, which is a musical instrument of two strings, with a neck, resembles much the calascione still used in the kingdom of Naples, and proves that the Egyptians, at a very early period of their history, had advanced to a considerable degree of excellence in the cultivation of the arts, indeed there is ample evidence, that at a time when the world was involved in savage ignorance, the Egyptians were possessed of musical instruments capable of much variety of expression.

We learn from Holy Scripture, that in Lahan's time instrumental music was much in use in the country where he dwelt, that is, in Mesopotamia, since among the other reproaches which he makes to his son-in-law, Jacob, he complains, that by his precipitate flight, he had put it out of his power to conduct him and his family "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." The son of Sirach, in giving directions to the master of a banquet, as to his behaviour, desires him, amongst other things, "to hinder not the music;" and to this he adds, "a concert of music in a banquet of wine, is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold; as a signet of emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine." In speaking in praise of Josias, he says, "the remembrance of Josias is like the composition of the perfume, that is made by the art of the apothecary; it is sweet as honey in all mouths; and as music in a banquet of wine."

There we have a pleasing recollection, illustrated by a comparison, with the gratification of three of the senses. Ossian, on an occasion a little different, makes use of the last comparison, but in an inverted order, when he says, "The music of Caryl is like the memory of joys that are past, pleasing and mournful to the soul."

The Hebrew instruments of music were principally those of percussion; so that on that account, as well as the harshness of the language, the music must have been coarse and noisy. The great number of performers too, whom it was the custom of the Hebrews to collect together, could, with such language and such instruments, produce nothing but clamour and jargon. According to Josephus, there were two hundred thousand musicians at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon.

Music appears to have been interwoven through the whole tissue of religious ceremonies in Palestine. The priests appear to have been musicians hereditarily, and by office. The prophets accompanied their inspired effusions with music; and every prophet, like the present *Improvisatore* of Italy, appears to have been accompanied by a musical instrument.

Vocal and instrumental music constituted a principal part of the funeral ceremonies of the Jews. The pomp and expense on these occasions were prodigious. The number of flute-players in processions amounted sometimes to several hundreds, and the attendance of the guests continued frequently for thirty days.

It has been imagined, with much appearance of probability, that the occupation of the first poets and musicians of Greece, resembled that of the Celtic and German bards, and the Scalds of Iceland and Scandinavia. They sung their poems in the streets of cities, and in the palaces of Princes. They were treated with great respect, and regarded as inspired persons. Such was the employment of Homer. In his poems, so justly celebrated, music is always named with rapture; but as no mention is made of instrumental music, unaccompanied with poetry and singing, a considerable share of the poet's praises are to be attributed to the poetry. The instruments most frequently named are the lyre, the flute, the syrinx. The trumpet does not appear to have been known at the siege of Troy although it was in use in the days of Homer himself.

The invention of notation and musical characters marked a distinguished era in the progress of music. There are diversity of accounts respecting the person to whom the honour of this invention is due; but the evidence is strongest in favour of Terpander, a celebrated poet and musician, who flourished 671 years before Christ, and to whom music is much indebted. Before this valuable discovery, music being entirely traditional, must have depended much on the memory and taste of the performer.

The character of the Grecian music appears to have been noisy and vociferous in the extreme. The trumpet players at the olympic games used to express an excess of joy when they found their exertions had burst a blood vessel or done some other serious injury. Lucian relates of a young flute player, Harmonides, that on his first public appearance at these games, he began a solo with so violent a blast, in order to *surprise* and *elevate* the audience, that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died on the spot.

The musicians of Greece, who performed in public, were of both sexes; and the beautiful *Lamia*,

who was taken prisoner by Demetrius, and captivated her conqueror, as well as many other females, are mentioned by ancient authors in terms of admiration.

The Romans, like every other people, were, from their first origin as a nation, possessed of a species of music which might be distinguished as their own. It appears to have been rude and coarse, and probably was a variation of the music in use among the Etruscans, and other tribes around them in Italy; but as soon as they began to open a communication with Greece, from that country, with their arts and philosophy they borrowed also their music and musical instruments.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

FRENCH MODESTY.

A Frenchman considers every work of merit an emanation of his own countrymen; and himself, his own race and nation epitomized. Whatever is great, good, and useful, had its origin in France, and Frenchmen have never achieved anything but what is great, good, and useful. They first discovered the revolution of the earth, the laws of gravitation, and the new world—for Galileo, Newton, and Columbus were, if not Frenchmen, certainly descendants of Frenchmen—because they were great geniuses. We have heard it gravely maintained that the application of steam power first originated with a Frenchman; that the perfection of naval architecture was dispensed at Toulon; and that David is the greatest painter that ever existed. When the Allies took away the pictures from the Louvre, they shouted, "Let them go, we will paint others!" A gentleman who makes pictures in chalks, assured us the other day, with that profound self-complacency which a Frenchman only can assume, that his sole motive for visiting England was, because we have no artists who can take likenesses. The following anecdote exhibits the French as the inventors of *counterpoint*, in addition to every other branch of science invented, or to be invented. "In my researches after old music in Antwerp (says Dr. Burney), I was directed to Mons. —, the singing master of St. James's Church, a Frenchman. Upon my acquainting him with my errand, and asking him the question I had before put to all the musicians and men of learning that I had met with in France and Italy, without

obtaining much satisfaction, "When and where did counterpoint, or modern harmony begin?" the Abbe's answer was quick and firm, "O, Sir, counterpoint was certainly invented in France!" "But," said I, "L. Guicciardini and the Abbe du Bos give it to the Flamands." This made no kind of impression on my valiant Abbe, who still referred me to France for materials to ascertain the fact. "But, Sir," said I, "what part of France must I go to; I have already made all possible enquiry in that kingdom, and had the honour of being every day permitted to search in the *Bibliothique du Roi*, at Paris, for more than a month together, in hopes of finding something to my purpose, but in vain; and as you were in possession of the old manuscript music belonging to your church, I was inclined to think it possible that you could have pointed out to me some compositions which, if not the first that were made in counterpoint, would at least be more ancient than those which I had found elsewhere. "Mais, Monsieur, savez sure que tout cela était inventé en France." ["But, Sir, rest contented that all that was invented in France."] This was all the answer I could get, and upon my pressing him to tell me where I might be furnished with proofs of this assertion, "Ah, ma foi, je n'en sais rien,"—"Ah, by my faith, I know nothing about it,"—was his whole reply. I had for some time been preparing for a retreat from this ignorant coxcomb, by shuffling towards the door, but after this I flew to it as fast as I could, first making my bow, and assuring him, sincerely, that I was extremely sorry to have given him so much trouble."—*Musical World.*

MADAME CATALANI'S LOVE OF THE ENGLISH.—She always speaks with great warmth of the kindness she experienced in England, and says she feels that she can never do enough to prove to the English her deep sense of gratitude for all the hospitality she received from them. Her frankness and cordiality emboldened us, before taking leave of her, to proffer a humble petition for a song. With the most perfect good humour she instantly complied with our request, though she said she was still suffering from the effects of a recent cold, and hoped we would put up with some "*petite bagatelle.*" With a truly French refinement of politeness, she sang, "Home, sweet Home," thinking, no doubt, that nothing could be more grateful to our English ears.—*Diary of a Nun.*

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILL'D.

TRIO, FROM THE COMIC OPERA OF "THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

Un poco Alle gro.

Hook.

A lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle cot well fill'd, A

lit - tle wife well will'd, give me give me.

A lar - ger farm well till'd, A

big - ger house well fill'd, A tal - ler wife well will'd, give me give me.

I

like the farm well till'd, And I like the house well fill'd, But no wife at all give

A short wife, A short wife, A short wife a short wife give

A tall wife, A tall wife, a tall wife a tall wife give

me, give me, No wife no wife at all give me, no wife at all give

me give me, A short wife, A short wife, a short wife a short wife give
 me give me, A tall wife, A tall wife, A tall wife a tall wife give
 me give me, No wife at all no wife at all give me give me, no wife at all give

me give me. A lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle eot well fill'd, A
 me give me. A larg - er farm well till'd, A big - ger house well fill'd, A
 me give me, I like the farm well till'd, and I like the house well fill'd, But

lit - tle wife well will'd give me give me. A lit - tle farm well till'd, A
 tal - ler wife well will'd give me give me. A larg - er farm well till'd, A
 no wife at all give me give me. I like the farm well till'd, and I

lit - tle eot well fill'd A lit - tle wife well will'd give me give me.
 big - ger house well fill'd, A tal - ler wife well will'd give me give me.
 like the house well fill'd, But no wife at all give me give me.

CELIA'S CHARMS.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

S. Webbe.

Andante.

1
Would you know my Ce - lia's chsrms, would you know my

2
I'm sure she's fer-ti-tude, I'm sure she's as for - ti - tude and truth, for - ti - tude and

3
She's on - ly thir - ty, She's on - ly thir - ty,

4
Ce - lia ought to strive, For cer - tain - ly she's fif - ty

2
Ce - lia's charms, which now ex - cite my fierce a - larms.

3
truth, for - ti - tude and truth, To gain the heart of eve-ry youth, of eve-ry youth.

4
She's on - ly thir ty lov - ers now, The rest are gone, I can't tell how, No long-er

1
five, She's fif - ty - five, cer - tain - ly she's fif - ty - five.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE ORGAN.

The following sketchy paper concerning the origin and progress of this noble instrument, is translated from the French, by a Lady Correspondent of the Musical Quarterly:—

THE ORGAN.—A wind instrument, superior to every other, from its variety, compass, and power. It is composed of many pipes, divided into rows, and played on by means of keys. The organ appears peculiarly consecrated to divine worship. There is in its composition an infinity of curious parts, too numerous for a detailed description, we shall there-

fore only mention the principal. The common key board in large, as well as in cabinet organs used for private rooms, has more than one row of keys, and is composed of thirteen sounds in the octave. It is the same as the key board of the spinnet or harpsichord. The wind chest is a coffer, closely covered with leather, and receives the wind previously to distribution among the pipes. The interior of the wind-chest is filled with small pieces of wood, called suckers. The suckers stop the bottom of the pipes, and only suffer the wind to pass when the keys answering to them are put down. The feet of the

pipes are supported by a plank, called the *mattress*, having holes pierced in it corresponding with the size of each pipe. There is also another plank which serves to keep the pipes upright and firm in their places. The wind passed into the pipes proceeds from bellows, the number of which is indeterminate.

The registers are species of keys or bars which serve to open and shut the holes of the grooves communicating with certain pipes and by this means the musician augments or diminishes the number of stops. By stops are understood certain pipes, which produce sounds of various kinds. Pipes are generally made of brass, pewter, lead, or wood, these latter are square, although they may be constructed cylindrically.

There are pipes in which are placed reeds, and to which are affixed springs, in order to lower or raise the tone, as it may be necessary. The stops of the organ are divided into simple and compound. The union of several of the stops constitutes the compound; the chief of which is called the full organ.

The small organ, usually placed at the bottom of the large one, is called the positive. The compass of the organ is generally about four octaves.

The organ is a most important instrument; its invention and use being widely spread, have contributed insensibly to bestow a new direction on music. Originally the word *organum*, from whence organ is derived, had a very extended acceptation, and designated all instruments, whatever their uses. By degrees it was applied solely to musical instruments; it was afterwards confined to wind instruments, and at last the word organ, *organum*, only signified the magnificent instrument now bearing the name of organ. The flute of Pan, the syrinx or pipe of reeds, doubtless gave the first idea of the organ. It must soon have been observed that there were other means of producing sounds from a pipe than by the mouth. It must also have been discovered that the air might be confined in close cavities, and afterwards emitted at pleasure by means of openings of different sizes. This discovery was applied to united pipes like the syrinx, or to a simple flute, and subsequently a species of bag-pipe was invented. By pursuing this course, they could not fail to arrive at an instrument strongly resembling our organ. Instead of a leathern bag, they used a wooden case to enclose the wind; above this they placed pipes, the opening of which was closed by suckers, which could be opened or shut at will, in order to produce the embouchure of any one pipe. The descriptions left by authors of different ancient musical instruments, together with their representations on several monuments, prove that the ancients were occupied at different periods with these experiments. For some time they were constantly employed in seeking the best means of introducing air into the pipes of the instrument we call an organ. They employed the fall of water, pumps, steam, bellows of different kinds, &c. In these experiments water was most frequently the cause of the motion by which the wind was introduced. They at last stopped at wind bellows set in motion either by water or by human strength. The application of these various means has distinguished two kinds of organ; that moved by water was called Hydraulic, that by wind Pneumatic, although there was no real difference in the principle. It is only by means of air that the pipes can produce a sound. Whether the air be introduced into the pipes by water, human labour, or any other machine, it comes to the same point, and the difference is reduced to

this question—which mode of applying the wind is the easiest? These distinctions, and the different meanings affixed to the word *organum*, have caused great confusion in the history of this important instrument. When an author spoke of *organum*, it was frequently imagined he treated of an organ, when he was alluding to some other musical instrument. There was the same mistake when the difference between the hydraulic and pneumatic organ was the subject of discussion. These two instruments were generally confounded. These differences have thrown great obscurity on different passages of ancient authors relating to this instrument. It was thought by some that the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, were acquainted with the organ in its greatest perfection.

There are indeed sufficient proofs that they possessed an instrument with pipes, but it is evident that it differed extremely from our organ. This difference is ably pointed out by a Monk in the congregation of St. MAUR. DON MARTIN, in his preface, entitled "Explanations of several singular remains of antiquity, which have relation to religion," says: in fact, the hydraulic was on a small, what organs are on a large scale; thence proceeds the name they bear, for neither Greek nor Latin authors speak of the hydraulic without designating it by the general and indefinite term *organum*. I can even perceive they were often ignorant of its structure; I wish, therefore, to know if they can first follow the progress of the hydraulic up to the organ, and afterwards descending from the organ to the hydraulic, explain the mechanism of that instrument. It seems proved that hydraulicons were on the small, what the pneumatics are on a large scale. ATHENÆUS, in the chapter where he treats of musical instruments, also speaks of the hydraulic, and in a way which proves that it was small enough to be transported from place to place, like the portable hand-organs of the Savoyards. The same passage informs us that the people were then as much charmed by it, as they now are when an instrument of this kind is unexpectedly heard at a fair.

The most ancient notice taken of an instrument of any size, to which bellows were adapted, and, according to some, keys likewise, is to be found in the anthology, and was first quoted by DU CANGE, in his *Glossarium naidiæ et infirmæ latinis*, on the word *organum*, and since, by several others. It is the description of an organ, said to have been in the possession of JULIAN, the Apostate, who lived in the fourth century. DU CANGE concluded that it was not an hydraulic instrument, but that it very much resembled the modern pneumatic organ. Nevertheless, the leathern bag appended to it was not our modern bellows, and the introduction of the wind into the pipes was not likely to be effected by keys, as in our organs. The description CASSIOPORUS has given of an organ in his explanation of the 150th Psalm, is more applicable to a small hydraulic, than to our modern instruments. The barbarism which spread amongst the people of Europe, after the time of CASSIOPORUS, was not only destructive to the arts and sciences, but also to many of the works of art; and it seems that the organ, such as it then was, shared the same fate. What several authors have said upon the ancient use of organs in christian churches, is not sufficiently established by proof. Thus when PLATINA, in his *Lives of the Popes*, advances that VITALEIU I. ordered that the organ should accompany the hymns of the church,

it appears that this word organ or *organum* rather signifies other instruments. It does not seem that at this epoch there existed a real organ in the West. The first true indication of an organ is dated about the eighth century; towards this period the Greek Emperor CONSTANTINE COPRONYMUS presented an organ to PEPIN, King of France. EGINHARD, in his annals of KING PEPIN, speaks in the year 755, of this fact, but he employs the word *organa*, which being in the plural, it may be reasonably imagined that he does not speak of an organ, but of several musical instruments, and the following authors, MARIANUS SCOTUS, LAMBERT D'ASSCHAFFENBOURG, and AVENTINUS, were therefore in error when they declared it to be an organ. The description given by the last of these authors, proves that he had such an organ in view as were known in his own time with pedals, bellows, &c. During the reign of CHARLEMAGNE, organs are mentioned as having been brought from Greece, into the western parts of Europe. According to the pompous descriptions given of this instrument by a Monk of St. Gall, in his second book of his work on the Military Exploits of CHARLEMAGNE, it would really seem of some importance; but if it had been as complicated as the historian describes it, it may be imagined that the artists of CHARLEMAGNE would not so easily have succeeded in imitating it, particularly after considering it so superficially. If the Monk of St. Gall had said what became of this organ, how long it existed, and by what accident it was lost or destroyed, it might have thrown some light on the subject. WALAFRID STRABO gives a description, no less emphatic, of an organ which existed in the ninth century, in a church at Aix la Chapelle. The softness of its tone he asserts to have caused the death of a female. Perhaps this was the organ built by the artists of CHARLEMAGNE in 812, upon the model of that brought over by the Greek Ambassadors. It appears that this Greek organ was not intended as a present to the Emperor, but to be employed in their divine service. In order to have transported it thus easily from Constantinople to Aix la Chapelle, to have exhibited it in that town amongst other curiosities, and afterwards to allow it to be heard, it must have been very small. If it were necessary to dismount the smallest of our organs, and carry it as far as from Constantinople to Aix la Chapelle, it would at least take several months to remount and fit it for playing.

After the time of CHARLEMAGNE, the organ is first mentioned in the annals of LOUIS LE DEBONNAIRE, by EGINHARD, in 826. A Presbyter, named GEORGIUS, arrived from Venice at the Court of the Prince, and boasted of his ability in making organs. The Emperor sent him to Aix la Chapelle, and gave orders that he should be furnished with the necessary materials for constructing an organ. NIGELLUS, an historian of the nineteenth century, in describing the life and actions of LOUIS LE DEBONNAIRE, in an elegiac poem, printed in the *Scriptores Italici de Muratori*, also speaks of this organ. DON BÉDOS DE CELLES, in his art of building organs, says, that it was an hydraulicon, according to a passage of EGINHARD, in which it was designated by the word *hydraula*. EGINHARD adds, that it was only employed in the palace of the Emperor; it therefore differed from that spoken of by WALAFRID STRABO, which he expressly says was in a church at Aix la Chapelle. DON BÉDOS DE CELLES thinks this was the first organ having bellows, and for which water

was not employed.

It will easily be conceived that the employment of water in a church must have been attended with great inconvenience, and probably this was one of the reasons why organs were not oftener used in churches; besides which, the water must have been very pernicious to the structure of an organ, on account of the constant humidity attending it.

In the latter part of the ninth century, the Germans possessed organs, and were able to construct and play on them; but it has not been ascertained how they acquired the art. ZARLINO, in his *Supplimenti Musicale*, book 8, p. 290, after having treated of the organs of the ancients, says that some authors imagine the pneumatic organ to have been first used in Greece; that from thence it passed into Hungary, afterwards into Germany, and subsequently to Bavaria. They pretend, continues ZARLINO, to have seen one amongst others in the cathedral at Munich—all the pipes of which were of box, of a single piece, of the size of our metal pipes, and like them, of cylindrical form. They think it was the oldest organ, not only in Bavaria, but in the world, on account of its size and structure. It is true that this passage does not determine the period at which they pretend to have seen this organ at Munich; but, if towards the conclusion of the ninth century, as it is sufficiently proved, they sent from this German province, organs, organists, and organ builders, into Italy, it is natural to suppose that for some years before, they could not have been ignorant of the art of building organs and playing on them. In the fifth book of the *Miscellanea* of Buluze, there is a letter from POPE JOHN VIII. to HANNON DE FRISINQUE, in Bavaria, praying him to send him into Italy a good organ, with a skilful artist to repair and play on it. DON BÉDOS DE CELLES thinks that GEORGIUS, of Venice, who, under LOUIS LE DEBONNAIRE, built the organ at Aix la Chapelle, might have had scholars, by whom the art of constructing organs was spread throughout several of the German provinces; and he attributes to this circumstance the fact, that Germany had, thirty or forty years before the death of LOUIS, sent organists and organ builders into other countries. This author, nevertheless, imagines it to have been an hydraulicon, as we have already said, and we are now treating of pneumatic organs. There is no doubt but that pneumatic organs existed sooner than is generally supposed. They were of limited compass; had few pipes, perhaps only a single register, and probably resembled those small obsolete organs long used in churches and schools, under the titles *regale*, *positif*, and *portatif*. If the pipes of the organ at Munich, of which we have been speaking, were of box, and cut out of a solid piece, the instrument could not have been of very considerable dimensions.

MERSENNUS ascribes a more ancient origin to the small pneumatic or positive organs: he relates, in the sixth book of his *Universal Harmony*, p. 387, that the celebrated NANCI sent him a drawing of a small cabinet or positive organ found in the gardens of the Villa Mattei, at Rome, the bellows of which resembled those we use for blowing the fire. A man placed behind the instrument, is engaged in introducing the wind by means of these bellows, and the key board is played on by a woman sitting before the organ. MERSENNUS has given no copy of it; but it may be found amongst the papers of HAYM, the compiler of the *Jesorio Britannico delle midaglie antiche*, and HAWKINS has engraved it in his *History of Music*, p. 403. The small pneumatic organs were then known long before the period to which their

invention is ascribed, and it is in the nature of things that they should be more known than the hydraulic organs. Their employment appears a sort of aberration, by which the original invention was for some centuries prevented from arriving at perfection. The ancients imagined they had found something better—but it proved otherwise, and they were compelled to return to the first invention, and endeavour to perfect and extend it; by degrees the pneumatic organ entirely superseded the hydraulic; but as these ameliorations were not generally known, in some countries the old organ continued to be used. Thus in the ninth century AURELIAN, in his *Musica Disciplina*, only speaks of hydraulic organs. Those which GERBERT constructed in the tenth century, when SILVESTER was Pope II., were according to WILLIAM, of Malmesbury, hydraulic organs. Whilst in Germany, France, and Italy, organs were but little esteemed, and in an imperfect state, England possessed some of surprising compass, and which surpassed all those of the above named countries. WOLSTAN, a Benedictine Monk of Winchester, and singer or chorister to his concert, gives, in his life of SWITHINUS, the description of an organ that ELFEUG, Bishop of Winchester, had made for that church in 951. According to this description, that organ was larger than any other then known. It had twelve bellows above and fourteen below, and required seventy strong men to work it. It was played by two organists, each of whom, to use WOLSTAN'S own expression, directed his particular alphabet. By the twenty-six bellows the wind was introduced into a great chest, where it was distributed through 3 holes into as many pipes. This remarkable account is to be found in the *Acta Sanctorum* ord. S. Benedict, published by MABILLON, vol. 8, p. 617. Whatever the size of this organ, it had but ten keys, and for each key forty pipes; the wind produced by the twenty-six bellows requiring the strength of seventy powerful men, could not have been very moderate. In the same work MABILLON, (at p. 734) describes another organ existing at the same time. A certain COUNT ELWIN entreated SAINT OSWALD, Archbishop of York, to inaugurate the church of the convent of Ramsay, in which he had placed an organ. The pipes were of brass, and cost thirty pounds sterling. They were placed in holes above the chest, and bellows were used to introduce the wind, and their sound is described as melodious, and sufficiently powerful to be heard at a considerable distance. Notwithstanding the imperfection of these organs, they everywhere produced the greatest astonishment, and every church was soon desirous of possessing so efficacious a means of attracting a congregation. We therefore find in the tenth century, that organs multiplied not only in the cathedral churches of the episcopal seats, but also in many churches of the convents.

In the ancient organs the number of notes must have been very limited. From ten to fifteen was nearly their greatest extent, and the execution of the plain chant did not require more. They could not have then had any idea of harmony, or a greater number of notes would have been necessary. It does not appear probable, but it has been proved that the different pipes of the ancient organs, struck by the same key, were not tuned uniformly in unison, but also by fifths, octaves, and even by fourths. This mode of tuning organs, so that each key should give a fifth or octave, suggested the idea of imitating in singing, the union of different sounds, also called organum; they had an organum triplum and

quadruplum, according to the number of voices; each voice was considered as the pipe of an organ, and in the necrologium of an ancient church at Paris, it is determined how much each singer, who represented the pipe of an organ, should be paid.

The keys of organs were formerly very roughly worked and of considerable dimensions. The key board of the old organ of the cathedral of Halberstadt had only nine keys, yet it was thirty-six inches wide. The old organ in the cathedral of Madgeburg had a key-board of sixteen keys; they were square, and each three inches wide; these sixteen keys occupied therefore a space of forty-eight inches, and were consequently wider than our key-boards of five octaves and a half, or forty keys. DON BEDOS DE CELLES, in his art of building organs, speaks of some whose keys were five inches and a half wide. The manner of playing was conformable to these immense keys. One finger was not sufficient to put them down; it was necessary to strike them with the whole force of the fist; something resembling the method of playing the carillons, yet in use in several villages, and on which the player cannot perform without the greatest fatigue; it appears the ancient organists had the same trouble.

The bellows were not more perfect than the organs themselves. We have already said that it required seventy men to set in motion the twenty-six bellows of the Winchester organ. The great organ of the cathedral of Halberstadt had twenty, and that of Madgeburg twenty-four small bellows, nearly resembling those of our smith's forges; they were not furnished with a weight to enable them to introduce a sufficient quantity of wind; the intensity of the wind depended therefore upon the strength of those who worked them. This mode must have been very fatiguing, and the quantity of wind very irregular, because all men are of different weights, and the quality of the wind produced by the bellows, depends on the equality of weight which serves to lower them; the manner of lowering them was also very singular. Upon each of the bellows was fixed a wooden shoe; the men who worked them hung by their hands on a transverse bar, and each placed a foot in one of those shoes, lowered one bellows with one foot, while with the other he raised another bellows. To work twenty bellows, ten men were necessary—for twenty-four, twelve, &c. PRÆTORIUS has given a drawing of this mode of blowing, in the twenty-sixth plate of his *Organography*. It is easy to conceive that by this means the organ could never be in tune, because the wind was admitted unequally. The organ pipes were usually of brass, and so roughly manufactured, that the sounds they produced were extremely sharp and noisy, on account of the want of registers, each key made all the pipes corresponding with it sound at once; at the present time the registers open or shut the necessary pipes; to this add the noise caused by all the bellows, and it will easily be conceived why the introduction of organs into churches encountered so many difficulties.

EALFRED, an English author of the beginning of the twelfth century, says, that these organs made a noise resembling thunder, which could not be favourable to the assembling of the faithful, and from what has been related of their construction, his description could not be exaggerated. PRÆTORIUS (in his *Organography*), and MATHESON, two competent judges in such a case, do not give a more favourable opinion of the ancient organs. It was not alone their imperfection that opposed their

Introduction, for in the early stages of christianity, the building churches, and even temples, met with more difficulty than the introduction of organs. **ORIGEN**, in the eighth book of his Book against **CELSUS**, expressly says, that "we christians believe we ought not to worship God in visible and inanimate temples." At this early period it was desirable to render divine worship as simple as possible, in order to distinguish it from that of the Jews and Pagans. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, **St. THOMAS D'AQUIN** holds nearly the same language: "Our church, he says, does not admit of instruments of music such as the cithara, the psaltery, &c., in order to celebrate the glory of God, that we may not resemble Jews." The number of persons of more moderate sentiments was very great; they favoured the introduction of organs and other instruments into the church, as soon as they perceived that their use, instead of injuring the principal end of worship, was, on the contrary, favourable to it. Others, such as **BALDIERUS**, Bishop of Dol, in Britagne, in the eleventh century, regarded the introduction of organs with indifference. Notwithstanding these contradictions, organs, and even other instruments, were soon admitted, not only into all great churches, but also into those of convents, and small towns. The historians of this era celebrate several monks, distinguished for the art of playing on the organ, and for their general musical abilities. For some time organs were only used on great feasts, solemn occasions, and not habitually in the celebration of all the offices. In the fifth vol. of the *Annals of the Benedictines*, by **MABILLON**, there is at page 505 mention made of an organ in the Abbey at Fecamp, and he says expressly that it was only used at certain times. **LE BEUF**, p. 112, of his *State of the Sciences in France*, since the reign of **ROBERT**, &c., says, that it was customary for the laity of distinction to present organs to religious houses, which, according to all appearances, were of small power.

The fifteenth century, one of the most important in the history of the civilization of Europe, had a very decided influence upon music as well as upon all the arts and sciences. The general introduction of figurate music produced a sensible amelioration, and induced a greater use of instruments, and particularly the organ.

This led to its gradual improvement, the registers were separated from each other, and were made to imitate the sound of a particular instrument. The Germans were the inventors of several reed stops, such as the hantbois, bassoon, &c. They were also well acquainted with the trumpet and vox humana stops. In augmenting and separating the registers, and the voices, it was necessary to extend the key-board. They had before only the diatonic scale, and a few octaves; they then inserted the chromatic tones, and increased the number of octaves. **DON BÉDOUS DE CELLES** thinks that they had begun in the thirteenth century to place the chromatic tones in the organ of the church of St. Salvador, at Venice. This first chromatic key-board had an extent of two octaves. The invention of pedals by a German named **BERNHARD**, residing at Venice, contributed greatly to the perfection of the organ. The construction of bellows, and the exact and proper quantity of wind, are of so much importance, that without them it is impossible to construct a good organ. The invention of the anemometer to measure the exact quantity of wind necessary to each register, by a German organ builder, named **CHRISTIAN FÆRNER**, of Wetlin on the Saale, in the seventeenth century, has greatly

aided in bringing the organ to a state of perfection. It might be thought that the example of the Pope's Chapel, in which an organ was never admitted, would have been injurious to their introduction into churches. Several in Italy and France, and still those of the Chartreux, had prescribed the use of them, but their utility in sustaining and accompanying the voices of large congregations was so perceptible, that they were very generally adopted. In Germany they spread very quickly. In 1412, there were two organists at Nœrdlinguen, who received salaries; and at the same time a new organ was constructed in the convent of the unshod Carmelites. In 1466, **STEPHEN CASTENDORFER**, of Breslau, constructed a third organ there. They were introduced at a later period in some other considerable towns in the south of Germany. The first organ was placed at Nuremberg in 1443, and at Augsburg in 1490. These organs had no pedals, but they had very large pipes. According to the ancient chronicles, there were organs in different towns in the north of Germany, which had no pedals, and only served to play slowly the plain chant. It was not till after the invention of pedals that the improvements in the organ became important. This invention appears to have been early known in Germany. In 1475, in the church of the unshod Carmelites; at Nuremberg, there was an organ with an ordinary key-board and pedals constructed by the son of a baker in that city, named **CHARLES ROSENBERGER**. This organ builder was then in great reputation, and erected the great organ of the cathedral at Bamberg. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, almost every church endeavoured to procure the advantage of possessing an organ.

One of the oldest organ builders of celebrity was **ERHART SMID**, of Peysenberg, in Bavaria, whom **DUKE ERNEST**, in 1433, exempted from every species of impost and contribution, on account of his skill in constructing organs. **ANDRE**, who built in 1456, the old organ of S. REGIDA, at Brunswick, also enjoyed great celebrity. **HENRY IRAXDORF** built organs with and without pedals. According to **PRÆTORIUS**, **FREDERICK KREBS**, and **NICHOLAS MÜLLER**, of Mildenburg, were very skilful organ builders. **RODOLPHUS AGRICOLA**, **HENRY KRANTZ** and **JOHN THOMAS**, &c., are also mentioned.

We are acquainted with but few celebrated organists of this early period, and in fact before the sixteenth century there appears to have been none whose merit was worth recording. Everything was then reduced to the indication and support of the plain chant, which was very uniform. **ANTONIA SQUARCIALUPO** seems to have been one of the first who used more art in his performance; he lived about 1430, at Florence, and many strangers travelled expressly to Florence to be acquainted with and hear him. **POCCIANPI**, in his catalogue of Florentine authors, says, that he published some compositions, but without explaining whether for the organ or the voice. He adds, that his portrait in marble was placed at the entrance of the cathedral, with an honourable inscription, which continued to exist in the last century. **BERNHARD**, the inventor of the pedals, must have been in his time a good organist; this may be deduced not only from the testimony of **SABELLICUS**, but also from his invention. **JOHN HOFHAIMER**, organist to the Emperor **MAXIMILIAN FIRST**, may also be cited among skilful performers. But whatever progress they may have made, the real art of playing the organ did not begin to flourish till towards the end of the sixteenth

century. Notwithstanding the imperfection of this instrument, and its conclusive application to plain chant, a mode of writing these melodies was early discovered. In Italy they probably used the same notes employed in writing for the voice, as soon as the necessary signs were invented. In Germany, the Gregorian letters were used, which mode was abandoned by the organists in the seventeenth century, although the Italian method seems to have been employed by some in the fifteenth.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

Ar—Bannocks o' Barley Meal.

Lively.

Ar - gyle is my name, and you may think it strange, To live at a court, yet

ne - ver to change; A' falsehood and flat - ter - y I do disdain, In my secret

thoughts nae guile does remain. My king and my coun - try'a faes I have fac'd, In

ci - ty or bat - tle I ne'er was disgrac'd; I do ev' - ry thing for my

coun - try'a weal, And I'll fesat up - on bannocks o' har - ley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 An' put my blue bonnet an' my plaidie on,
 Wi' my silk tartan hose an' leather heeled shoon,
 An' then I shall look like a sprightly loon.
 An' when I'm sae dressed frae tap to tae,
 To meet my dear Maggie I vow I will gae,
 Wi' target, an' hanger hung down to my heel,
 An' I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich present to gie to my dear,
 A ribbon o' green for my Maggie to wear,
 An' mony thing braver than that I declare,
 Gin' she will gang wi' me to Paisley fair;
 An' when we are married I'll keep her a cow,
 An' Maggie will milk when I gae at the plow,
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
 An' we'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggie should chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King as his daddy has done,
 We'll hie him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 An' then hame to Scotland and get him a farm.
 An' there we will live by our ain industrie,
 An' wha'll be sae happy's my Maggie and me?
 We'll a' grow as fat as a Norawa seal,
 Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then, fare ye weel citizens, noisy men,
 Wha' jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane,
 Ye bucks o' Bear-garden I bid ye adien,
 For drinking and swearing I leave it to you.
 I'm fairly resolved for a country life,
 An' nae langer will live in hurry or strife,
 I'll aff to the Highlands as bard's I can reel,
 An' I'll whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

This song, said to have been written by John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who was born in 1678, and died, 1743, was published in Herd's Collection of 1776; by others it has been ascribed to James Boswell of Auchinleck, the biographer of Dr. Johnson.

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

With fire and animation.

1st TENOR. *p* *cres.*
 What gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine? Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis

2d TENOR. *p* *cres.*
 What gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine? Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis

1st BASS. *p* *cres.*
 What gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine? Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis

2d BASS. *p* *cres.*
 What gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine? Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis

f *pp.* *f*
 send - ing. It hur-ries a-long, black line up - on line, And the shrill voic'd horns in the

f *pp.* *f*
 sound - ing. It hur-ries a-long, black line up - on line, And the shrill voic'd horns in the

f *pp.* *f*
 sound - ing. It hur-ries a-long, black line up - on line, And the shrill voic'd horns in the

f *pp.* *f*
 sound - ing. It hur-ries a-long, black line up - on line, And the shrill voic'd horns in the

cres.

wild chase join, The soul with dark horror con-found-ing, And if the black troop-ers' name you'd

wild chase join, The soul with dark horror con-found-ing.

ff

know, Lüt-zow's Jä-ger, forth to the hunt-ing they go!

Lüt-zow! Lüt-zow's Jä-ger, forth to the hunt ing they go!

What gleams from you wood, in the bright sunshine?
Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis sounding;
It hurries along, black line upon line,
And the shrill-voiced horns in the wild chase join,
The soul with dark horror confounding:
And if the black troopers' name you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's Jäger—forth to the hunting they go.

From hill to hill through the dark wood they hie,
And warrior to warrior is calling;
Behind the thick bushes in ambush they lie,
The rifle is heard, and the loud war-cry,
In rows the Frank minions are falling:
And if the black troopers' name you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's Jäger—forth to the hunting they go!

Where the bright grapes grow, and the Rhine rolls wide,
He weened they would follow him never;
But the pursuit came like the storm in its pride,
With sinewy arms they parted the tide,
And reached the far shore of the river:
And if the dark swimmers' name you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's Jäger—forth to the hunting they go!

How roars in the valley the angry fight;
Hark! how the keen swords are clashing!
High-hearted Ritter are fighting the fight,
The spark of freedom awakens bright,
And in crimson flames it is flashing:
And if the dark Ritters' name you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's Jäger—forth to the hunting they go!

Who gurgle in death, 'mid the groans of the foe,
No more the bright sunlight seeing?
The writhings of death on their face they shew,
But no terror the hearts of the freemen know,
For the Frantzenn are routed and fleeing:
And if the dark heroes' names you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's Jäger—forth to the hunting they go.

The chase of the German, the chase of the free,
In bounding the tyrant we strained it!
Ye friends, that love us, look up with glee!
The night is scattered, the dawn we see,
Though we with our life's-blood have gained it!
And from sire to son the tale shall go:
'Twas Lützow's Jäger bore down the ranks of the foe.

"Lützow's Wild Chase," was composed at Leipzig on the Schneckenberg, 24th April, 1813; for the translation, from the German of Theodore Körner, we are indebted to Tait's Magazine, it appears in one of a series of articles on the "Burschen Melodies," published in that Magazine in 1840-41.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

*Moderately slow.**Words by Burns.*

John An - der - son my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the

ra - ven, Your bonnie brow was bent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the

snow, Yet bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son my jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was bent;
 But now your head is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Burns formed these two verses on the model of an old and somewhat indelicate song, which was sung to the same tune, and which may be found in Johnson's Musical Museum. It is stated in the Museum, that the John Anderson mentioned in the song was said, by tradition, to have been the town piper of Kelso. The air is believed to have been a piece of sacred music previous to the Reformation.—*Chambers's Scottish Songs.*

THE ITALIAN WANDERER.

THE Captain of an English merchant-vessel was walking at a hurried pace along the Cours, the principal street at Marseilles, intent upon transacting the last commercial business which detained him in the city. His brig was lying in the harbour, with all her crew on board; the wind was favourable. He stopped an instant at the door of an hotel, to bid farewell to a friend, when a little boy seized the skirt of his coat, and with almost extravagant volubility, accompanied by very significant gestures, showed that he had some favour of a peculiar nature to ask of the good-tempered seaman. The boy was evidently not a beggar; but the impatient captain thrust a few small coin into his hand, and increased

the rapidity of his movement. Still his little friend was at his heels, and pursued him with unceasing perseverance, till they both stopped at the door of the merchant whom the Englishman sought. Fairly run to earth, he was obliged to grant a moment's attention to the importunate child; but even his patience was fruitless. The boy spoke only his native Italian, with the exception of a few of the very commonest words of French. The captain's acquaintance with languages was upon a level with that of many other honest voyagers, who would scorn to permit their own dear English to be corrupted by the slightest disuse. Still the boy was inexorably persevering; and the captain, to save time, was obliged to take him to his friend the merchant

who was proud of his talents as an interpreter, and delighted to carry on his correspondence with London, Hamburg, and Leghorn, in the languages of their respective countries.

The mystery was speedily solved. The little Italian had followed the captain from the quay, where he had watched him giving the last orders to his men. He wanted to go to England.

"Psha! silly boy, what can he do in England? Does he mean to carry images, or exhibit monkeys?"

"He wants to find his father."

The poor child rapidly told his story. His father had been compelled, by the distractions of Italy, having taken an active part in the ill-judged Neapolitan insurrection, to fly from his native shores. He had left Julian, his only child, with a sister residing at Palermo. His relative was dead; he had no one to protect him; he had perhaps money enough to pay his passage to England; he was determined to seek his father.

"But what will the poor boy do when he gets to London? He will starve."

The doubt was communicated; but the anxious Julian exultingly produced twenty ducats, with which he proposed to pay his passage, and to maintain himself after his arrival.

The Englishman laughed; but the gesticulations of the boy were irresistible. The merchant made interest to procure for him a passport without delay. A handsome poodle, which the sailor had not before observed, was leaping upon the boy, who seemed anxious to communicate to the dog a decision which had caused him so much gladness.

"He does not mean to take that confounded cur with him?" said the sailor.

The interpreter remonstrated; but the boy was firm. His dog had wandered with him along the coast; had shared with him his scanty food and his leafy bed. He could not part with his dog; it was his dear father's favourite. The last appeal subdued the captain; and Julian and his dog were soon under weigh.

The young adventurer performed his voyage without any great perils. He found himself, after six weeks, in the streets of London, with his twenty ducats still in his pocket, for the good-natured captain gave him his passage; but he was without the slightest knowledge of any human being in the wide city; without the least clue to his father's address, for he had forgotten how the letters to his aunt were dated; and without any chance of procuring a subsistence when his little money was expended. But his object was to find his father, and to that purpose he devoted himself with such an enthusiasm as nothing but deep affection can supply. He wandered up and down the crowded streets; he lingered about the doors of hotels and coffee-houses; he even ventured to pronounce the name of the Marquis de ———, but all in vain. The wilderness of London was ever shifting its appearances, though ever the same. He was lost in wonder and perplexity, but he did not despair.

At the end of three months the unfortunate Julian was without a shilling. He had met with boys of Italy, but they were low and profligate vagabonds, and they drove him from their company as much as he shunned them. He perceived that there were irregular modes of obtaining subsistence in London. He went into the parks and attracted the attention of the idlers there with his faithful dog. Numberless were the tricks that Pedro could execute; and they were of infinite use to poor Julian in his extremity.

The little wanderer soon became comparatively rich. He observed that the English were fond of street music. One evening he ventured to sing, in a bye-court, a song of Italy. The attempt succeeded. His means thus increased. He was invited to join an itinerant party that compelled a subsistence out of the musical barbarism of England. For some months he led a vagabond life with his companions; but Julian was a boy of real taste, and he despised their filthy and pillering habits. He hated also the hurdy-gurdy, upon which he learnt to play; but he was instructed that the English are fond of that delicious instrument, and it became the constant companion of his wanderings.

Two years had passed in this wretched state of existence. Julian was growing beyond childhood; he was ashamed of his occupation, but he could not starve; and the thought that he might meet his father supported him.

The wandering pair, Julian and his dog Pedro, had one day been exhibiting their choicest performances at the door of a cottage. The master sung his merriest airs, and the dog balanced a stick with wonderful agility. They were invited within the walls, for the children had possession of the premises. Julian was weary, and had sat down, while four happy urchins were delighting themselves with the tricks of poor Pedro. Very uproarious was the joy; when in an instant the little company was alarmed by the voice of a gentleman up stairs—the lodger in one bed room.

With a step of authority, the interrupter of mirth descended. He was a thin, pale personage, in very shabby black; and his domicile was established at this humble cottage, in a suburb of London, as he had the honour to teach Italian, at four guineas *per annum* each, to six delightful pupils, at the "Brunswick House Establishment for Young Ladies." He reproved the children in very broken English. Julian discovered a countryman—the sagacious poodle recognised a nearer acquaintance. In an instant the dog ceased his tricks and was at the feet of the gentleman in black. Julian blushed—then grew white—then stared—then rose from his seat—and at the moment when the well known voice exclaimed to the faithful dog, "*Poverino! Poverino!*" the boy sighed out, "*Mio Padre!*" and was in his father's arms.

The Marquis de ——— has trebled the number of his pupils, and is very contented with an income of seventy pounds *per annum*. Julian has cultivated his musical taste; and it is not unlikely that, in the ensuing winter, he may obtain an engagement in the orchestra of one of the minor theatres—*Friendship's Offering*.

JOHN WALL CALLCOTT

Was born at Kensington Gravel-pits, on the 20th November, 1766. He was placed under the care of Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, where his progress was considerable for his age. At twelve years old, when he was removed from school, he had read much of Ovid, the greater part of Virgil, and had begun the study of the Greek Testament. From this early period his acquirements, which were very great, were the fruits of his own industry.

His attention was addressed to music at the period of his leaving school (1778), when he obtained an introduction to the organist of Kensington, and began to practice upon a spinnet, which his father bought for him. About the year 1782, he often attended the service at the Abbey and the Chapel

Royal, and made some acquaintance with several of the heads of the profession. In this year he was also appointed assistant-organist at St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square, Holborn, by Mr. REINHOLD. He nearly at the same time, through the kindness of Dr. COOKE, obtained admission to the orchestra of the Academy of Ancient Music, and he sung in the chorusses of the oratorios of Drury Lane Theatre during 1783, 1784, and 1785.

In the first of these years he began to bestow some attention upon the principles of vocal composition, and he finished his first glee to the words of GRAY'S ode, "*O sovereign of the willing soul;*" printed in WARREN'S 23d collection. From this period he continued to improve in vocal harmony. During the year 1784, he had the pleasure to attend the commemoration of HANDEL in Westminster Abbey. In the following year he gained three prize-medals given by the Catch-club, and took his bachelor's degree at Oxford, on the invitation of Dr. HAYES. His exercise on the occasion was upon WARTON'S ode to Fancy. In 1786 he bore off two medals, at the Catch-club, and succeeded to several valuable engagements in teaching, through the interest of Dr. ARNOLD, by whom his glee, "*When Arthur first in court began,*" was introduced among the music of "*The Battle of Hexham.*" In 1787, he gained two more medals at the Catch-club. In 1788 he did not write for the prizes, though he still employed all his leisure in the study of composition for voices. In 1789 he again became a candidate for the medals, and had the good fortune (the concomitant of his uncommon abilities), to gain all four; a circumstance which never occurred before nor since. He was elected organist of Covent Garden Church in 1789. The election was, however, strongly contested, and the business terminated by a proposal, on the part of Mr. CALLCOTT, to divide the situation with his opponent, Mr. CHARLES EVANS. In 1790 the celebrated HAYDN arrived in London. Mr. C. was introduced to him by Mr. SALOMAN, and received some lessons from that eminent musician. He accepted the office of organist to the Asylum for Female Orphans in 1792, which situation he retained till 1803, when he resigned it in favour of Mr. HORSLEY, the present worthy incumbent, afterwards his son-in-law. In 1800 he took his degree of Doctor in Music, in company with Mr. CLEMENT SMITH, of Richmond. Mr. HORSLEY, at the same time, took the degree of Bachelor. Dr. CALLCOTT first conceived the design of composing a Musical Dictionary in 1797, and he persevered in it for some years after; but finding that such a work would interfere too much with his business as a teacher, he laid it aside till some future period of leisure and advantage, and in 1804 and 1805, employed himself in writing the "*Musical Grammar,*" one of the most popular works in our language.

The Grammar was first published by BIRCHALL in 1806. In the following year his various pursuits and incessant application, brought on a nervous complaint, which compelled him to retire altogether from business, and it was not till 1813 that his family and friends again had the happiness of seeing him among them. He remained well till the autumn of 1816, at which time symptoms of his former indisposition again appeared.

From this period his professional avocations were wholly suspended, and on the 5th May, 1821, he ceased to feel all further affliction. He was interred at Kensington on the 23d of the same month.

The basis of Dr. CALLCOTT'S fame rests upon his

glees, but he has written some songs that are unequalled in point of legitimate expression, and which, as we esteem them, are models for the formation of a fine English style. Such a one is his "*Angel of Life.*" His glees certainly place him among the very foremost of those who have cultivated that species of composition.

No man was ever more deservedly loved than Dr. CALLCOTT, for the gentleness and benignity of his disposition, nor more highly respected for the extent of his various attainments in language, literature, and in science.—*Musical Quarterly Review.*

EMINENT COMPOSERS

WHO BEGAN THEIR MUSICAL STUDIES WITH THE VIOLIN.

As the finest artificial medium for the conveyance of *expression*, the Violin has wooed and won to its converse some of the highest of musical geniuses.

MOZART, whose mastery over expression I cannot but consider (if I may refer to my own humble opinion) to have constituted him the greatest of all musical beings, living or departed, had a very early affection for the instrument, which his little fingers clasped with ecstasy before they could stretch themselves over the full extent of the miniature fiddle which they held. On this, while his elder companions indulged his infantine humour by carrying his playthings in procession from room to room, he would play a march as he went; and he soon made such progress in self-tuition as to astonish WENZL, the famous violinist, by the mode in which he worked through, first the second, and then the third part, in three trios, which WENZL, accompanied by M. Schachtner, had chanced to bring for a trial to the house of Mozart *per se*.

HANDEL, whose lofty, but less tender and persuasive powers, have gained him many votes for the first place in the musical scale, and who certainly can yield only to Mozart, if to *any* competitor, was likewise a votary of the Violin, on which he used to play before he was twenty years old; and was content, according to the testimony of his friend Matheson, to exercise himself as a *ripieno* in the opera at Hamburg.

HAYDN, the prime mover of the grand revolution in instrumental music, and himself the third great marvel of the musical sphere, was an early cultivator of that instrument, whose province and dominion he afterwards so gloriously extended.

PERGOLESI'S first and principal instrument (observed Dr. Burney) was the violin, which was urged against him by envious rivals, as a proof that he was unable to compose for voices. If this objection was ever in force, with reasonable and candid judges, it must have been much enfeebled, not only by the success of Pergolesi in vocal compositions, but by that of SACCHINI, whose principal study and practice, during youth, were likewise bestowed on the Violin.

STRADILLA, a name dear to romantic memories, had, for one of his accomplishments, an eminence on this instrument.

NAUMANN, whose genius, struggling with adversity, has been so touchingly described by the pen of Gerber, was helped forward by his love of this instrument, and by the generous aid of the gentle-hearted Tartini, towards that career in which he afterwards shone.

WINTER, the great German composer, fledged the wings of his seraphic soul on the Violin, and was admitted into the orchestra at Manheim at the age of ten, having been previously instructed by William Cramer.

JOHN CRAMER, the son of this last professor, and the glory of pianists, began the Violin at four. In this instance, however, it must be admitted that paternal prescription, rather than individual preference, was the apparent motive; yet he did, at that tender age, make his essays on the instrument—and that too, by the bye, where all beginners should—in the attic.

HUMMEL affords another four-year-old example. He took it up under his father's tuition, although, as his biographer in the *Harmonicon* has observed, rather simply, (considering the time of trial) "without much success."

MORLACCHI, the composer, commenced his versatile career of music with the same instrument, at the age of seven.

FERDINAND REIS handled the fiddle when about thirteen.

OUR OWN DR. ARNE was an early student of it *clàm patre*, under the advantage of instruction from Michael Festing; and the future writer of *Artaxerxes* moved the astonished indignation, and then the convinced compliance, of his parent, who chanced to find him playing first fiddle at a musical *soirée*. The fiddle it was that rescued him from the thralldom of the law, his previous destination; and he was some years afterwards leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre.

WILLIAM SHIELD, the English composer, began to practise the Violin at six years of age. When for the future means of his subsistence he had the choice proposed to his boyish judgment, of becoming a barber, a sailor, or a boat-builder, and fixed on the latter, he did not forget, while packing up his clothes to enter on that career, *his Violin*, and the little stock of music left him by his father. His master, however, kindly allowed to his talent its natural bent, and his boat-building ceased with his apprenticeship. He was soon enabled to lead the Newcastle Subscription Concerts, where he played the solo parts in Geminiani's and Giardini's concertos. Coming to London afterwards, and being encouraged by Giardini, he took his station among the second violins at the King's Theatre; and in the next season, under Cramer, the new leader was promoted to be principal viola, which post he held for more than eighteen years. As a composer his genius was for *melody*—no wonder that he cultivated the *violin*.

STORACE, whose spirit, in like manner, was steeped in melody, showed a similar predilection, and found delight in playing the solos of Tartini and Giardini, before he had completed eleven years of his life.—*Dubourg on the Violin*.

QUADRILLE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

ALTHOUGH in their orchestral accompaniments the French are acknowledged to be the most distinguished, every one who has heard their instrumentalists in the French and Italian operas at Paris, speak in the highest terms of praise of the polished style and subdued manner with which they wait upon the voices in accompaniment; yet this is the result of modern education and refinement, and not of natural predisposition. The French really love *noise*—and for its own sake. Their music is usually

loud—their conversation is loud. *Eclat* is their term (and an expressive one it is) for any boisterous impression produced. In praising a singer we have heard them make the distinguishing excellence consist in power:—"Mais, en effet, mon Dieu! elle a une voix à casser les fenêtres." "Monsieur, il chante comme un ange; il fait un bruit à élever le toit." ["*But, in effect, she has a voice that will break the windows.*" "Sir, he sings like an angel; he makes noise sufficient to lift the roof."] Even in their quadrille parties the dancing is not a sufficient excitement—they must have some ungenial and extravagant noise. The following notice of the dancing at the Jardin-Turc appears to us an amusing picture of their love of *eclat*:—"Hitherto Mons. Musard has had a competitor; he now possesses a rival, in the person of Mons. Julien, chief of the orchestra at the Jardin-Turc. Whereas the former contrived to smash the chairs, to fire off pistols, &c., for the purpose of giving *eclat* to his quadrilles, his praiseworthy ingenuity has been overwhelmed by his antagonist. Mons. Julien conceived the happy idea of setting fire to the four quarters of the garden, in the midst of which is heard the discharge of musquetry and the clanging of alarm bells, all which is grounded upon the motivi of the *Huguenots!* We are curious to know how, during the winter season, they will be able to perform the finale to this new quadrille of Mons. Julien in the salons." Why, they must have gongs, coppersmiths, and howitzers, and set fire to the house, or their dance will be as dead as ditch-water. Another quadrille, entitled, "St. Hubert" (who was the patron saint of hunters), is accompanied by a chorus of fellows barking like hounds, to the scandal of the canine neighbourhood. The Fête de l'âne quadrille would form a pleasing variety in these *bestly* imitations. The people are at their wit's-end for some outrageous excitement. They rush on from novelty to novelty. Whatever is a month old is voted "*déjà vieux*" [*already worn out*], and to be kicked on one side. They are a many-headed Sardanapalus."—*Musical World*.

CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

WHERE is the king, with all his purple pomp—
Where is the warrior plumed—the ermined judge,
With all his insolent pleaders—where the sage—
Where all the wise, powerful, fearful, frowning things,
That can, for all their frowning, send an eye
An inch within my bosom?

There's my rock,
My castle, my sealed fountain, sacred court,
That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,
Judging more keenly than the ermined judge,
Smiting more deeply than the warrior's sword—
More mighty than the sceptre. There my deeds,
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,
Are all arraigned. So, Heaven, be merciful!

The man acquitted at the fearful bar
Holds the first prize the round world has to give:
'Tis like heaven's sunshine—priceless. For all else
The praise of others is as virgin gold,
Earth's richest offering; to be sought with pain,
Yet not be pined for; worthy of all search,
But not of sorrow—as th' inferior prize;
Not as our breath of breath, our life of life,
The flowing river of our inward peace,
The noble confidence, that bids man look
His fellow-man i' the face, and be the thing—
Fearless and upward-eyed—that God has made him.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.

Alexander Pope.

Harwood.

Slow.

Vi - tal spark of heav'n - ly flame, Quit, Oh! quit this mor - tal frame,

Vi - tal spark of heav'n - ly flame, Quit, Oh! quit this mor - tal frame,

Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing, Oh! the pain, tho bliss of dy-ing,

Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing, Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy-ing,

Cease fond Na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to Life.

Cease fond Na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to Life.

Tenderly.

Hark, They whis - per, An - gels say, They

Hark, they whis - per An - gels say, They whis - per An - gels say, They

whis - per An - gels say, Hark they whis - per An - gels say, Sis - ter
 Hark, Hark they whis - per Au - gels say, Sis - ter
 whis - per An - gels say,

f Spi-rit come a - way, *lr* Sis - ter Spi - rit come a - way. *f* What is this ab -
f Spi-rit come a - way, *lr* Sis - ter Spi - rit come a - way. *f* What is this ab -

p serbs me quite, steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spi - rit,
p serbs me quite, steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spi - rit,

draws my breath, Tell me my soul, can this be Death, Tell me my
 draws my breath, Tell me my soul, can this be Death, Tell me my

lr *p*

soul, can this be Death. The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my

soul, can this be Death. The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my

With spirit.

f

eyes, my ears with sounds se - ra - phic ring. Lend lend your wings, I mount I fly, O

eyes, my ears with sounds se - ra - phic ring. Lend lend your wings, I mount I fly, O

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, O

Grave where is thy vic to ry, O Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, O

p

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, Lend lend your wings, I

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, Lend lend your wings, I

mount - - I fly, O Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O

mount - - I fly, O Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, O

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, O

Death where is thy sting. Lend lend your wings, I mount - - I fly, O

Death where is thy sting. Lend lend your wings, I mount - - I fly, O

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry O Death, O Death where is thy sting.

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry O Death, O Death where is thy sting.

'T WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.

With Spirit.

Now ancient English
me - lo - dies are banish'd out of doors And nothing's heard in modern days But Sig -
nor - as and Sig - nors, Such airs I hate, Like a pig in a gate, Give me the good old
strain, When 'twas mer - ry in the hall The beards wagg'd all, We shall ne'er see the like a
gain, We shall ne'er see the like a gain.

On beds of down our dandies lie,
And waste the cheerful morn,
While our Squires of old would rouse the day
To the sound of the bugle horn;
And their wives took care
The feast to prepare,
For when they left the plain
Oh 'twas merry in the hall,
The beards wagg'd all—
We shall ne'er see the like again.

'Twas then the Christmas tale was told
Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,
And they cheer'd the hearts of the tenants old
With a cup of good canary;
And they each took a smack
At the cold black jack
Till the fire burn'd in their brain.
Oh 'twas merry in the hall,
The beards wagg'd all—
May we all see the like again.

THE ST. GEORGE.

It stood in the artist's studio; all Florence came to look at it; all examined it with curiosity; all admired it with eagerness; all pronounced it the *capo d' opera* of DONATELLO. The whole town were in raptures, and lovely ladies, as they bent from their carriages to answer the salutes of the Princes and Dukes, instead of the common-place frivolities of fashion, said, "Have you seen the new statue by DONATELLO?"

Is there an art like that of sculpture? Painting is a brilliant illusion—a lovely cheat. Sculpture, while it represents a reality, is itself a reality. The pencil pours its fervid hues upon perishable canvass, and they fade with the passing air; but the chisel works in eternal marble—strikes out a creation immortal as the globe, and beautiful as the soul.

"I told thee, DONATELLO," said Lorenzo, "thou would'st excel all thy rivals!"

"Fling by thy chisel now," cried another, "thou canst add nothing to that."

"I shall cease, hereafter, my devotion to the antique," cried a third.

"The power of PHIDIAS," exclaimed one.

"The execution of PRAXITELES!" said another.

"You will draw votaries from VENUS," whispered a soft Italian girl, as she turned her melting eyes on the old man.

"The APOLLO will hereafter draw his bow unheeded," cried an artist, whom many thought the best of his day.

Among the crowds who flocked to the studio of DONATELLO, there was a youth who had given some promise of excellence. Many said that, with intense study, he might one day make his name heard beyond the Alps; and some went so far as to hint that in time he might tread close on the heels even of DONATELLO himself, but these were sanguine men, and great friends of the young man; besides, they spoke at random. They called this student MICHAEL ANGELO.

He had stood a long time regarding it with fixed eyes and folded arms. He walked from one position to another, measured it with his keen glances from head to foot, regarded it before, behind, and studied its profiles from various points. The venerable DONATELLO saw him, and awaited his long and absorbed examination with the flattered pride of an artist and the affectionate indulgence of a father. At length MICHAEL ANGELO stopped once more before it, inhaled a long breath, and broke the profound silence. "It wants only one thing," muttered the gifted boy.

"Tell me," cried the successful artist, "what it wants. This is the first censure which my St. George has elicited. Can I improve? Can I alter? Is it in the clay or the marble? Tell me!"

But the critic had disappeared.

DONATELLO knew the mighty genius of MICHAEL ANGELO. He had beheld the flashes of the sacred fire, and watched the development of the "God within him."

"Diablo!" cried the old man, "MICHAEL ANGELO gone to Rome, and not a word of advice about my statue! The scape grace! but I shall see him again, or, by the mass, I will follow him to the eternal city. His opinion is worth that of all the

world! But one thing!" He looked at it again—he listened to the murmurs of applause which it drew from all who beheld it—a placid smile settled on his face. "But one thing!—what can it be?"

Years rolled by. MICHAEL ANGELO remained at Rome, or made excursions to other places, but had not yet returned to Florence. Wherever he had been, men regarded him as a comet—something fiery, terrible, tremendous, sublime. His fame spread over the globe; what his chisel touched it hallowed. He spurned the dull clay, and struck his vast and intensely brilliant conceptions at once from the marble. MICHAEL ANGELO was a name to worship—a spell in the arts—an honour to Italy—to the world. What he praised, lived; what he condemned, perished.

As DONATELLO grew old, his anxiety grew more powerful to know what the inspired eyes of the wonderful artist had detected in his great statue.

At length the immortal Florentine turned his eyes to his native republic, and, as he reached the summit of the hill which rises on the side of *Porta Romana*, he beheld the magnificent and glorious dome, and *Campanile*, shining in the soft golden radiance of the setting sun, with the broad topped tower of the *Palazzo Vecchio* lifted in the yellow light, even as this day it stands.

Ah, death! can no worth ward thee? Must the inspired artist's eyes be dark, his hand motionless, his heart still, and his inventive brain as dull as the clay he models? Yes! DONATELLO lies stretched on his last couch, and the light of life passing from his eyes; yet even in that awful hour his thoughts ran on the wishes of his past years, and he sent for the Florentine artist.

His friend came instantly.

"I am going, MICHAEL, my chisel is idle, my vision is dim, but I feel thy hand, my noble boy, and I hear thy kind breast sob. I glory in thy renown; I predicted it, and I bless my Creator that I have lived to see it; but before I sink into the tomb, I charge thee, on thy friendship, on thy religion, answer my question truly."

"As I am a man, I will."

"Then tell me, without equivocation, what it is that my St. George wants?"

"THE GIFT OF SPEECH!" was the reply.

A gleam of sunshine fell across the old man's face. The smile lingered on his lips long after he lay cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped the conceptions of his genius.

The statue remains the admiration of posterity, and adorns the exterior of the *Chiesa d'or San Michele*—*Scottish Annual*.

ALEXANDER AT PARADISE.

"Twas a soft and sunny land

To which the conqueror came,

Though now the place of that radiant strand

Is a blank in the chart of Fame.

'Twas far in the Indian regions, lone,

The delicious land he found;

O, when shall there be, of its brightness thrown

A glimpse upon earthly ground.

It passed Alexander's eyes before,
Like a beautiful dream, it is now no more.

He came to an unknown stream,
 And he traced its banks along;
 It roll'd with an all unearthly gleam,
 And a murmur more sweet than song.
 The flowers of this world were round,
 But in more than earthly bloom;
 The bird's lay mix'd with the river's sound,
 But they waved a brighter plume
 And they sung in a voice more melting there
 Than ever was heard but in that sweet air.

'Twas seldom peace came o'er
 A breast to the war field given;
 He fled to muse o'er the battle's roar,
 And the steed o'er the dying driven;
 Yet the lone and lovely scene
 Flung over his heart its calm;
 His eye was mild and his brow serene,
 As if some mysterious balm
 Had been sprinkled over his stormy soul,
 And bidden its war-wave cease to roll.

A moment there he stood
 No more ambition's slave;
 Entranc'd by the sound of the warbling flood,
 And the light of its shining wave.
 At length, by his wondering train,
 The voice of the King was heard,
 But so chang'd its tone that they wished again
 To dwell on each silver word.
 "We will trace this mystic stream to its birth,
 If it be indeed a river of earth!"
 Against its course they stray'd
 Through meads of fairest bloom,
 While the breeze o'er the fairy stream that play'd
 Drew from it a strange perfume.
 Swans whiter than ever were seen,
 Their wings to the wave unfurled,
 Or sung, from their bowers on the islets green,
 Songs meet for a fairer world;
 The Lotus in unknown lustre blew,
 And the rose seem'd starr'd with Elysian dew.
 The scene, at each step they took,
 Still became more wondrous fair;
 Oh! at that bright stream, a single look
 Were enough to heal despair.
 At length they saw where a river div'd
 'Neath (of gems) a lustrous wall,
 And the King at a gate arrived,
 Wrought of a burning diamond all;
 Trees within, unnamed in mortal bowers,
 Droop'd under the weight of their splendid flowers.
 The eager King struck long
 At the radiant gate, in vain;
 But at length, from within, a voice of song
 Replied to his call again.
 "Who has traced the sacred spring,
 Who knocks at the blissful gates?"
 "Alexander, the King of the wide world's Kings,
 Too long for an entrance waits!"
 "Too long—proud Spoiler, return thee home,
 No blood-stain'd feet in these pure bowers roam."
 "And who will dare refuse
 What the Victor of earth demands?"
 "He is ONE, thou man of blood, whose dues
 Must be paid by holier hands;
 In whose eye thou art a worm;
 In whose scale thou art but dust;
 Who gave thee that mind, and power, and form,
 Which have been too much thy trust;
 Retire from these walls with thy guilty swords,
 This Paradise is THE ALMIGHTY LORD'S!"

Alexander felt it vain
 To press for an entrance more,
 Yet it was with grief and pain
 That he left the diamond door;
 But scarce had his steps been turned,
 When open the bright gate flew,
 And a form in whose eye the immortal beamed,
 Before him a veiled gift threw;
 "Let this," said he, "a token be,
 Thou hast stood so near the Paradise Tree!"

The conqueror reach'd the camp,
 Of the strange adventure full;
 But how did the gift his warm hopes damp—
 'Twas the fragment of a skull.
 "Is this my prize, was it but for this
 That I stood at the rainbow wall,
 That I heard upon the winds of bliss
 The musical life-streams fall?
 What this may mean it were vain to try,
 Unless the giver himself were nigh."

Just as the word he spoke
 An old man enter'd there,
 His strength by the weight of years was broke,
 And in silver flow'd his hair.
 Yet his brow, though pale, was high;
 His form, though frail, was grand;
 And the light of youth yet flash'd in his eye,
 Though the staff was in his hand.
 He passed through the midst of the courtly ring,
 And in calm sweet words addressed the King.

"Lord King, the Almighty's gift
 Has that which passeth show,
 Though light enough for a babe to lift,
 It out weighs all the gold below.
 Let the balance straight be brought,
 And the gold of thy rich stores laid
 Against it; all will be as nought
 With that light fragment weigh'd."
 The treasures were brought, and in heaps uproll'd,
 But the bone weighed down the conqueror's gold.

"I see thee, Prince, amazed
 At the marvel I have shown,
 But know, that the more the pile is raised
 The more will the gift sink down.
 Dost thou ask me how or why?
 I am come to answer all:
 That bone is the cell of a human eye,
 And it once contained a ball
 Whose thirst of gold nought ever could slake
 Though the sea had been changed to a golden lake."

"Can there nought," said the musing King,
 "To sink the rich scale be found?"
 The old man stepped from the tent to bring
 A turf from the broken ground.
 He crumbled the earth on the bone,
 Down sunk the golden scale:
 "Behold, Proud Prince, the moral shown
 Of thine and of every tale.
 When the dust of the grave shall seal it o'er
 The insatiate eye can desire no more!"

"My guards," Alexander cried,
 "Dare the dotard brave me here."
 With an eye of death the seer he eyed,
 But it soon was sunk in fear.
 The snows of earthly age
 Became locks of starry prime;
 The form and face of the stranger sage
 Wore a glory unknown to time:
 And they who had seen the bright gates expand
 Remember'd the guard of the Paradise land.

“FAREWELL, PROUD PRINCE,” he said,
 And his voice like music rung. [REPAID
 “FAREWELL, PROUD PRINCE, THOU HAST ILL
 THE LORE OF A SERAPH’S TONGUE.
 FAREWELL, FOREVER!” And bright
 His rainbow wings unfold,
 And the radiant form is lost to sight
 In a cloud of purple and gold.
 Ere a pulse could beat was the bright one gone,
 And behind was left but the gift alone.

CREDITON

Monthly Repository.

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now.
 Already have the elements unfurled
 Their banners: the great sea-wave is upheaved:
 The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go:

And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
 And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
 Man’s bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
 Accordant to the billow’s loftier roll.

—Literary Pocket Book.

POWER OF MUSIC.—Claude Le Jeune, when at a
 wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse, in 1581, caused a spi-
 rited air to be sung, which so animated a gentleman
 present that he clapped his hand upon his sword and
 said it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting
 with the first person he met. Upon this, Le Jeune
 caused another air to be performed, of a more sooth-
 ing kind, which soon restored him to his natural good
 humour.

WHEN SABLE NIGHT.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by Sheridan.

AIR.—Deil tak’ the Wars.

AIR. ALTO. TENOR BASS.

When sa - ble night each droop - ing plant re - stor - ing, wept o'er the
 When sa - ble night each droop - ing plant re - stor - ing,
 flowers her breath did cheer, As some sad wi - dow, o'er her babe de -
 wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer, As some sad wi - dow, o'er her babe de -

flowers her breath did cheer, As some sad wi - dow, o'er her babe de -
 wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer, As some sad wi - dow, o'er her babe de -

plor - ing, wakes its beau - ty with a tear. When all did

plor - ing, wakes its beau ty with a tear. When all did

sleep whose weary hearts did bor - row, one hour from love and care to

sleep whose weary hearts did bor - row, one hour from love and care to

rest, Lo! as I press'd my couch in si - lent sor - row, My lo - ver

rest, Lo! as I press'd my couch in si - lent sor - row,

caught me to his breast. He vow'd he came to save me, From

My lov - er caught me to his breast. He vow'd he came to save me, From

those who would enslave me, Then kneeling, Kiss-es stealing, End-less faith he swore; But

those who would enslave me, Then kneeling, Kiss-es stealing, End-less faith he swore;

p. len o *tempo*

soon I chid him thence, For had his fond pre - tence, Ob - tain'd one fa-vour

But soon I chid him thence, For had his fond pre - tence one fa-vour

f

then, And he had press'd a - gain, I fear'd my trench'rous heart might grant him more.

then, And he had press'd a - gain, I fear'd my heart might grant him more.

DEIL TAK THE WARS.

I am out of temper that you should set so sweet, so tender an air, as "Deil tak the Wars," to the foolish old verses [Fy on the Wars]. You talk of the silliness of "Saw ye my Father;" by heavens, the odds is, gold to brass! Besides, the old song, though now pretty well modernized into the Scottish language, is originally, and in the early editions, a bungling low imitation of the Scottish manner, by that genius Tom D'Urley; so has no pretensions to be a Scottish production. There is a pretty English song by Sheridan, in the "Duenna," to this air, which is out of sight superior to D'Urley's. It begins—

"When sable night each drooping plant restoring."

The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of simplicity, tenderness, and love. I have again gone over my song to the tune, as follows:—

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature!
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
 Now through the leafy woods,
 And by the rocking floods,
 Wild nature's tenants freely, glully stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' songs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phoebus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 Whon thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart—
 'Tis then I wako to life, to light, and joy.

—Burns's Letters to Thomson.

HOW A CORRECT TASTE IN MUSIC MAY BE ACQUIRED.

PERHAPS the process by which taste is originally formed may be rendered more intelligible by considering how any one acquires what is called a perfect musical ear. Suppose a concerto of Mozart or of Corelli to be performed, some natural sensibility to the beauty of musical sounds being supposed (as it is found in fact to exist in a great majority of instances), the general impression which is made upon the hearer will be gratifying. But upon a single experiment probably no person, entirely unpractised in music, could say more than that he had received on the whole considerable pleasure. Suppose the same piece to be frequently repeated, he will perceive that he receives different degrees of pleasure, and pleasures also of different kinds, from distinct parts of the piece. Let the same person hear a great variety of other musical compositions, and if he is vigilant in observing his impressions, and compares the parts of the several pieces which afford him the greatest or the least gratification, he will gradually acquire considerable correctness and delicacy in perceiving the excellencies and the blemishes of the various passages to which he listens. Then comes the musical philosopher (RAMEAU would doubtless claim this dignity for his favourite science), and explains many of the causes of these perceptions which the amateur has experienced. He tells him that in such a part his ear was offended by the introduction of too many discords into the harmony; that in another it was wearied by too monotonous a system of concord; that here the cadences are finely managed, explaining the principles; there the transition into a different key is too sudden, and he talks to him about sharp sevenths and fundamental basses. If the amateur has the fortune to have a tolerable head as well as ear, he understands a good deal of what is taught him, and finds that by the help of his new knowledge the experiments which he makes are much more profitable than they had been; that is, he observes many slight impressions which had before escaped him, and has a more perfect knowledge of those which he had already noticed. His judgment also receives great assist-

ance from the opinions which he hears from others who have made a progress in his art, and from the rules adopted or favoured by the most celebrated masters; and by degrees, with nothing but an ordinarily good ear and plain understanding to begin with, may any person become a very skilful connoisseur in every species of composition, and acquire so critical a nicety in his perception of sounds as to be able to detect a single false note in the midst of the most noisy and complicated performance. The process by which taste is acquired in any of the sister arts certainly is not very different. If the account which has been given of the manner in which our taste is formed, be tolerably correct, it follows that justness and comprehension of understanding are more indispensably requisite for the enjoyment of that power in great perfection, than a superior delicacy in our original perceptions.

J. BOWDLER, Jun.

DAUGHTER OF COLLEY CIBBER.

It is well known that Colley Cibber had a daughter named Charlotte, who, like him, took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, affliction, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755 she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer of this anecdote accompanied his friend, the bookseller, to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Clarke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where, at that time, it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleanings of the streets, and the priests of Cloucina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped power. The night preceding, a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half-boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch-string), which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender; a perfect model for the copper captain's tattered laundress, that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of "Rule a wife." She, with a torpid voice and bungry smile, desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle-piece by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat of melancholy aspect; and, at our author's feet, on the founce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton; he raised his shaggy head, and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor

soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, not an uncomely ornament; and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows—the pipe was gone—an advantage in their present office; they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump, she had but one! A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which, without farther ceremony, we contrived to sit down and enter upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation. The bookseller offered five! Our authoress did not appear hurt, disappointment had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one-half the risk, which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureate and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness; her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstances of her death, the writer of this anecdote was an eye-witness.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What! may it be, that ev'n in heavenly place

That busie archer his sharpe arrow tries?

Sure, if that long-with love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read it in thy lookes, thy languish'd grace

To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,

Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn, whom that love did possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

—*Sir Philip Sidney, nat. 29th Nov., 1554, at Penhurst, in Kent, ob. at Zutphen, 22d Sept., 1586.*

HESSE-CASSEL v. BABYLON.—The Elector of Hesse Cassel—magnanimous potentate!—would not suffer SPUR to visit Norwich to preside at the performance of his *Fall of Babylon*. The Elector has, with proper spirit, followed up this measure with a decree that, upon pain of death, no nightingale is to listen to its own music within his vast dominions.—*Punch*.

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

*Slow with Expression.**Words by Anderson.*

Now clos'd for aye thy coal black e'en, That fond-ly gaz'd on me, O Wil-ly; And

life-less lies that man-ly form, I aye was fond to see, my Wil-ly. Ah!

luck-less hour, thou strave for hame, Last night a - cross the Clyde, dear Wil-ly, This

morn a stiff-en'd corse broughthame, A-lake! 'tis hard to hide, O Wil-ly.

The owlet hooted sair yestreen,
 And thrice the soot it fell, dear Willy;
 The tyke cam late, and howl'd aloud,
 It seem'd the dying knell o' Willy.
 Deep were the snaws, keen were my waes,
 The bairns oft cried for thee, their Willy,
 I trembling said, he'll soon be here,
 The wee things ne'er clos'd e'e, for Willy.

And when I saw the thick sleet fa',
 A hleezing fire I made for Willy;
 Then watch'd and watch'd, as it grew dark,
 And I grew mair afraid for Willy.
 I thought I heard the pony's foot,
 And ran thy voice to hear, ah Willy;
 The wind blew hollow, but nae sound
 My sinking heart did cheer, O Willy.

The clock struck ane, the clock struck twa,
 The clock struck three and four, no Willy;
 I thought I heard the pony's foot,
 And flew to ope the door to Willy.
 The pony neigh'd, but thou wert lost!
 I sank upon the snaw, for Willy;
 Thy wraith appear'd e'en where I lay,
 And whisper'd thou wert drown'd, O Willy!

The moon was up, in vain I sought,
 The stiffen'd corse o' thine, lost Willy,
 'Twill soon, soon mingle wi' the dust,
 And near it sae will mine, O Willy.
 Gae dry your tears, my bairnies five,
 Gae dry your tears o' sorrow, dearies,
 Your father's cares are at an end,
 And sae will mine ere morrow, dearies.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

(Abridged from *Tait's Magazine*.)

MORE than thirteen years have now passed since the death of the great composer Beethoven; and until lately, beyond a few scanty notices, no attempt had been made to preserve a record of his remarkable existence. The memorials of men of genius are among the most precious of their legacies to the world: they give an additional value to the works by which they have become known; and in some cases furnish an interpretation, without which portions of these must ever remain enigmatical and obscure. This appears to have been, in no small degree, the case with Beethoven; in whom many other circumstances were united to attach a strong interest to the personal history of his career. He was the immediate successor and rival of the two great composers who had raised instrumental music in Germany to a point which it was thought could not be overstepped. While their fame was yet in its zenith, he had compelled their admirers to acknowledge in him the presence of another, and some thought a greater, power than theirs. Whether his boldness was admired or condemned, it was impossible to regard it with indifference; and as he continued to pour forth work after work, each surpassing its predecessor in grandeur and originality, those who had disputed his pretensions became silent, or were no longer heard amidst the general acclamation. Before his career was closed, Vienna had learned to boast of him as the third glory of an era already illustrated by the names of Haydn and Mozart.

Ludwig van Beethoven (whose family, as the name implies, came originally from Holland, although for three generations settled on the Rhine) was born at Bonn, on the 17th December, 1770. His father and grandfather were both musicians, and in the service of the Electors of Cologne: the latter as a bass singer and conductor, and the father, Johann van Beethoven, tenorist in the Prince's chapel. His mother is described as "a pious and gentle being;" and he was wont to speak affectionately of "the patience with which she treated his stubbornness." The grandfather was a composer of some skill, and highly reputable in conduct: "a little vigorous man, with amazingly bright eyes;" and although he died three years after Ludwig's birth, he was always remembered kindly by Beethoven. Not so the father, Johann van Beethoven, who was dissolute in his habits, and treated his son with great harshness, compelling him to labour unremittingly at the piano forte; not, as it appears, from any regard for the child's talent, but in order that he might soon become able, by his earnings, to contribute to the support of the household, impoverished by the father's loose and idle life. Ludwig had two brothers, both younger than himself—Carl and Johann, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

Such education as a free school in those days afforded, "reading, writing, and some little Latin," was granted to the child for a short time only—for his cares were destined to begin early; and, as music offered the only prospect of a maintenance, he was allowed to study little else. We find him, at a very early age, already giving musical lessons in the house of the Von Breuning's—a circumstance to which all the happiness he enjoyed, while he resided at home, was owing. Hither he fled from the miseries and severity of his own dwelling; the family, which was cultivated and highly respectable,

became attached to the boy; his pupils grew into companions, and the mother, a widow, treated him like a parent, and alternately encouraged and controlled him, as the waywardness of his temper exhibited itself in despondency or recklessness.

We find many traces of this motherly kindness, which must have been invaluable to the neglected boy. Wegeler tells us that he had, from his earliest years, an excessive repugnance to giving lessons in music. Madame von Breuning would sometimes urge him to go to the house of the Austrian Emissary, Count von Westphal, and continue his lessons there. Thus counselled and observed, he would set out "*ut ixiqna mentis asellus*," but many a time turned away at the very door, and running back to her, would promise to give a double lesson on the following day, protesting that now he could not bring himself to it. Nothing but care for his mother would have induced him to go on teaching—certainly not his own indigent condition.

The notices of his boyhood are scanty; but traits like the preceding, and others scattered here and there, indicate an early development of the character which belonged to him through life. The interest he excited in others, and the control exercised by his few friends, prove how soon he began to display a genius which attracted, and a waywardness which required their care. It is hard to say how much of the latter was due to the wretchedness of his home: we are inclined to believe that the inequalities of disposition which beget, in after life, a resistance to social constraint, and provoke the hostility of the orderly and commonplace, are, in most cases, the fruit of some misfortune in the early history of the subject, and spring from a source of bitterness in childhood.

In music, at all events, Ludwig made rapid progress. His first instructor, indeed the only one from whom he can be said to have learned anything on the piano forte, was an ingenious man of the name of Pfeiffer. The organ he was taught to manage by Van der Eder, the court organist; and the elder Ries, a musician of great excellence, the father of Ferdinand Ries, who became afterwards Beethoven's most distinguished pupil, gave him instruction on the violin, an instrument on which, however, he never was very proficient. At a later period of his career, at Vienna, he learned composition under the celebrated Albrechtsberger, after having frequented, without any benefit, the tuition of Haydn. Whatever else he may have acquired by observation and self-discipline, the above appear to be the only names which can be properly cited as his teachers; and with none of these were his studies of long duration.

Through the influence of his excellent friends, the Von Breunings (to whom, indeed, he owed the most of his early culture in every respect), he obtained the assistance of Count von Waldstein, a liberal patron of the arts; by whose means we find him in 1785—when barely fifteen years of age—nominated by the Elector Max Franz, brother of the Emperor Joseph II., as supernumerary organist in his chapel—an office honourable for so young a musician, but affording only a scanty emolument. The Count von Waldstein was indeed his kindest, as well as his earliest, patron. To him he owed the means of support while advancing in his profession, and subsequently his removal, from the narrow cares of his father's house, to Vienna. Perhaps, without this early and appreciating help, the genius of the youth, deprived of access to higher models of his art, and bowed down by ignorant

drudgery, might have wasted itself in the obscurity of his native town, and given no audible sign.

In this new situation, the youth took early occasion to display his talent, although in a manner sufficiently whimsical and characteristic. It is usual, in Catholic choirs, to sing during Passion-week, the Lamentations of Jeremiah. These consist, as every one knows, of short passages of four to six lines, which it was customary to chant in a kind of plain song, yet with a certain observance of rhythm. The chant consisted of four successive notes, on one of which the singer was to pause, while the accompanist (the organ being disused during Passion-week) executed a passage or voluntary on the harpsichord. This service falling one day to Beethoven, he asked the singer Heller, who prided himself greatly on his science, if he might try to put him out? which he undertook so to do, that the singer should neither be able to detect him, nor to recover himself when once led astray. The challenge was accepted; and at a suitable place, by a cunning deviation from the proper key, still continuing to strike the true key-note, he completely puzzled the singer; who, after in vain trying to recover the key, was forced at last to come to a full stop, amidst the mirth of the bystanders in the choir. Heller was greatly incensed, and made a formal complaint to the elector; who reproved his young organist with good humour, and forbade him to execute any more *strokes of genius* of this kind.

We see that already, in this wilful eccentric fashion, the *genius* was beginning to make itself apparent.

He also began to compose; but his notions both of the theory and practice of the art were naturally confined. Some variations, which he had written on a theme of Righini's, gave rise to a remarkable instance of his rapid apprehension. He had as yet heard no eminent piano-forte player; he had no idea of refined expression in the use of his instrument—his style was rough and harsh. An excursion with the orchestra of the elector to Archaffenberg, gave him an opportunity of hearing Sterkel, a celebrated performer of the time. His style was very fluent and delicate, and, as Father Ries described it, a little womanish. Beethoven stood at his side, listening with the keenest attention. Beethoven was then asked to play, which he declined, until Sterkel intimated some doubt whether the composer of the variations above-named could himself execute them readily. Hereupon Beethoven sat down, and played not only these (as far as he could remember them, Sterkel having mislaid his copy) but added a number of others, fully as difficult; and, what amazed the bystanders, exactly in the same agreeable manner which he had just heard from Sterkel for the first time. This was a remarkable proof of his facility in acquiring new impressions.

He was still residing at Bonn when his mother died, in 1787; thus breaking the only tie which made home dear to him. At this period the pressure of extreme poverty was added to his distress; and he was thankful to receive, and never afterwards forgot, the kind assistance of Father Ries, who helped him to bear the expenses of his mother's burial. When Ferdinand Ries was sent to him at Vienna, thirteen years afterwards, he was much busied with the completion of his Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*, which was on the point of being brought out for his benefit in a grand concert. He read the letter of introduction, and said, "At this

moment I cannot answer your father, but write you to him, and say that I have not forgotten how it was when my mother died: that will content him."

The care he bestowed on his friend's son, hateful as the task of instruction was to him, proved how warmly this service was remembered. He was wont to revert to his years at Bonn as the happiest period of his existence, poor and laborious as they were, and troubled by the dissipation and rough usage of his father. A melancholy life, truly, in which these were the most tranquil moments!

If not for his own happiness, however, it was at least fortunate for the world, that he was enabled, in 1786 and 1787, to visit Vienna, then the focus of all that was most excellent in German art; and, afterwards, in 1792, obtained from the elector leave of absence, and a small pension, for a permanent study of some years there, under Haydn. Mozart had died the year previously, but in 1786 he had already prophesied, on hearing Beethoven improvise on a theme before him, "This is a youth who will make the world hear of him before long."

At no time was the general tone of musical cultivation, in Vienna, higher or more enthusiastic; and the youth had barely cast an eye on the manifold riches of art which it offered on all hands, when he vowed to himself, "Here will I abide, nor again return to Bonn, even were the elector to withdraw his support, and leave me penniless!"

From this period the progress of the young musician, from the condition of a student to the full development of his powers, and to entire self-dependence as a great and original artist, was rapid and decided. The immediate object of his removal to Vienna, which was to benefit by the instructions of Haydn, appears, however, to have failed, according to Schindler's account—

"Beethoven came to Vienna wholly ignorant of the science of counterpoint, and knowing but little even of thorough-bass. With an active imagination, a quick ear, and a Pegasus ever willing, he wrote on courageously, caring little for grammatical rules. In this state he began to study with Haydn; the old master seemed to be always satisfied with his pupil, and let him do just as he liked, but the scholar was far from being equally well satisfied with his teacher; and thus it fell out. There was an old composer named Schenek, a friend of Beethoven's, a modest man and a profound musician. One day meeting Beethoven as he came with his bundle of music from Haydn's lessons, he cast his eye over the exercises, and detected many faults which Haydn had suffered to pass unnoticed, although he had professed to correct the composition. This led to more examination, and to the discovery of similar oversights in all his former exercises; which aroused the suspicion of the pupil. In fact, it is difficult to account, in a satisfactory manner, for this neglect on Haydn's part. The lessons were soon after interrupted by Haydn's journey to England; nor were they resumed on his return. Beethoven was wont to say that he had learned nothing from him."

After this he studied composition under the celebrated Albrechtsberger, and soon acquired enough of the science to need no further assistance. It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance that he was not early subjected to rigorous scientific training; and he appears to have at all times maintained a certain independence of strict technical rules, which, in one of less original genius, might have been fatal, but was with him only a means to the production of new and daring beauties, and graces "beyond the

reach of art." It is amusing to note the grand Titanic fashion in which, at a later period, he asserted this royal privilege over the elements of harmony. Ferdinand Ries, when walking with him one day, spoke of two consecutive fifths, in his violin quartett in C minor, which have a striking and beautiful effect. Beethoven did not seem to have been aware of these, and maintained that they were not in the score. As he always had music paper with him, I asked for a sheet, and wrote out the passage with all the four parts. As soon as he saw that I was right, he said, "*Well! and who then has forbidden the use of them?*" As I hardly knew in what manner to answer such a question, he repeated it once or twice; until at last I replied, in great astonishment, "Why they are prohibited by one of the first elementary rules!" Again he repeated the question—and when I cited "*Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, all the theorists!*"—his answer was "*Then I allow them!*" *Yo el Rey!*

In Vienna the young artist found himself transported, as it were, into a new world. On every side his attention was engaged, and his ambition excited, by the masterpieces of great composers; and the society to which his distinguished talent soon introduced him, encouraged him to exercise, in every way, the powers of which he was now fully conscious. Amongst those whose notice urged him onwards, the most distinguished of his patrons was the celebrated Prince Lichnowsky, Mozart's pupil; in whose house he became domesticated, and who fully appreciated, and fostered with a truly noble liberality, his opening talents. From him Beethoven received a pension sufficient for his support, which was to be continued until he should obtain some settled appointment. And this opportune assistance, and the social advantages afforded him by the kindness of the prince and his consort, could not fail to produce the happiest effects in the development of his character and genius. During the first ten or twelve years of his residence in Vienna, it was in this house that all Beethoven's compositions were first performed; the celebrated quartett party, for which most of his inimitable works of this class were written (which was afterwards known by the name of the Rasumowsky quartett, and, under his direction, established a new era in the school of instrumental performance. The performers were—Schuppanzigh, 1st violin; Sina, 2d do.; Weiss, viola; and Kraft, alternately with Linke, violoncello. The perfection attained by this party was such as will probably be never equalled, and will never be forgotten, in the history of the art in Germany), was, during this period, in the service of the prince; and his associates were such as combined with thorough practical knowledge of the art, that refined feeling of its highest beauties which alone can raise it from a mere mechanical display, to the sphere of an intellectual pursuit. The influence of such advantages on a mind like Beethoven's, ardent, imaginative, and full of the purest spirit of poetry, may be conceived; and their fruits appeared in the compositions which he produced in almost breathless succession, each surpassing the other in novelty and original beauties. His name soon became known as a composer throughout Germany; and, although the boldness of his invention, and the striking flights of imagination which distinguished his works were, at first, to many a theme of wonder and reproach, the lovers of the art (even those who worshipped most tenaciously the established models) began to discover that another genius had appeared, which pro-

mised to equal, if not to eclipse, its greatest predecessors.

Still, amidst the elegance and refinement of the circles in which he now moved, with the applause and admiration that were willingly paid to his admitted talents, he was unable to subdue the robust independence of his nature, or to adapt himself to the graceful conventions which regulate polished society. An impatience of restraint, and the pre-occupation of a mind wholly absorbed in his art, disqualified him for the study of its observances; and the vehemence that characterised his genius, was displayed no less in his speech and temper, than in the haughty assertion of a rank which he claimed in right of his spiritual nobility. A temperament of this force and ruggedness could not fail to jar with the elements of courtly life; and there were not wanting many, envious of his rapid distinction, who were ready to aggravate the confusion thus created. The appearance of a being like Beethoven in such scenes, suggests the image of a sinewy Hercules surrounded by the silken inmates of Omphale's palace; disturbing, by his abrupt motions, the harmony of the train, and half in impatience, and half carelessly, hurting the hands that cover his uncounted decorations of the court. The contrast of elements so dissimilar naturally became more prominent, as increasing strength increased his self-reliance; and it gave rise to social embarrassments, which tended to estrange him from many of his admirers, and increased his natural longing for solitude, and impatience of the control of a crowd. That, under such circumstances, the gainful exercise of his profession by no means kept pace with his reputation, will readily be imagined: he remained poor, with little prospect beyond a precarious subsistence, in a position which, to others more worldly wise, would have produced a settled competence.

To these causes of restlessness and discontent were added others, the source of which lay far deeper. With a heart gushing with tenderness underneath its rugged covering, and all its sensibilities preserved by an exceeding purity of life, Beethoven, the object of attention in many brilliant circles, could not fail to be continually in love, and "mostly with noble and otherwise distinguished ladies." That such attachments could not be happy, we need hardly say; and, although they tended, by estranging him still more thoroughly from anything low or worthless, to foster the natural aspirations of his mind for the ideally elevated and beautiful, still they perpetually troubled his repose by tempting visions and longings for happiness, which could never be reached. Many of these fair tormentors have been named in the original editions of his works: not a few of the dedications record his devotion to the idol of the day. The Countess Maria von Erdödy is known to have been far from insensible to the passion she excited; and a still deeper and longer attachment existed between the composer and a Countess Giulietta di Guicciardi, the person to whom, apparently, some very fond and melancholy letters, preserved by Schindler, were addressed. At a later period, it appears that, for once, he was enamoured of a young lady in his own rank: the dislike with which he was known to have long regarded the composer Hummel, being, in part, ascribed to the fact, "that both, at one time, were in love with the same maiden; but Hummel was, and continued to be, the favoured one, as he had an appointment, and had not, moreover, the misfortune of

being hard of hearing." We cannot imagine that the greater composer lost much by the neglect of one who could thus be decided; but it is to be deeply regretted that, from one cause or another, he was condemned to be for ever a stranger to the household love and care of a wife. To the want of such a kind and watchful influence, many of his later eccentricities, and all the blank desolation of the concluding portion of his life, may certainly be ascribed.

But there was yet another and more fatal enemy to his peace and success as an artist, which was not slow in making its appearance. So early as 1800, at the age of thirty, we find him confiding to his friend Wegeler the approach of a calamity, which he carefully concealed from others, and would fain have hidden from himself. After describing the prospects of employment and distinction in his profession, which then seemed to be opening before him, he writes:—"Yet that envious demon, ill health, has thrown a terrible check in my way: my hearing, to-wit, for the last three years, has been continually growing worse;"—and he goes on to describe the means he had already taken in the hopes of relief, but in vain. It was even then so bad, that

In the theatre I am forced to lean over the orchestra, in order to hear the actors speak. The higher notes of instruments and voices escape me at a short distance: in conversation it is marvellous that no one has yet observed it: perhaps as I am apt to be absent, they account for it in this way. Often I can only distinguish the general sound, but not the words, of one who speaks low: and yet when people shout I cannot endure it. What is now to become of me, Heaven only knows! I have already been often tempted to curse the day when I was born; but have learned from Plutarch to practise resignation. If no better may be, I will defy my ill fortune; and yet many moments will come, in which I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures. I pray you not to breathe a syllable of this affliction of mine to any one, not even to your wife! Resignation! a wretched resource, but the only one that is left me!

It will readily be considered why he thus jealously attempted to conceal an infirmity, of all others the most calamitous to a musician. This was one of the main reasons which made him withdraw from general society; and explains much that, at the time, was supposed to proceed from caprice and ill-humour only. In a paper written by him in 1802, during a serious illness, when he believed himself to be dying, and addressed to his two brothers, this is dwelt upon in a manner profoundly touching:—

My heart and soul were, from infancy, prone to kindly feelings; and my ambition was ever to accomplish what was great and good. But reflect that, for the last six years, an unfortunate ailment has fallen upon me; and, after hopes have been successively raised and defeated, I have been forced to contemplate the certainty of an abiding infirmity. Born with an ardent, lively disposition—susceptible of social enjoyments, I was condemned, thus early, to part from them, and wear out my life in solitude. If, now and then, I attempted to break through the prohibition, how bitterly was I then repulsed by the doubly painful evidence of my dull hearing; and yet I could not bring myself to say to others—"Speak louder; shout, for I am deaf!" Alas! how could I declare the feebleness of a sense which I ought to possess even in greater perfection than other men? I could not do it. Forgive me, then, if you see me often retire, when I would fain be amongst you. My calamity is doubly severe, because it condemns me to be misjudged. The delight of society, cultivated conversation, reciprocal confidences, are for-

bidden to me. I must appear in society almost absolutely insulated, and only when it is quite indispensable. I must live an exile. When I approach a circle, a burning anxiety comes over me, lest I should run the risk of discovering my condition. It was thus during the past half-year which I passed in the country. What was my humiliation when the person at my side listened to a flute in the distance, or to the song of a peasant, and I could hear neither! Such occurrences brought me nearly to desperation: a little more, and I had ended my life by my own hand. This only—this art which I love—restrained me. It seemed as though I could not leave the world before I produced all that I felt I was able to bring forth. . . . Almighty Power! thou lookest into my inmost heart; thou knowest that love of my fellows, and the desire to do good, dwell there! You, my brother men, who shall one day read this, know that you have thought wrongly of me; and that, wretched as I am, it comforts me to feel that I have yielded to none in doing—in spite of every natural impediment—all that lay in my power to place myself in the list of worthy artists and good men!

To a picture so graphic and affecting, nothing can be added by the biographer. We learn from Ries that this care was so far successful that he was not aware of the infirmity until after he had been for some months under Beethoven's tuition.

It was in one of our walks in the country that he gave me the first striking proof of his want of hearing—which had previously been named to me by Stephen von Breuning. I called his attention to a shepherd, who was playing in the wood, in a very graceful manner, on a rude flute made of the elder tree. Beethoven could not hear a note for more than half an hour; and although, at last, I assured him repeatedly that I had ceased to distinguish the sound (which was the fact), he became extraordinarily silent and gloomy.

From this period, 1800, the clouds began to gather on all sides more darkly around him. The pulses of that earthquake which convulsed Europe, had already begun to vibrate throughout Germany; and the arts, like scared birds, were about to fly from the approaching storm. Beethoven was a declared republican. "Plato's commonwealth was incorporated with his very being;" and at such a time, as indeed throughout his after life—this peculiarity was another impediment to his worldly success in the Austrian capital. He pursued the opening career of Napoleon with the eagerest hope; and had composed his majestic *Sinfonia Eroica*, as a tribute to the First Consul, when the news of his proclamation as emperor reached Vienna; and the intended dedication was thrown with disgust and disappointment into the fire. Nor was he reconciled to his former idol, until after his tragic end in St. Helena had expiated, as he thought, the crime of rising on the ruins of the republic. From the period of the empire, he appears to have cared little for the politics of the day—preserving, to the last, the sturdy independence of his own opinions, which were, perhaps, founded on little knowledge of real life, but cannot be noticed without respect, as they deprived him of all chance of advancement, or advantage, from the court—which, in Germany, is the chief hope of the musical artist.

Without intending to attempt any catalogue of his many works, we may here mention that his grandest compositions begin to date from the commencement of the new century: in 1800, we find him busy with "The Mount of Olives," the Symphonies began to appear in 1803; in the following year, also, he commenced "Fidelio," which was unfortunately represented, for the first time, during the occupation of Vienna by the French in 1805;

and owing to this circumstance chiefly, was wholly unsuccessful; the disgust which he conceived from this failure, as it deterred him from resuming the composition of opera (although in after years he was repeatedly urged to undertake it, when "Fidelio," revised and reproduced in better times, had had its deserved triumph on the stage), is one of the greatest misfortunes that has ever befallen this branch of the art. Later, he composed his great masses: and the series of his great instrumental works, with solo, piano-forte, and chamber-music, continued in unbroken succession to the close of his life; these, with an exception to be mentioned hereafter, having, to the last, furnished his principal means of subsistence.

His fame, which was now spread throughout Germany, had already brought to Vienna, in an evil hour for his happiness, his two brothers, Carl and Johann, in the hope of bettering their fortunes through his influence and aid. To these unworthy relatives—who appear to have both been mean, selfish, and grasping, in no common degree—the great composer was generously attached; and most of his earnings were allowed, without any reserve, to fall into their hands. But this was not the worst. As his infirmities began to estrange him from so-

ciety, the elder brother but too successfully attempted to rule him for his own selfish purposes, and to secure this influence by turning him away from his real friends and patrons. This was, in some degree, controlled by the authority of the Prince Lichnowsky, as long as he lived, but, after his death, the mischievous tyranny of the brothers was almost wholly unopposed. A complete stranger to the practical business of life, rendered suspicious by his growing deafness, and leaning for advice and support on these selfish relatives—who sought only to extort from his labours some profit for themselves—Beethoven was rendered an object of pity to his better friends, and of dislike to many; while his scanty earnings were plundered, and every unworthy contrivance that meanness could suggest was employed to prevent his escape from this miserable bondage. We are told by Ries that "His brothers took especial pains to alienate him from all his nearest friends; and yet, whatever wrongs they committed, although convicted of them, it needed only a few tears to make him forgive all. He would then say, 'He is, after all, my brother;' and the friend was then liable to reproach for his good-nature and frankness."—*Continued at page 217.*

LET US THE FLEETING HOURS ENJOY.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Andante.

Sir John Stevenson.

Let us, let us the fleet-ing hours enjoy, With love and har-mo-ny all

Let us, let us the fleet-ing hours enjoy, With love and har-mo-ny all

cares de-stroy; With love and har-mo-ny all cares de-stroy.

cares de-stroy; With love and har-mo-ny all cares de-stroy.

Con - tent - ed be, good hu - mour'd blythe and gay, Pleas - ing and pleas'd ill na - ture

Con - tent - ed be, good hu - mour'd blythe and gay, Pleas - ing and pleas'd ill na - ture

chace a - way, While so - cial mirth, and all its smil - ing train,

chace a - way, While so - cial mirth, and all its smil - ing train,

While so - cial mirth, so - cial mirth, and

in - spire new joys, and with de - light here reign. Then join in

in - spire new joys, and with de - light here reign. Then join in

vivace

mer - ry Catch and Glee, and hap - py hap - py let us

mer - ry Catch and Glee, and hap - py hap - py let us

be. Then join in mer - - - ry Catch, in
 be. Then join in mer - - - ry mer - - - ry Catch. in
 Then join in mer - - - ry

mer - ry Catch and Glee and hap - py hap - py let us be, Then
 mer - ry Catch and Glee and hap - py hap - py let us be, Then
 mer - ry Catch and Glee and hap - py hap - py let us be, Then

join - - in mer - ry Catch in mer - ry Catch and Glee, and hap - py hap - py
 join in mer - ry Catch and Glee, and hap - py hap - py
 join - - in mer - ry Catch in mer - ry Catch and Glee,

let us be, and hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, let us be.
 let us be, and hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, let us be.
 let us be, and hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, let us be.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

Words by Miss Blamire.

Slow.

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would na speak in vain, But

in the darksome grave it's laid, Ne'er ne'er to rise a - gain. My wae - fu'

heart lies low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine, - - And

oh! what a heart was that to lose, But I maun no re - pine.

Yet oh! 'gin heav'n in mercy soon,
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
 And see, his gentle spirit comes
 To show me on my way,
 Surpris'd nae doubt I still am here,
 Sair wend'ring at my stay.

"I come, I come! my Jamie dear,
 And oh! wi' what gude will,
 I follow whareso'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill."
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possess'd,
 Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

(Continued from page 214.)

Of the utter selfishness, meanness, and dirty cupidity of the two brothers of Beethoven, a characteristic instance or two may suffice. Ries relates that "Beethoven had promised his three sonatas (Op. 31) to Nageli of Zurich; his brother, Carl, in the meanwhile, who unfortunately never ceased No. 28.

meddling with his affairs, having attempted to sell the work to a Leipzig publisher. This gave rise to several disputes between the brothers, as Beethoven resolved to keep the promise once given. When the sonatas were completed and ready to be despatched, the dissension between the brothers was renewed, and even proceeded farther than words. On the following day, he gave me the sonatas to forward immediately to Zurich, with a letter to his

brother, enclosed in one to Von Breuning for the perusal of the latter. Nothing can be imagined more elevated in its moral tone, or more affecting for its feeling, than this lecture on his brother's conduct of the preceding day. He first displayed it in all its true contemptible aspect, and then concluded by forgiving him thoroughly, but with a serious warning to change his ill course."

Schindler tells us:—

"At this time (1806-7) Beethoven was in the habit of receiving not a few presents—all of which, however, vanished utterly; and his friends asserted that the "evil genius" (his brother) was active in removing from his reach, not only his well-wishers, but his valuables also. When Beethoven was asked, "Where is that ring, or this watch?" he used, after a moment's pause, to reply, "I know not;" although he knew right well how they had been abstracted, but was unwilling to accuse his brothers of such dishonesty."

This is a topic on which it is hateful to dwell; we hasten therefore to say that Carl, the elder brother, died in 1815, commending to his charge a son, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter—a legacy of trouble and bitterness; whereby he doubled after his death the mischief inflicted while he lived. The younger brother Johann was an apothecary, and became prosperous by the composer's aid; yet to the end of Beethoven's life, when sickness and want were gathering around him, the brother's selfishness was never for a moment relaxed, and far from giving, he still attempted to prey upon the failing sufferer, at the very time when he was insulting him with a vulgar parade of his newly acquired wealth.

An instance, related by Schindler, must be preserved, for the sake of the contrast between the characters of the brothers which it exhibits:—"On New Year's Day 1823, as we were seated at table, there was handed to the Master a card—(It is customary in Germany to send cards to acquaintances and friends at this season. Johann had thriven so well in his trade, that he had given up the shop and bought an estate, of which this was the announcement)—from his brother, who lived in the next house, inscribed, "Johann van Beethoven, *Landed Proprietor (Gutbesitzer).*" Beethoven immediately wrote on the reverse, "Ludwig van Beethoven, *Intellectual Proprietor (Hirnbesitzer).*" and sent it back to the landed gentleman. It had happened a few days before this ludicrous incident, that this brother, speaking of the Master, had boasted, 'that he would never advance so far as he (Johann) had done.' As may be imagined, Beethoven was infinitely diverted by this piece of ostentation."

It only remains to add, that this sordid "landed-proprietor" survived the great composer, of whose name he was so utterly unworthy.

In 1809, an offer was made to Beethoven of the post of Kapellmeister to the King of Westphalia, which, having still no certain maintenance at Vienna, he was inclined to accept: it was indeed "the first and last opening ever presented to him of a secure subsistence"—the last, because soon he became, by the increase of his deafness, wholly disqualified for the direction of an orchestra. On this occasion, however, three Austrian princes, the Archduke Rudolph, and the princes Kiasky and Lobkowitz, "thinking it disgraceful for Austria to allow the great artist, who was the pride of the nation, to withdraw to a foreign land," offered to secure to him an annual pension of 4000 *gulden*, to be paid so long as he should possess no other fixed appointment, on the condition

of his remaining in Vienna. He accepted the proposal and remained. The moderate income thus secured, was, however, in the course of two years, reduced by a fifth, by the financial edict published in 1811, whereby the value of all money was diminished to this extent. Some years later, on the death of Prince Lobkowitz, his portion of the allowance was withdrawn by the next heir. A part only of Prince Kiasky's share was preserved on the death of that prince in 1817; so that, before Beethoven's decease, the pension had dwindled down to about 600 thaler, some £30 sterling. We have dwelt thus minutely on the transaction, as it comprises the whole sum of public acknowledgment that Austria could afford to the composer "who was the pride of the nation!"—about the pay of a lieutenant of cavalry, or a custom-house officer of the second class!

By Seyfried, who saw him about this period, Beethoven is described as not exceeding the middle height, thickset, and with large bones; full of bodily vigour, the very image of strength.

Schindler adds to this—"His head was unusually large, overgrown with long matted, grizzled hair, which was rarely smoothed, and gave him rather a wild look, especially (which was not seldom the case) when his beard also had grown very long. His brow was lofty and expanded, his eyes brown and small, and when he laughed, quite buried in his head; on the other hand, they started out to an unusual size, and either rolled darting around, the pupil generally turned upwards, or were immovably fixed, whenever an idea had seized upon him. At such moments, his exterior at once underwent a striking alteration, and assumed a visibly inspired and commanding aspect, which, to the bystander, made his short figure appear as gigantic as his mind. Such moments of sudden inspiration often surprised him in the midst of society, or while passing through the streets; and generally attracted the eager notice of all near him."

From Ries we learn—"That he was awkward and ungraceful in his gestures; seldom took anything brittle in his hands that he did not break; would frequently upset his instand into the piano-forte—tumbled, soiled, and damaged his furniture. And, in short, did everything that a tidy person ought not to do. How he accomplished the task of shaving himself was always a mystery; but his wounded chin bore frequent witness to the risk he ran in the process."

The anxiety and distress which he had endured had not yet bowed his frame; but the various eccentricities of manner and habit which characterised him, were, to some extent, displayed; and before proceeding to the next and darker epoch of his history, we may as well pause in this interval (between 1809 and 1815)—which was not marked by any special event beyond the successive production of many beautiful works—to describe some of these peculiarities, and look into the daily life of this remarkable being.

He was educated a Catholic, but was not punctual in devout observances, although of the truly religious temper of his mind there can be no doubt. One of the most valued ornaments of his chamber was the framed copy of an inscription from a temple of Isis, which he said contained the substance of all high and pure religion:—

"I am that which is.

"I am all that is, was, and shall be: no mortal hath raised the veil that covers me.

"*He is self-sustained and alone: to him alone all things owe their being.*"

His love of reading, and the masculine and pure judgment that attracted him to the best writers, have been already described:—His favourite author was our own Shakspeare, a spirit akin to his own. His diligence was untiring; but he was incapable of system or order: "to address himself to a certain thing at a given time was impossible." Hence his dislike of giving lessons; even his *dames de prédilection* were made to feel how he hated the task; and scolded him for his impatience, but in vain. The same aversion to constraint made him reluctant to play in society, and his refusals, when pressed, were a frequent cause of offence to his admirers: many of whom, after a journey undertaken for the sole object of hearing him, were compelled to return unsatisfied. As his deafness increased, he would allow no one to be present while he played, if he could avoid it.

His nature combined a singular frankness, with a tendency to mistrust of others, which amounted at last to a positive disease. In his cheerful moments, his spirits were high, not to say boisterous, and his conversation when he unbent himself, while yet able to take a part in society, was animated, forcible, and abounding in pleasantry and sarcasm. He has been accused of haughtiness towards his brother professors; but this appears to have been often surmised when, in reality his reserve arose from the consciousness of the infirmity which he tried to conceal. Of his generous dealings with many artists, we have sufficient instances, and some of a characteristic plainness, which thoroughly bespeak the nature of the man. When Moscheles wrote, at the close of a work undertaken at Beethoven's request, and apparently in some anxiety as to its reception—"Finis, with God's help!"—the master added the energetic comment, "*Man, help thyself!*"

He rose early, and began to compose as soon as he was dressed. During the morning, he would twice or thrice leave his writing for half an hour at a time, run into the open air, whatever the weather might be, and return with new ideas, which were immediately transcribed. In eating he was moderate and frugal, but most irregular as to the hours of his meals: his favourite drink was pure water, and his habit in latter years, of frequenting coffee-houses, which he generally chose where he was least likely to be disturbed or stared at, was pursued for the sake of reading the newspapers only—in which he greatly delighted. Although a thorough sloven in his dress—(Fran Streicher found him at one time "without either a coat or a shirt that were fit to wear," and compelled him, greatly to his advantage, to reform his wardrobe)—he was a perfect Mussulman in the frequency of his ablutions: and was continually dabbling in water, in the midst of which process he often became absorbed by some sudden imagination, and stood, "in the barest *negligé*," dripping like a river-god, and utterly unconscious of his uncomfortable position—"murmuring to himself, and howling, for singing it could not be called," as the ideas occurred to him.

In worldly matters he was as helpless as a child; of the use of money he had no notion; and was thus not only at the mercy of those around him, but wasted in a thriftless manner the sums he obtained. This kept him in constant embarrassments. Although never rewarded for his compositions to half the extent they deserved, he would have been maintained by them in comfort but for the little care he

bestowed on economy, his liberality to his worthless relatives, and the robbery which they practised upon him, uncontrolled, but not unsuspected. In later years, as his means became more scanty, and sickness pressed upon him, he grew so suspicious (not surely without some reason) that he would not trust any one, so far as even to pay the most trifling account for him.

He was fanciful and restless beyond all measure as to his choice of a dwelling; perpetually changing his quarters, and for the most whimsical reasons. He had often to pay for three or four at a time—one had too much sun, another too little; in another the water was bad; and we read of his giving up a country lodging that pleased him "because the baron, his landlord, annoyed him by bowing too obsequiously whenever they met." His summer was always spent somewhere out of town; the fresh air seems to have been indispensable to his existence; and most of his great compositions were designed and fashioned during his rambles abroad, either alone or in company. Need we remind the musical reader of the Pastoral Symphony; in which the fresh spirit of nature, and the life that breathes in woods, and breezes, and running waters, are embodied with an animation and beauty borrowed from their immediate presence? Towards the close of his life his household arrangements became more and more uncomfortable and disordered, and in the sickness and mental distress of his latter years, he suffered all that can be imagined of trouble and neglect, in the solitary condition of a bachelor, infirm, deaf, untended save by hirelings, and utterly ignorant of the simplest economy of household comfort. The picture which is given of his domestic cares and confusions would be almost farcical, were it not darkened by regret that such miserable vexations should have harassed a mind deserving of tranquillity and freedom, at the close of its marvellous and toilsome career.

If we add that, however vehement in his dislikes, and almost capriciously irascible, he was equally quick to forgive, and to recall and atone for the utterances of his passionate moments; that, in a scene where sycophancy was the prevailing and profitable vice, he carried even to extremity the assertion of his rugged independence; that the main-spring of his exertions was a fervent desire to dignify and advance his beloved art; and to render himself worthy of its highest inspirations; and that throughout his career, amidst all the temptations that beset him, he kept his purity unsullied, and was never accused of a base or mean action—we shall in some measure have traced the outline of a character in which the elements of goodness and nobility, and the gifts of an exquisite genius, were mingled with many flaws and infirmities that may be lamented, but cannot deprive him of the strongest claims to love and admiration. And how few of those who have been endowed and afflicted like him, have left us so much to record with reverence, and so little to conceal or extenuate! We must now hasten to the concluding period of his history.

In the autumn of 1815, as we have already said, his brother Carl died, bequeathing to his care and guardianship a son about eight years old. Writing to Ries of this event, he says—"that he had expended on his deceased brother, while alive, more than 10,000 *gulden* to relieve his wants and make his existence easier;" that his widow (which was too true) was "a bad woman;" "the son from that time he looked upon as his own."

As the boy was clever and promising, he took steps to adopt him regularly, that he might be removed from the example of his mother, who resisted, and a harassing contest at law ensued, which in 1820 ended recognising the full powers of Beethoven. His nephew, far from repaying him for his unceasing kindness, fatherly care, indulgence, and counsel, with the affection which such conduct should have elicited, became a deep source of anxiety, expense, and misery to Beethoven. In 1824 he was entered in the University, where, although he displayed extraordinary capacities, his irregularities, lying, and misconduct, increased to such an extent as at length to procure his expulsion. But the generous and blinded Beethoven forgave, and placed him in an institution for mercantile studies. Still all his kindness and his admonitions were in vain and met with disappointment. A repetition of the same evil courses was like to have the same termination, to avoid which the wretched youth made an unsuccessful attempt on his own life, and in pursuance of the Austrian laws he was imprisoned as a criminal; Beethoven only saw him for one day before the fulfilment of the sentence of banishment from Vienna. By great exertions Beethoven succeeded in obtaining a commutation of this sentence, through Marshal Stutterheim, who consented to receive the youth into his corps as a cadet; and, before joining his regiment, he remained for a short time at Vienna, whither Beethoven, sick and worn down with affliction, had hastened from the country to receive him. This was in December 1826; and from this moment the mortal illness which soon hurried him to the grave, and during which the most heartless neglect was exhibited by his nephew, seized upon him with painful and alarming symptoms. The circumstances, as related by Schindler, are too melancholy and remarkable to be passed over.

"It was not until after some days that I learned his arrival, and the state of his health. I hastened to him; and, amongst other circumstances of the most afflictive nature, was informed that he had repeatedly, but in vain, sent to entreat the attendance of his two former physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim; the first excused himself on the ground of the distance being too great; and the other had often promised to come, but never appeared; and that, in consequence, a doctor had been sent to attend him, how or by whom he knew not, who, of course, was quite a stranger to him, and to his constitution. I afterwards heard, however, from the lips of the worthy doctor himself (Professor Wawruch) in what manner he had been directed to the sick bed of Beethoven. It is too remarkable, and affords a striking proof how utterly this man, so dear to his age and to posterity, was neglected, or rather betrayed and destroyed, by his nearest relatives, who owed so much to him. The Professor informed me that he had learned from the marker in one of the hotels, who had been brought to the hospital sick, that Beethoven's nephew, while playing at billiards in the café some days before, had requested him to go and seek a physician to attend his uncle, who was ill; and having been prevented by his own ill health from fulfilling the commission, the man begged Dr. Wawruch to visit him, which was immediately done. He found Beethoven lying without any medical attendance. So that a marker in a billiard room must fall sick, and be sent to an hospital, to give the great Beethoven the chance of obtaining medical help in his utmost need! . . .

The nephew set out to join his regiment before the end of December; and, from that moment, it seemed as if Beethoven was delivered from an evil genius, for he became again cheerful, and quite resigned to his misfortune, hoping and expecting a speedy recovery from the care of his physician. His attachment for his nephew was now changed into bitter animosity; and yet, as the moment of his departure from this world drew near, his former feelings returned, *and he left this nephew his sole legatee.*"

Before we pass to the closing scene thus distressingly introduced, it will be necessary to resume hastily the outline of Beethoven's general history from the year 1815, which has been suspended in order that the tale of his domestic troubles might not be interrupted.

His true friend and patron, the Prince Lichnowsky had died in 1814. The musical society which he had assembled around him was transferred, in a great measure, to the palace of the Russian ambassador Rasmowsky—to whom Beethoven dedicated some of his latest and most beautiful chamber compositions. The Congress of Vienna brought hither many distinguished admirers of the artist; and he received, on this occasion, not only flattering testimonials of regard, but also considerable pecuniary gains. This was the last epoch of his appearance in general society; a few years later, and he had fallen, as it were, out of the knowledge of his townsmen, and was brooding over his many troubles in gloomy solitude. His reputation was, however, daily becoming greater abroad; and he was besieged with commissions for musical works: but his chief attention was devoted to the composition of his great symphonies and masses, which were successively performed at concerts—of which the risk was undertaken by himself, in default of the patronage which the court refused him. The gain from these was uncertain and scanty—except in reputation; and the expense of his nephew's education and of the long lawsuit, and repeated attacks of illness, kept him for ever in straitened circumstances, and compelled him to toil unremittingly. He had, in better days, invested a small fund, it is true; but this he was loath to touch—regarding it as his last resource, in case of absolute helplessness—and as a deposit for his nephew. Offers were made to him to compose another opera; but he seemed unable to overcome the disgust caused by the first failure of *Fidelio*—although, on a revival of this work, it had met with the applause it deserved. On one occasion of its representation in 1823, Beethoven, for the last time, was invited to conduct it in public. During the rehearsal, however, it became evident that his utter deafness rendered it impossible; and the directors of the theatre were compelled to convey to him, with the utmost tenderness, this painful intimation. "He instantly left the orchestra. The melancholy which this mortification produced did not pass away for the whole of that day; and at table he remained gloomily silent." His deafness was now become so confirmed that his friends were reduced to writing what they wished to convey to him.

His grand mass, completed in 1823, was honoured by Louis XVIII., from Paris, with a gold medal, specially inscribed as the king's present. In 1822 he had been created an honorary member of the Society of Arts and Sciences in Stockholm: invitations to visit England, as we have already mentioned, reached him about this period; while, at home, his consideration began to give place to the new passion

for Rossini, who had taken Vienna, as it were, by storm. Beethoven felt this severely, but made no complaint; and continued to pursue his high designs with as much zeal as if they had been received at home with the applause that greeted them elsewhere.

One more event of his professional history must be recorded, for the purpose of displaying what meanness can exist in titled patrons. In 1824, a commission to compose a set of violin quartets, was sent him by Prince Nicholas Galitzin, from Russia, couched in the most flattering terms. The work was undertaken, and pursued with the utmost care. To fulfil the commission, Beethoven laid aside some projected works of the highest class—amongst which was the *composition of Goethe's Faust*; and the quartets were, at last, completed and despatched. The prince admired them—wrote for explanations of various passages, and at length declared himself perfectly informed and satisfied. But the stipulated reward was in vain applied for; and the composer remained a loser of his precious time and of the cost of the copyist's labours, and of the expensive correspondence with this pattern of Russian ostentation and meanness. It is proper that such acts should be recorded, for the abiding disgrace of the offender; and the lovers of art will never forgive the author of a deceit which deprived the world of compositions that no one after Beethoven might dare to undertake. This was almost the last mortification which he was destined to experience; for the last fruitless application to the prince was in December 1826, when sickness had rendered him necessitous and unable to continue his labours, never afterwards resumed.

He languished throughout the winter months with no improvement; all his resources were exhausted, excepting the small investment already named; he was too proud to ask for aid at the hands of his neighbours, who had neglected him; and yet his want of money was pressing. In this strait, he bethought him of the former officers of the London Philharmonic Society; and addressed to them, through Moscheles, a request that they would fulfil the design of a concert for his benefit, promising to write a new symphony, in return for this favour, as soon as his state permitted it. The conduct of the English musicians, on this occasion, was both liberal and delicate. They at once requested his acceptance of £100, offering to send more, if required; with expressions which bespoke their respect and sympathy for the great composer. (Some German writers have complained of the version current respecting this gift; the facts, however, are as above stated. They say that Beethoven did not want alms, or, had he needed them, his own countrymen would have been proud to afford them. It is, nevertheless, true, that although not penniless, he was in immediate difficulties; and, with the fear of long sickness before him, rather turned for help to foreigners, who had already evinced their respect for him, than to those by whom he felt himself unduly neglected. They cannot deprive England of the just credit of this becoming act, which Beethoven fully appreciated.) The reply arrived in time only to soothe the last moments of Beethoven, who was now rapidly sinking. On the 18th of March, 1827, he dictated an acknowledgment, literally from his deathbed. The dropsical symptoms resisted all attempts to relieve him; and he encountered the approach of death with cheerful and religious composure. After deliberately making his will, he

received the sacraments of the Church on the 24th. On the same day the last struggle, which was terrible and obstinate, began; nor was he finally released until the 26th of March, when he expired amidst the tumult of an unusually fierce storm, which was rolling over the town as his troubled spirit departed—a close not inaptly resembling his destiny in life. A stranger, or at least a mere acquaintance from Gratz, who had hastened to visit Beethoven before he died, was the only person present in his last moments; his friends Von Breuning and Schindler, who had been in attendance during his sickness, having left the house on some mission concerning the arrangements for his funeral. When they returned, his troubles were at an end! Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that there is a deep tragedy exhibited in this solitary death scene: untended by kindred, unwept by household love, and darkened by ingratitude and neglect: the miserable farwell which the world afforded to one of its noblest ornaments, more cold and blank than it gives to many whose career has only been marked by mischief and disgrace!

Beethoven died at the age of fifty-six years and three months; and now rests in the burial ground of the village of Währing, at a short distance from Vienna, in the Alster district of the suburbs. The funeral ceremony was attended by more than twenty thousand persons; and in the respect paid to his remains, the citizens of Vienna testified a regret that was general throughout Europe. With him the list of great German composers was closed, nor is it likely that any successor to his place will appear in our day.

MARTINI IN FRANCE.

WHEN Martini, after removing from Freistadt, his native place, to Neuborg, where he became organist of the seminary, and thence travelling to Frebourg, resolved to seek a wider sphere for the exercise of his genius, he could not readily determine whether he had better go to France or Italy. In this dilemma he repaired to the top of the highest tower in the town, and, throwing a feather to the wind, made up his mind to prefer the route that should be pointed out to him by the direction it took. The feather floated towards the port of France; he took the same course, and arrived at Nancy, totally ignorant of the French language, without a single acquaintance in the place, or any money in his pocket. In this embarrassment he accidentally fell in with an organist of the name of Dupont, who, delighted with his knowledge of music and of the construction of organs, received him most cordially into his house, and made him one of his family. He remained in that town some time, and published there some Sonatas, which were warmly received, and still continue great favourites at Nancy.

MADAME CATALANI.—No musical performer ever had a higher idea of her talents than that wonder of her age, Madame Catalani; and she was apt to express it with a naïveté sufficiently amusing. When she visited Hamburg for the first time, M. Schevenke, the chief musician of that city, criticised her vocal performances with great severity. Madame, on being told of his dissent from the general opinion, broke out into a great passion, calling him, among many other hard names, an *impious* man. "Sir," added she, "when God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle, and it is profane to depreciate the gifts of Heaven."

THE BRITISH MINSTREL, AND
CHAIRS TO MEND.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Arne.



1
Chairs to mend, Old Chairs to mend, Rush or Cane

2
Mac - ke - rel, New Mac - ke - rel, Al -

3
Old rags, an - y old rags, Take mo - ney for your

2
bot - tom'd old Chairs to mend, Old Chairs to mend, new

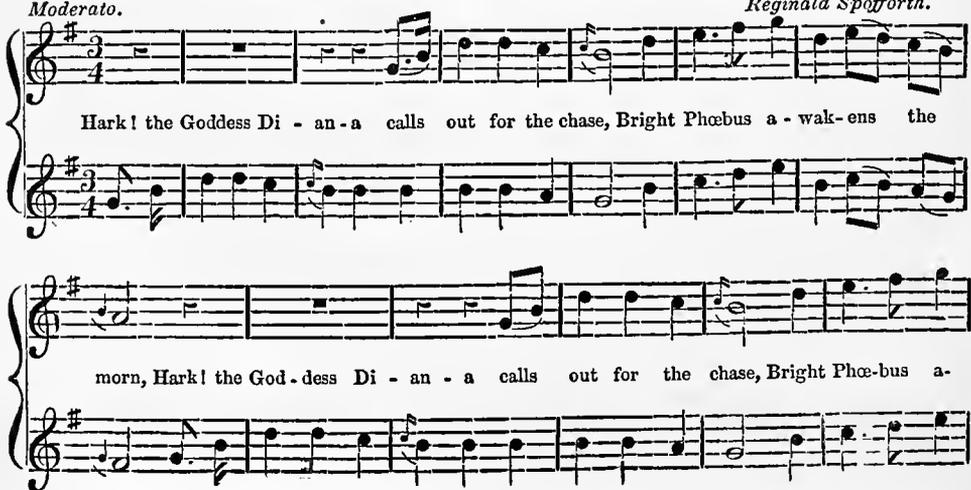
3
man - acks, New Mac - ke - rel, New Mac - ke - rel.

1
old rags, An - y Hare Skins or Rab - bit Skins.

HARK, THE GODDESS DIANA.

Reginald Spofforth.

Moderato.



Hark! the Goddess Di - an - a calls out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the

morn, Hark! the God - dess Di - an - a calls out for the chase, Bright Phœ - bus a -

wa - kens the morn. Rouse, rouse from your slum - bers to hunt - ing give

place, The hunts - man is wind - ing is wind - ing his horn, the hunts - man is

wind - ing is wind - ing his horn, the huntsman is wind - ing, the huntsman is wind - ing, The

huntsman is wind - ing is wind - ing his horn, the huntsman is wind - ing is wind - ing his

horn, the huntsman is wind - ing is wind - ing his horn. The hounds are un - ken - nell'd and

ripe for the game, we start to o'er - take the swift hare, The hounds are uu -

ken-nell'd and ripe for the game, We start to o'er - take the swift hare, All *f*

dan - ger we scorn, for plea - sure's our aim. To the *f*

fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a - *fz*

way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a - way, To the fields then a - *p*

way, To the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a - *cres.* *f*

way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair. *p* *f*

O H M A R Y D E A R .

Adagio. *AIR.—Gramachree.*

Oh Ma-ry dear! bright peerless flow'r, Pride of the plains of Nair. Behold me droop through

each dull hour, In love consuming care, In friends, in wine, where joy was found, No joy I now can

see; But still while plea-sure reigns a - round, I sigh and think of thee.

The cuckoo's notes I love to hear,
 When summer warms the skies;
 When fresh the banks and brakes appear,
 And flowers around us rise;
 That blythe bird sings her song so clear,
 She sings where sunbeams shine—
 Her voice is sweet—but, Mary dear,
 Not half so sweet as thine.

From town to town I've idly stray'd,
 I've wandered many a mile,
 I've met with many a blooming maid,
 And own'd her charms the while;
 I've gazed on some that then seem'd fair,
 But when thy looks I see,
 I find there's none that can compare,
 My Mary dear! with thee.

STRADELLA AND HORTENSIA.

ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was composer to the opera, at Venice, having under his tuition a young lady of rank, of the name of Hortensia, who lived with a Venetian nobleman, a mutual affection took place between Alessandro and his fair pupil, and they eloped together to Rome. On discovering their flight, the Venetian, fired with revenge, despatched two assassins with instructions to murder the lovers wherever they should be found. Arrived at Naples, and learning that the objects of their sanguinary pursuit were at home, living together as man and wife, they sent the intelligence to their employer requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order that they might be sure of an asylum to which they could fly when the intended work of death should have been accomplished. The letters arrived, with which in their possession they hastened to Rome, and en-

tered the Eternal City on the day preceding the evening on which Stradella was to give an oratorio of his own composition, in the Church of Saint John Lateran. The murderers attended this performance, with the design of giving the fatal blow as the composer and Hortensia left the church; but the pathos of the music had such a thrilling and fascinating power as to work upon their feelings to a degree that awakened their remorse, and diverted them from their purpose. Nor did they stop there, but resolved to apprize the lovers of their bloody commission; and, accordingly, at the conclusion of the oratorio, waited their coming out of the church, informed them of their intended destruction, and advised their immediate departure from Rome, promising to tell their employer that they had quitted that city before their arrival there.

Stradella and Hortensia fled to Turin, where, except in the houses of ambassadors, the laws furnished no protection for murderers. The retreat of the lovers being again discovered, their enemy,

not satisfied with prevailing on two other ruffians to engage to perform the work of murder, contrived to work upon the father of Hortensia, so as to succeed in bringing him into fellowship with himself in the execution of his fell purpose. Furnished with letters from the Abbe d'Estrade, then French ambassador at Venice, to the Marquis de Villars, the French ambassador at the court of Turin, recommending them to his protection as merchants, they all three (the bravo and the father of Hortensia) set out with the resolution of stabbing Stradella and his fair companion wherever they might find them. The Duchess of Savoy was at that time Regent. Informed of the arrival of the musician and his mistress, and of the reason of their precipitate flight from Rome, for their greater security she placed the lady in a convent and retained Stradella in her palace, giving him the office of principal musician. Thus secured, Stradella began to forget his danger. When one evening, taking the air upon the ramparts of the city, he was attacked by the three, each of whom plunged a dagger into his body, and immediately found sanctuary in the house of the ambassador.

The report of this cruel assault no sooner reached the ears of the Duchess than she ordered the gates of the city to be closed, so that no person might escape, and caused the most diligent search to be made for the perpetrators of the foul deed. On being told that they had found shelter in the house of the French ambassador, she went in person to demand that they be given up; but the Marquis insisted on his privilege, and refused compliance. He, however, wrote to the Abbe who had given them the letters of recommendation desiring an explanation of such an outrage; and received for answer that he had been led to give them letters from the artful representation of one of the proud and powerful aristocracy of Venice.

The wounds inflicted upon Stradella though dangerous did not prove mortal, and the assassins were suffered to escape.

A year elapsed before his perfect recovery from his wounds, and Stradella forgot, or thought himself secure from any future attempts on his life being made by his vindictive and malignant enemy. The Duchess, interested for the happiness of the two persons who had suffered so much in consequence of their inauspicious loves, united them in marriage. The fame of Stradella continued to increase and to spread. He was invited to compose an opera for Genoa, whither he went to superintend its performance, but the merciless and bloodthirsty wretches were on his trail. The lovers arrived in Genoa, and early in the morning, a very few days after, their pursuers rushed into the chamber, and executed their nefarious commission with which they were charged, by stabbing them both to the heart. This time they did not stay to be interrogated by the emissaries of offended law, but retreated to a vessel which was awaiting them in the harbour, and were never again heard of. This tragic episode in the history of the world happened about the year 1678.

FASHIONABLE INSTRUMENTS SINCE THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the sixteenth century the Lute and Virginal were the only instruments for which any tolerable music had been written. Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the Virginal; and if she was able to make use of any of the pieces con-

tained in the MS. collection called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," which were written expressly for her by Bird, Bull, Farnaby, and other great masters of the day, her proficiency must have been truly wonderful; for we are told by Dr. Burney that the pieces of Bull, contained in this collection, "surpass every idea of difficulty that can be formed from the lessons of Handel, Scarlatti, Sebastian Bach, or, in modern times, Emanuel Bach, Muthel, and Clementi." "In everything relating to the execution of instrumental music," says the late M. Charon, "it is of the utmost importance to dispel a very common error, which consists in believing that music was formerly very simple and easily performed. This error arises from the circumstance of the old writers having used notes of very great value, and from its not being remembered that these notes were executed with great rapidity, so that they had, in fact, no greater value than those in use with us at the present time. Besides, if we cast our eyes upon the collections of pieces remaining to us from former ages—upon the Virginal Book of Queen Elizabeth, for instance—difficulties will be found which would puzzle the most able of our modern performers." Mary (Queen) of Scotland was also a performer on the Virginal; and it appears from the curious account which Sir James Melvil, in his memoirs, gives of his embassy to the English Court, that Elizabeth was no less jealous of her unhappy rival's musical powers, than of her personal beauty. The Virginal afterwards acquired the name of the Spinnet, and was generally used by the ladies in England, till it was superseded by the harpsichord. In the time of James I. and Charles I. Haywood was a celebrated maker of spinets; and Kean and Stade were the fashionable makers in Queen Anne's time. The harpsichord, in its turn, has been superseded by the piano-forte, and has disappeared almost as completely as its precursor the spinnet. Within our memory an old harpsichord might occasionally be met with in an old house in the country, played upon by an old maiden aunt, who performed the pieces of Handel and Scarlatti, accompanied vocal music from the thorough bass figures, and lamented the decay of musical knowledge among the rising generation.—*Mr. Hogarth in the Musical World.*

JACOMO MAYERBEER

Was born in 1794 at Berlin, of highly respectable parents, who spared no expense on his education. At the age of seven years young Jacomo surprised the intellectual and artistic visitors at his paternal home by his wonderful performances on the piano-forte. It was not, however, until his fifteenth year that he made music his especial study, which he did under the Abbe Vogler, who had opened an establishment for instruction in all branches of music. Many eminent critics and accomplished musicians have emanated from this school, among whom may be mentioned Knecht, Ritter, and Winter. The following no less celebrated were fellow-students with Mayerbeer, namely, C. M. Weber and Gottfried Weber. A warm and brotherly affection here sprung up between Mayerbeer and the composer of Frieschütz, which was only broken off by the death of Weber in 1826.

Mayerbeer had not been more than two years with Vogler, when the institution was broken up, and both master and pupils made a tour of Germany. Under the auspices of the Abbe, the young Jacomo, at only eighteen years of age produced a grand

opera in three acts, entitled the "Daughter of Jeptha," which was performed at Munich, and met with but moderate success. He concluded his pupillage with Vogler, and his master, with his usual *bon homie*, conferred upon his scholar the *brevet de maestro*, to which, with a flourish of his pen, he affixed his seal, then teacher and pupil bade each other farewell.

In Vienna, where the young Mayerbeer took up his abode, he was first noticed as a piano-forte player, and was commissioned to compose for the Imperial Court an opera entitled the *Two Caliphs*, which was composed in a similar style to his former work, and was a complete failure, which may be accounted for from the circumstance that the taste prevailing in Vienna then, as at present, was in favour of the Italian school of art, and these were constructed according to the rigid forms of scholastic theory. He was advised by Salieri, the composer of *Axur*, who was extremely partial to Mayerbeer, to visit Italy, and there prosecute his musical studies. Mayerbeer was led, by his antipathy to the Italian music, to prefer visiting Paris. But unknown as he was, he could not obtain in Paris any fitting subject for composition for the academy, so he at length betook himself to Italy.

The Italian style, which he so strenuously opposed while in Germany, became the chief object of his admiration. He was enchanted with *Tancredi*, the first opera of Rossini's which he heard. From this moment he composed in rapid succession seven works, all of which were crowned with complete success. The first he produced at Padua in 1818 was the semi-serious opera "*Romilda à Costanza*," written for Mme. Pisaroni. In the year 1819 he produced at the Theatre-Royal, Turin, his "*Semiramide Ricognoscinta*," by Metastasio, the principal character of which was written for Mme. Carolina Bassi, afterwards performed by Madame Pasta. In 1820 he brought out his "*Emma di Resburgo*," the same subject which Mehul has composed under the title of "*Heleni*." This opera appeared at the same time with Rossini's "*Edoardo e Christina*," and both works found equal favour with the public.

In the year 1821 he composed for the theatre of Berlin an opera in the Italian style, "*Das Brandenburgher Thor*" (The Brandenburgh Gate), which was not performed. In the meanwhile his fame had reached the Theatre La Scala at Milan, and here, notwithstanding their shyness with regard to the works of new composers, he produced in 1822 his opera "*Margarita d'Anjou*." His operas "*Emma*" and "*Margarita*" were soon after this translated into German, and produced at several of the theatres of Germany.

Notwithstanding the success of the works of Mayerbeer, they met with violent opposition from the critics of that time. Carl Maria Von Weber, then Director of the German Opera at Dresden, concurred with the opinions of the critics, and even wrote several papers, in which he proved that Mayerbeer's partiality for the Italian school was an error, and expressed a hope that he would speedily resume the style in which he had been educated. This, however, did not take place; and, to the honour of the immortal Weber, be it added, that in spite of the view which he took and advocated upon tenable grounds, as to the path which his friend had drawn out for himself, he brought forward his works at Dresden, where they were performed with the greatest care and attention.

In the year 1823, at Milan, "*Margarita*" was followed by "*L'Esule di Granata*," the principal parts of which were written for the colossus Lablache and Madame Pisaroni. In consequence of some cabal this opera was nearly thrown overboard. In fact the first act was a failure, the second would have had no greater success had it not been for a duet by Lablache and Madame Pisaroni, sung in their best style, which drew down the "most sweet voices" of the audience. In the following representations the triumph of the composer was perfect. In this same year he composed the opera "*Almanzor*" for a theatre at Rome, the principal part for Madame Carolina Bassi: she was taken ill before the grand rehearsal, and the opera has never been performed since. At the close of the year 1825 "*Il Crociato*" came out at Venice. During its performance, the composer was called for, and crowned upon the stage. In the year 1826, at the request of Comte La Rochefoucauld, at that time *Ministre des Beaux Arts*, he visited Paris, where his "*Crociato*" was received with genuine French enthusiasm. From this time Meyerbeer rested awhile from composition, and affliction for the loss of his two children interrupted his labours for nearly two years. In 1828 he resumed his activity, in order to bring forward his opera "*Robert le Diable*," the score of which was laid aside at the *Academie Royale* for nearly eighteen months. On the 18th November, 1831, this master-piece was brought upon the stage, to the perfect delight of the whole Parisian public.

At the theatre at Paris this opera was performed with increasing applause for nearly one hundred nights, and since then it has been received as enthusiastically upon nearly every stage in France, England, and Germany. With this work commenced a new era in the artistical career of this composer, which will secure him a distinguished place among the celebrated musicians of his time.

His last work, the *Huguenots*, has met the same success which has crowned his other works, although there have been not a few who have endeavoured to exhibit their acumen by designating it as a tissue of noise and fire-works.

Although Mayerbeer is richly endowed with the good things of this world, his life is devoted to his art. It is to him his business, and likewise his recreation. Of his unweary activity, the number of works which he has produced during the last 16 years, allords ample proof; and the great improvement manifest in his last works gives the clearest evidence of his unceasing endeavours to attain perfection. For this he is to be admired as an artist. He is, however, more to be prized as a man. The natural benevolence and mildness of his character; his agreeable and amiable behaviour to everybody; his modest and reasonable estimation of his powers, which knows no pride nor professional eminence—no jealousy of others; and which neither his celebrity, spread over the whole of Europe, nor the honours* which have been bestowed upon him by the great ones of the earth, have been able to overthrow; his disinterestedness of mind, his scrupulous

* Mayerbeer is Membre Etranger de l'Institute de France; Member of the Committee of Instruction at the Conservatoire at Paris; Honorary Member of the Society of Grétry at Liege; Member of several Musical Institutions in England, Italy, and Germany; Knight of the Imperial Brazilian Order of the South Star; of the French Legion of Honour; and Hof-Kapell-Meister to the King of Prussia.

honesty, have long procured for him the esteem and affection of all who know him. And the personal virtues of this artist, as amiable as he is distinguished, must charm even those who envy him his fortune, and his fame. In short, he is fully deserving the estimation in which he is held as a great composer—and of the esteem which, as a man, is so universally felt for him.—*Abridged from a Sketch of the Life of Mayerbeer in the Musical World.*

NEW PIANO FORTE.

A PIANO-FORTE, on a new principle, has lately been introduced by Messrs. Beale & Co., Regent Street, London, which possesses so many advantages over the old methods of construction, and is so striking a piece of decorative furniture, that it will in all probability find, as it ought to do, a very general domestic adoption. It has been christened the *Euphonicon*, to distinguish it from the ordinary piano-fortes; and it has excited more attention in the musical world than any application of ingenuity which has recently been applied to like purposes.

The appearance of this instrument when the eye first rests upon it is puzzling and imposing. It seems like a huge mechanical vignette—a combination of musical symbols accidentally thrown together, forming a picturesque and harmonious whole. Upon examining the details further, the spectator perceives an ingenious purpose in every part. He finds the original principle of the piano forte action to be the same, but applied in novel forms, which contribute to the improved present value of the instrument as a musical vehicle, giving to its tone a certain amount of durable quality, and the presumed likelihood of its progressive improvement—two points hitherto *desiderata* in this class of mechanism. The clavier is situated as in ordinary instruments, and therein the similarity to the piano-forte ends. On the left of the player the bass strings rise in a sort of harp frame open to the air, permitting the free and undisguised vibration of the sound. Below the clavier is placed a chest which contains the wire pegs and the hammers. In this latter respect a vast improvement is accomplished—an improvement frequently attempted but never before brought to a satisfactory bearing. By means of this the tone diffused is round and equable, without the local *blows* which occasion it disturbing the ears of the player, or of an auditor, in his vicinity, by being, as is usually the case, level with the ear, or immediately over it. Behind the instrument are three boards resembling violoncello cases, placed perpendicularly, over which the strings are stretched, and which have an increasing extent of surface properly relative to the various registers of sound, the whole of the frame work is of metal, and in the subordinate means used for the tension of the strings—the pegs being screwed into iron instead of wood—a security of tone is ensured which nothing but the occasional abrasion or stretching of the wire itself can shake.

As a piece of furniture, susceptible of inexhaustible decorative fancies, there has been nothing produced like the *Euphonicon*. Messrs. Beale & Co. have three or four instruments on view, and they each present distinctive features—each remarkable for separate ornamental elegances. The frame work of the bass-strings, in one instance, is of a beautiful cobalt blue tint, exquisitely relieved with arabesques in gold. Pendant from the apex and the right shoulder are scrolls gracefully devised and

beautifully moulded in *ornolu*, giving a richness to the *coup d'œil* hardly to be suspected. The *table* of the instrument is furnished with raised carvings, and the *desk* is an elaboration of ornament extremely well and artistically composed. For the boudoir or drawing-room, then, the *Euphonicon* presents a piece of cabinet-work which may be embellished to an infinite extent, and an object that may be made to combine with any description of furniture, however oriental in its gaudiness and splendour. But its higher claims consist in its improved qualities as a musical instrument. In it the piano-forte is brought to a degree of perfection which is not likely to be exceeded.—*Newspaper Paragraph*, 1842.

SERENADE.

Awake!—the starry midnight hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight;
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight!
Awake! awake!
Look forth my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—soft dews will soon arise
From daisied mead, and thorny brake!
Then, sweet, unclod those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break!
Awake! awake!
Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee!
Ah, come and shew the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me!
Awake! awake!
Shew all thy love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—ne'er heed though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice;
Unclod thy beauty, rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! awake!
She comes at last, for love's sweet sake!

BARRY CORNWALL.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

ALFIERI, the Italian poet, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost," he says, "all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after,"—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration, and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the vision of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue, or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory for his sermon, which within a short interval he was to preach before the court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with the violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination in collecting its tones was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.—*Gray's Supplement*.—[To these might be added a very long list of names of men of letters and men of science; besides numerous theologians, who, in hours of relaxation from severer studies, beguiled time, and braced their minds for further exertion by the prac-

tice of, or in listening to, the witching voice of music.—*Ed. B. M.*]

officiate for him as his blower while he amused himself at the organ. On these occasions, after shutting the church doors, they both took off their coats, and setting to, each in his province, they would often remain at the instrument till eight or nine at night. To the repeated opportunities these occasions gave the young musician of hearing the performance, and watching the manner, of so great a master, he, in a great measure, was indebted for the distinguished figure he afterwards made, both as an organist and a composer.

HANDEL AND GREENE.—When Handel arrived in London, Greene (afterwards Dr. Greene), then a young man, was anxious to become personally known to him, and succeeded in his wish. As the acquaintance improved, so did their mutual familiarities; till, at length, Handel contracted the habit of frequently taking his juvenile friend with him to St. Paul's, to

YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW, YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY

YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW, YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY

YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW, YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW,

brow of the gloomy brow, No more shalt thou feast in my

brow of the gloomy brow, No more shalt thou feast in my

YOUTH OF THE GLOOMY BROW, NO MORE SHALT THOU FEAST IN MY HALLS,

halls, NO MORE SHALT THOU FEAST IN MY HALLS, NO MORE SHALT THOU

halls, NO MORE SHALT THOU FEAST IN MY HALLS, NO MORE SHALT THOU

NO MORE SHALT THOU FEAST IN MY HALLS,

feast in my halls, Thou shalt not pur-sue my chace, My foes shall not fall by thy

feast in my halls, Thou shalt not pur-sue my chace, My foes shall not fall by thy

Thou shalt not pur-sue my chace, My

largo.

sword, shall not fall by thy sword, by thy sword, My foes shall not fall by thy sword. Raise the

sword, shall not fall - - My foes shall not fall by thy sword. Raise the

foes shall not fall by thy sword, by thy sword,

praise of the daughter of Sar-no, Raise the praise of the daughter of Sar-no, Raise the

praise of the daughter of Sar-no, Raise the praise of the daughter of Sar-no, Raise the

praise of the daughter of Sar-no.

praise of the daughter of Sar-no.

Give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her

Give her name to the winds of heav'n Give her
 Give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her name give her name, her name, Give her
 name - - - - - give give her name - - - - - to the winds, Give her

dolce
 name to the winds of heav'n, to the winds of heav'n, to the winds of heav'n. Raise the praise of the
 name to the winds of heav'n, to the winds of heav'n, to the winds of heav'n.
 name her name to the winds of heav'n,

daugh - ter of Sar - no, Raise the praise of the daugh - ter of Sar - no,
 Raise the praise of the daugh - ter of Sar - no,

Give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her
 Raise the praise of the daughter of Sar - no, Give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her

name to the winds of heav'n, Give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her name - - - give her
 name to the winds of heav'n, Give her name to the winds her name - - - her name - -
 of heav'n, Give her name to the winds of heav'n, her

name - - - Give her name give her name give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her
 - - - give give - - - her name give her name to the winds of heav'n, Give her
 name to the winds of heav'n, her name her name her name,

name to the winds of heav'n. See, See,
 name to the winds of heav'n. See, See, Me-tears gleam a - round the
 Me - tears gleam a - round the maid,

maid, Me - tears gleam a - round the

Me - tears gleam a - round the maid, See, See, moon-beams lift her soul,
 maid, See, See, moon-beams lift her soul.

See Moon - beams lift her soul - - - -
 See moon - beams lift her

- - - - See moon - beams lift her soul, See
 soul, See moon - beams lift her soul, See

moon - beams lift her soul - - See moon - beams lift her soul.
 moon - beams lift her soul - - See moon - beams lift her soul.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
LIFE LET US CHERISH.

*Andantino.**Ne gelli.*

Life let us cher - ish while yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh

flow - 'ret pluck e'er it close. Why are we fond of toil and care, Why

choose the rankling thorn to wear, And heedless by the lily stray, Which blos - soms in our way.

Life let us cherish,
While yet the taper glows;
And the fresh flow'ret
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care,
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way.
Life let us cherish, &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles adorn the west.
Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek; it is Life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.
Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with ev'ry toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.
Life let us cherish, &c.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns and finds his share,
Whilst violets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossom,
Taste life's, &c.

When tim'rons nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The sun smiles forth at even.
Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.
Taste life's &c.

Of life she is the fairest hand,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand;
Thus onward to a better land,
Man journeys light and cheerly.
Taste life's &c.

THE foregoing verses, by Sir Alex. Boswell, author of "Jenny dang the weaver," and other popular Scotch songs, were, he tells us, translated by him at Leipzig, in 1795, from the German song, "Fren't euch des Lebens," (of which "Life let us cherish," is another version.)

They first appeared in "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," a small volume published by him in 1803.

In adapting "Taste life's glad moments," to the above music, the dotted crotchet in the third bar must be sung as a crotchet and quaver, and the end of the first strain thus—



The quick - ly fad - ing rose.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(From a Lecture on Music, delivered in 1836, at the *Islington Literary and Scientific Institution*, by Mr. Gauntlett.)

In a small town (Eisenach) in Germany, contemporary with Handel, Hasse, Porpora, Vinci, and Pergolesi, was living one who, by the splendour of his genius, was laying the corner stone of that school of imagination and learning, from which has arisen the noble superstructure of the German Musical Drama. His great intellectual powers enabled him to penetrate into the inmost recesses of the art. Harmony opened to him a new and extended field. He used it, not only to increase mere musical expressions, but as a means for the invention of melody.

Few persons can be found incapable of understanding and appreciating a melody in its simplest form, that is, without the accompaniments of harmony; while those who enter into the spirit and intentions of the union of several parts, each carrying on a distinct and different melody, form a small minority. To the well-informed amateur, the works of Bach present ideas of beauty, symmetry, design, expression—the elements of all that is grand and magnificent—and excite emotions of the most lively, varied, and exalted character. Even to those ignorant of music, as a science, the compositions of this great master appear highly interesting and attractive. The general effect of their performance, to persons of this description, may be a confused labyrinth of sounds, through which their experience is unable to furnish a clue; except that here and there may be a melody or sequence, in so plain and intelligible a form as may readily be appreciated. Nevertheless the attention is arrested, the imagination excited, the feelings interested, and an impression left on the mind that the music is like nothing that the audience has ever heard before. Ideas of solemnity, splendour, and magnificence, naturally arise from the richness, breadth, and complexity of the harmony; the surpassing flow and beauty of the melody; and the life and spirit by which the whole is characterised.

I have been often amused at the acuteness by which a mechanic, who was accustomed to blow the organ at one of the metropolitan churches, distinguished the compositions of this master. Although perfectly unacquainted with music, the man would decide without hesitation, on the identity of this writer; and be seriously offended if any attempt were made to palm off the fugue of another composer as the work of Bach. Of this author's writings the most distinguished are his Cantatas, Masses, *Passione*, *Sanctus*, and *Motetts*; to which I must add his organ fugues, with obligato-pedal accompaniments, of which there are more than twelve; two sets of exercises, each consisting of six books; six sonatas for the clairchord, for two sets of keys, and

pedal obligato; six sonatas for the violin and clairchord; twelve solos for the violin and violoncello; several concertos, one of which is for two clairchords, with a quartett accompaniment, and another for four clairchords, and also a quartett accompaniment; forty-eight studies for the clairchord; and an elaborate series of fugues, intended to exemplify this branch of the art, upon a fine old ecclesiastical subject. In addition to these splendid memorials of his genius, I must not omit to mention nearly five hundred corales, or psalm tunes. Bach's productions are now exciting great and increasing interest on the continent. His masses are publishing in numbers, one edition of which is in full score, another with an arrangement for the organ or piano-forte. Bernhard Marx is also editing a work, entitled "Johann Sebastian Bach's noch wenig bekannte argel-compositionen," which contains some singularly beautiful fugues, with pedal-obligato. Many of these compositions have been reprinted by Messrs. Coventry and Holier, Dean Street. The *Passione* has also been published in full score, and arranged by Mendelsohn. A new edition of the Corales has also lately appeared, arranged in a very delightful manner for the organ or piano-forte. Of his Masses the *Magnificat* in E♭, and the complete Mass in D (remarkable for its *Crucifixus*), are the most known in this country. The Mass for a double choir, and two orchestras, the one a stringed and the other a wind band, is a work of prodigious learning, and must have cost the writer the most intense thought. Dr. Forkel observes, that it is preceded by an introduction, written by Kirnberger (who was one of Bach's pupils), explanatory of the great skill displayed in its composition.

As a *Motett* writer Bach stands again pre-eminent. His six *Motetts*, composed for a double choir, are master-pieces of learning and genius. Forkel says of them, "He who does not know them cannot possibly have an opinion of their merits, or the genius of the author; and he who does know them sufficiently well to appreciate them, should bear in mind that works of art, in proportion as they are great and perfect, require to be the more diligently studied to discover their real value and extent. That butterfly spirit, which flutters incessantly from flower to flower, without resting upon any, can do nothing here." Latrobe has well observed that "the genuine corale, instead of being wrapped up in monotony and dullness, offers scope within the bounds of its enchanted circle for the exercise of the richest musical imagination. It claims attention from the most fastidious, by the richness and weight of its materials. Instead of the few meagre chords upon which the lighter tunes raise their fanciful superstructure, it grasps in its ample comprehension the most magnificent combinations, the boldest transitions, the simplest modulations, and the sweetest melody, clothed in a chastity that alike attracts the untutored and approves itself in the mind of the learned." To those acquainted with the corales of Sebastian Bach, this is the language of just and sound criticism. It is to be regretted that no one has undertaken the task of publishing an English edition of these extraordinary and beautiful psalm tunes.

But it is in the adagios of his sonatas for two rows of keys and obligato-pedals, and in the preludes to his organ fugues that the genius of Bach is most fully developed. However ethereally and ideally beautiful, however wildly romantic, however deeply mysterious, he manifests himself, his ideas appear

to flow naturally from the inspiration of the moment. No composer more readily individualises himself with his subject. The expression of nature is the distinct passion of his mind, and his adagios are embued with that warm spirit of life which it is the province of nature alone to breathe into the heart of man.

The following particulars are gathered from the *Biographie Universelle*:—The above eminent musician was born in 1685, and made such proficiency in his art that at the age of eighteen he was appointed organist of the new church of Arnstadt. In 1708 he settled at Weimar, where he was appointed court musician and director of the duke's concert, and in a trial of skill at Dresden, he obtained a victory over the celebrated French organist, Marchand, who had previously challenged and conquered all the organists of France and Italy. He afterwards became master of the chapel to the Prince of Anhalt-Cohen, and to the Duke of Weissenfels. As a performer and composer for the organ, he long stood unrivalled. He died at Leipsic, in 1754, leaving eleven sons, of whom the following were very eminent musicians:—Wilhelm Friedmann, born in 1710, at Weimar, died master of the chapel of Hesse Darmstadt, at Berlin, in 1784.—Charles Philip Emanuel, born in 1714, at Weimar, died at Hamburg, in 1788. After having studied law at Leipsic, he went to Berlin, as a musician in the Prussian service, and was, finally, director of the orchestra at Hamburg. He has composed mostly for the piano, and has published melodies for Gellert's hymns. His vocal compositions are excellent, and his essay on the true manner of playing on the harpsichord, is even now a classical work in its kind.—John Christopher Frederick, born at Weimar, 1732, died in 1795, master of the chapel at Buckeburg, a great organist, is also favourably known by the music he has published.—John Christian, born in 1735, at Leipsic, died in London 1782, was, on account of the graceful and agreeable style in which he wrote, a favourite composer with the public.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the British Minstrel.

SIR,—I have lately had transmitted to me by a friend, a copy of your *Minstrel*, as far as published. Allow me, Sir, to compliment you on the very superior manner in which you have conducted it. It is a pity it is not better known in Ireland, where such a work has long been a desideratum. * * * Your selections for three and four voices, will assist in filling up a vacuity which has long stood agape. But in your songs, in my opinion, you are rather too partial to those of Scottish growth; probably you are a Scotsman, and if so, then yours is an amiable and pardonable partiality, and certainly the songs of Scotland are very beautiful, whether we look upon them as poetical or musical compositions; but we Irishmen have a foolish, it may be sinful, liking for the inspired strains of the poets of our own dear island, and we would cheerfully applaud him who would endeavour to procure a more extended circulation for the wild, simple, and pathetic wailings

which our Carolan's, O'Connell's, and O'Daly's drew from the chords of their almost vital harps.

The accompanying song is a translation of "Mairé Chuislé," and sings to the air of "Gramachree." I have transcribed it from "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," a work of which every Irishman ought to be proud. Perhaps you may think it worth a place in your *Miscellany*; and even though you do not, I am sure that you will agree with me in thinking that it would be a pity if such sweet things should fade and pass away for ever.

Yours, &c.,

AN AMATEUR.

Drogheda, 10th Oct., 1842.

[Will our Correspondent take the trouble of sending us a few of the best of the popular, purely national, and *old* songs, with their airs, and we will prove to him that, although *Scottish*, we are *British*, nay more, *Cosmopolitan*, and will always give the first place to the most worthy. —Ed. B. M.]

The Song referred to will be found at page 225.

THE WOMEN OF KAMTSCHATKA.

THEY are fond of singing, and the sound of their voice is soft, and far from being displeasing; it is only to be wished that their music had not so great a resemblance to the climate, or that it approached nearer to ours. They speak both the Russian and Kamtschadale languages; but they all preserve the accent of the latter. I did not expect to see Polish dances here, and still less, country dances in the English taste. Who would believe that the ladies here had any idea of the *minuet*? Whether it was my being at sea for twenty-six months, which had rendered me less difficult to be pleased, or that the remembrance of former scenes, which this spectacle revived, had fascinated my eyes, I know not, but I thought these dances executed with more precision and grace than I could have imagined. The dancers of whom I speak, carry their vanity so far as to disdain the songs and dances of the Kamtschadales.—*Extracted from the Journal of M. D. LESSERS, who sailed as interpreter with the COUNT DE LA PEROUSE.*

MADAME CATALANI.

[THE following extracts are taken from an article in the *Musical Quarterly Review*, No. IX., June, 1821, referring to the concert which Madame Catalani gave in the Argyle Rooms, being her first concert on her second visit to Britain.]

They who would rightly and completely appreciate this prodigious singer, must be acquainted with Italian expression—must surrender themselves to their feelings—must look solely to effects, and remember that effects will often bear down rules.

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art" is the very privilege and prerogative of genius, and it is one which CATALANI uses to its extremest extent. It is not perhaps that she imagines what other singers are incapable of inventing, or that she does what they are unable to execute. Her superiority lies in the manner. And there is no one that can rise to the smallest chance of comparison with her,

in animation, in force, in volume, in grandeur, in rapidity, or in transition. In all these attributes she is matchless.

MADAME CATALANI'S style is still purely dramatic. By this epithet we mean to convey the vivid conception that exalts passion to the utmost pitch of expressiveness—the brilliancy of colouring that invests every object upon which the imagination falls, with the richest clothing—that gives the broadest lights and the deepest shadows. Hence there is a particular point in the perspective from which alone she can be viewed to advantage. Distance is indispensable, for her efforts are calculated to operate through amplitude of space and upon the largest assemblies. Approach her and she is absolutely terrific; the spectator trembles for the lovely frame that he perceives to be so tremendously agitated. They who have never witnessed the enthusiasm that illuminates that finest of all created countenances, have never seen—no, not in MRS SIDDONS herself, the perfection of majesty, nor in MISS O'NEIL, the softest triumphs of the tender affections. * * *

* * * * * Her thoughts literally coruscate through the bright radiance of her eyes and the ever changing varieties of her countenance. Her's is the noblest order of forms, and every vein and every fibre seems instinct with feeling, the moment she begins to sing. Never do we recollect to have observed such powerful, such instantaneous illuminations of her figure and her features as CATALANI displays. Thus the whole person is aiding the effects of the most extraordinary energy and the most extraordinary facility the world has ever known, and the combined results are irresistible. The mind is now allured and now impelled, now awed by dignity surpassing all that can be conceived, now transported by smiles of tenderness more exquisite than poetry has ever fancied.

The change that we principally perceive is an increase of the quantity (not an amelioration of the quality) of the tone, an augmentation of the general force, and a more decided application of various transition. These mutations add both to the majesty and the tenderness of her style, which is certainly her own altogether. She takes the hearer by storm. She convulses and she melts her audience by turns. She affects by vehemence not less than by rapidity. There is, however, nothing more curious than the gradations perceptible by varying the degrees of contiguity; for the auditor would unquestionably form a different judgment according as he recedes or approaches the singer through all shades, from absolute terror to mere brilliancy of execution, and expression superior for its strength. But at any distance he would not fail to acknowledge CATALANI'S supremacy. The absolute force can only be measured by observation at the nearest remove from the orchestra. There alone can the infinite and rapid workings of her sensibility be accurately discerned and understood. Her intonation appears to us more certain than it was. Her invention is probably little if at all extended.

Madame CATALANI returns to this country greater than when she left it *greatest*. Her very highest notes may perhaps be somewhat impaired, but this we have no means of determining. In every other part and attribute of her voice and style, she is decidedly matured and mellowed. She must be judged alone, for she has nothing in common with any other singer. It is, we repeat, by the effect only, that we estimate her ability. Measuring then by this simple standard, we say that she surprises,

agitates, convulses, and enchants us by turns—that her dignity, her tenderness, and her enthusiasm defy description—and that the majesty of her voice is equalled only by the beauty and command of her form and countenance.

AN EVENING WITH MADAME CATALANI.

INSTEAD of going as usual to the Cascina after dinner yesterday, I was taken a mile or two out of Florence to pay a visit from which I promised myself much pleasure, and received more. I went to see Europe's unquibbled wonder and delight, Madame Catalani Valabrique. She is residing in a very beautiful villa, which stands in the midst of an extensive *podere* of which she is the owner. Nothing could be more amiable than the reception she gave us. I think, of all the nations who joined in the universal chorus in praise of her high character, her charming qualities, and her unequalled talent, she loves the English best—perhaps they best understood her worth, and the rare superiority of a mind that, in the midst of flattery and adulation that really seem to have known no limits, preserved all its simplicity and goodness unscathed. I was equally surprised and pleased to see to what an extraordinary degree she had preserved her beauty. Her eyes and teeth are still magnificent, and I am told that when seen in evening full dress by candle light, no stranger can see her for the first time without inquiring who that charming-looking woman is. A multitude of well-behaved reasons would have prevented me, especially at this my first introduction, from naming the very vehement desire I felt once more to hear the notes of a voice that had so often enchanted me. Perhaps, if I had not seen her looking so marvellously young and handsome, the idea might neither have seized upon, nor tormented me so strongly as it did; but as it was, I never longed more, perhaps never so much, to hear her sing as I now did. Her charming daughter, Madame de V—, was sitting near me, and I think I ventured to ask her if her mother ever sang now, to which she most gallantly answered in the affirmative. . . . and then. . . . what happened next I hardly know. . . . I am afraid I must have said something about my secret longings. . . . for the daughter whispered a few words to the mother, and in a moment Madame Catalani was at the piano. . . . No, in her very best days, she never smiled a sweeter smile than she did then, as she prepared to comply with the half expressed wishes of a stranger, who had no claim upon her kindness but that of being an Englishwoman. I know not what it was she sang; but scarcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those *bravura* passages, of which her execution was so very peculiar, and so perfectly unequalled, than I felt as if some magical process was being performed upon me, which took me back again to something. . . . I know not what to call it. . . . which I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily, unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt as much embarrassed as a young lady of fifteen might do, who suddenly found herself in the act of betraying emotions which she was far, indeed, from wishing to display. . . . It was not the feeling often produced by hearing, after a long interval, some strain with which our youth was familiar, for I doubt if ever I heard the notes before, but it was the sort of peculiar unique Catalani thrill, which I do not believe any body ever can forget who has heard it once, and of which no one can form a very adequate idea who has never heard it at all.

Were I to tell you that the magnificent compass of Madame Catalani's voice was the same as heretofore, and all the clear violin notes of it quite unchanged, you would probably not believe me; but you may venture to do so, I do assure you, without scruple, when I declare that she still executes passages of the extremest difficulty, with a degree of skill that might cause *very* nearly all her successors in the science to pine with envy, and, moreover, give up the competition in despair. Madame Catalani's eldest son, who seems to love her as such a mother deserves to be loved, is living with her; Madame de V——, likewise appeared domiciled with her excellent mother; the youngest son, also spoken of as highly estimable, is in the army with his regiment. The dwelling of Madame Catalani is extremely beautiful, being a large mansion, containing some very splendid rooms, and situated, like all other

Florentine villas, in a spot of great beauty, commanding very extensive views among the picturesque hollows of the neighbouring Appenines, with the ever-bright looking villas scattered among them. —*A Visit to Italy, by Mrs. Trollope.*

BACH'S RECOVERY OF SIGHT.—The indefatigable diligence with which John Sebastian Bach passed his nights and days in the study of his art, at length brought on a disorder in his eyes; which, notwithstanding the efforts of an eminent English oculist, entirely deprived him of sight. Soon after this misfortune, in the year 1740, his constitution, which before had been remarkably vigorous, began to fail; and, after suffering under a decline for about a year and a half he expired. The extraordinary fact that gives interest and particularity to this narrative is, that on the morning of the tenth day before his death, he suddenly recovered his sight, and saw as well as ever.—*Dr. Busby's Anecdotes.*

A NEW CREATED WORLD.

SACRED CHORUS.

Moderato. *sotto voce*

Haydn.

AIR.

A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs

ALTO.

TENOR.

A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs

BASS.

up at God's com-mand. A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted

up at God's com-mand. A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted

world springs up springs up at God's com-mand.

Solo.
world springs up springs up at God's com-mand. Af - fright - ed fled Hell's spi - rits

CHORUS. f
Des-
CHORUS. f
Des-
at the sight, Down they sink in the deep a - byss to end - less

pair-ing rage, des - pair - ing at - tends their ra - pid fall.
Svo alto

psair-ing curs-ing rage, at - tends, at - tends their ra - pid fall.
CHORUS. f

night, Des - pair-ing curs - ing rage at - tends their ra - pid fall.
CHORUS. f

Des-pair-ing curs - ing rage at-tends their ra - pid fall.

a mezzo

A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs up at

A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs up at

God's command. A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs

God's command. A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs

f

up at God's com-mand, springs up at God's com-mand, springs up at God's com-mand.

f *8vo alto*

up at God's com-mand, springs up at God's com-mand, springs up at God's com-mand.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

(From Bizarre Fables.)

FOUR months had flown swiftly away since Edward Somerton had married Rose Bland. One summer evening towards sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on to a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness, and talking over various matters with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time, began to pout. Edward had, she said, flirted desperately with Mrs. Harding on the preceding evening. He had spoken to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard publicly to declare that Harding was a fortunate fellow. If this were the way he meant to go on, she should be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his affection.

"My pretty dear," said Edward, placing his arm around the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action by another trifling performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me there is no cause. On one of the occasions when I addressed Mrs. Harding in so low a tone, I remarked the room was very warm; and on another, if I remember rightly, I observed that the last novel was very dull; so you will perceive our conversation was really of a most innocent description. And Rose, because I said Harding was a fortunate fellow, it is not to be inferred that I must endeavour to render him an unfortunate fellow."

The mild answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She coquettishly refused to be convinced, became more violent and unreasonable, and finally retired precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes.

Edward quietly put up his feet on the chair she had left vacant, and leaned back in meditation.

Here was the decisive moment which would most likely determine whether they were to dwell together for the future happily or miserably. Rose was a dear girl—a sweet girl; but she had large black eyes, and they are very dangerous. She had been an only daughter, too, and perhaps a little spoiled; but with fewer faults might she not have been less charming? It is worth studying how to live lovingly with such a creature, especially when you know that she mars, by her capriciousness, her own happiness as much as yours.

Edward felt that the charge of his wife was totally unfounded, and he half suspected that she believed so herself, but had resolved to be, or seem, out of humour without any very particular cause. One thing was evident—that she would not hear reason. Something else must therefore be tried, in order to allay any future storm—for this was probably the very first of a series. Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretensions, and he set himself immediately to call over in his memory the melodies most likely to calm the passions and exert a soothing effect on the temper. He made choice of three, which he arranged in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion; gentle, more gentle, and most gentle, as the outbreak was or became violent, more violent, or most violent. The scale contained only three degrees. As the heat rose, this conjugal thermometer fell; but below the third and lowest all was zero and undefined mystery. Patience therefore acted the part of mercury reversed.

The melodies were the following, and were ar-

ranged in the following order:—"In my cottage near a wood," "Sul margine d'un rio," and "Home, sweet home." They were all of a pleasing, touching character; the last purely domestic, and under the circumstances, conveying a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute; but he proposed now to execute them in a graceful, apparently unpretended, whistle. His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind quite easy, and he awaited the appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a gratifying consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a pleasant evening, made up of conversation, the piano-forte, and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning, Rose favoured her dear Edward with a number of the series. She wanted him to walk out with her, and he declared that unfortunately he should be too busy to go with her all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said she, pouting in exact imitation of fit number one. "At least you don't want to go with ME."

Edward plunged both his hands into the pockets of his dressing gown—threw himself idolently on a sofa—gazed abstractedly at a bronze bust of Shakspeare on the mantelpiece—and began whistling in a low tone a plaintive melody, it was "In my cottage near a wood."

"If it were any one but your wife," continued Mrs. Somerton, with pointed emphasis, "You would be ready enough to come; but wives, you know, are always neglected." Mr. Somerton continued whistling.

"I beg, Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that very disagreeable manner whilst I am speaking to you. If I am not worthy of your love I trust I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, removed his eyes from the bust of Shakspeare, and fixed them in intense regard on a bust of Milton. He paused suddenly in the air which he was whistling and commenced another; it was "Sul margine d'un rio."

Mrs. Somerton retired hastily with her pretty face buried in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

For five whole days after this scene all was halcyon weather. Doves might have beheld and envied. Honey was still to be found in the moon, and no impolitic reference to either of the two foolish quarrels gave any the slightest dash of bitter.

But on the sixth day there appeared clouds. Edward had been into town, and had promised to bring a pair of new bracelets for Rose. He arrived home punctually at dinner-time, but without the bracelets—he had forgotten them. I put it to you whether this was not enough to try the temper of a saint? They were going the next evening to a large party, and Rose had intended to inspect the important ornaments this evening, and take Edward's opinion, so that there might be time to change them if not approved of. Now she could not do so—and all from his horrid forgetfulness. She must either go in a stupid old-fashioned thing, or put on new ones in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. It was most annoying—that indeed it was!

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner and repair his neglect. Oh no; she would not hear of his taking so much trouble for her. What did he care whether she were disappointed or not? His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her!

Edward again essayed the soothing system, for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. However, she became so persevering that but one course was left him to pursue—he left off talking, and took to whistling.

I tremble for the future peace of Rose while I relate that he considered himself justified in descending at once to the second degree of the scale. He commenced, *Andante ma non troppo*, “*Sul margine d'un rio.*”

“To leave me in such a situation!” exclaimed the ill-used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, “when I had set my heart upon those bracelets. It is very, very unkind, Edward.”

Edward appeared wrapt in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, accenting the first note of each bar as it should be accented. But upon another more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short, looked sternly at her, and began “Home, sweet home.”

What was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else was at random. Should this fail, the case was indeed hopeless. Shadows of demons hovered around, holding forth temptingly

deeds of separation. The bright gold wedding-ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy.

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room, with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze into the very soul of his wife, who, under the strange fascination, could not turn away her head. With a clear and untremulous whistle he recited the whole of that beautiful Sicilian melody from the first note to the last. Then revolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word he left the room, shutting the door punctiliously after him. Mrs. Somerton sunk overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly; she saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and, like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it merely because she had begun it. Bad temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous instead of interesting—and that was not altogether the effect desired.

In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner table. Mrs. Somerton sat smiling at the head, and was very attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy small party could scarcely be met with.

From that day (which was ten years ago) to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look serious about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle in a low tone, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of “In my cottage near a wood.”

JOHNNY FAA.

Slowly.

The gyp - sies came to our lord's yett, And O, but they sang
 bon - nie; They sang sae sweet and sae complete, That down came oor fair
 led - die. When she came trip - pin' down the stair, Wi' a' her maids a - fore her, As



"O come wi' me," says Johnny Faa,
 "O come wi' me, my dearie;
 For I vow and I swear by the staff of my spear,
 Your lord shall nae mair come near ye!"
 "Gae tak frae me my silk manteel,
 And bring to me a plaidie;
 For I will travel the world owre,
 Alang wi' the gypsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
 And my gude lord beside me;
 This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.
 Last night I lay in a weel-made bed
 Wi' silken hangings round me;
 But now I'll lie in a farmer's barn,
 Wi' the gypsies all around me."

Now when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
 He speir'd for his fair leddie;
 The ane she cried, the t'ither replied,
 "She's awa wi' the gypsy laddie."
 Gae saddle me the gude black steed,
 The bay was ne'er sae ready;
 For I will neither eat nor sleep,
 "Till I bring hame my leddie.

Then he rode east and he rode west,
 And he rode near stra' bogie;
 Aod there he found his ain dear wife,
 Alang wi' gypsy Johnny.
 And what made you leave your houses and land,
 Or what made you leave your money;
 Or what made you leave your ain wedded lord,
 To follow the gypsy laddie.

Then come thee hame my ain dear wife,
 Then come thee hame my dearie;
 And I do swear by the hilt of my sword,
 The gypsies nae mair shall come near thee.
 Oh, we were fifteen weel made men,
 Although we were nae bonnie;
 And we were a' put down for ane,
 For the Earl o' Cassilis' leddie."

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

AIR.—*Same as foregoing.*

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearlie,
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was "waes me for Prince Charlie."
 Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,
 The tears cam drappin' rarely;
 I took my bannet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, "my bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow?
 Or is't some words ye've learn't by rote?
 Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang.
 "I've flown sin' mornin' early;
 But sic a day o' win' an' rain;
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

"On hills that are by right his ain
 He roams a lonely stranger;
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
 On ilka side by danger:
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,
 My heart near burst'd fairly,
 For sadly chang'd indeed was he;
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

"Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
 Out owre the hills and vallies,
 And whar was't that your Prince lay down,
 Wha's hame should been a palace?
 He row'd him in a highland plaid,
 Which cover'd him but sparely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom;
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie."

But now the bird saw some red coats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger:
 "Oh this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer!"
 A while he hover'd on the wing,
 Ere he departed fairly;
 But weel I mind the farewell strain,
 'Twas "waes me for Prince Charlie."

The above are the words of the beautiful song which her Majesty requested Mr. Wilson to sing at the late entertainment in Taymouth Castle. We are not aware whether it is generally known that "Waes me for Prince Charlie" is the production of the late Mr. William Glen, of this city, who was also the author of many other poetical works of merit. Mr. Glen died about twenty years ago, at a comparatively early age; but he lived long enough to obtain considerable reputation as a poet, and in his social circle few men were more highly esteemed. Unfortunately, however, for the spread of Mr. Glen's fame, his poems and songs were never collected in a permanent form, and many of them, we believe, exist only in the manuscript copies which were given to his friends. Those which have attracted the greatest degree of attention after that requested by her Majesty, are the song upon the "Battle of Vittoria," the poems of "Cuidad Roderigo," and "Waterloo," and the humorous lines entitled "Death and Dr. Turnbull."—*Glasgow Argus, Sept., 1842.*

JOHNNIE FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THE ballad of Johnnie Faa was first printed in Allan Ramsay's *Tca Table Miscellany* in 1724. Several different versions have since appeared, particularly one in Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, 1808; another under the title of "Gypsy Davie," in *Motherwell's Minstrelsy*, 1827, and a third from the recitation of Mr. John Martin, the celebrated painter, in the *Songs of Scotland*, 1835. The occurrence, in the family of the Earl of Cassilis, on which the ballad is said to have been founded, is thus related in "Chambers's Picture of Scotland:"—

"John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, and of whom it is reported by Bishop Burnet

that he never would permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man of singular genius, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage and the best fortune of his time. The match, as is probable from the character of the parties, seems to have been one dictated by policy; for Lord Haddington was anxious to connect himself with the older peers, and Lord Cassilis might have some such anxiety to be allied to his father-in-law's good estates; the religion and politics of the parties, moreover, were the same. It is therefore not very likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, her affections were shamefully violated. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were spent and gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, then the principal residence of the family, and which is still to be seen in its original state. He was disguised as a gypsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. In the words of the ballad,

The gypsies cam to the Yerl o' Cassilis' yett,
And, oh, but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
That down cam our fair ladye.

She came tripping down the stairs,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
And as sune as they saw her weel-faur'd face,
They cuist the glamourye owre her.

Alas! love has a glamourye for the eyes much more powerful than that supposed of old to be practised by wandering gypsies, and which must have been the only magic used on this occasion. The Countess right soon condescended to elope with her lover. Most unfortunately, ere they had proceeded very far, the Earl came home, and, learning the fact, immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party, at a ford over the Doon, still called the Gypsies' Steps, a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the gypsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon "the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes upon a mound in front of the castle gate, and which was his gallows-in-ordinary, as the name testifies. As for the Countess, whose indiscretion occasioned all this waste of human life, she was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there, by a refinement of cruelty, compelled to survey the dreadful scene--to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death, and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her, and who had perilled all that men esteem in her behalf. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called "the Countess's Room." After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting staircase, upon

which were carved beads representing those of her lover and his band; and she was removed thither and confined for the rest of her life--the Earl in the meantime marrying another wife. One of her daughters, Lady Margaret, was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. The family, fortunately, has not been continued by her progeny, but by that of her husband's second wife. While confined in Maybole Castle, she is said to have wrought a prodigious quantity of tapestry, so as to have completely covered the walls of her prison; but no vestige of it is now to be seen, the house having been repaired (*otherwise* ruined), a few years ago, when size-paint had become a more fashionable thing in Maybole than tapestry. The effigies of the gypsies are very minute, being subservient to the decoration of a fine triple window at the top of the stair-case, and stuck upon the tops and bottoms of a series of little pilasters, which adorn that part of the building. The head of Johnnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper flat of Cassilis Castle are similarly adorned; but regarding them tradition is silent."

P A G A N I N I.

PAGANINI has no rival--unless, indeed, you could get a whole woodfull of nightingales, and hear them in company with the person you loved best in the world. *That would beat even him.*—*Leigh Hunt.*

So play'd of late to every passing thought
With finest change (might I but half as well
So write!) the pale magician of the bow,
Who brought from Italy the tales made true,
Of Grecian lyres, and on his sphyre hand,
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspended, ere it fell, a nation's breath.

He smote—and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearn'd with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Sadden'd delight; and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face
"Twixt his dark and flowing locks, he almost seem'd,
To feeble or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret liv'd forlorn.

But true and earnest, all too happily
That skill dwelt in him, serious with its joy;
For noble now he smote the exulting strings,
And bade them march before his stately will;
And now he lov'd them like a cheek, and laid
Endearment on them, and took pity sweet;
And now he was all mirth, or all for sense
And reason, carving out his thoughts like prose
After his poetry; or else he laid
His own soul prostrate at the feet of love,
And with a full and trembling fervour deep,
In kneeling and close-creeping urgency,
Implored some mistress with hot tears; which past,
And after patience had brought right of peace,
He drew as if from thoughts finer than hope
Comfort around him in ear-soothing strains
And elegant composure; or he turn'd
To heaven instead of earth, and rais'd a prayer

So earnest-rehement, yet so lowly sad,
Mighty with want and all poor human tears,
That never saint, wrestling with earthly love,
And in mid-age unable to get free,
Tore down from heaven such pity.

Or behold

In his despair (for such, from what he spoke
Of grief before it, or of love, 'twould seem),
Jump would he into some strange wail, uncouth,
Of witches' dance, ghastly with whinings thin,
And palsied nods—mirth wicked, sad, and weak.
And then with show of skill mechanical,
Marvellous as witchcraft, he would overthrow
That vision with a shower of notes like hail,
Or sudden mixtures of all difficult things
Never yet heard; flashing the sharp tones now,
In downward leaps like swords; now rising fine
Into an almost tip of minute sound,
From which he stepp'd into a higher and a higher
On viewless points, till laugh took leave of him;
Or he would fly as if from all the world
To be alone and happy, and you should hear
His instrument become a tree far off,
A nest of birds and sunbeams, sparkling both,
A cottage bower; or he would condescend,
In playful wisdom which knows no contempt,
To bring to laughing memory, plain as sight,
A farmyard with its inmates, ox and lamb,
The whistle and the whip, with feeding hens
In household fidget muttering evermore,
And rising as in scorn, crown'd Chanticleer,
Ordayning silence with his sovereign crow.

Then from one chord of his amazing shell
Would he fetch out the voice of quires, and weight
Of the built organ; or some two fold strain
Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar;
And ever and anon o'er these he'd throw
Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
Of lover's sweetmeats on Italian lutes
From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
Of pebbled water, sparkling in the sun—
One chord effecting all; and when the ear
Felt there was nothing present but himself
And silence, and the wonder drew deep sighs,
'Then would his bow lie down again in tears,
And speak to some one in a prayer of love,
Endless, and never from his heart to go;
Or he would talk as of some secret bliss;
And at the close of all the wonderment [come
(Which himself had shar'd) near and more near would
Into the inmost ear and whisper there
Breathings so soft, so low, so full of life,
'Touch'd beyond sense, and only to be borne
By pauses which made each less bearable,
That out of pure necessity for relief
From that heap'd joy, and bliss that laugh'd for pain,
The thunder of th'uprolling house came down,
And bow'd the breathing sorcerer into smiles.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

MUSIC OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THAT the ancient Greek music was limited in many respects, is beyond all doubt, and also that it included little, if any, of what we deem elegance and taste. Some light is thrown upon this subject by the manifest fact that the poet was often his own musician; since, musicians know from experience what sorts of composers poets are. Carey, Dibdin, and

even Moore, have contributed to elucidate the question. Is it, then, asked why music had an effect in Greece that it never produced elsewhere? The answer is, that, simple and undebauched as were the minds of the Greeks, their music was equally so. Its attributes were principally confined to loudness and softness, rapidity and slowness; and of melody it possessed little more than rhythms and a variation of mode. Hence the inferior as well as the higher ranks were qualified to understand and take an interest in its tones and transitions, and to be susceptible of its intended impressions. To these causes, of the effects of which we read, the power of habit—the dignity then universally given to music—and the great and important occasions on which it was constantly deemed worthy of being employed—the public importance, the passionate urgency, the national interest connected with its performance—acted unceasingly on the minds as well as on the nerves of men, and the impress of its sounds became, as it were, vernacular. The peasant and the artisan, no less than the legislator and magistrate, were charmed with its appeals to their sensibility, and stocks and stones, as probably were the lower orders, compared with the refined classes, we cannot reasonably be surprised if poetry gratuitously magnified the effects of the Grecian lyre into a power to move rocks, and trees, and lead, at the pleasure of the musician, the wildest savage of the woods “when he would, and where.”

At this distance of time, the only proper guide to a just conception of the Greek music is perhaps, after all that has been said and written on the subject by the moderns, the evidence of its effects, as deducible from the various accounts that have come down to us, through the media of the poets and historians. If this information be unsatisfactory, where shall we seek for better? In vain should we apply to the musicians of later times for an illustration of the subject. Their professional education constitutes their prejudices, and, in regard to this point, obscures rather than illumines their judgment. The inquiry involves too extended an intelligence, and demands too profound and distinct a study, to fall within the mental sphere of persons whose lives are devoted to the cultivation of a science, the exercise of which, unlike that of poetry and painting, is as independent of political economy, history, and the *belles lettres*, as it is even of its own element, the philosophy of sound. To whom, then, shall we resort for information on the question respecting the nature of the Greek music? For instruction respecting the ancient state of the science must we travel out of the science? Yes; to legislators and philosophers we must apply. From them we shall learn that music was the most dignified when she was the most simple—that, as nature is superior to art, so the plain uncomplex compositions of the Greeks, whether they were harmonical or purely melodical, transcended in their effects the productions of the moderns, and that, so far as the consideration of effect is to be admitted into the discussion, their music was superior to that of the present day.

COMUS.—Dr. Arne composed the music of Milton's “Mask of Comus,” in the back parlour of the house, No. 17, Craven Buildings, Drury Lane, in the year 1738. On its first production, the piece was so warmly received, that the melodies were sung all over the country; and its performance gave rise to vocal and convivial meetings, several of which were called “*Comus Courts*.”

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Spiritoso.

Stevens.

ALTO.

1st TENOR

2d TENOR.

BASS.

Crabbed Age and Youth can not live to-

ge-ther, Youth is full of plea-sure, Age is full of care, Age - - is full of

care. Youth like sum-mer Morn, Age like win-ter wea-ther, Age - - - - -

Age like win-ter

care. Age like win-ter wea-ther, Age like win-ter

Age - - - - -

Youth like sum-mer brave, Age like win-ter bare, Youth like summer brave,
 weather,
 Youth like sum-mer brave. Age like win-ter bare, Youth like summer brave,
 brave, Age like

Age like win-ter bare. Age I do ah-hor thee, Youth I do a-dore thee, O my
 Age like win-ter bare. Age I do ab-hor thee, O my
 win-ter bare

love my love is young, Age I do de fy thee, O sweet shep herd
 love my love is young, Age I do de-fy thee,

hie thee, O sweet shep-herd hie thee, for me - thinks thou stay-est too

O sweet shep-herd, O sweet shep-herd hie thee, for me - thinks thou stay-est too

long, Age I do de - fy thee, O sweet shepherd hie thee, O sweet shepherd hie then

long, Age I do de - fy thee, O sweet shepherd O sweet shepherd hie thee,

for methinks thou stay - est too long, for me - thinks thou stay-est too long.

for me-thinks thou stay - est too long, for me - thinks thou stay-est too long.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Piace.

SONG

Henru Russell.

8:

1st v. A life on the ocean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the scatter'd waters
 2d v. *Once more on the deck I stand* Of my own swift gliding craft, Set sail farewell the
 3d v. The land is no more in view, The clouds have begun to frown, But with a daring

rave, And the winds their re - vels keep. Where the scatter'd waters rave, And the
 land, The gale blows fair a - baft. Set sail, farewell the land, The
 crew, We'll let the storm come down. But with a dar - ing crew, We'll

winds their reve.s keep. Like an ea - gle eag'd I pine, On this dull unchanging shore, O
 gale blows fair a - baft. We fly o'er the sparkling foam, Like an ocean bird set free, Like an
 let the storm come down. And the song of our hearts shall be, While the winds and waters rave, A

8:

give me the flashing brine, The spray and the tem - pest's roar. A
 o - cean bird our home We find far out at sea. A The winds, the
 life on the heaving sea, A home on the bound - ing wave. A

Repeat the chorus *dal segno* to each verse.

winds, the winds their revels keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

MISS STIRLING, THE YOUNG ORGANIST.

To trace the progress of a young musician who, from being unknown, plays for and obtains a high reputation, is as gratifying as the event itself is singular. Since the year 1837 all the principal journals have noticed with unanimous praise the performances of Miss Stirling; but none have fully stated the grounds upon which that young artist is withdrawn from the crowd of the obscure to engage the attention of the musical public. If Miss Stirling had followed a beaten track, and merely played what others play, there would be no reason for challenging particular observation towards her; but when we broadly and boldly affirm, that the first native of this country who has penetrated into the arena of Bach with the ability to produce his most elaborate compositions, piece after piece, is a young girl under twenty, it is a fact not to be forgotten in an indolent emotion of surprise, but which concerns the future records of the progress of the English in music.

To no other native artist within our recollection has it occurred to give an organ performance unrelieved either by singers or by pieces played as duets; still less has any one manifested either the courage or the ability to grapple with an entire selection of the works of Sebastian Bach. This, then, is Miss Stirling's position: hardly emerged from the years of childhood, she has travelled through and mastered the whole round of the most difficult and scientific of *known* productions for the organ, and has at her command a great many compositions that in the present condition of English art cannot be heard but when she plays them.

New and surprising effects exhibited upon any instrument provoke a very natural curiosity to know something of the theory of the execution which produces them. In Bach's organ music, for example, they who have been accustomed to fingers alone as the agents of performance are amazed at the stately and independent march of the bass, which wanders at will in parts so remote from the hands as to render it scarcely credible that what is heard is the production of one performer only. But a control over distances, and an increase of parts, are not the only advantages derived from the pedals. In instruments of modern construction they communicate with a separate organ, and command a far grander and more powerful bass than would be practicable by hands. It may easily be perceived, therefore, how an art which confers on one skilful player absolute power over an instrument whose varieties extend from the most delicate reed or solo stop to the most gigantic voice of an orchestra must be coveted by musicians. The organ, according to Sebastian Bach, has been well, though unconsciously, described in some of the lines of the "Ancient Mariner."

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute."

To exhibit all the glorious varieties of this enchanted palace of sound is not, however, every one's business. For this it is necessary to perform fresh pieces in long succession, and to exercise qualities that rarely exist in combination. But we may safely say that whoever accomplishes such an undertaking—as, if at all, he must, by the force of an analytical mind, a steady foresight, and a high degree of courage and self-confidence—is entitled to be considered the pupil of his own enthusiastic and

happy nature. For as Bach's organ music is a legacy to the world, of pure delight, and has never been associated either in its production or performance with the ordinary motives to artistical distinction, vanity, or interest—so the true secret of its execution is only discovered at long intervals, and in rare instances, by those who bring to their task a simplicity of mind and faith in the music kindred to that of its author.

What the illustrious Saxon wrote he in an especial manner wrote for artists—not for those who merely touch the instrument. Well he knew that however sweet and appealing is the tone of the organ in itself—however majestic its chords heard in a building of suitable proportions, nothing degenerates sooner into a dreary and wearisome monotony than the sound of this instrument when the player is unable to *execute*. The sense of hearing, at first stimulated, sickens and dies. But the pervading principle of Bach's organ school is constant excitement to the ear, the intellect, and the fancy. More time can be spent without fatigue over his pages than those of any other author. This variety, which, next to the poetical conception of his works, attests the ever active invention of the composer, is unquestionably derived from the pedals.

And herein we may discover the art of the organist. While the hands are employed in a succession of passages that require careful and distinct articulation, and are of themselves sufficient to engross attention, a steady and quiet seat is to be maintained, and the obligato bass rendered by the feet with smoothness and precision. To all those in whom habit has not rendered the execution of this music a second nature it is rendered highly embarrassing, and nearly impracticable, by distraction of the attention between the pedals and the keys. For this reason we find it rarely acquired in mature life, except by those who, like Bennett the piano-forte player, commence with the advantage of a great manual execution. Nor is there anything ungainly or awkward to diminish the effect of a fine performance on the pedals; on the contrary, it may be seen that nature as much intended us to play with our feet as with our hands—if we can manage both well. The feet, however, being in great disproportion to the fingers, while in pedal fugues they have always the same melody to perform, it becomes necessary that the method of taking the passage in the pedals should be preconceived and invariable. The slightest inaccuracy of memory—commencing, for instance, with a wrong foot—might throw irretrievable confusion into a passage. While the attention is thus absorbed, the body is poised at so nice an elevation, for the sake of withdrawing the feet from the pedals, as well as of pressing them down, that the performer is kept steady only by the tips of a few fingers resting upon the keys.

As the tyro on the violin sometimes discovers himself by letting the instrument slip out of his hand in shifting, so a bungling organist, overmastered by difficulties, is in constant danger of falling forward or under his stool. In an especial manner this risk besets the trios or sonatas for two claviers and pedale, in which both feet being often pensive for the necessary execution of certain passages, the body is only balanced by the contact of one finger of each hand with the keys, and this, too, in the midst of florid motion, and even in making trills or other ornaments. Such are some of the difficulties in the mechanism of the great school of organ-playing—difficulties which being understood in Ger-

many, help to surround the organ-gallery of the *Hof Lutheranische Kirche* at Dresden, where Schneider plays, with admiring spectators. During several opportunities which we have enjoyed of hearing this confessedly the first artist of Europe on his instrument, we could not help noticing, besides the simplicity of the style and the precision of the time, which are direct traditions from Bach, in the heart of his own country of Saxony, that *he never missed a note*, though he did not accept the challenge to play everything that was pointed out to him.

All that Schneider performed on his own organ (except in the improvisation of fugue) we have heard Miss Stirling, at less than half his age, accomplish on strange instruments with a prodigious facility. Both perform the bravura fugues of Bach in the same gay and animated style, with the same accuracy, the same independence in the parts and intricacy in the whole. After making a tour of organs, performing before large and small assemblies of connoisseurs, and playing each time different things, Miss Stirling gave her first public exhibition on the organ at St. Sepulchre's in the autumn of last year. Besides six pedal fugues and preludes, she now executed as many trios upon old Lutheran tunes; which last, though many organists may have looked at, they have hitherto had the good sense to confine to their solitary exertitions. The variations in canon on the Christmas hymn *Von Himmelhoch*, the trio on the chorale *Allein Gott in der Höh*, and, indeed, the others having never been heard in public before, were, to most present, an event in their musical experience. But this involved and intricate music, played on two rows of keys and pedals, written on three staves, and in various clefs, in which the most extraordinary elaboration of fanciful counterpoint, is grafted on the simplicity of the plain chant, can no more be understood on a fugitive hearing than performed without previous study. All that can be felt under such circumstances is a vague sentiment of beauty—a sense of sweetness too surprising and strange to be analysed or explained, yet which promises, on further acquaintance, an increasing and enduring pleasure. We wish we could give the reader some specimens of the notation of this music, that he might indolently contemplate a form of composition which, on an instrument so impatient of error as the organ, is in action so perilous. However, on this occasion the musicians present expressed astonishment, and the most powerful and respectable critical authorities highly encouraging opinions.

But how do these affect the artist? If, like an actor, or a performer on any portable instrument, an organist could bring himself into public as often as he liked, the favourable opinions of independent papers would lead to fortune. There, however, in the church, stands the massive, immovable organ: Mahomet must needs go to the mountain. To get, by great favour, into a church once a year—still in so great dread of bishops that no advertisement is permitted, and the audience must be collected surreptitiously—to challenge criticism by accomplishing a task of great difficulty, and after giving the entertainment, paying all the expenses—to have honourable notices in the papers, which are forgotten before there is an opportunity to renew the occasion of them; such is the voyage to fame—beating up against wind and tide with a vengeance. This is, however, a true narration of what (as far as the organ is concerned) the present deplorable condition of the art renders imperative, if one would

establish a position. But surely where singular skill and unheard music of the first quality combine to form a rare occasion, the services of the player are worthier of recompense than of a tax? An organ ought to be erected in some great hall, to which *any* who had the courage to exhibit upon it might resort. This would soon settle all disputed pretensions, and, by affording constant facilities for the repetition of a beautiful and affecting style of music, enable the public to form their own opinion on a composer who is one day destined to be as popular as Handel or Beethoven. For this we wait.—*Monthly Chronicle*, 1838.

THE TIVOLI AT PARIS.

WHAT funny fellows those French ure! Not only do they treat the most serious things lightly, and make the most light things serious (*a remark that has been made before, perhaps once or twice*), but with what a singular solemnity do they invest their trivialities! The dress of an orchestral conductor forms as important a feature in his professional qualifications as if he were the hero of a melodrama. A French paper, describing the entertainments at the little Tivoli, proceeds to speak of the conductor of the orchestra in the following amusing strain:—"Monsieur Julien wears a *Humann* coat and *fresh butter* gloves! His attitude is picturesque, his gesture theatrical, and his *baton* strikes the air with energy, mingled with grace. Woe to the musician who lets slip a false note! With one of his *looks* *Mons. Julien* strikes to the dust both *mun* and *note*." *Humann*, by the way, be it known to those who affect daintiness in habiliments, is not *Humann* the Minister, but a man held in much higher estimation by all who know him, professionally or socially. He possesses the rare talent of converting (as regards the external character) a hog on his hind legs—even a French one—into a decent human being. The Minister, at least his master and coadjutors, are doing their best to convert their fellow countrymen into —: but we ure not politicians. THE *Humann* of the fashionable circles is a higher order of *Stultz*.—*Musical World*, 1836.

LINES TO GRISI.

Thou seemest a spirit of music, pouring
Her voice of sighs through the passing air,
And the hearts of all are rapt—adoring
A lay so pure from a spirit so fair—
And all is still as a maiden's lips,
When the light of the pale moon shows thee,
To one who, over the green sward trips,
And bids his own lips close them—
For there lives no soul, whose bosom owns
A sense of feeling, would lose those tones,
Those tones, which like flowers, are formed by thee
Into a wreath of melody.
Oh! I ne'er shall forget the moment when
Thou can'st as the lovely *MOEENE*,
With maiden fear and with downcast eye,
And a world of dear simplicity,
As if of all assembled there
Thou only knew'st not thou wert fair,
And never leaf from a rose's breast,
When the day was past, and the wind at rest
On the bosom of earth more mutely fell,
Than thy echoless footsteps—*ARIEL!*
Across the charmed breeze, thy sweetest notes are borne,
And earth with all its ravished ears is sad when thou art gone. *Satirist.*

I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS.

DUET, (ORIGINAL.)

Words by J. P. Brown.

W. J. P. Kidd.

8va.

Slow with great feeling.

Detailed description: This block contains the piano introduction for the piece. It consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The music is marked '8va.' and 'Slow with great feeling.' The introduction features a series of chords and melodic lines that set the mood for the duet.

I love all beau - teous things, Calm

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of the vocal duet. It features two vocal staves (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'I love all beau - teous things, Calm'. The music is in B-flat major and common time. The vocal lines are simple and melodic, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

seas and gen - tle streams, Earth's per - fame breath - ing

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of the vocal duet. It features two vocal staves (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'seas and gen - tle streams, Earth's per - fame breath - ing'. The music continues in B-flat major and common time. The vocal lines are simple and melodic, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

flow'rs and sun - mer's sun - set hours,

And sleep, and sleep's false false dreams.

Sva

loco

The stars that sweetly shine
 So pensively above,
 The mild moon's face of light
 That makes less sad the night,
 With her sweet looks of love.

The wild bird's earliest songs
 In dark old forests heard,
 The murmuring of a river,
 That speaks of music ever
 To souls by feeling stirr'd.

Rainbows, and clouds, and sunshine,
 Things lovely every one!
 The white snow lightly lying
 Around pale flow'rets dying
 When summer suns are gone!

All these I love, but dearest!
 They keep none back from thee;
 For thou, beloved! appearst
 To perfect beauty nearest
 Of all things lov'd by me.

ANCIENT BALLADS.

If any portion of literature be more interesting than another, it is an ancient ballad founded on fact, with such embellishments, romantic, descriptive, and pathetic, as the genius of the writer may have suggested. How many events, historical and domestic, do we owe the knowledge of to this source? The manners, customs, and superstitions of our forefathers have received from it some of their most curious illustrations; the most eminent scholars, critics, and antiquarians, have devoted their unwearied researches to ballad history; and seldom has more important service been rendered to literature than by their endeavours to snatch from oblivion these precious relics of the early ages of English poetry.—those rude memorials, which, in all probability, would have been lost to posterity, but for this unostentatious mode of transmission. The chief characteristics of an ancient ballad are simplicity and pathos; for the poets of old times knew nothing of polish or sentiment; the impulses of the heart were the inspirations of the muse. Yet, in this absence of refinement, thoughts of the most exquisite tenderness, felicity, and beauty of expression, surprise us at every turn, and make us, in admiring what we have rescued, regret (from the fragments that remain) what we have irretrievably lost. Innumerable ballads are quoted in the works of Shakspeare, historical, romantic, pathetic, and humorous, few of which extend beyond a single verse, while many (as if to tantalise antiquarian curiosity) are confined to a single line. Though the graver and more ponderous studies of some may leave them neither time nor inclination to explore the mines of ancient poetry, we should hold that man neither a scholar, a poet, nor a philosopher, who could undervalue the treasures when exposed to his view, or the labours to which he owes their recovery. It is well for ignorance to shelter itself under unaffected contempt for that study, which it has neither the industry to prosecute nor the judgment to appreciate.

Some of our finest dramatic pieces are derived from old ballads and traditionary tales that passed orally from one generation to another, until the art of printing gave perpetuity to the labours of the muse. It was such that stocked the pack of *Autolytus*; and their popularity and power of fascination may be gathered from the varlet's own words, when he recounts how nimbly he eased the villagers of their purses while chaunting these merry *trol-my-dames*.—*Editor of Cumberland's British Theatre.*

Clown.—What hast here? Ballads?

Mopsa.—Pray, now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, a' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Autolytus.—Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a burden, and how she lounged to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mopsa.—Is it true, think you?

Aut.—Very true; and but a month old.

Dorcas.—Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut.—Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present; why should I carry lies abroad?

Mopsa.—Pray you now, buy it.

Clown.—Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut.—Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and

sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor.—Is it true too, think you?

Aut.—Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown.—Lay it by too. Another.

Aut.—This is a merry ballad, but a very proper one.

Mopsa.—Let's have some merry ones.

Aut.—Why, this is a passing merry one, and gnes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*. There's scarce a maid westward but sings it; 'tis in request I can tell you.

Mopsa.—We can both sing it; if thou'lt hear a part thou shalt hear; 'tis three parts.

Dor.—We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut.—I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

Aut.—Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits you not to know.

Dor.—Whither? *M*.—O whither? *Dor*.—Whither?

M.—It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell;

Dor.—Me, too; let me go thither;

M.—Or thou go'st to the grange or mill;

Dor.—If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut.—Neither. *D*.—What! Neither? *A*.—Neither.

Dor.—Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M.—Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then whither go'st? Say, whither?

Clown.—We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them; come, bring away thy pack after me.—*Winter's Tale.*

PIERRE BAILLOT,

A masterly and classical violinist, was a pupil of the celebrated Viotti, and a member of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Paris. He received his first lessons from his father at Passy, where he was born A.D. 1771; but, as early as his ninth year, he received instructions from Pollidori, Florentin, and Sainte Marie. In 1783, his father being appointed *Procureur-general of the Conseil Supérieur* at Bastia, he went there with his family, but died soon after his arrival, and left his wife and family in a very distressed situation. Touched with this unfortunate circumstance, M. de Bouchiforn, the governor of the island, took charge of the young Baillot as his adopted son, superintended his studies, and sent him to Rome, where he remained thirteen months, and at the age of fourteen placed him under Pollaris, of the school of Nardini. In 1791 he was presented to Viotti, who expressed himself much astonished at the force and firmness of his execution. That great master immediately offered him a situation in the orchestra of Monsieur, over which he then presided, and Baillot remained there till he quitted it for an employment under the *Ministre des Finances*. In 1803 a new state of public affairs threw him again on the exercise of his professional talents. It was then that he applied to the Conservatory, which gladly received him, and after a time gave him the honourable station of Professor to the Institution. After holding that distinguished situation two years, during which he published a didactic work on the violin and violoncello, not less admired for the elegance of the lan-

guage of its precepts than the beauty and propriety of the examples, he visited Russia and other northern countries, and everywhere justified the high reputation he enjoyed. In 1808 he resumed his duties at the Parisian Conservatory, and produced many pupils worthy of such a master. His published works and compositions are perhaps more remarkable for their originality than their gracefulness, and are characterised by a mellifluous and pleasing melancholy, which readily recalls to memory the dolorous sweetness of Geminiani.—*Dr. Bushy.*

Baillot died a few days ago at Paris, and was interred in the cemetery of Montmartre. His funeral was attended by most of the members of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, and by several distinguished literary and scientific men. While on his death bed he expressly ordered that there should be no pomp of flambeaux, music, &c., attending his obsequies, which were, in compliance with his wishes, conducted with simplicity and decorum. Is it asked, what suggested this request? Baillot had a young Egyptian, his pupil, whom at the funeral of Cherubini he had heard remark, with regard to the pompous ceremonies on that occasion, "I know not why there are so many lights, and so much music, for a man who can neither see nor hear.—*Newspapers of September, 1842.*

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

Young genius walked out by the mountains and streams,
Entranc'd by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent—the wayward—the wandering thing
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing;
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away;
He gaz'd for a while on its beauties and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it a Pen.

But its magical use he discovered not yet,
Till he dipp'd its bright lips in a fountain of jet;
And oh! what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame;
While its master wrote on like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melted and fired;
It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The peaceful—the pure—the victorious pen.

Young genius went forth on his rambles once more,
The vast sunless caverns of earth to explore!
He search'd the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground;
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced in the change,
As he moulded the ore into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crown'd with success,
For an engine uprose, and he called it the Press.

The Pen and the Press—blest alliance!—combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapt like a reed;
They were made to exalt us—to teach us to bless
These invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press.

JOHN C. PRINCE.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

JEAN LOUIS DUSSEK,

Son of Jean Dussek, an organist at Cyaslau, in Bohemia, was born in 1760. He received the elements of harmony from his father. At six years of age a wealthy friend of his family sent him to the first college in Prague, where he remained till he reached his thirteenth year. In addition to ancient and modern literature, he studied music, and acquired the art of counterpoint from a monk of the order of St. Benedict. At nineteen years of age he visited Brussels, and was, after some time, introduced, by a Lord of the Court, to the Stadtholder, at La Haye, who conferred many favours on him. He next went to Hamburgh, where he was much benefitted by the instructions of Emanuel Bach. After visiting Petersburg, and spending two years with the Prince Charles Radzivil, in Lithuania, he went to Berlin, and from thence to Paris, where he remained until the commencement of the revolution. He quitted France and passed over to England, and continued in London till the year 1800, when he returned to the continent to see once more his aged and revered father, whom he had not once beheld during a period of twenty-five years. Dussek's powers on the piano forte, as displayed at the London concerts and oratorios, were certainly very extraordinary; but his compositions, very highly wrought, and in many instances truly brilliant and florid, were, in general, of a crude and extravagant character. His most esteemed works are his operas, No. 9, 10, 14, 35; his *Adieu to Clementi*, called in London the *Plus Ultra*, in opposition to Woelfff's *Ne Plus Ultra*, and his oratorio of *The Resurrection*, the words of which are altered from Klopstock.

A HINT TO MUSICAL LADIES.—A Lady who plays well on the piano forte, and desires to make this accomplishment a source of pleasure and not of annoyance to her friends, should be careful to adapt the style of her performance to the circumstances in which it is called for, and should remember that a gay mixed company would be tired to death with one of those elaborate pieces which would delight the learned ears of a party of cognoscenti. It is from neglect of this consideration that many a really excellent performer makes her music a social grievance. Many a beautiful *sonata* or *fantasia*, to which at another time we could have listened with pleasure, has been thrown away upon a company who either drowned it by their conversation or sat during its continuance in constrained and wearied silence. We would never advise a performer to make any sacrifice to vulgarity or bad taste, but there is no want of pieces which combine brevity with excellence—contain in a small compass many beauties of melody, harmony, and modulation, and afford room for the display of brilliancy, taste, and expression on the part of the performer. A piece of this kind will not weary by its length those who do not care for music, while it will give pleasure to the most cultivated taste; and with such things, therefore, every musical lady ought to be well provided.

MUSIC PLEASING FROM ASSOCIATION.—The exquisite sensations which sweet sounds excite are generally said to be by reason of association. A strain which delighted us in early life, whenever it again meets the ear, will, in some measure, restore to the heart the sunshine and fresh breathing verdure of youth. A song which we first heard from the lips that we loved, will ever after thrill through the heart with joy or sadness, according as the passion has been fortunate or unsuccessful. The chain of association is struck, the electric touch is felt through the whole frame, and thoughts that had slumbered in the breast start at the magic sound into sudden and vivid existence.

HEY HOE TO THE GREENWOOD.

Canon, by Bird, (1623.)

Hey hoe - - to the green-wood now let us go, Sing heave and

Hey hoe, to the green - wood now let us

Hey hoe - - to the

hoe and there we shall find both Buck and Doe, Sing heave

go sing heave and hoe, and there we shall find both Buck -

green-wood now let us go, Sing heave and hoe, and

and hoe, the Hart and Hind and the lit - tle pret - - ty Roe, Sing

- - and Doe, Sing heave and hoe, the Hart and Hind and the

there shall we find both Buck and Doe, Sing heave and hoe,

heave and hoe, Hey hoe - - to the greenwood now.

lit - tle pret - ty Roe, Sing heave and hoe, Hey hoe.

the Hart and Hind and the lit - tle pret - - ty Roe, Sing heave and hoe.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!
 No will-o-th'-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake nor slow worm bite thee;
 But on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to fright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber,
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number!

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus, to come unto me,
 And, when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee

—Robert Herrick, born London, 1591; lived to an advanced age, but the year of his death unknown.

WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

1st 2d 3d 1st

White Sand and gray Sand, Wha'll buy my white Sand Wha'll buy my gray Sand.

SING YE WITH GLEE.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

1st 2d 3d 4th 1st

Sing ye with glee, Come fol - low me, And then shall we, Mu - si - cian s be.

WHEN AS I LOOKED.

MADRIGAL.

For Four equal voices.

John Bennet, (1599.)

Moderato

When as I look'd when as I look'd on my love - ly Phi - lis, whose cheeks are
 as I look'd when as I look'd on my love - ly Phi - lis whose cheeks are
 lis, When as I look'd on my love - - - ly Phi - lis whose cheeks are
 look'd when as I look'd on my love - ly Phi - - - - lis whose cheeks are

deck'd with Ros - es and Lil - lies. I - - me com - plain'd
 deck'd with Ro - ses and - - with Lil - lies. I - - me - - com -
 deck'd with Ro - ses and Lil - - - lies. I me com - plain'd I - - me -
 deck'd with Ro - ses and Lil - lies. I me com - plain'd I com -

I - - me - - com - plain'd - - that me she ne'er re - gard - -
 - - plain'd, I - - me - - com - plain'd that me she ne'er she ne'er re - gard -
 - - - com - plain'd, I com - plain - ed that me she ne'er re gard - - -
 plain - - - - ed, I com - plain'd - -

p

ed, And that my love with slighting was re - ward -

p

ed, And that my love with slight-ing was re - ward - - - - -

ed, And that my love with slight ing was re - ward - ed re - ward - -

S

ed, Then wan-ton - ly she smil - eth, then wan-ton - ly she smil -

f

ed, Then wan - ton - ly she smil - eth, then

S

eth she smil - eth and grief from me ex - il - - - - eth. Then

S

wan - ton - ly she smil - eth and grief from me ex - il - - - - eth.

TRUE-HEARTED WAS HE.

*Words by Burns.**Moderato.**AIR.—Bonnie Dundee.*

True heart-ed was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the

banks o' the Ayr; But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding ri-ver, Are

lo-vers as faith-fu' and mai-dens as fair. To e-qual young Jes-sie seek

Scot-land all o-ver, To e-qual young Jes-sie you seek it in vain; Grace

bean-ty and e-le-gance fet-ter her lo-ver, And maid-en-ly modesty fix-es the chain.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close,
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessic,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
 Enthroned in her e'en, he delivers his law,
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,
 Her modest demeanor 's the jewel of a'.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

A1B—Same as foregoing.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
Among the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw.
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnny,
An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome an' cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
An' naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw:
The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnny,
'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;
White down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded foun-
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me. [tain.
'Tis no' its loud roar, on the wintry wind swelling,
'Tis no' the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e;
For O! gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

Songs possessing great poetical beauty do not always become favourites with the public. "Keen blaws the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer," is perhaps Tannahill's best lyrical effusion, yet it does not appear to be much known, at least it is but seldom sung. It was written for the old Scottish melody, "Bonnie Dundee," but Burns had occupied the same ground before him. The language and imagery of this song appear to me beautiful and natural. There is an elegant simplicity in the couplet—

"The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;"
and the dreary appearance of the scenery in winter is strikingly portrayed in the second stanza—

"Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw."

Again,

"The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my John-
nie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me."

The birds shaking the cauld drift frae their wings is an idea not unworthy of Burns.—*R. A. Smith's Harp of Renfremshire.*

ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS OF ENGLAND.

THE Minstrels were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves or others. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling pas-

sion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and, indeed, by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race; but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors, particularly by all the Danish tribes. Among these, they were distinguished by the name of Scalds, a word which denotes "smoothers and polishers of language." The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them; this rude admiration would begin to abate; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately; and many of the most popular rhimes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the Bards and Scalds. And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the minstrels who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each others productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and, therefore, we might have concluded that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if history had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Ange-

len, and Holstein. The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two-thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark; so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors. From this near affinity, we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and, in fact, we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilised state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries: especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes, as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And, indeed this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective, that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular Bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjectures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word GLEE, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight which is felt by unpolished and simple minds.

Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monu-

ments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth, the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events that have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority: for later history affords us two remarkable facts, which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation: and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the Northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music, being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel; when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the King at table, and stayed among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and

dressed like a Minstrel, Aulaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in Doomesday book, *Joculator Regis*, the King's Minstrel is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire, in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance.

We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art; so that when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century, that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of poetry and song were still as reputable among the Normans in France as they had been among their ancestors in the North; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the Minstrel arts than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their Minstrel talents, that an eminent French writer makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the Poets of Italy, France, and Spain.

We see then that the Norman conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the Minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it; and

although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the Minstrel arts; and in the first ages after the conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own Norman French, yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native Gleemen or Minstrels, who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as, it is said, the Welsh Bards were afterwards by the severe policy of King Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual.

The honours shown to the Norman or French Minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been shown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English harper and songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college; and, therefore, in gleaming the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to Minstrels and their art, and arrange them as they occur in our own annals without distinction, as it will not always be easy to ascertain from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers, so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the Minstrel art and its professors, or have sufficient information whether every Minstrel or Harper composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other; and it would have been wonderful indeed if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitations. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling Harper or Minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar or the solitary monk.

It is well known that on the continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels. I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here,

without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song, much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some one or other of this fraternity.

After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them; scil. the priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus, the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I., A.D. 1102. He was the first prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death.

In the reign of King Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the abbey of Hyde near Winchester; and, as in the early times every harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his music and his songs, which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude would be in the English language.

Under his romantic son, King Richard I., the Minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendour. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of poets and Minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant. They were no less patronised by his favourites and chief officers. His chancellor, William Bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minstrels from France, whom he loaded with rewards; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world. This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in the first instance to Poets and Songsters of the French nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to poetry and song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of these arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour shown by the monarch, or his great courtiers, to the Provençal *Troubadour*, or Norman *Rymour*, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman or Minstrel. At more than a century after the conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and English languages would be heard in the houses of the great; so that probably about this era, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical romances of both nations.

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own minstrels in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer.

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a Rimer or Minstrill, called Blondell de Nesle; who (so saith the manuscript of old Poesies, and an ancient manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that

he came backe from the Holy Land; but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained; and the host told him that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no; for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had him detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance anywhere; but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the king 'began the other half and completed it.' Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister, and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrey acquainted where the king was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song, which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney, ii. 237.

BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas	<i>Your beauty, lady fair,</i>
Elas bellas faissos	<i>None views without de-</i> <i>light;</i>
Els bells oils amoros	<i>But still so cold an air</i>
Els gens cors ben taillats	<i>No passion can excite</i>
Don sieu empresenats	<i>Yet this I patient see</i>
De vostra amo qui mi lia.	<i>While all are shun'd like</i> <i>me.</i>

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia	<i>No nymph my heart can</i> <i>wound.</i>
Ja de vos non portrai	<i>If favour she divide</i>
Que major honorai	<i>And smiles on all around</i>
Sol en vostra deman	<i>Unwilling to decide:</i>
Que sautra des beisan	<i>I'd rather hatred bear</i>
Tot can de vos volria	<i>Than love with others</i> <i>share.</i>

The access which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a Minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature. In this very reign of King Richard I. the young heiress of D'Everenx, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a pilgrim, till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a harper, and being a jocose person, exceedingly skilled in the "gests of the ancients"—so they called the romances and stories which were the delight of that age—he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king, and he bestowed her on his natural brother William Longespee (son of fair Rosamond), who became in her right Earl of Salisbury.

GIVE ME THE SWEET DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES

Dr. Harrington.

1
Give me the sweet de - lights of love, let not anx - ious

2
Pure are the bless - ings love be - stow - ing, peace and har - mo - ny

3
A smo - ky house, A

care de - stroy them, O how di - vine, Oh how di - vine,

e - ver flow - ing, peace and har - mo - ny, peace and har - mo - ny,

fail - ing trade, Six squal - ling brats and a scold - ing

still to en - joy them, Oh how di - vine still still to en - joy them.

peace and har - mo - ny e - ver e - ver flow - ing.

Jade, Six squal - ling brats and a scold - ing Jade.

ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from last page.)

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English Minstrels; and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of

the great Earls of Chester, when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of King John, and is related to this effect:

“ Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Warburg’s Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then

apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan (or Rhuydland), to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord de Lacy, constable of Chester, 'who, making use of the Minstrells of all sorts, then met at Chester fair, by the allurements of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people as, by reason of the before specified privilege, were then in that city, whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his steward), a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired.'

For this good service Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people; who, retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots, and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since.

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale, as handed down to his time, viz. "That at midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that country resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's Church, (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country,) one of 'the Minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of King John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerpted owte of an old English boke yn ryme," and is as follows:

Whittington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the co-heiress of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn tournament by the ancestor of the Guarines, had in the reign of King John been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that Prince, to whom the king, out of hatred to the true heir, Fulco Guarine, (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at chess,) not only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of King Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but ob-

taining no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance, and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England after various conflicts, "Fulco resorted to one John of Raumpayne, a Sothsayer and Jocular and Minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whittington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethren laide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and Bracy" a knight who was their friend and assistant, "cut of Morice[s] hedde." This Sir Bracy being in a subsequent rencontre sore wounded, was taken and brought to King John; from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel; for "John Raumpayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadly slepe; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whittington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where, assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in jousts and tournaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land; having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owt of prison;" he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whittington Castle.

In the reign of King Henry III. we have mention of Master Ricard, the King's Harper, to whom in his thirty-sixth year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife. The title of *Magister* or Master, given to this Minstrel, deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

The Harper or Minstrel was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage that Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.) in his crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper; who must have been officially very near his person; as we are told by a contemporary historian, that, in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Saracen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, seizing a tripod, or trestle, struck the assassin on the head, and beat out his brains. And though the prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to treat his brethren the Welsh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great monarch's severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour, yet in his own court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured; for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow. And

Under the succeeding reign of King Edward II., such extensive privileges were claimed by these men and by dissolute persons assuming their cha-

raeter, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A.D. 1315. Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow.

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnise his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall; where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used; who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed."—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that she was not a real Minstrel; for there should seem to have been women of this profession as well as of the other sex; and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the harp.

In the fourth year of King Richard II., John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a court of Minstrels, similar to that annually kept at Chester, and which, like a court leet or court baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot, in whose time, however, they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string music."

The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the heralds; and the King of the Minstrels, like the king at arms, was both here and on the Continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of King Edward I. mention of a King Robert and others. And in 16 Edward II. is a grant to William de Morlee "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*," of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler. Rymer hath also printed a licence granted by King Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies.

In the subsequent reign of King Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the statute book a severe law passed against their brethren the Welsh Bards; whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours Minstrals*; for by these names they describe them. This act plainly shews, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of King

Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings and contributions.

When his heroic son King Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels, fifteen in number, to attend him; and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed *xiid.* a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present. Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, slighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return: and, as we are told by Holingshed, would not suffer "any ditties to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thanks altogether given to God." But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song; for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer. And having before his death orally granted an annuity of one hundred shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son King Henry VI. A.D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer.

The unfortunate reign of King Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his 34th year A.D. 1456, we have in Rymer a commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the King's Minstrels, in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the Minstrel art, wherever they can be found for the solace of his majesty.

In the following reign, King Edward IV. (in his 9th year, 1469), upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the King's Minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in divers parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the King grants to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a charter, by which he creates, or rather restores, a fraternity or perpetual gild (such as, he understands, the brothers and sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels had in times past) to be governed by a Marshal appointed for life, and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said gild, and are authorised to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the Minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted). This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's court among the heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as marshal in the foregoing charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding monarchs King Henry V. and VI. Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels, for in the third year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from King Edward of 10 marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title.

But besides their Marshal we have also in this

reign mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent; for "as he [King Edward IV.] was in the north country in the moneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariannt of the Mynstrellis, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse for he hadde enemyes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydinges the king gretely marveyld, &c." This happened in the same year, 1469, wherein the king granted or confirmed the charter for the fraternity or gild above mentioned; yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight Minstrels to whom that charter is directed.

The same charter was renewed by King Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then marshal, and to seven others his Minstrels; and on the death of Gilman, he granted in 1529 this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse, whom I take to have borne the office of his serjeant over them.

In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels, and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512. And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here.

In the time of King Henry VIII., we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose, by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their compositions, but the others that did, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges.

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir Beveys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like" in "short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [sc. Fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe" as the reader may be informed by a courtly writer, in 1589, who himself had "written for pleasure a little hriefe romance or historical ditty . . . of the Isle of Great Britaine" in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof (viz., that his poem was written in short metre, &c., to be sung to the harp in such places of assembly) and consideration of the causes alledged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every romance or short historical ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer, who mentions that "common rimers" were fond of using rimes at short distances, "in small and popular musickes song by these Cantabanqui [the said common rimers] upon benches and barrels heads, &c. or else by blind Harpers or such like Taverne Minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old

time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes," &c. "also they be used in carols and rounds, and such light and lascivious poems, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these buffons or vices in plays, then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laureat), being in deede but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous."

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect, yet that they still sustained a character far superior to anything we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present, and gives us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv. years old, apparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off: his head seemly rounded toasterwise: fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's grease, was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven; and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin, but easily, for heat, to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

"His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted, upon them a pair of poynets of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns; not new, indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shiing as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red rihand suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His vest tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewter, for) silver, as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful men's houses. From his chain hung a sentcheon, with metal and colour, resplendent upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington."

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem . . . and . . . wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filing his napkin, tempered a strug or two with his wrist, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts," &c.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth, a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and stardy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession.

I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the north of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised by way of eminence to have been "of the North Countrey;" and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions, shews that this representation is real. On the other hand

the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "come ze frae the Border?" The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern counties, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.—*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

RISE MY JOY SWEET MIRTH ATTEND.

PRIZE GLEE, (1777.)

*Allegro.**S. Webbe.*

Rise my joy, Rise my joy, Rise my joy sweet mirth at - tend, I'm re - solv'd to

Rise my joy, Rise my joy, Rise my joy sweet mirth at - tend, I'm re - solv'd to

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef, G-clef), a second vocal line (treble clef, C-clef), a third vocal line (treble clef, G-clef), and a bass line (bass clef, F-clef). The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

be thy friend sweet mirth, I'm resolv'd to be thy friend. Sneaking Phœbus hides his head ,

be thy friend, I'm resolv'd to be thy friend. Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It also consists of four staves (vocal, second vocal, third vocal, and bass). The lyrics continue, with a double bar line and repeat sign appearing in the middle of the system. The notation and clefs are consistent with the first system.

He's with The - tis gone to bed, Tho' he will not on - - me shine, Still - -

Tho' he will not on me shine,

He's with The - tis gone to bed, Tho' he will not on me shine, Tho' he will not on me shine,

- - there's brightness in the wine, Tho' he will not on me shine, Still there's brightness in the wine.

Still &c.

Still there's brightness in the wine, Still - - there's bright - ness in the wine.

in the wine - - - - - From

From Bacchus I'll such lus-tre borrow, my Face shall be a sun to morrow.

From Bacchus

Bacchus, From Bacchus I'll such lus-tre borrow, my Face shall be a sun to morrow.

T A M G L E N .

Words by Burns.

AIR.—Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.

Andantino.

My heart is a break-ing dear tit - ty, Some coun - sel un - to me come

len'; To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But what will I do wi' Tam

Glen? I'm think-ing wi' sic a brow fal - low, In puir-tith I might mak' a

fen'; What care I in rich-es to wal-low, If I maun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drummeller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
But, if it's ordained I maun tak him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentines dealin',
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;

For thrice I drew ane without failin',
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

Burns wrote this song for Johnston's Musical Museum, in which work it appeared united to the original air of "Tam Glen." Thomson afterwards, in his collection, adapted it to the "Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre,"

to which air it has been generally sung ever since. The following is the original air:—

T A M G L E N .



GRASSL AND HIS FAMILY.

THE most surprising circumstance with regard to the music of Germany is to find the art pursued in places utterly destitute of every means of instruction. A man was mentioned to us, who, without possessing the slightest notion of music, had notwithstanding instructed himself in it, and seemed to have nurtured his children with it, at an age when their food is generally of a much more homely nature. We were extremely anxious to see him, and extended our journey from the Tyrol to Berchtesgaden, in the environs of Salzburg. * * *

Every summer evening the peasantry assemble before his hut, where, seated round a table, the family perform their concerts, and hold their festivities; strangers flock thither from all parts, led by curiosity, to hear this extraordinary family. The Queen of Bavaria, who owns considerable property in these parts, was also very anxious to see these interesting musicians, and arrived with her suite at their abode one evening about five o'clock. The little family were still at their labours, some leading the cows to pasture, others digging potatoes. The Queen sent for them, and on their arrival, without sparing time to change their dress, or perform their ablutions, they all took their seats at their table, whilst the poor children, with their begrimed hands and heated brows, began playing the "*Bavarian March*," "*Salzburg Waltz*," "*Chamois Hunter's Song*," now on stringed, now on wind instruments, sometimes on brass instruments only; one lad, a child but five years old, was perched upon a chair, and played the double bass. It is needless to add that they excited the astonishment and admiration of their illustrious audience, and were invited by the Queen to the Court of Bavaria. * * *

Little did I think I should see these worthy peasants, father, mother, and children, in the capital of France. Grassl one day resolved on leaving his native mountains with his wonderful family, in the hopes of earning bread for himself and them at a somewhat less precarious rate than that of hunting snuples in the midst of precipices. He went to Vienna, was presented to the Emperor, and excited the admiration of the whole court. Encouraged by the success of his first efforts, he started for Italy, and was everywhere greeted with the same wonder and enthusiasm. At length he reached Paris, where we ourselves can speak to the astonishment of the public, who overwhelmed the little musicians with applause.

It was at the *Gymnase Musicale* that we first saw the Grassl family, and watched the father surrounded

by Francis, Joseph, Madeline, and four other of his children, not much taller than a young chamois; and surely to see him thus was as gratifying a spectacle as the one her Majesty of Bavaria witnessed in the heart of the Tyrol. What a wonderful little fellow was that same Francis, who played the most difficult instruments, one after another, trombone, trumpet, eornet à piston, clarionet, as though he were a full grown man! and little Antony, too, with his chubby legs, who played the flageolet better than the piper of a regiment, and the trumpet than any of the band in the Guards. He was obliged to get on a chair to reach with his left hand to the top of the great double-bass, the very bow of which was as big as himself. Little Madeline, too, about the size of a boot, used to play her little *cuckoo*; her way of joining in, and her extreme accuracy, would have done credit to many a member of the theatrical orchestras. And at the conclusion of the performances, when they were most enthusiastically applauded, they would make a very low bow, and waft kisses with their tiny hands to the public; in short, the simplicity of this family was as pleasing as their talent was wonderful.

It was a picturesque and diverting sight to behold these worthy people, denizens of a hut by the lake side, in the costume of their native home, with their shirt sleeves and red waistcoats, breeches, and white stockings.

Grassl and his children have returned to the Tyrol, where they live happily, and are always willing to guide the traveller across the winding mountain paths or dangerous fields of snow, or hoisting the sail of their little skiff, they will convey him along the clear blue lake, and share their humble meal with him; and when the shades of evening bid him cease his wanderings, they invite him across the threshold of their lonely abode to listen to their strains.

[We take the above extracts, (in continuation of an article already inserted at page 133,) from "*Mainzer's Musical Times*," an excellent and cheap periodical, devoted to musical sketches, and news connected with the progress of M. Mainzer's system of teaching, &c., which we heartily recommend to the notice of our readers.—Ed. B. M.]

PROFESSOR BISHOP.—At the levee on Wednesday, her Majesty was graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Henry Rowley Bishop, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh. The learned Professor had afterwards the honour to kiss the Queen's hand. This distinguished mark of the royal favour must be not a little gratifying to the Professors of our University, to whose sound judgment and sagacity we are indebted for the election of this eminent composer to the only Professorial Chair of Music in Scotland. Professor Bishop is the first member of the musical profession who has been knighted by a sovereign of these realms. The others—Sir Wm. Parsons, Sir John Stevenson, and Sir George Smart—received the honour in Ireland, from different Lords-Lieutenant.—*Scotsman*, June 4th, 1842.

"CHARMANTE GABRIELLE."—This lovely melody, and the famous popular air, "*Vive Henri IV*," are attributed to Ducauroy, whom his contemporaries called the prince of musicians. He was director of music to Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV. He wrote also for the church. A requiem for four voices, from his pen, is still in existence. The old Christmas hymns used in France are generally believed to be the gavottes and minuets of a ballet which Ducauroy composed for Charles IX.

BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

Moderato.

Gaelic air.

Brave Lew-ie Roy was the flow'r of our highland-men, Tall as the
oak on the lof-ty Ben-voir-luch, Fleet as the light bounding tenants of
Fil-lan-glen, Dear-er than life to his love-ly neen-voi-uch.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flow'r of our highlandmen,
Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirluch,
Fleet as the light bounding tenants of Fillanglen,
Dearer than life to his lovely neen voich.
Lone was his hiding, the cave of his hiding, [lie,
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Char-
Tho' manly and fearless his bold heart was cheerless,
A way from the lady he aye loe'd sae dearly.

But woe on the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland,
Woe on the blood-thirsty gang that fulfilled them,
Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plundered land,
Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them.
Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
Their prey—the devoted adherents of Charlie;
Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hack'd and slain,
Oh! his neen voich* will mourn for him sairly.

The first half of this song is a fragment of Tannahill's, the remainder an addition by Alexander Rodger.

* *Nighean bhoidheach*, (pronounced as above) beautiful maid.

THE SOLDIER'S BETROTHAL.

A SCENE OF NEW-YEAR'S EVE, TRANSLATED FROM
THE GERMAN.

At Schweidnitz, on New-year's eve, the Fessel family were gathered together at supper, Fessel and his wife Katherine presided, their young children, laughing and happy, were grouped around, while Madame Rosen, the grandmother of the family, and her younger daughter, Faith, occupied opposite sides of the well-lighted and richly covered table. Dorn, a young soldier, had obtained a seat near the charming Faith; and, as among a swarm of bees, narrations and corrections, questions and answers, praise and astonishment, fear, anger, and laughter, so huzzed about the table, that the business of eating was scarcely thought of.

"Thank heaven we are finally here?" remarked Madame Rosen, reaching her goblet of Hungary

No. 55, & Sup.

wine to the book-keeper for the purpose of touching his glass. "My best thanks," said she with emotion; and at the same time gave an intimation to Faith to follow her example.

"Thank me not so much, dear madam," said the youth, with a pensive air, while touching glasses with the blushing maiden; "else I shall have my whole reward in thanks."

"And in consequence lose the courage to ask for a dearer one," jested Katherine, who had noticed the glance he gave her sister.

"We are so merry to-night!" cried Fessel's youngest daughter, the little Hedwig: "cannot you let us have the play of the light-boats now, dear mother? You promised it to us on Christmas-eve, which, by the bye, was passed sadly enough."

"Yes, yes, the light-boats!" shouted the other children, clapping their hands.

"Well, bring the large soup dish," said the mo-

ther, who could refuse nothing to her youngest daughter; "but be careful not to spill the water."

"Excellent!" cried the children in chorus. Hedwig flew out of the room; the other children produced wax-candles of various colours, and began cutting them into innumerable small pieces; while Faith, Dorn, and young Engelmann, were instructed to divide the walnuts, of which the table furnished an abundant supply, in halves, and neatly to extricate the kernels, without injuring the shells.

"I know not if you are acquainted with this play of the Silesian children," said Fessel, laughing to Dorn. "It was omitted by us last year, in consequence of my wife's illness. It is a solemn oracle on matters of love, marriage, and death. The children, however, do not trouble themselves about the serious signification; they take pleasure in the movements of the boats and in splashing the water."

The door now opened, and little Hedwig stepped into the room, with the large dish full of water in her hands, and with a solemn and subsequential air, deposited her burden upon the centre of the table.

"Now put the lights in the boats," commanded Martin; "we have prepared enough of them." A small wax taper was placed in each shell, projecting like the mast of a boat.

"Who shall swim first?" asked Elizabeth, lighting the tapers in two of the boats.

"Mother and father!" cried the others; and the shells were placed in the platter, near each other, when they moved forth upon the clear, liquid surface, with a regular motion, and burning with a steady light, until they reached the opposite side, where they quietly remained.

"We are already anchored in a safe haven," said Fessel, to his beloved wife; "and in the quiet enjoyment of domestic happiness, we can have no wish to be restlessly driving about on the open seas."

"Ah, may heaven grant that the troubles of the times reach us not in our safe haven, and rend our bark from its fast anchorage," cried the true-hearted Katharine, with timid forboding.

At this moment the light in one of the boats began to hiss and sputter, and, after flashing for an instant, was extinguished, amid exclamations of sad surprise from the children.

"What does that forebode? to whom does that boat belong?" asked Katharine, smilingly.

"That is not decided," eagerly cried Ulrich; "and the whole oracle is invalid."

"Elizabeth filled the boat with water by her awkwardness, when she started it," announced Martin, who had been investigating the causes of the accident.

"Every event in life must have had its cause," said Fessel, with more earnestness than the trifling accident merited. "If this portends the extinguishment of the light of life in either of us, I pray heaven in mercy to grant that mine may be the first to expire."

"Say not so," tenderly replied Katharine. "Our children would lose, in you, their only stay. Their mother would be more lightly missed, and the strong man would better bear the sad bereavement, than a weak and helpless woman."

"Why this earnest and deep-meaning conversation on New-year's evening?" said Madam Rosen, half-angry. "Come children; go on more briskly with your play, and give us something pleasanter to think about."

"Who comes next?" asked Elizabeth.

"Honour to whom honour is due," laughed Hedwig. "Cousin Faith must swim now."

"But she must herself decide with whom," said Fessel. I have not been at Sagan for some years, and know not who has made himself most agreeable to her."

"Indeed, I know not whom to name to you," said the maiden, with a low tone, and hesitating manner, blushing deeply for the untruth which thus escaped her lips.

"Then we will take master Dorn for the occasion," cried the obstreperous Martin, "whose natural boldness was increased by the wine he had tasted; "he is constantly giving Faith such friendly glances!"

"It shall be so," shouted Ulrich; "and they shall have the handsomest tapers. Choose your own colours; here are red, and green, and white, and variegated."

"Red for Faith and green for me," quickly replied Dorn, silencing the maiden by a gentle pressure of her hand under the table, as she was about to make some objections.

"They must not, however, start together from the shore," said Ulrich.

"Well, do you set the red ship on that side, and I will place the green one here," answered Martin, "and then they may seek each other if they wish to come together."

Brightly burning, the little barks swam toward each other for a moment; then both floated to the edge of the platter and remained motionless, at some little distance apart.

"Master Dorn is too indolent!" cried Martin, throwing a nut-kernel at the green skiff to urge it toward the red; but it only reeled to and fro, without removing from its place.

"Insufferable!" cried Dorn. At that moment the water became slightly agitated, and both skiffs left their stations at the side for the open sea.

"Faith has jostled the table," cried the falcon-eyed Hedwig.

"I—no—I wish to hinder their meeting," stammered the confused Faith.

"Did you really jostle the table, dearest maiden?" asked Dorn, his hand again seeking hers.

"Ah, ah, my daughter!" reprovingly exclaimed Madam Rosen; amid the exclamations of the children, the two skiffs met in mid-ocean, while a gentle pressure from Faith's hand gave an affirmative answer to the bold question of the youth.

The joy of the children, which the grandmother's remonstrances only increased, was every moment becoming more bold and noisy. Without aim or object, a crowd of lights were now set afloat in the mimic ocean, and apple-cuttings and bread-bullets flew like bombs among them, causing immense damage and innumerable shipwrecks. "It is enough!" cried Fessel, the disturbance becoming excessive, and moved his chair from the table. A respectful silence succeeded the wild tumult. The children dutifully arose, folded their hands with a serious air, and Martin said grace with decent solemnity.

The mistress of the house now invited her beloved guests to retire to rest, that they might sleep away the fatigues of the day; but the children, who had again become as noisy as ever, and had not the least inclination to sleep, strongly opposed the movement.

"It would be fine, indeed," cried Martin, "if we should have no writing of notes!"

"Pray, pray, dear mother," entreated the flattering and constant petitioner, Hedwig, "you well know that you promised me, if I filled a writing book without blotting, that I should be indulged with writing notes on New-year's evening. My last writing-book is without a spot, and you must now keep your word."

"Children are the most inexorable creditors," said Fessel, directing little Ulrich to bring the writing materials from the counting-room, while the table was being cleared.

"This is a strange remnant of the old heathen times," explained Fessel to the book-keeper, who looked inquiringly at him. "It is a form of New-year's congratulation, and an oracle at the same time. You write three several wishes upon three slips of paper, which you fold, and give to the person who would try his fate. These wishes may be honours, offices, and success in business, to the men—chains, bracelets, and new dresses, to the women—agreeable suitors to maidens. All place the notes they have received under their pillows, and the wish contained in the one which is first opened on New-year's morning, shall be fulfilled in the course of the year."

"I always take great pleasure in this sport," said Katharine to her mother; my husband is always so anxious to fulfil his oracle, and to present me what is wished me in the note I open."

"There comes Ulrich!" screamed the children, as he entered heavily laden, and deposited his burden upon the table. The notes were prepared, and the whole family were soon seated around the table, moving their pens as assiduously as if an instrument was to be drawn for securing religious liberty. Amid the scratching of the pens, which were very awkwardly handled by the younger children, and therefore made the more noise, arose the admonitions of the father to sit erect, and of the mother not to bespatter themselves with ink; which admonitions were obeyed just so long as they were heard. Meanwhile Dorn was sharply watching the paper upon which Faith was writing; who, as soon as she became aware of it, covered the writing with her little hand, and whispered to him—"If you watch me, you will get no packet from me to-night." He discreetly drew back and began writing his notes.

Fessel now strewed sand upon his last note, enclosed it with the others, and gave the packet, with a kiss, to his Katharine. The children snapped their pens, to the infinite damage of the well-scoured white floor, for which their grandmother very properly scolded them. Dorn handed his packet to the beauteous Faith, who hid hers in her bosom, strenuously asserting that she could think of nothing to write.

The clock now struck the midnight hour, and a peal of bells from the tower of the city hall greeted the new year.

"A happy New-year! a happy New-year!" shouted the children, springing from their seats; and the impetuous Hedwig proposed to open the notes directly, as the New-year had already commenced; but Fessel interposed his decided negative, and commanded them to defer it until the actual rising of the New-year sun.

Amid the noise and confusion of the thousand New-year congratulations, Dorn once more approached the lovely Faith.

"Must I enter upon the New-year without one kind wish from you?" he pensively asked. She looked at him with embarrassment and irresolution.

At that moment she was called by her mother, who was already standing in the door. The startling call helped her to come to a decision, and, suddenly drawing the packet from her bosom and smilingly placing it in Dorn's hand, she hastened after her mother.

Long did the youth hold the much-coveted packet pressed to his lips. "How much earthly happiness," said he to himself, with deep emotion, "have I destroyed in my military career. Do I, indeed, deserve that love should crown me with its freshest wreaths, in a land I have helped to lay waste."

Dorn, who had retired late and awoke betimes, with the interesting little packet under his pillow, found himself, at an early hour, leaning against a window in the family parlour, and engaged in examining a delicate little note. While thus occupied, Faith, impelled by a similar restlessness, entered the room. As she perceived him whose image had embellished her dreams, an enchanting blush overspread her delicate face, and her beautiful eyes beamed with love and joy; but when Dorn, enraptured at the encounter, affectionately tendered her the congratulations appropriate to the New-year's morning, changing her mood, she turned away from him with feigned displeasure, and exclaimed, "Pshaw, captain! I am angry with you. You have wished me two horrible suitors."

"Before I undertake to exculpate myself," said Dorn, "only tell me which you drew from the packet."

"The Duke of Friedland!" stammered the embarrassed maiden, with downcast eyes.

"Look me directly in the eye!" cried Dorn, seizing the hand of the unpractised dissembler, "Did you really draw no other name?"

"Ah, let me go!" she murmured, her confusion and maidenly timidity rendering her still more charming.

"You do not once ask what wish I have drawn!" said Dorn, holding up his note.

"Who knows whether you would tell me the truth," answered Faith.

"Have a care," cried Dorn. "The suspicion can only spring from a consciousness that you have deceived me; and that is not fair. I will set you an example of ingenuousness. You wished a poor mortal to choose among three daughters of heaven. Love, Hope, and Faith, were inscribed upon your three notes. My good genius helped me to the best choice. Love I had already deep in my heart, from the moment I first saw you; Hope visited me last evening; and I only lacked Faith in the certainty of my good fortune. I drew it with this note."

"A gallant officer well knows how to convert trifles into matters of importance," said the maiden, repelling the persevering youth. "I wrote the three names for you, merely in jest—Faith, Hope, and Charity—because they follow each other in the calendar."

"Only for that reason?" asked Dorn, in a tender tone, throwing his arms around her slender waist. Endeavouring to push him gently back with her right hand, she dropped a note, which Dorn caught up and read before she could hinder him.

"Victoria!" shouted he. "You have drawn my name, as I have drawn yours. Who can doubt now that we are destined for each other? Obey the friendly oracle, dear maiden, and become mine, as I am yours, in life and death."

He embraced the lovely creature more ardently, while she, no longer able to withstand the sollicita-

tions of the youth and the pleadings of her own heart, sank on his bosom, and exclaimed, in low accents—"Thine, for ever."—*Sunbeam.*

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heart felt revelry!
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blythe as voice of May,
Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy, like planet bright,
That smiles 'mid wreathes of dewy light,—
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of Love!

Now years have given to Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace;—
Though happy still—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness!
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe:
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.

When earth's affections nearly o'er
With Peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister Seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality.

Professor Wilson, born at Paisley, 1789.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC.—Towards the beginning of the last century, an actor celebrated for mimicry was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the Doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient; for since the actor's wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any possible chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the Doctor, "put up thy money; thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian returned to his employer, and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked, when the mimic told him, with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostrate his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.—*Thoughts on Laughter.*

HALLELUIAH TO THE FATHER.

GRAND SACRED CHORUS.

Maestoso.

f

Beethoven.

Musical score for "Halleluiah to the Father" featuring Tenor, Alto, Air, and Bass parts. The score is in common time (C) and begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah to the.

Fa - ther, and the Son, the Son of God, Hal - le - lu - iah to the

Fa - ther, and the Son, the Son of God, Hal - le - lu - iah to the

Allegro

Son the Son of God,

Son the Son of God, Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing

f

Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - ly

Choir in ho - - ly songs of joy; in ho - ly songs of joy; in ho - ly

f

Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - - - ly songs of
 songs of joy; in ho - ly songs of joy; in ho - ly songs, in songs of
 songs of joy.

f

Praise the

joy in ho - ly songs of joy, in ho - ly songs of
 joy Praise the Lord ye
 Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in
 Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - ly songs of

joy, in ho - ly songs of joy, in songs of joy; Praise tho
 e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - ly songs of joy;
 ho - ly songs of joy, in ho - ly songs of joy;
 joy, in ho - ly songs of joy, in songs of joy, Praise the Lord ye

Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir, Praise the Lord in songs of
 Praise the Lord, Praise - - the Lord - - in ho - - ly songs of
 Praiso the Lord in ho - ly songs in songs of
 e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - - - ly songs, in ho - - ly songs of

joy in ho - ly songs of joy. Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing
 joy. Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir, the
 joy in ho - ly songs of joy. Praise the

Choir, Praise the Lord in ho - ly songs of joy; Praiso
 Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - ly songs, in songs of joy;
 Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - ly songs of joy; Praise
 Praise the Lord ye e - ver - last - ing Choir in ho - ly songs - -

Praise the Lord in ho - ly ho - ly songs of joy.
 Praise the Lord in
 the Lord in ho - ly ho - ly songs of joy.
 the Lord in ho - ly

p
 Worlds un-born shall sing his glo - ry,
 Worlds un - born shall sing his glo - ry,
 Worlds un -
 Worlds un-born shall sing his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry sing his glo - ry,

cres. *ff*
 The ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed son of
 The ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed, the ex -
cres. *ff*
 born shall sing his glo - ry,
 The ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed Son of

ff

God, the Son of God, the Son of God.

ff

alt - ed Son of God, the Son of God.

ff *f*

God, the &c. Praise the

Praise the Lord, the

Lord in songs of joy, in songs of joy; Praise the Lord, the

Lord, Praise, Praise the Lord in songs of joy, in songs of

Praise the Lord in songs,

Lord, Praise the Lord in songs, in songs of

Praise the Lord in songs of joy,

p

joy, Worlds un - born shall sing his glo - ry,

p

Worlds un - born shall sing his

joy, Worlds un - born shall sing his glo - ry, the ex - alt - ed the ex -

p

cres.

The ex - alt - ed the ex - alt - ed

The ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed

Worlds un - born shall sing his glo - ry,

alt - ed, The ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed

the ex - alt - ed Son of God, the ex - alt - ed Son of

Son of God, the ex - alt - ed Son of God, the ex -

the ex - alt - ed Son of God, the ex - alt - ed Son of

ff *Piu Allegro*

God, the Son of God, the Son of God, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
ff alt - ed Son of God,
ff alt - ed Son of God, the Son of God, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
ff God, the Son of God,

Praise the Lord - - - in songs of joy, in songs of joy, in songs of joy.
 Praise the Lord - - - in songs of joy, in songs of joy, in songs of joy.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord - - - in songs of
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord - - - in songs of

pp *cres.*

joy, in songs of joy, in songs of joy. Praise the Lord in ho - ly songs, in ho - ly

pp *cres.*

joy, in songs of joy, in songs of joy. Praise the Lord in ho - ly songs, in ho - ly

f

songs; Praise the Lord in songs of joy; Praise the Lord, Praise the

f

songs; Praise the Lord in songs of joy; Praise the Lord, Praise the

Lord, in ho - ly songs of joy, in ho - ly songs of joy.

Lord, in ho - ly songs of joy, in ho - ly songs of joy.

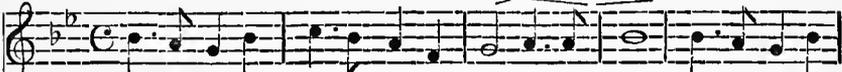
POOR MARY ANNE.

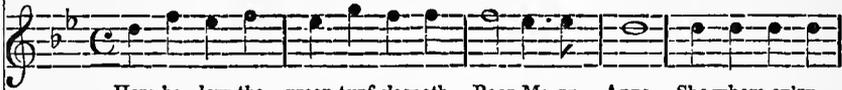
GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

[Harmonised for the "BRITISH MINSTREL" by J. Seligmann.]

Adagio et sempre pianissimo.

Welsh air—Ar hyd y nos.

TREBLE.  Here be - low the green turf sleepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. She whom ev'ry

TENOR.  Here be - low the green turf sleepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. She whom ev'ry

BASS.  Here be - low the green turf sleepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. She whom ev'ry

 maid-en weep-eth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. By her lov-er false-ly slighted,

 maid-en weepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. By her lov-er false-ly slighted,

 maid-en weepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. By her lov-er false-ly slighted,

 All her prospects ear-ly blighted, In the world no more de-lighted, Poor Ma-ry Anne.

 All her prospects ear-ly blighted, In the world no more de-lighted, Poor Ma-ry Anne.

 All her prospects ear-ly blighted, In the world no more de-lighted, Poor Ma-ry Anne.

Pale her cheek, where health and pleasure,
 Poor Mary Anne.
 Once bestowed their choicest treasure,
 Poor Mary Anne.
 By that brook her lover seeking,
 Oft she wander'd without speaking,
 Ah! too sure her heart was breaking,
 Poor Mary Anne.

As the lily bent by showers,
 Poor Mary Anne.
 Droop'd the pride of nature's flowers,
 Poor Mary Anne.
 Now beneath the green turf laying,
 Oft from yonder village straying,
 We lament this maiden, saying,
 Poor Mary Anne.

SIGNOR VELLUTI.

IN 1825, Signor Velluti arrived in London. Mr. Ayrton had previously heard much of an opera, 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' which had been received with enthusiasm at Venice, and at Florence. Having obtained a sight of the score, he determined if possible to bring it out; and the arrival of Velluti, for whom it was written, and who had performed the principal character in both the above cities, enabled him to carry his design into execution.* This celebrated singer was engaged for the latter half of the season, at a salary of six hundred pounds, and the curiosity excited by the announcement of a *Musico* was vivid in the extreme.

Thirty years had elapsed since a singer of this class had appeared at the King's Theatre. Very few were known to exist at the time, three of these, Mariano, Ferri, and Doboli, all of whom were resident at Rome, showed by their age the rarity of artists of the same description, none of them being less than fifty years old. A fourth, Reali, was much younger, his age being about twenty years. All these individuals were in actual practice, as singers, though less in the departments of the stage than at cathedrals, and other places for the exercise of sacred music. Another *musico*, Lorati, sang at Lisbon four or five years ago.

Velluti had commenced his career at the theatres about twenty years previously to his arrival in England, and had first appeared at Rome. At this city he soon grew into favour, and after performing under engagements at different places there, he accepted an engagement at Naples. After remaining at Naples some years, he went to Milan. Here he became acquainted with Rossini, and it was said that the manner in which he sang a cavatina in 'Aureliano in Palmyra,' operated in determining the composer's style. According to the report, Velluti added so many judicious ornaments to this cavatina, which was written with more simplicity than Rossini's subsequent compositions, that the latter, fearful that other singers, with less taste, might attempt similar liberties, resolved to fasten down the performer to the ideas of the composer, by expressing his music in so detailed a manner, as to leave no room for the introduction of graces by the singer. This anecdote is given on good authority, but seems hardly consistent with the dislike which Velluti is understood to entertain for the compositions of the Rossinian school.

At Milan, Velluti was the idol of the people; he was received *con furore*, and his fame spread on every side. A Milanese gentleman, who had a rich uncle, who was ill, met his friend in the street: "Where are you going?" "To the Scala, to be sure." "How! and your uncle at the point of death?" "Yes—but Velluti sings to-night."

At Vienna, the place of his next engagement, he was crowned, medallized, and recorded in immortal verse. From Vienna, his next remove was to Venice, where, I believe, he afterwards sang with Catalani. Velluti sang, at Verona, the cantata, 'Il vero Omaggio,' with wonderful success: everybody applauded, except an old Austrian officer, who thought

* Signor Velluti, however, much wished to make his debut in Morlacchi's opera, 'Teobaldo e Isolina,' from a persuasion that it was better calculated for this country, and endeavoured to bring over the director to his opinion: but Mr Ayrton's experience of the taste of the town led him to a very different conclusion, and the success of Meyerbeer's masterly and original work fully justified his decision.

nothing good out of Germany. "But is not this good?" they said to him: "Yes, it is good, but I know a man at Vienna that would sing it as loud again!" After going the tour of the principal Italian and German theatres, Velluti arrived at Paris, where the musical taste was not prepared for him. Rossini being at this time engaged at Paris, under his agreement to direct there, Velluti did not enter into his plans, and having made no engagement there, he came over to England, without any invitation, but strongly recommended by Lord Burghersh, and other people of distinction abroad. He brought letters to many persons of rank here, by all of whom he was noticed in the most handsome and flattering manner, and received most decided support from them on his *debut*.

The composer of 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' an amateur, was a native of Berlin, where his father, a Jew, who is since dead, was a banker of great riches. The father's name was Beer, Meyer-being merely a Jewish prefix, which the son thought proper to incorporate with his surname. He was the companion of Weber in his musical studies. He had produced other operas, which had been well received, but none of them was followed by, or merited the success that attended 'Il Crociato.'

Considerable preparations were made, and no little expense incurred, to bring forward this opera, which at Paris took nine months to get up. It was here accomplished in one. As Velluti had gone through all the labour of rehearsing, &c., at two theatres, and was, therefore, well acquainted with the composer's intentions, Mr. Ayrton left the getting up of the music almost wholly in his hands, and he exerted himself with the greatest zeal in producing it, in a manner worthy of the composer and of the country to which it was now to be first introduced. Mademoiselle Garcia, then a young singer, had a complete course of instructions from him on this occasion, to enable her to fill the part allotted to her, in a manner correspondent to his own. He also brought with him, from Florence, designs for the scenery, dresses, &c., not only of 'Il Crociato,' but also of 'Teobaldo e Isolina,' the opera in which he very much wished to make his first public appearance here.

The friends of Velluti did not fail to attend his debut. The Duke of Wellington, with a party who had dined at Apsley House, attended the Opera, as did most of the people of distinction in town. The old amateurs came to compare the new singer with those of their early recollections; and those who were of more recent date than the days of Pacchierotti and his contemporaries, came to hear so rare a novelty. Some came to oppose him, and some out of a feeling that he had been harshly treated by the press and by a portion of the public. Various motives conspired to draw together an overflowing house. But the event was left uninfluenced by any artificial means of securing applause.

Velluti's demeanour on entering the stage was at once graceful and dignified; he was in look and action the son of chivalry he represented. His appearance was received with mingled applause and disapprobation; but the scanty symptoms of the latter were instantly overwhelmed. Every one of the many who were there must remember the effect produced on the audience by the first notes he uttered. There was something of a preternatural harshness about them, which jarred even more strongly on the imagination than on the ear. But, as he proceeded, the sweetness and flexibility of those

of his tones which yet remained unimpaired by time, were fully perceived and felt.

The personal appearance of Velluti added much to the effect of his debut. He is tall and of a slender make, his countenance pale and suffused with a melancholy expression, which gives way, when the singer is excited, to one of vivid animation. Fraught by nature with excessive sensibility, his features speak every subtle shade of emotion by which the performer is supposed to be, and in Velluti's performances really is, actuated. With these expressive powers, there reigns, throughout all he does, a chaste and simple style, both in singing and acting, undestroyed by needless ornaments and misplaced efforts at display. Maintaining a true command over his powers, he rarely, if ever, lets them get the better of his discretion.

From what has been said, it may be concluded that Velluti's countenance is an interesting one; it is, indeed, so much so, that a late artist said, "that, without a single feature which one should select as beautiful, Velluti had the finest face he had ever seen."

The effect of Velluti's assistance in getting up the opera was fully manifest in the perfection of all the singers in their respective parts. Remorini, Curioni, Mademoiselle Garcia, excelled themselves, and Caradori exhibited a degree of excellence which even those who had best appreciated her powers had not anticipated. Her duet with Velluti, 'Il tenero affetto,' is well remembered, and with delight.

It was at Velluti's suggestion that I sent for Creveli, the tenor, who had sung here a few years before, to debut in 'Teobaldo e Isolina.' Velluti entertained a high opinion of that delightful singer, Miss Paton; he thought he had never heard a finer voice, and undertook that a two years' residence in Italy would qualify her to rank as *prima soprana*.

The favourable reception of Velluti on his first night completely put an end to any effective opposition; and the uneasiness he had sustained in consequence of the attacks made upon him, and to which his susceptible temperament rendered him peculiarly open, was compensated by the numerous testimonies he received, of support and regard. He received many handsome presents, not a few of which came anonymously, or under evidently assumed names. These marks of attention were encouraging to a man who had suffered no little from the exertions made to prevent his appearance.

It is agreeable to be able to say that, high as Velluti now stood with the public, his professional excellence fell short of the goodness of his private character. As a man of kind and benevolent disposition, and equally gentlemanly feeling and deportment, he is known to many who duly appreciate and respect him.

His private habits are of the most simple and inoffensive kind. In society he never fails to interest; and the apparent melancholy of his disposition is exchanged for a lively and almost playful exuberance of good humour—a feature of character not unusual with persons of much sensibility. Velluti is sparing in the pleasures of the table; a cup of coffee and a little dry toast form his breakfast, and his other meals are in proportion. His chief amusement is in billiard-playing, or whist, which, though no gamester, he is very fond of.—*Eber's Seven Years of the King's Theatre.*

CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

Look at those sleeping children!—softly tread,
Lest thou do mar their dream; and come not nigh
Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry,
"Tis morn, awake! awake!" Ah! they are dead!
Yet folded in each other's arms they lie—
So still—oh, look! so still and smilingly;
So breathing, and so beautiful they seem,
As if to die in youth were but to dream
Of springs and flowers!—of flowers? yet nearer
stand,—

There is a lily in one little hand,
Broken, but not faded yet,
As if it's cup with tears was wet!
So sleeps that child,—not faded, though in death;
And seeming still to hear her sister's breath,
As when she first did lay her head to rest
Gently on that sister's breast,
And kiss'd her ere she fell asleep!
Th' archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.

"Take up those flowers that fell
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
Your spirits rest in bliss!—
Yet ere with parting prayers we say
Farewell for ever! to the insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!"
Ah! 'tis cold marble! Artist, who has wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought?
Thine, CHANTREY, be the fame
That joins to immortality thy name.
For these sweet children that so sculptured rest,—
A sister's head upon a sister's breast,—
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay:
For here is no corruption,—the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form;
This smile of death that fades not, shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age!
Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument!
And fathers sigh, with half suspended breath,
"How sweetly sleep the innocent in death!"

—*William Lisle Bowles, born in the Village of King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, 24th Sept., 1762.*

ALBERT AUGUSTE ANDROT.

THIS composer was born at Paris, in the year 1781, and was admitted into the Conservatory of Music at fifteen years of age. In 1799, he obtained the prize for his exercises in harmony; and four years afterwards, when only twenty two years old, he gained the prize offered for the best specimen of composition. He was sent to Rome soon after, at the expense of the government, that he might finish his studies. So astonished and satisfied was the famous Gaglielmi with the extraordinary talents of young Androt, that during the first year of his studies in Rome, he imposed upon him the task of producing a requiem, and an ecclesiastical composition; the latter of which, performed during passion week, proved so fine, and excited such a degree of enthusiasm, that the composer was immediately engaged by the director of the first theatre at Rome, and by Gaglielmi himself, to compose the music for the grand opera for autumn. To this arduous undertaking, he sat down with such intense earnestness and incessant application, that by the time he had completed the last scene, nature sunk under the labour, he took to his bed, and on the 19th of

August, 1804, he expired, in his twenty-third year. In the following October, a *de profundis*, which he composed during his illness, was performed in honour of his memory, at the church of *San Lorenzo in Lucina*, at Rome. In like manner, the *Requiem* which Mozart composed, struggling against death, served to add sublimity to his funeral obsequies. Each of these distinguished masters may be said to have poured forth, like the swan, their funeral song with their dying breath.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Larghetto Expressivo.

Words by Mrs. Cockburn.

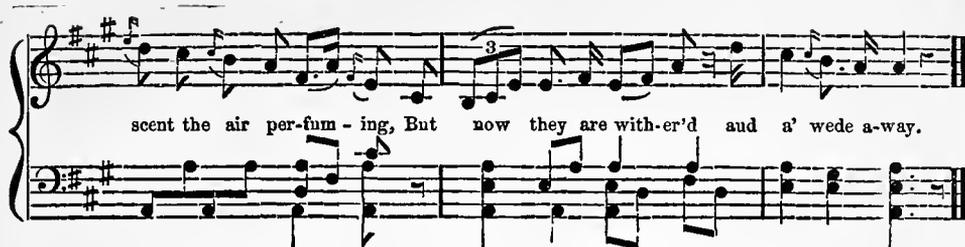
I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've

tast - ed her plea - sures and felt her de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing and

kind her ca - res - sing, But now they are fled fled far a - way,

I've seen the fo - rest a - dorn'd the fore - most, Wi' flowers o' the

fair - est baith pleas - ant and gay, Sae bon - ny was their bloom - ing, their



scent the air per-fum - ing, But now they are with-er'd and a' wede a-way.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

1ST SET, BY MISS JANE ELLIOT.

I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milking,
Lasses n-liltin' before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loanin'—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and grey;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks w' the lasses at bogle to play
But ilk ane sits dreary, lamentin' her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin'—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Sir Walter Scott says, of the "Flowers of the Forest," 1st set—These well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that the song was of modern date. Such evidence, however, he has been able to procure, having been favoured, through the kind intervention of Dr. Sommerville, (well known to the literary world as the historian of King William, &c.) with an authentic copy of the Flowers of the Forest.

From the same respectable authority, I am enabled to state, that the tune of the ballad is ancient, as well as the first and last lines of the first stanza—

I've heard the liltin' at our yewe milking.
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Some years after the song was composed, a lady who is now dead, repeated to the author another imperfect line of the original ballad, which presents a simple and affecting image to the mind, (as proceeding from the lips of a lady, who, according to the old Scottish fashion, had been accustomed to ride on the same horse with her husband)—

I ride single on my saddle,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The first of these trifling fragments joined to the remembrance of the fatal battle of Flodden, (in the calamities accompanying which, the inhabitants of Ettric Forest suffered a distinguished share), and to the present solitary and desolate appearance of the country, excited in the mind of the author, the ideas which she has expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness, which has seldom been equalled.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

"Miss Jane Elliot," authoress of the Flowers of the Forest, says Mr. Robert Chambers, "was the fourth child of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, who died in the office of Lord Justice-Clerk in the year 1766. She spent the latter part of her life chiefly in Edinburgh, where she mingled a good deal in the better sort of society. I have been told by one who was admitted in youth to the privileges of her conversation, that she was 'a remarkably agreeable old maiden lady, with a prodigious fund of Scottish anecdote, but did not appear to have ever been handsome.'

By 'The Forest,' in this song, and in ancient Scottish story, is not meant the forest, or the woods generally, but that district of Scotland, anciently and sometimes still, called by the name of THE FOREST. This district comprehended the whole of Selkirkshire, with a considerable portion of Peebles-shire, and even of Clydesdale. It was a favourite resort of the Scottish kings and nobles for hunting. The Forest boasted the best archers, and perhaps the finest men in Scotland. At the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, the men of the Forest were distinguished, we are told, from the other slain, by their superior stature and beauty.—*Scottish Songs, vol. 1.*

Regarding Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the 2d set of the Flowers of the Forest, (the one which we have united to the music), Mr. Chambers has the following note:—"She was the daughter of Mr. Rutherford of Fairnielee, in Roxburghshire, and the wife of Mr. Cockburn of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland at the time of the Union. She was a lady of the greatest private

worth, and much beloved by the numerous circle of acquaintance in which she spent the latter years of her life. I have been told of her, as a remarkable characteristic of her personal appearance, that, even when advanced to the age of eighty, she preserved to a hair the beautiful auburn or light-brown locks she had had in early youth. There actually was not a single grey hair in her head! She in a similar manner preserved all her early spirits, wit, and intelligence; and she might, altogether, be described as a woman of ten thousand." The song appeared in Herd's Collection 1776.—*Scottish Songs.*

Sir Walter Scott says of Mrs. Cockburn, that,

"even at an age advanced beyond the bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings, and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.

The verses were written at an early period of life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Etrick Forest."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

P E T E R W H I T E .

CATCH FOR 3 VOICES.

Vivace. *R. Brown, (1640.)*

Pe - ter White that never goes right, would you know the rea - son why - - would you

know the rea - son why - - he fol - lows his Nose wher - e - ver he goes and

That stands all a - wry, a - wry, And that stands all a - wry.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER OF THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

SCOTLAND has more reason to be proud of her peasant Poets than any other country in the world. She possesses a rich treasure of poetry, expressing the moral character of her population at very remote times; and in her national lyrics alone, so full of tenderness and truth, the heart of a simple, a wise, and thoughtful people is embalmed to us in imperishable beauty. If we knew nothing of the forefathers of our Scottish hamlets, but the pure and affectionate songs and ballads, the wild and pathetic airs of music which they loved, we should know enough to convince us that they were a race of men, strong, healthful, and happy, and dignified in the genial spirit of nature. The lower orders of the Scotch seem always to have had deeper, calmer, purer, and more reflecting affections, than those of any other people—and, at the same time, they have possessed, and do still possess, an imagination that broods over these affections with a constant delight, and kindles them into a strength and power, which, when brought into action by domestic or national trouble, have often been in good truth sublime.

Whatever may have been the causes of this fine character, in more remote times, it seems certain that, since the Reformation, it is to be attributed chiefly to the spirit of their religion. That spirit is per-

vading and profound; it blends intimately with all the relations of life,—and gives a quiet and settled permanency to feelings, which, among a population uninspired by a habitual reverence for high and holy things, are little better than the uncertain, fluctuating, and transitory impulses of temperament. It is thus that there is something sacred and sublime in the tranquillity of a Scottish cottage. The Sabbath-day seems to extend its influence over all the earth. The Bible lies from week's end to week's end visible before the eyes of all the inmates of the house; the language of Scripture is so familiar to the minds of the peasantry, that it is often adopted unconsciously in the conversation of common hours; in short, all the forms, modes, shews of life, in a great measure, are either moulded or coloured by religion.

All enlightened foreigners have been impressed with a sense of the grandeur of such national character, but they have failed in attributing it to the right cause. The blessings of education have indeed been widely diffused over Scotland, and her parish schools have conferred on her inestimable benefits. But there is such simplicity and depth of moral feeling and affection in her peasantry,—such power over their more agitating and tumultuous passions, which, without weakening their lawful energies, controls and subdues their rebellious excitement,—there is an imagination so purely and loftily exer-

cised over the objects of their human love, that we must look for the origin of such a character to a far higher source than the mere culture of the mind by means of a national and widely extended system of education. It is the habitual faith of the peasantry of this happy and beautiful land, "that has made them whole." The undecaying sanctities of religion have, like an unseen household deity, kept watch by their hearth-sides from generation to generation; and their belief in the Bible is connected with all that is holiest and dearest in filial and parental love. A common piece of wood, the meanest article of household furniture, is prized, when it is a relic of one tenderly beloved; but the peasant of Scotland has a relic of departed affection, that lifts his nature up to heaven, when he takes into his reverential hands,

"The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride."

None who have enjoyed the happiness and the benefit of an intimate knowledge of the peasantry of Scotland will think this picture of their character overdrawn or exaggerated. We are not speaking of defects, frailties, errors, and vices. But that the Scotch are a devout people, one day wisely passed in Scotland would carry conviction to a stranger's heart; and when it is considered how many noble and elevating feelings are included within the virtue of devotion—unfearing faith, submissive reverence, calm content, and unshaken love—we acknowledge, that a people, who, emphatically speaking, fear God, must possess within themselves the elements of all human virtue, happiness, and wisdom,—however much these may occasionally be weakened or polluted by the mournful necessities of life,—grief, ignorance, hard labour, penury, and disease.

It is the heart of the people, not merely their external character, of which we speak, though that too is beyond all comparison the most interesting and impressive of any nation of the world. It would require a long line of thought to fathom the depth of a grey-haired Scottish peasant's heart, who may have buried in the church-yard of his native village the partner of a long life, and the children that she had brought to bless it. Time wears not from his heart any impression that love has once graven there; it would seem, that the strength of affections relying on heaven when earth has lost all it valued, preserved old age from dotage and decay. If religion is most beautiful and lovely in the young, the happy, and the innocent, we must yet look for the consummation of its sublimity in the old, the repentant, the resigned, and both may be seen,

"In some small Kirk upon its sunny brae,
When Scotland lies asleep on the still Sabbath-day."

The Scottish peasantry are poetical, therefore, because they are religious. A heart that habitually cherishes religious feelings, cannot abide the thought of pure affections and pure delights passing utterly away, and would fain give a permanent existence to the fleeting shadows of earthly happiness. Its dreams are of heaven and eternity, and such dreams reflect back a hallowed light on earth and on time. We are ourselves willing, when our hour is come, to perish from the earth; but we wish our thoughts and feelings to live behind us; and we cannot endure the imagined sadness and silence of their extinction. Had a people no strong hope of the future, how could they deeply care for the past? Or rather, how could the past awaken any thoughts but those of despondency and despair? A religious people

traced constantly, as it were, on consecrated ground. It cannot be said that there is any death among them; for we cannot forget those whom we know we shall meet in heaven. But unless a people carry on their hopes and affections into an eternal future, there must be a deplorable oblivion of objects of affection vanished,—a still increasing

"————— Dearth
Of love upon a hopeless earth."

Religion, then, has made the people of Scotland thoughtful and poetical, therefore, in their intellects—simple and pure in their morals—tender and affectionate in their hearts. But when there is profound thought and awakened sensibility, imagination will not fail to reign; and if this be indeed the character of a whole people, and should they, moreover, be blessed with a beautiful country, and a free government, then those higher and purer feelings which, in less happy lands, are possessed only by the higher ranks of society, are brought into free play over all the bosom of society; and it may, without violence, be said, that a spirit of poetry breathes over all its valleys.

Of England, and of the character of her population, high and low, we think with exultation and with pride. Some virtues they, perhaps, possess in greater perfection than any other people. But we believe, that the most philosophical Englishmen acknowledge that there is a depth of moral and religious feeling in the peasantry of Scotland, not to be found among the best part of their own population. There cannot be said to be any poetry of the peasantry of England. We do not feel any consciousness of national prejudice, when we say, that a great poet could not be born among the English peasantry—bred among them—and restricted in his poetry to subjects belonging to themselves and their life.

There doubtless are among the peasantry of every truly noble nation, much to kindle the imagination and the fancy; but we believe that in no country but Scotland, does there exist a system of social and domestic life among that order of men, which combines within it almost all the finer and higher emotions of cultivated minds, with a simplicity and artlessness of character peculiar to persons of low estate. The fireside of an English cottager is often a scene of happiness and virtue; but unquestionably in reading the "Cottar's Saturday Night" of Burns, we feel, that, we are reading the records of a purer, simpler, and more pious race; and there is in that immortal poem, a depth of domestic joy—an intensity of the feeling of home—a presiding spirit of love—and a lofty enthusiasm of religion, which are all peculiarly Scottish, and beyond the pitch of mind of any other people.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WILHEM AND MAINZER'S SYSTEMS.

WERE it asked what is the difference between the systems of Mainzer and Wilhem, as adopted by Hullah, we would say that the systems themselves are the same, but the manner and order of teaching are different.

1. Wilhem has introduced a new Manual Alphabet of Music, in which the lines of the staff are represented by the five fingers, while the notation is performed by very ingenious manual signs. In this manner the pupils are taught to read and speak music by means of certain gestures of the body.—Mainzer uses the ordinary notation.

2. Wilhem, who employs the hands of the profes-

sor with the manual exercises, forbids the use of an instrument.—Mainzer recommends its use in order to tune the voice, to educate the ear, and to correct the natural and constant tendency of the voice to fall, while it also relieves the lungs of the teacher from an unnecessary strain.

3. Wilhem's exercises are chiefly and purposely mechanical and unmusical for the sake of dexterity.—Mainzer has given to all his exercises a charm which is quite fascinating; every little exercise has some musical idea in order to cultivate the taste, and to encourage the pupil.

4. Wilhem teaches the grammar of music from the very beginning.—Mainzer begins with only one

letter of the alphabet, and does not teach the grammar until his pupils have learned to read.

5. Wilhem introduces expedients which must afterwards be laid aside.—Mainzer introduces nothing but what will always be required.

6. Wilhem's elementary course consists of sixty lessons.—Mainzer's consists of only sixteen.

7. Wilhem uses the old analytical plan of instruction, classifying and arranging, coming downwards from the great to the small, as we would define for an encyclopædia.—Mainzer uses the synthetical plan, building and adding bit by bit, going upwards from the small to the great, as we would explain for a child.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

LET'S LIVE AND LET'S LOVE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

With Spirit.

Dr. Rogers.

Let's live and let's love, Let's laugh and let's sing, Whilst shrill e - choes

Let's live and let's love, Let's laugh and let's sing, Whilst shrill e - choes

repeat p. *f*

ring. Our hu-mours a - gree, From care we are free, And none are more

ring. Our hu-mours a - gree, From care we are free, And none are more

p

hap - py, more hap - py than we, And none are more hap - py, more hap - py than we.

hap - py, more hap - py than we, And none are more hap - py, more hap - py than we.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Words by Burns.

How plea - sant the banks of the clear wind - ing De - von, With green spreading bushes and

flow'rs blooming fair, But the bon - ni - est flow'r on the banks of the De - von, Was

once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr, Mild be the sun on this

sweet blush - ing flow - er, In the gay ro - sy morn as it bathes in the dew; And

gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal show - er, That steals on the ev'ning each leaf to re - new.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

No. 37.

Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

A SCENE FROM A SWEDISH NOVEL.

Rosenvik, 1st June, 18—. Here I am now, my dear Maria, under my own roof, at my own writing-table, and sitting by my own Bear. And who is Bear? you ask: who should it be but my own husband, whom I call Bear because the name suits him so well.

Here then I am, sitting by the window; the sun is setting; two swans swim in the lake and make furrows in its clear mirror; three cows, *my* cows, stand on the green shore, quite sleek and reflective, thinking certainly upon nothing. How handsome they are! Now comes the maid with her milk-pail; how rich and good is country-milk! but what, in fact, is not good in the country? air and rain, food and feeling, heaven and earth, all is fresh and animated.

But now I must conduct you into my dwelling—no, I will begin yet further off. There, on that hill, in *Smaaland*, several miles off, whence I first looked into the valley where *Rosenvik* lies, behold a dust-covered carriage, within which sits the Bear and his little wife. That little wife looks forth with curiosity, for before her lies a valley beautiful in the light of evening. Green woods stretch out below, and surround crystal lakes; corn-fields in silken waves encircle grey mountains, and white buildings gleam out with friendly aspects among the trees. Here and there, from the wood-covered heights, pillars of smoke ascend to the clear evening heaven; they might have been mistaken for volcanoes, but they were only peaceful *svedjen*.* Truly it was beautiful, and I was charmed; I bent myself forward, and was thinking on a certain happy natural family in *Paradise*, one Adam and Eve, when suddenly the Bear laid his great paws upon me, and held me so tight that I was nearly giving up the ghost, while he kissed me and besought me to find pleasure in what was here. I was the least in the world angry; but, as I knew the heart impulse of this embrace, I made myself tolerably contented.—Here, then, in this valley, lay my stationary home, here lived my new family, here lay *Rosenvik*, here should I and my husband live together. We descended the hill and the carriage rolled rapidly along the level road, while as we advanced he told whose property was this and whose was that, whether near or remote. All was to me like a dream, out of which I was suddenly awake by his saying with a peculiar accent, “Here lives *Ma chere mere*,” and at the same moment the carriage drove into a courtyard, and drew up at the door of a large handsome stone house.

“What, must we alight here?” I asked.

“Yes, my love,” was his reply.

This was to me by no means an agreeable surprise; I would much rather have gone on to my own house; much rather have made some preparation for this first meeting with my husband’s step-mother, of whom I stood in great awe from the anecdotes I had heard of her, and the respect her step-son had for her. This visit seemed to me quite *mal-a-propos*, but my husband had his own ideas, and as I glanced at him I saw that it was no time for opposition.

It was Sunday, and as the carriage drew up I heard the sound of a violin.

“Aha,” said *Lars Anders*, for such is my husband’s

christian name, “so much the better!” leaped heartily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages; he took my hand and led me up the steps, along the entrance-hall, and drew me towards the door, whence proceeded the sounds of music and dancing.

“Only see,” thought I, “how is it possible for me to dance in this costume.”

O if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and my bonnet, where at the very least I could just have seen myself in a looking-glass! “Now,” exclaimed I, in a kind of lively despair, “If you take me to a ball, you Bear, I’ll make you dance with me.”

“With a world of pleasure!” cried he, and in the same moment we two stood in the hall, when my terror was considerably abated by finding that the great room contained merely a number of cleanly dressed servants, men and women, who leapt about lustily with one another, and who were so occupied with their dancing as scarcely to perceive us. *Lars Anders* led me to the upper end of the room, where I saw sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, who was playing with remarkable fervour upon a violin, and beating time to her music with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap, which I may as well call a helmet, because this idea came into my head at the first glance; and after all I can find no better name for it. This was the *Generalin* (wife of the General) *Manfield*, step-mother of my husband, *Ma chere mere* of whom I had heard so much.

She turned instantly her large dark brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but with, at the same time, a happy and open countenance. I trembled a little, made a deep curtsy, and kissed her hand; in return she kissed my forehead, and for a moment looked on me so keenly as compelled me to cast down my eyes, whereupon she kissed me most cordially on mouth and forehead, and embraced me as warmly as her step-son. And now came his turn; he kissed her hand most reverentially, but she presented her cheek; they regarded each other with the most friendly expression of countenance, she saying in a loud manly voice the moment afterwards: “You are welcome, my dear friends; it is very handsome of you to come here to me before you have been to your own house; I thank you for it. I might, it is true, have received you better, if I could have made preparations: but at all events, this I know, that ‘a welcome is the best dish.’ I hope, my friends, that you will remain over the evening with me.”

My husband excused us, saying that we wished to reach home soon; that I was fatigued with the journey; but that we could not pass *Carlsfors* without paying our respects to *Ma chere mere*.

“Nay, good, good!” said she, apparently satisfied; “we will soon have more talk within, but first I must speak a few words with these people here. Listen, good friends!” and *Ma chere mere* struck the back of the violin with the bow till a general silence prevailed through the hall. “My children,” continued she in a solemn tone, “I have something to say to you,—the hangman! wilt thou not be quiet there below,—I have to tell you that my beloved son *Lars Anders Werner* takes home his wife, this *Franziska Buren* whom you see standing by his side. Marriages are determined in heaven, my children, and we will now pray heaven to bless its

* *Svedjen*, the burning of turf, &c., in the fields, used for dressing the land.

work in the persons of this couple. This evening we will drink together a skål to their well-being. So now you can dance, my children! Olof, come here and play thy very best."

While a murmur of exultation and good wishes ran through the assembly, Ma chere mere took me by the hand and led me, together with my husband, into another room, into which she ordered punch and glasses to be brought; then placing both her elbows firmly upon the table and supporting her chin on her closed fists, she looked at me with a gaze which was rather dark than friendly. Lars Anders, who saw that this review was rather embarrassing to me began to speak of the harvest, and other country affairs; Ma chere mere, however, sighed several times so deeply, that her sighs rather resembled groans, and then, as it were constraining herself, answered to his observations.

The punch came, and then filling the glass, she said, with earnestness in tone and countenance, "Son and son's wife, your health!"

After this she became more friendly, and said in a jesting tone, which by the bye suited her very well, "Lars Anders, I suppose we must not say 'you have bought the calf in the sack.' Your wife does not look amiss, and she 'has a pair of eyes fit to buy fish with.' She is little, very little, one must confess; but 'little and bold often push the great ones aside.'"

I laughed, Ma chere mere did the same, and I began to talk and act quite at my ease.

"Now fill your glasses, and come and drink with the people. Trouble man may keep to himself, but pleasure he must enjoy in company." We followed Ma chere mere, who had gone as herald into the dancing-room; they were all standing as we entered with filled glasses, and she spoke something after this manner: "One must never triumph before one is over the brook; but if people sail in the ship of matrimony with prudence and in the fear of God, there is a proverb which says 'well begun is half won,' and therefore, my friends, we will drink a skål to the new married couple whom you see before you, and wish, not only for them, but for those who come after them, that they may for ever have place in the garden of the Lord!"

"Skål! skål!" resounded on all sides. Lars Anders and I drank, and then went round and shook hands with so many people that my head was quite dizzy.

All this over, we prepared for our departure, and then came Ma chere mere to me on the steps with a packet, or rather a bundle in her hand, saying, in the most friendly manner, "Take these veal cutlets with you, children, for breakfast to-morrow morning. In a while you will fatten and eat your own veal; but daughter-in-law, don't forget one thing—let me have my napkin back again! Nay, you shall not carry it, dear child, you have quite enough to do with your bag (pirat) and your cloak. Lars Anders must carry the veal cutlets;" and then, as if he were a little boy still, she gave him the bundle and showed him how he must carry it, all which he did as she bade him, and still her last words were "Don't forget now, that I have my napkin back!"

I glanced full of amazement at my husband, but he only smiled and helped me into the carriage. As to the veal cutlets, I could not but rejoice over them, for I could not tell in what state I might find the provision-room at Rosenvik. Right glad also was I to arrive "at home," and to see a maid-servant and a ready prepared bed, for we had travelled

that day ten miles, (Swedish,) and I was greatly fatigued. I had slept a little on the quarter-of-a-mile way between Carlsons and Rosenvik, and the twilight had come on so rapidly that, as about eleven o'clock at night we arrived at home, I was unable to see what my Eden resembled. The house seemed, however, to me, somewhat grey and small in comparison of the one we had just left; but that was of no consequence, Lars Anders was so cordially kind, and I was so cordially sleepy. But all at once I was wide awake, for as I entered it seemed to me like a fairy tale. I stepped into a handsome well-lighted room, in the middle of which stood a nicely arranged tea table glittering with silver and china, whilst beside the tea-table stood the very neatest of maid-servants, in that pretty holiday dress which is peculiar to the peasant girls of this country.

I uttered an exclamation of delight, and all sleep at once was gone. In a quarter of an hour I was quite ready, and sat down as hostess at the tea-table, admiring the beautiful tablecloth, the tea-cups, the teapot, the teaspoons, upon which were engraved our joint initials, and served tea to my husband, who seemed happy to his heart's core.

And thus the morning and the evening were the first day.

The next morning when I opened my eyes, I saw that my Adam was directing his eyes with an expression of great devotion towards the window, where a ray of sunshine streamed in through a hole in the blue striped window curtains, whilst at the same time the mewling of a cat might be heard.

"My beloved husband!" began I solemnly, "I thank you for the beautiful music which you have prepared for my welcome. I conjecture you have a troop of country girls all dressed in white to scatter twigs of fir before my feet. I will soon be ready to receive them."

"I have arranged something much better than this old-fashioned pageantry," said he merrily. "In association with a great artist, I have prepared a panorama which will show you how it looks in Arabia Deserta. You need only to lift up these curtains."

You may imagine, Maria, that I was soon at the window,—with a sort of sacred awe drew aside the curtains. Ah, Maria! there lay before me, in the full glory of the morning, a crystal lake; green meadows, and groves lay around, and in the middle of the lake a small island, upon which grew a magnificent oak; over all the sun shone brightly, and all was so peaceful, so paradisiacal in its beauty, that I was enchanted, and for the first moment could not speak, I could only fold my hands whilst tears filled my eyes.

"May you be happy here!" whispered Lars Anders, and clasped me to his heart.—"I am happy, too happy!" said I, deeply moved, "and grateful."—"Do you see the island, that little Svano?" asked he, "I will row you often there on a summer's evening; we will take our evening meal with us, and eat it there."—"Why not breakfast?" inquired I, suddenly fired with the idea, "why not to-day, in this beautiful morning, go and drink our coffee? I will immediately."—"No, not this morning," interrupted he, laughing at my earnestness, "I must go into the city and visit my patients."—"Ah!" exclaimed I, in a tone of vexation, "what a thing it is that people cannot remain in health!"—"What then should I do?" asked he, in a sort of comic terror. "Row me over to the Svano," was my reply.—"I shall be back," said he, "for dinner about three o'clock, and

"then we can—that cursed hole there above," said he;
 "I could not have believed that the curtains had
 been so tor—"
 "That hole shall remain as long as I am here,"
 exclaimed I with enthusiasm, interrupting him;

"never would I forget that through that hole I first
 saw sunshine at Rosenvik!"—*The Neighbours, trans-
 lated from the Swedish of Frederika Bremer, by Mrs.
 Howitt.*

A B O A T, A B O A T.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

1st

2d

A boat, a boat, haste to the Fer-ry, For we'll go o-ver

3d

1st

to be mer-ry, To laugh and quaff and drink old Sher-ry.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we
 saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, characterless,
 uninscribed,"

And who shall write thine epitaph?—thou man
 Of mystery and might!—shall orphan hands
 Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?
 Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
 Channel it slowly in the sullen rock,
 As the keen torture of the water drop
 Doth wear the sentenc'd brain? shall countless
 ghosts
 Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame
 With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,
 Who sent them to their audit, unannealed,
 And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer
 Given at the cannon's mouth!

Thou, who didst sit

Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
 And hear the murmur of its conquered tribes,
 As chirp the weak-voic'd nations of the grass,
 Why art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,
 Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
 Descries 'mid ocean's foam?

Thou, who didst hew

Rough pathway for thy host, above the cloud,
 Guiding thy footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
 Of the thron'd Alps—why sleep'st thou thus un-
 mark'd
 Even by such slight memento as the hind
 Carves on his own coarse tombstone?

Bid the throng

Who pour'd thee incense as Olympian Jove,
 Breathing thy thunders on the battle field,
 Return, and deck thy monument. Those forms,
 O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter spread,
 From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
 Heed not thy clarion-call. Yet, should they rise,
 As in the vision that the prophet saw,

And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,
 Piling their pillar'd dust, as erst they gave
 Their souls for thee, might not the pale stars deem
 A second time the puny pride of man
 Did creep by stealth upon its Babel-stairs,
 To dwell with them? But, here unwept thou art,
 Like a dead lion in its thicket lair,
 With neither living man nor spectre lone
 To trace thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes

That served as playthings in thy desperate game
 Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd
 To pay thy reckoning, till gaunt famine fed
 Upon their vitals.

France! who gave so free

Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
 That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth—
 Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare;
 Thou, too, whose pride adorn'd dead Caesar's tomb
 And pour'd high requiem o'er the tyrant train
 That rul'd thee, to thy cost—lend us thine arts
 Of sculpture and of classic eloquence,
 To grace his obsequies—at whose dark frown
 Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
 Of mutilated kings, who gleaned their meat
 'Neath Agag's table, add the name of Rome.

—Turn, Austria! iron-brow'd and hard of heart,
 And on his monument, to whom thou gav'st
 In anger, battle, and in craft, a bride,
 Grave Austerlitz, and fiercely turn away.
 —Rouse Prussia from her trance, with Jena's
 name,

As the rein'd war-horse at the trumpet blast,
 And take her witness to that fame which soars
 O'er him of Maedon, and shames the vaunt
 Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades

Of letter'd ease, oh Germany! come forth,
 With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,
 Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
 Of deeper character than bold romance

Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,
 Or history trusted to her sibyl-leaves.
 —Hail, Lotus-crown'd! in thy green childhood
 fed
 By stiff-necked Pharaoh and the shepherd-kings,
 Hast thou no trait of him who drenched thy sands
 At Jaffa and at Aboukir? when the flight
 Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
 To the accusing Spirit?

Glorious Isle!

Whose thrice-enwreathed chain, Promethean like,
 Did bind him to the fatal rock—we ask
 Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
 —Ho! fur-clad Russia! with thy spear of frost,
 Or with the winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
 Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
 And give the last line of our epitaph.
 But there was silence. Not a sceptered hand
 Moved at the challenge.

From the misty deep,

Rise, island-spirits! like those sisters three
 Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life—
 Rise, on your coral pedestals, and write
 That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
 Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms,
 And cheered his exile with the name of king,
 And spread that curtain'd couch which none dis-
 turb;
 So, twine some bud of household tenderness,
 Some simple leaflet, damp with nature's dew,
 Around his urn.

But Corsica, who rock'd

His cradle at Ajaccio, turned away,
 And tiny Elba in the Tuscan Wave
 Plunged her slight annal, with the haste of fear;
 And lone Helena, sick at heart, and grey
 'Neath Ocean's bitter smittings, bade the moon
 With silent finger point the traveller's gaze
 To an unhonoured tomb.

Then Earth arose,

That blind, old Empress, on her crumbling throne,
 And to the echoed question, "*Who shall write
 Napoleon's epitaph?*" as one who broods
 O'er unforgiven injuries, answered—"NONE!"

Forget-me-not, 1841.

ON MUSICAL ACCENT.

UPON the divisions of Musical Accent proposed by J. J. ROUSSEAU, in his Dictionary, M. SOUARD has made the following observations:—ROUSSEAU speaks of a musical accent to which all others are subordinate, and which must be first consulted to give an agreeable melody to any air. It is singular that he does not at the same time give any definition of this accent which is so essential, nor any means of recognizing it and observing its rules. Let us try to supply this omission. We have asked several great composers, both national and foreign, what they understood by musical accent, and if the expression belonged to the language of the art. Some of them have answered that they could not attach any precise idea to it; others have explained it to us, but with very different acceptations. We have sought it in the best Italian works which have been written upon music; in those of ZARLINO, DONI, TARTINI, SACCHI, EXTREMO, &c., but have rarely found it employed except in opposite senses. We have,

therefore, concluded that it is not a technical expression, the sense of which may be determined and generally acknowledged by the learned and by artists. Meanwhile, it appears necessary, in many cases, to express very distinct and often essential effects. We will then endeavour to attach to this word a clear and precise idea, by tracing up its analogy to its primitive and grammatical signification: this is the only mode of avoiding the confusion and inaccuracy which are but too often introduced by the employment of words transferred from one art to another. Accent being, in discourse, a more marked modification of the voice, to give to the syllable over which it is placed a particular energy, either by force or duration of sound, as in the Italian and English languages; or by a perceptible, grave, or acute intonation, as in the Greek and Latin tongues; it needs only to apply to music the general ideas which this word presents in grammar. The musical accent then, will be a more marked energy attached to a particular note in the measure, the rhythm, or the phrase of the music, whether

First, In articulating this note more strongly, or with a gradual force.

Second, In giving it a greater duration in time.

Third, In detaching it from the others by a very distinct, grave, or acute intonation.

These different sorts of musical accent belong to pure melody; others may be drawn from harmony. We will explain as clearly and as succinctly as we can, the way in which we comprehend these different effects.

First. The first species is the essence of music, in all fixed and regular measures. Let us suppose four-and-twenty successive notes of equal value, following each other; if you sing them, or play them with an instrument, with an equal force of sound, as they have all an equal duration, you will only have a distinct succession of similar tones, but without any appearance of time: these will not make music. If you would wish to give them a fixed measure, you will be obliged to mark, by a more forcible articulation, the note which begins each bar: thus, if there be four-and-twenty crotchets, and you wish to give them a measure of four time, you will strike more strongly the first, the fifth, the ninth, &c. For the measure of three time, you will lean more forcibly upon the first, the fourth, the seventh, &c. For the measure of two, you will enforce every other note. This is what every singer and player would naturally do. The notes more forcibly pressed are the strong parts of the measure, and the others are the weak parts; in technical language, the perfect and imperfect times of the bar. In the measure of four time, there are two strong parts and two weak; for the third is marked less strongly than the first, but more so than the second and the fourth. Here is then a constant musical accent inherent in all pieces of measured music; for it ought to exist, although by the movement of the rhythm, or the effects of expression, this accent is contradicted or almost effaced by an accent of another kind.

Second. If in each bar, or in the two or three following bars, &c., the same note, or a longer note than the others, returns regularly at the same part of the bar, this note would be considered as a musical accent giving a particular effect to the melody.

Third. If, in the same way, at certain parts of the measure or the musical phrase, the melody be regularly raised or lowered by a marked interval, this intonation would also form a very distinct accent.

To these methods, drawn from melody, let us join those which harmony furnishes.

If the different instruments regularly strike more forcibly a certain part of the same bar, or musical phrase, or if a larger number of instruments unite to strike this same part, there will be an accent on this note; there will be one also upon the note which, at regular intervals, is struck by a marked dissonance, or by an abrupt passage of modulation.

All syncopated notes also form an accent. That part of the note which is necessarily enforced to mark the strong part, has a melodious accent; this accent may be strengthened by the change of the chord which takes place upon the second part of the note. These different examples of accent are susceptible of many gradations and combinations. It is sufficient for us to have indicated their principles.—*Encyclopædie Methodique.*

H U M M E L.

THE musical world has just lost a great genius; one of the stars of its firmament has fallen. Hummel, the great harmonist and improvisatore on the piano, is dead. He was, perhaps, one of the finest extempore performers in the world. When he sat down to the piano, he seemed to forget all that was around him, and passed into a new state of thoughts and things. He wandered away into a region of harmony, and poured out a crowd of the noblest conceptions of music. While his fingers were ranging over the keys, apparently by chance, yet directed by the finest and most habitual skill of science, he created brilliant passages, intricate figures, and daring eccentricities of composition, with the rapidity, richness, and ease of something little short of musical inspiration. Generally taking some simple movement for his theme, he first touched it with delicate and exquisite taste, then dashed off with a bolder outline, and after having fixed this in the mind of his hearers, filled it up with all that was fanciful, and all that was forcible in the resources of science. All this may sound extravagant to those who have never heard Hummel; those who have, will acknowledge that language borrowed from the sister art of painting, is almost the only one appli-

cable to the luxuriant and glowing variety of his powers. It is remarkable that his written compositions were less effective; they are solid, clear, and powerful; but they want the rapid fire and glittering novelty of his extempore performances. If Handel's mighty productions have been compared to the Gothic Cathedral, vast, solemn, and grand, and Haydn's to a Grecian Temple, pure and polished, and at once the work of science and simplicity, Hummel's extempore productions, when he was left free to follow his own thoughts with the piano before him, might be compared to the fantastic beauty of some of those edifices that we see reared upon the stage, formed of the slightest materials, yet picturesque, and though passing away from the eye, yet impressing the memory with a sense of combined elegance and splendour.

Hummel, from his earliest days, was destined for music. It is superfluous to say that he was made master of all the finer secrets of his profession, when we say that he was the pupil of Mozart. He performed, when but nine years of age, at his great master's concerts at Dresden; and when Germany lost that most delicious of all composers, Hummel had the honour of being appointed to direct the music performed at his obsequies. After making the round of Germany, he came to England many years since, and was received with great applause. After remaining in this country for some time, he returned to Germany, and devoted himself to composition. Music for the concert-room, the chapel, and the opera, was the fruit of his study. Four or five years since, he once more came to England, and was received with the homage due to a veteran whose fame had been established. But at this time a new school had been formed in Germany, and become popular in England. Rapidity of execution had superseded delicacy of taste; difficulty was mistaken for science, and extravagance for originality. Hummel was still admired; but younger rivals naturally carry off the honours of the old, among the fluctuating tastes of a singularly fluctuating people. After a residence of one or two years in London, where he gave occasional concerts, he retired to Weimar, where he died at the age of fifty-nine.—*Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1838.*

THE NIGHTINGALE.

CANZONET.

Andante.

Lord Mornington.

Sweet Bird! Sweet Bird that charm'st the hour of Eve, Still mind-ful

Sweet Bird! Sweet Bird that charm'st the hour of Eve, Still mind-ful

Sweet Bird that charm'st the hour the hour of Eve, Still mind-ful

of thy an-cient wrong, While list'ning fair - ies learn - - to grieve, to grieve, learn to

of thy an-cient wrong, While list'ning fair - ies learn - - to grieve, to grieve, learn to

While list'-ning fair - ies learn to grieve, learn to

grieve, And pay with tears thy plain-tive song ; And pay with tears thy plain - tive

grieve, And pay with tears thy plain-tive song ; And pay with tears thy plain - tive

song, What e - cho sweet these shades a - long - - a - long, shall kind - ly

song, What e - cho sweet these shades a - long,

What e - cho sweet these shades a - long, shall

bear shall kind - ly bear thy dis-tant strain, Where Laur-a while its sounds con-

shall kind - ly bear thy dis-tant strain, Where Laur-a while its sounds con-

kind - ly bear thy dis - tant strain,

p vey soft pi - ty for thy ten - der pain, *f* Ah! en - vied bird, shall bless shall
p vey soft pi - ty for thy ten - der pain, *f* Ah! en - vied bird, shall
p vey soft pi - ty for thy ten - der pain, *f* Ah! en - vied bird, shall

S *Affettuoso.* *p* bless thy lay; Sing on sweet bird the maid shall say, Cease cru - el maid the fays re -
p bless thy lay; Sing on sweet bird the maid shall say, Cease cru - el maid the fays re -
p bless thy lay; Sing on sweet bird the maid shall say, Cease cru - el maid the fays re -

turn, nor strains of near - er grief de - spise, E - cho a sad - der
 turn, nor strains of near - er grief de - spise, E - cho a sad - der
 turn, nor strains of near - er grief de - spise, E - cho a sad - der

f *p* *pp* *S*
 tale shall learn, thy po - et loves, and weeps, and dies.
f *p* *pp* *S*
 tale shall learn, thy po - et loves, and weeps, and dies.
f *p* *pp* *S*

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

TRIO.

Handel.

1st
SOPRANO

See the con-quer-ing He - ro comes, Sound the

2^d
SOPRANO.

See the con-quer-ing He - ro comes, Sound the

3^d
SOPRANO.

trm-pet beat the drums. Sports pre - pare and

trum-pet beat the drums. Sports pre - pare and

lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to - - - him sing. Sports pre-

lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to - - - him sing. Sports pre-

pare and lau - - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

pare and lau - - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

DUET.

1st SOPRANO.

See the god-like youth ad-vance, Breathe the

2d SOPRANO.

flutes and lead - - the dance. Myr - - tle wreaths and ro - ses

twine, To deck - - the He-ro's brow - di - vine; Myr - tle wreaths and

ro - ses twine, To deck the He-ro's brow di - vine.

ro - ses twine, To deck the He-ro's brow di - vine.

FULL CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

See the conqu'ring He - ro comes, Sound the

ALTO.

TENOR.

See the conqu'ring He - ro comes, Sound the

BASS.

trum-pet beat the drums. Sports pre-pare and lau - rel bring,

trum-pet beat the drums. Sports pre-pare and lau - rel bring,

Songs of tri-umph to - - - him sing; See the con-qu'ring

Songs of tri-umph to - - - him sing; See the con-qu'ring

He - - ro comes, Sound the trum - pet beat the drums.

He - - ro comes, Sound the trum - pet beat the drums.

EARLY DEVELOPEMENT OF MUSICAL GENIUS.

Music, in its highest degrees of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "unprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Enlenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articulated to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the Opera House, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night; for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The latter, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of these proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle; from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody play on the harpsichord; and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavour to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clarichord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject Mr. Hogarth, in his highly popular History of Music, has the following sensible observation. "A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn something of these arts,

is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from graver pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing on it every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's great contemporary John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clarichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardour of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that, by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a piano-forte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labour, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously: and the minuets and little move-

ment, which he composed from the age of four till seven, are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr Barrington, his favourite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," the score of which contained five hundred and fifty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers it was never represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, *Offertorium*, &c., the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church: and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems so beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well-known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storce, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shown to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom any thing wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to *Don Giovanni* was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written

down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follow:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand: his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete it in all its parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed it to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to *Don Giovanni* existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend, gives the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual bearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget: and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavour to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from con-

tinuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him: he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents; afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which in the ardour of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honour to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece

of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn also was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was engaged in composing the Creation," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and that the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.—*Chambers's Journal.*

TO WINTER.

Thou of the snowy vest and hoary hair,
 With icicles down-hanging, Winter hail!
 Not mine at thy authority to rail:
 To eall thee stern, bleak, comfortless, and bare,
 As though thou wert twin-brother of Despair:
 Rather shall praises in my song prevail;
 Praises of Him who gives us to inhale
 The freshness of the uninfected air.
 So long as I behold the clear blue sky,
 The carol of the robin red-breast hear,
 Along the frozen waters seem to fly
 Or, softly cushion'd while the fire burns clear
 Bask in the light of a beloved eye;
 So long shall Winter to my soul be dear.

TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

Andantino Grazioso.

Wm. Shield.

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain, Or while there's wa-ter in the

path-less main. Tell her I'll love her 'till this life is o'er, And

then my soul shall vi - sit this sweet shore, Tell her I'll love her 'till this



life is o'er, And then my soul shall visit shall vi - sit this sweet shore.

2d verse.



Tell her I on - ly ask she'll think of me, I'll love her while there's



salt with - in the sea, Tell her all this, tell it, tell it o'er and o'er, I'll



love her while there's salt with - in the sea; Tell her all this, tell it

Ad. lib.



tell it o'er and o'er, The anchor's weigh'd, Or I would tell her more.

THE WAITS.

WE have seen "the latter end of a sea-coal fire"—Dame Quickly's notion of the perfection of enjoyment. The snow lies hard upon the ground—icy. The noise of the streets is almost hushed, save that the cabman's whip is occasionally heard urging his jaded horse over the slippery causeway. We creep to bed, and, looking out into the cold, as if to give us a greater feeling of comfort in the warmth within, see the gas-lights shining upon the bright pavement, and, perhaps, give one sigh for poor wretched humanity as some shivering wanderer creeps along to no home, or some one of the most wretched nestles in a sheltering doorway to be questioned or disturbed by the inflexible police watcher. It is long past midnight. We are soon in our first sleep; and the dream comes which is to throw its veil over the realities of the day struggle through which we have passed. The dream gradually slides into a vague sense of delight. We lie in a pleasant sunshine, by some gushing spring; or the never-ceasing murmur of leafy woods is around us; or there is a harmony of birds in the air, a chorus, and not a song; or some sound of instrumental melody is in the distance, some faintly remembered air of our childhood that comes unbidden into the mind, more lovely in its indistinctness. Gradually the plash of dripping

waters, and the whispering of the breeze among the leaves, and the song of birds, and the hum of many instruments, blend into one more definite harmony, and we recognise the tune, which is familiar to us,—for we are waking. And then we hear real music, soft and distant; and we listen, and the notes can be followed; and presently the sound is almost under our window; and we fancy we never heard sweeter strains; and we recollect, during these tender, and, perhaps, solemn chords, the homied words, themselves music,—

"Soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

But anon, interposes some discordant jig; and then we know that we have been awakened by the WAITS.

In the times when minstrelsy was not quite so much a matter of sixpences as in these days, there were enthusiastic people who made the watches of the night melodious, even though snow was upon the ground; and there were good prosaic people who abused them then as much as the poor Waits sometimes get abused now. These were the days of serenaders, and England, despite of its climate, was once a serenading country. Old Alexander Barclay, in his 'Ship of Fools,' published in 1508,

describes to us "the vagabonds" whose enormity is so great,

"That by no means can they abide, ne dwell,
Within their houses, but out they need must go;
More wildly wandering than either buck or doe,—
Some with their harps, another with their lute,
Another with his bagpipe, or a foolish flute."

But he is especially wroth against the winter minstrels:—

"But yet moreover these fools are so unwise,
That in cold winter they use the same madness;
When all the houses are lade with snow and ice,
O, madmen amased, unstable, and witless!
What pleasure take you in this your foolishness?
What joy have ye to wander thus by night,
Save that ill doers alway hate the light?"

The "fools" had the uncommon folly to do all this for nothing. But in a century the aspect of things was changed. The "madmen" divided themselves into sects—those who paid, and those who received pay; and the more sensible class came to be called *Waits*—literally, *Watchers*. If we may judge from the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher ('The Captain,' Act ii., Sc. 2), the performances of the unpaid were not entirely welcome to delicate ears:—

"*Fab.* The touch is excellent; let's be attentive.

Jac. Hark! are the WAITS abroad?

Fab. Be softer, prithee;
'Tis private music.

Jac. What a din it makes!
I'd rather hear a Jew's trump than these lutes;
They cry like school-boys."

The *Waits*, according to the same authority, had their dwellings in the land of play-houses and bear-gardens, and other nuisances of the sober citizens; and they were not more remarkable than the "private music" for the charms of their serenadings:—

"*Citizen.* Ay, Ned, but this is scurvy music! I think he has got me the *Waits* of Southwark."

The *Waits* had, however, been long before a part of city pageantry. But as the age grew more literal and mechanical,—as music went out with poetry, when the cultivation of what was somewhat too emphatically called the useful became the fashion,—the *Waits* lost their metropolitan honours and abiding-place; and came at last to be only heard at Christmas. They retired into the country. The last trace we can find of them, as folks for all weathers, is at Nottingham, in 1710. The 'Tatler,' (No. 222) thus writes:—

"Whereas, by letters from Nottingham, we have advice that the young ladies of that place complain for want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers, who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent city with violins and bass-voils, between the hours of twelve and four in the morning." Isaac Bickerstaff adds, that the same evil has been complained of "in most of the polite towns of this island." The cause of the nuisance he ascribes to the influence of the tender passion. "For as the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation who does not make love with the *Town Music*. The *Waits* often help him through his courtship." The censor concludes, "that a man might as well serenade through Greenland as in our region." But he gives a more sensible reason for the actual decay of serenading, and its unsuitableness to England. "In Italy," he says, "nothing is more frequent than to hear a cobbler working to an opera tune; but, on the contrary, our honest countrymen have so little

an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing till they are drunk." It is strange that a century should have made such a difference in the manners of England. In Elizabeth's reign we were a musical people; in Anne's a drunken people. Moralists and legislators had chased away the lute, but they left the gin; and so madrigals were thrust out by tipsy derry-downs, and the serenader became a midnight bully.

The *Waits* are a relic of the old musical times of England; and let us cherish them, as the frosted bud of a beautiful flower than has yet life in it—*Penny Magazine*.

DR. ARNE.

It is a curious fact, that Dr. Arne, the father of a style in music, more natural and unaffected, more truly English, than that of any other master, should have been the first to desert the native simplicity of his country, and to aid in adulterating his native music by an admixture of foreign frippery and conceit.

It was the foreign style which he introduced on the British stage in the music of *Artaxerxes*, and its introduction of the talents of Signor Tenducci and Signor Peretti, that drew from the satiric muse of Churchhill, the following lines, which may have, for the purpose of poetical adornment, artfully exaggerated faults; or, in the eagerness to censure objectionable parts, illiberally overlooked immensity of undeniable merit:—

"Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out, as Murphy deals out wit;
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach, e'en Brent, a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;
The boasted work's called national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollute the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour the enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes, while Beard and Vincent sing.
—*Rosciad*."

WASTE ENTHUSIASM.—The national theatre was opened for the first time since the insurrection. The audience was immense. At the sight of the Polish and Lithuanian banners, the enthusiasm was unbounded. They were hailed as a symbol of the Dictatorship, promising the re-union of the sister countries. The performers clustering round them, chanted a solemn national hymn. The public joined in the chorus, and sang with the performers the concluding words of the strophe—"To arms, Poles!" A patriotic play long since prohibited, "The Cracovians and Highlanders," followed; after which the orchestra revived the hitherto forgotten melodies, the stately polonaise of Kosciuszko, the solemn march of Dombrowski, and the famous mazourka of the Polish legions in Italy. Just then the curtain fell, and the performers advancing to dance the mazourka, the sight inspired the pit, and in an instant every body joined. All distinctions were laid aside; patriotism equalised all. Two grave senators gave the example; and officers, soldiers, ensigns, academical guards, professors, deputies, high-bred ladies, all partook in the rejoicing, continuing the air with their voices, when the orchestra gave over from fatigue. With such expansion of feeling did the citizens of Warsaw welcome the Dictatorship.

S H E ' S F A I R A N D F A U S E .

*Burns.**Andante Expressivo.*

She'a fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mie-kle and

lang, She'a bro-ken her vow, she'a bro-ken my heart, And I may e'en gae

hang. A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear, And I hae tint my

dear-est dear, But wo-man is but ward's gear, Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Wha'er ye be that woman love,
 To this he never blind;
 Nae ferlie 'tis, tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman hast by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman fair,
 An angel form's faun to thy share:
 'Twould been o'er miekle to 've gi'en thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

This, beyond doubt, is one of the most successful songs in the language; the severe and cutting satire it contains, cannot be matched in the entire mass of lyrical poetry in which Scotland is so rich. We can scarcely believe it possible that the idea of this song could have suggested itself to the mind of Burns, without some

sufficiently powerful motive; for, in perusing his other songs, we are struck with the warmth of his language while addressing "Woman, God's most perfect work." And the chivalrous and romantic fervour displayed in his other songs, makes this one stand out as the solitary example of Burns's unprovoked spleen. Be that as it may, no fair dame has claimed for herself the unenviable honour of being the "Fair and Fause." The air is old—and one of the most beautiful of Scottish minor airs, breathing forth the very soul of pathos. We are not aware at present whether Burns wrote this song to the air. If he did so, with reverence to his immortal genius, we would say that they are not suited to each other. But woe be to him who, with sacrilegious hand, would divorce them.—ED. B. M.

WHEN WINDS BREATHE SOFT.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Andantino.

Webbe.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASS.

When winds breathe soft

When winds breathe soft

a - long the si - lent

soft . . . a - long . . . the si - lent deep, a - long the si - lent

When winds breathe soft . . . a - long the si - lent deep, a - long the si - lent

a - long the si - lent

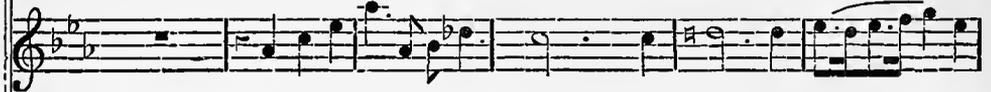
a - long the si - lent

deep, a - long the si - lent deep, the waters curl, the
 deep, the si - lent deep - - - the wa-ters
 deep, the si - lent deep, the wa - ters curl,
 deep the si - - - lent deep - - - - -
 deep the si - lent deep - - - - - the

Dim. peaceful bil-lows sleep, the bil-lows sleep - - *Moderato.*
 curl, *Dim.* the peaceful bil-lows sleep - -
 the peaceful bil - lows sleep - - - *f* A stron-ger
 the peaceful *Dim.* bil-lows sleep - - - - -
 peaceful billows sleep - - - - -



A stronger stronger gale . . . the troubled wave a-wakes . . .



A stronger gale the troubled wave a - wakes, the sur - - - face



gale the troubled wave awakes, a - wakes,



the sur-face roughens the o - ceau



A stronger gale the troubled wave a - wakes and the o - ceau



. the surface roughens and the ocean shakes,



roughens and the o - ceau shakes, the o - ceau shakes,



the sur-face roughens the o - ceau shakes, the surface



shakes the o - ceau shakes



shakes, the o - ceau shakes, the o - ceau shakes,

the ocean shakes, the ocean shakes,
 the ocean shakes - - - the ocean shakes - - -
 roughens and the ocean shakes, shakes more dread - ful, Still when fu - rious
 the ocean shakes - - - the ocean shakes - - - more
 the ocean shakes - - - the ocean shakes,

the ocean shakes - - - more dread - ful, Still when furious storms a -
 more dread - ful, more dreadful, Still when furious storms a - rise,
 storms a - rise when furious storms a - rise, when furious storms a - rise the
 dread - ful, still more dreadful, Still when fu - rious storms a-rise,
 more dread - ful, Still when furious storms a - rise the

rise the mounting bil-lows bel-low to the skies,
 the mounting bil - lows bel-low to the skies, the tott'ring
 mount - ing bil - lows bellow to the skies.
 the mounting bil - lows bellow to the skies - - on li-quad rocks the tott'ring
 mount - ing bil-lows bellow to the skies - - on li-quad rocks the

unnumber'd surg-es lash the foam-ing coast, un-number'd
 ves - sel's toss'd, unnumber'd surg-es lash the foam-ing coast, un-number'd
 un - num - ber'd surg-es lash the foaming coast, un-number'd
 ves - sel's toss'd, unnumbered surg-es lash the foam-ing coast, un - num - ber'd
 tott'ring vessel's toss'd, unnumber'd surg-es lash the foam-ing coast, un-number'd

surges lash the foaming coast, the rag-ing waves ex-cit-ed by the blast,

surges lash the foaming coast, the rag - ing waves, the rag - ing waves ex-cit-

surges lash the foaming coast, the rag - ing waves ex - cit-ed by the blast,

surges lash the foaming coast, the rag - ing waves ex - cit-ed by the blast,

surges lash the foaming coast, the rag - - ing waves ex-cit - - ed by the blast,

whiten with wrath, whit-en with wrath and split the stur-dy mast,

- - - - ted by the blast, whit-en with wrath and split the stur-dy mast,

whiten with wrath - - - - and split the stur-dy mast,

whiten with wrath - - - - and split the stur-dy mast,

whiten with wrath - - - - and split the stur-dy mast,

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND

Larghetto.

Split the stur-dy mast.

Split the stur-dy mast. and

Split the stur-dy mast. When in an in-stant, He who rules the Floods, Earth, Air, and

Split the stur-dy mast. Air, and

Split the stur-dy mast. When in an in-stant, He who rules the Floods, Earth, Air, and

Je - ho - vah - God of Gods.

Fire, Je - ho - vah - God of Gods in pleasing ac-cents speaks his sov'reign will his so-v'reign

Je - ho - vah - God of Gods.

Fire, Je - ho - vah - God of Gods. in pleasing accents speak his sov'reign

Fire, Je - ho - vah - God of Gods.

p *Andante*

and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still be still - - - Hush'd, hush'd,

will, and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still be still - - - Hush'd, hush'd,

and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still - - -

will, and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still - - - be still

and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still - - - be stili

hush'd are the winds, hush'd, hush'd, hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to

hush'd are the winds, hush'd, hush'd, hush'd are the winds, the wa-ters cease to roar - -

Allegretto

roar, safe are the seas and si-lent as the shore. Now say what joy e-lates

safe are the seas and si-lent, si-lent as the shore. Now say what joy - - e -

safe are the seas and si-lent, as the shore. Now say what joy - - e -

Now say what joy - - e -

Now say what joy - - e -

- - - the sailor's breast, with prosp'rous gale so un-expect-ed blest, what ease what

lates the sailor's breast, with prosp'rous gale so un-ex-pect-ed blest, what ease what

lates the sailor's breast, with prosp'rous gale so un-ex-pect-ed blest, what ease what

lates the sailor's breast, with prosp'rous gale so un - - ex-pect-ed blest, what ease what

lates the sailor's breast, with prosp'rous gale so un-ex-pect-ed blest, what ease what

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea serene,

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea serene,

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea serene, for

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea serene, for

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea serene,

for ev' - ry plaint we

for ev' - ry plaint we

ev' - ry plaint we near a joy - ful strain, we

ev' - ry plaint - - we hear - - a joy - ful strain, for ev' - ry plaint we

for ev' - ry plaint we

bear a joy-ful strain to Him whose pow'r unbounded rules the main, whose pow'r un-
 hear a joy-ful strain to Him whose pow'r un-bounded rules the main, whose pow'r un-
 hear a joy-ful strain to Him whose pow'r unbounded rules the main, whose pow'r un-
 hear a joy-ful strain to Him whose pow'r un-bounded rules the main, whose pow'r un-
 hear a joy-ful strain to Him whose pow'r un-bounded rules the main, to Him

Largo

bounded un-bounded to Him whose pow'r un-bound-ed rules the main.
 bounded whose pow'r unbounded to Him whose pow'r un-bound-ed rules the main.
 bounded whose pow'r unbounded to Him whose pow'r un-bound-ed rules the main.
 bounded to Him whose pow'r un-bounded to Him whose pow'r whose pow'r unbounded rules the main.
 whose pow'r unbounded to Him whose pow'r un-bound-ed rules the main.

O! BOTHWELL BANK.

Words by Pinkerton.

John Ferguson.

Slow with great feeling.

O! Both-well bank thou bloom-est fair, But oh! thou mak'st my heart fu'

sair; For a' be - neath thy woods sæ green, My love and I would sit at

e'en, While dai - sies and prim - ro - ses mix'd Wi' blue bells in my locks he

fix'd. O Both-well bank thou bloom est fair, But oh! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

Sad he left me æ dreary day,
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
 Without æ sigh his death to moan,
 Without æ flow'r his grave to crown.
 O whither is my lover gone,
 Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return.
 O! Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair,
 Ent, oh! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

In proof of the antiquity of at least the air to which this song is sung, and of its beautiful *overword*, or burden, a story has been quoted from a work entitled "Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," which was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605. In journeying through Palestine, at some period even then remote, a Scotsman saw a female at the door of a

house, lulling her child to the air of Bothwell Bank. Surprise and rapture took simultaneous possession of his breast, and he immediately accosted the fair singer. She turned out to be a native of Scotland, who, having wandered thither, was married to a Turk of rank, and who still, though far removed from her native land, frequently reverted to it in thought, and occasionally called up its image by chanting the ditties in which its banks and braes, its woods and streams, were so freshly and so endearingly delineated. She introduced the traveller to her husband, whose influence in the country was eventually of much service to him; an advantage which he could never have enjoyed, had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate.

—Chambers's *Scottish Songs*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *British Minstrel*.

Sir,—In Part 6 of the "*Minstrel*," you gave insertion to a newspaper paragraph, describing a new musical instrument, named the *EUPHONICON*, and which was then exhibiting in the warehouse of Messrs. Beale & Co., London. The instrument so noticed must be a vast improvement upon the ordinary Piano Forte—and I have not the least doubt, that if it comes up in all respects to the description given of it, it will meet, and deservedly, with most extensive patronage.

The object, however, of this letter, is to show, that you, as well as the whole newspaper press, have, while making known the merits of the above named "*Euphonicon*," been as widely injuring a highly talented and unassuming individual, who, so long ago as the month of March of the year 1838, advertised and exhibited, in the Monteith Rooms, Buchanan Street, (Glasgow), an instrument of the same name.

This was at a public Concert, got up for the express purpose of letting its powers be known. Mr. Nixon, some time organist, Portuguese Chapel, London, performed on the "*Euphonicon*" on that occasion, and expressed himself highly pleased with the quality, purity, and quantity of its tone.

This instrument then, named the "*Euphonicon*," is not larger than a *Piccolo Piano Forte*, has a clavier, with the usual register of six octaves, and comprises besides, the diapason; principal; twelfth; fifteenth; and trumpet. This instrument is not of the Harpsichord or Piano Forte kind, but is a wind instrument, the bellows of which is wrought by the right foot, while there is a pedal swell under the left foot, as in chamber organs.

The inventor of this "*Euphonicon*" is Mr. Duncan Campbell, residing at No. 2, Guildry Court, East Clyde Street, Glasgow, who, since the period above named, has made several instruments on the same plan, and with improvements, but still with the same name. The last public occasion on which I had the pleasure of hearing it, was in the month of August, 1842, at the consecration of St. Mary's, (the new) Catholic Chapel, when Mr. Andrew Thomson, conductor, performed on it as a substitute for a church organ; and I believe that every one who then heard its exquisite and powerful tones, would have been surprised, had they seen the Lilliputian instrument from which they emanated.

Allow me to repeat, that Mr. Campbell's *Euphonicon* was first advertised and publicly exhibited in the month of March 1838, and was spoken of in musical circles by that name for two years previously, so that Mr. Campbell is entitled to the exclusive use of the name, unless, indeed, the inventor of the

instrument in the possession of Messrs. Beale & Co., can prove that his was *publicly named* prior to the date above specified. I am aware that Mr. Campbell's instrument is constructed on altogether a different principle from that of Messrs. Beale & Co., but it is of importance to the inventors of both instruments, and to the public also, that there should be a perfect understanding in this matter; for, though I write merely about the name, it is of more than merely a nominal importance; as, suppose a case which might readily occur—an individual sends his order to a musical warehouse, requesting an *Euphonicon*, now, in such a case, Mr. Campbell's might be the *Euphonicon* meant, while Messrs. Beale & Co.'s was forwarded, and *vice versa*.

I therefore request the insertion of this letter, that in case it should come to the hands of the inventor of the new "*stringed Euphonicon*," or the Messrs. Beale & Co., they may see that they have been anticipated in the name *Euphonicon*.—I am, Sir yours, &c.

INSPECTOR.

Glasgow, 9th January, 1843.

JAMIE GOURLAY,

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Saw ye e'er that funny carle,
Auld Jamie Gourlay;
His like is no in a' the warl',
Queer Jamie Gourlay;
He danc'd, he fiddl't, wove, an' sang,
About his brain some bump was wrang,
For he'd no crack o' ae thing lang,
Auld Jamie Gourlay.

In youth he was a weaver gude,
Blythe Jamie Gourlay;
Ere hate o' heddles fir'd his blude,
T'wochtless Jamie Gourlay;
He drave the spule to win his bread,
Ere Cotillons ran in his head,
Or took to dancin' in its stead—
Droll Jamie Gourlay.

He coost aside the whuppin' pin,
Senseless Jamie Gourlay;
To deave folk wi' his fiddle's din,
Menseless Jamie Gourlay;
Then learnt ilk Jig an' Country dance,
An' Minuet sprit new frae France;
Syne taught young sprigs to kick an' prance,
Light-heel'd Jamie Gourlay.

Mang a' this misbeha'den part,
O' silly Jamie Gourlay;
The dancin' bodie had a heart,
Speak truth o' Jamie Gourlay;
He fell in love wi' *Lady Bess*,
Wi' store o' gowd, an' heart o' brass,*
Syne Jamie's heart was broke, alas!
For trustfu' Jamie Gourlay.

* The heart of brass lay not in the bosom of the lady, but in the carcase of her father. The line is obustinate and will not leave its place.—*Vide note accompanying*.

His heart was broke, an' reason tint,
 Wae's me for Jamie Gourlay;
 He spoke, and few keu'd what he meant,
 Wanderin' Jamie Gourlay;
 An' aye his words were, "Beauty's Queen,"
 An' "Guess ye wha I met yestreen?"
 While tears ran het frae baith the e'en
 O' waefu' Jamie Gourlay.

He gaed about frae town to town,
 Restless Jamie Gourlay;
 Withouten guide, save God aboon,
 Wha watch'd o'er Jamie Gourlay;
 But here a change comes o'er my sang,
 Law winks; while Justice ca's it wrang,
 An' Pity blames the mad pressgang
 Wha kidnapp'd Jamie Gourlay.

Thae ruthless reivers tore awa'
 Silly Jamie Gourlay,
 Frac hame, frae sweetheart, friends an' a',
 Forgott'n Jamie Gourlay,
 An' mony a weary day was he
 Toss'd here an' there upo' the sea,
 While no ae tear bedimm'd the e'e
 O' daft Jamie Gourlay.

No! Tears the balm o' hearts distress'd
 Foorsook puir Jamie Gourlay;
 Sair grief dwelt deep within the breast
 O' wilfu' Jamie Gourlay,
 For aye, whatever wad betide,
 The bodie aye seem'd fou' o' pride,
 An' mannder'd o' his "Bonnie Bride,"
 A' leuch at Jamie Gourlay.

An' monie a comic prank was play'd
 By sailor Jamie Gourlay,
 Whilk mair o' whim, than ill betray'd
 In Cook's mate Jamie Gourlay,
 Until cam' round the joyous time
 To a' within that ship but him,
 When Britain's shore rose grey and dim,
 Then hame cam' Jamie Gourlay.

Aye, hame cam' he, but o' the change
 Wrought on puir Jamie Gourlay,
 In sailor's rig, ilk ane look'd strange,
 Glourin' at Jamie Gourlay;
 His fiddle now was seldom heard
 He hobb'd like a naval lord,
 And talk'd of being still aboard,
 Land sick was Jamie Gourlay.

He nail'd the door up o' his house,
 Bewilder'd Jamie Gourlay,
 By garret-window enter'd crouse,
 Turn in, quo' Jamie Gourlay;
 An' hammock like he hung his bed,
 Caulk'd a' the chinks around his shed,
 An' laid tarpaulin over-head,
 Ship shape, quo' Jamie Gourlay.

And mony a prank was play'd, to quiz
 Stolid Jamie Gourlay;
 But frown or smile ne'er moved the phiz
 O' silent Jamie Gourlay.
 O' rich and poor he took the wa'
 Demandiu' courtesie frae a',
 In knitted claes he strutted braw,
 Conceited Jamie Gourlay.

At length auld Age cam' up the gate,
 An' ca'd on Jamie Gourlay,

In hammock perch'd he sat in state,
 Unfinchin' Jamie Gourlay;
 Quo' Eild to James, "Were Irien's I trow."
 "Friends!" Jamie said, "I'll mast head you."
 But Death crept in, wi' humble bow,
 An' led aff Jamie Gourlay.

J. M.

The incidents contained in the foregoing verses are strictly true. James Gourlay was a native of the village of Kilwinning, Ayrshire. In early life he was a weaver; excessively fond of music and dancing, in the latter accomplishment he so far excelled, as to be tempted to become a professor. It has been told me by those who remembered of his gay time, as *Maitre de Danse*, that in his manners he was elegant, shrewd, and witty, and sometimes severely caustical in his conversation. In the pursuit of his profession, he visited the house of a wealthy gentleman in the north of England, between whose daughter and James feelings sprung up, of a much more tender nature than usually subsists between teacher and pupil. The progress of this amour having reached the ears of the father, he with a degree of rudeness that cannot be excused, ordered his servants to turn out the poor dancing master, and caused him to be hunted by his dogs beyond the bounds of his domain. This circumstance acted upon the mind of poor James to such an extent, that he became melancholy, which soon terminated in a quiet and unradicable mania. During this period of his life he was in the habit of wandering from town to town, seemingly without a motive. In dress he was exceedingly neat and gentlemanly for the period, with cocked hat, powdered periwig, and queue, with small sword, white satin breeches, and gold shoe buckles. In such guise was he, when he was taken by the pressgang, and sent on board a man-of-war; at first he was most unmercifully flogged, as a schemer, until it was seen that the cat-o-nine tails could produce no change on the maniac. It would take too much time to relate all the anecdotes which have been told of his doings aboard-ship. Suffice it that he remained there until the vessel was paid off, when, like an apparition, he showed himself amongst the people of Kilwinning; but a terrible change had been wrought on poor James Gourlay, no longer the spruce gentleman, he had become a thorough tar, at least in mind, all save the oaths and quid. As mentioned in the above verses, he *overhauled* his cottage, the same in which he formerly dwelt, and where his sister had continued to reside during his absence, and made it as far as possible assume the tight commodiousness of a ship's berth. He had been some time at home when his share of prize-money was sent after him, and which, I think, was entrusted to the care of Mr. John Wylie, who disbursed it in such portions as was considered necessary for his comfort; for, though James mounted a web, and seemingly followed his first trade, he was by far too fickle and unsteady to produce as much work as entirely to support himself. And thus, with some very slight variations, waned the latter years of poor James. He died, I think, about the year 1828.

Of his peculiarities and eccentricities many a story is told, and which I might have mingled with the flimsy wool of the gossamer tissue offered to your Miscellany. Amongst others, the following is worth preserving, as exhibiting in a pleasing light, the native elegance of his mind. First, figure to

yourself, a light and neatly formed man, about 55 or 60 years of age, dressed with a low-crowned hat made of white canvass, with black crape band; tight fitting jacket, and smalls, of wire-knitted cloth, with huge ear-rings, and a piece of woollen yarn drawn through his nose, to which is appended a flat piece of metal, hanging on his upper lip, and under his arm he carries jauntily his small violin, and you have some idea of the *personel* of James Gourlay. About the time of the new year he set out to make his visit to the house of Colonel William Blair, of Blair, who at that time happened to be in England with his regiment. Blair-house was full of visitors, when James, in such savage costume, made his *entree* into the drawing-room, where the company then was. After some conversation between Jamie Gourlay and Lady Blair, she requested him to favour her with a song. With a grace equal to the most courtly professor, Jamie bowed low to the ladies, then with his sweet low voice, slightly tremulous from years, he sung, "Deil tak the wars that hurried *Willie frae me*," in a strain so moving, that Lady Blair fairly burst into tears, while there was not one of that gay assembly who did not show that the poor bewildered maniac had struck the chord of sympathy with a masterly hand. The bounty which James received that day, did honour to the heads and hearts of those who, perhaps, listened first to laugh, but learned, from the heart struck and crazed old man, that some tears can be shed which produce more pleasure than half an age of laughter.

POOR JAMIE GOURLAY, peace be with thy proud
and pure heart. J. M.

MUSIC COMPARED TO RHETORIC.

THERE be in music certain figures or tropes, almost agreeing with the figures of rhetoric; and with the affections of the mind and other senses. First, the division and quavering, which please so much in music, have an agreement with the glittering of light; as the moonbeams playing upon a wave. Again, the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetness in music, hath an agreement with the affections, which are reintegrated to the better after some dislikes. It agreeth also with the taste, which is soon glutted with that which is sweet alone. The sliding from the close or cadence, hath an agreement with the figure of rhetoric, which they call '*Præter expectatum*;' for there is a pleasure even in being deceived. The Reports and Fugues, have an agreement with the figures in rhetoric, of repetition and traduction. The Triplas, and changing of times, have an agreement with the changing of motions; as when Galliard time, and

Measure time, are in the medley of one dance. It hath been anciently held, and observed, that the sense of hearing, and the kinds of music, have most operation upon manners; as to encourage men, and make them warlike; to make them soft and effeminate; to make them grave; to make them light; to make them gentle and inclined to pity, &c. The cause is this, for that the sense of Hearing striketh the spirits more immediately than the other senses; and more incorporeally than Smelling; for the Sight, Taste, and Feeling, have their organs not of so present and immediate access to the spirits, as the Hearing hath. And as for the Smelling, (which, indeed, worketh also immediately upon the spirits, and is forcible while the object remaineth,) it is with a communication with the breath or vapour of the object odorate; but harmony entering easily, and mingling not at all, and coming with a manifest motion, doth, by custom of often affecting the spirits, and putting them in one kind of posture, alter not a little the nature of the spirits, even when the object is removed. And, therefore, we see that tunes and airs, even in their own nature, have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as there be merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes, &c. So, it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits in themselves. But yet it hath been noted, that though this variety of tunes doth dispose the spirits to variety of passions, conform unto them; yet, generally, *music feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth*. We see, also, that several airs and tunes do please several nations and persons, according to the sympathy they have with their spirits.—*Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum*.

THE REST OF THE HEART.

O for the quiet of the heart profound,
Of hollow meadow, rich and close, and green—
Whence no rude spire, no curling smoke is seen
To tell of Man—nor heard the distant sound
Even of sweet shepherd's call—but all around
Peaceful and fair as when the earth was new,
'Ere human foot had printed Eden's dew,
Or sin and shame its calm recesses found!—
O for such haunt!—if there the feverish coil
Of the worn heart might to the influence yield
Of sight and scent, and casting by his toil,
Thought seek no further than that lonely field—
Rest, blessed rest, from age-increasing care,
I call upon thy name! and echo answers, "Where?
—*Forget-me-not*, 1836.

END OF VOL. 1.