

# BRAHAM'S "DEATH OF NELSON," AND LADY HAMILTON.

Mr. Samuel Spring, formerly the box book-keeper of Drury-lane Theatre, was what is called a *character*, and had acquired an excessive faith in Mathews' infallibility in all things connected with his mental faculties; and Mathews, discovering this, was always saying or doing something (previously contrived) that ensured the increasing wonder and reliance upon the gifted powers of the comedian.

After the burning down of the two great patent theatres, the Drury-lane company acted at the Lyceum; and in 1810 an opera was performing there in which Braham sang a very popular song, the "Death of Nelson." Mathews conversing one day with Lady Hamilton, was questioned by her as to the merits of the new opera, at the same time stating her intention of accompanying some friends of hers to the theatre that evening. Mathews considerably advised her ladyship to forego her intention, explaining that there was a song in the piece, the subject of which would touch her feelings, and distress her very much. Whether Lady Hamilton forgot this prudent warning, or whether she suffered her desire to listen to the hero's praise to overcome her apprehension of the result, or from whatever cause, it so fell out that Mathews per-

ceived the lady duly seated in a private box, with her little adopted Horatio at her side. It needed no ghost to tell Mathews the scene that would follow, and as soon, therefore, as he quitted the stage, seeing Spring, he thus addressed him, first taking out his watch, and looking at it with a solemn and earnest expression of face—"Spring, I give you notice that at about twenty minutes past nine o'clock (the usual period when the "Death of Nelson" occurred) a large lady now sitting in the stage box opposite *will be taken very ill*, and require assistance. Do not be out of the way, but at the time mentioned be ready with a glass of water and a smelling bottle, for she will be attacked with a *violent fit* at the period I have mentioned." Spring looked into Mathews' face with a faint smile upon his lips, which immediately subsided into a thoughtful expression of countenance. At length the critical period arrived, Braham began his song, and before the second verse was finished, sobs and cries were heard all over the small theatre. Spring rushed into the green-room "pale as his shirt," and seizing the water hastened to the fatal box, exclaiming with an awe-struck voice as he hastily passed Mathews behind the scenes—"Oh, sir, you are a conjuror! *The lady is in strong convulsions!*—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## THE FAIRIES.

### GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

*Dr. Callcott.*

*With spirit. f*

1st TREBLE.

2d TREBLE.

BASS.

*p*

fai-ry land! In the cold moon's gleam - y glance, in the cold moon's

fai-ry land! In the cold moon's

fai-ry land! In the cold moon's gleam - y glance, in the cold moon's

gleam - y glance, in the cold moon's gleam - y glance. *f*

gleam - y glance, in the cold moon's gleam - y glance, They with *dolce.*

gleam - y glance, in the cold moon's gleam - y glance, They with *f* *dolce.*

*dolce.*

They with shadow - y morrice dance, *p*

shadow - y morrice dance, They with shadow - y morrice dance, Soft *p*

shadow - y morrice dance. Soft mu - sic dles a -

*pp* *f*

Soft mu - sic dies a - long the de - sert

*pp* *f*

mu - sic dies a - long the land, soft mu - sic dies, soft mu - sic dies a - long the de - sert

*dim.* *pp*

- long the de - sert land - - - - - soft mu - sic

*p* *slow. dim.* *pp* *With f spirit.*

land, a - long the de - - - sert land, a - long the de - sert land. Soon at

*p* *pp* *f*

land, a - long the de - - - sert land, a - long the de - sert land. Soon at

*p* *pp* *f*

dies a - long the de - sert land, a - long the de - sert land.

*p slow.* *dim.* *f With spirit.*

peep of cool-eyed day, Soon the num'rous lights de-cay, soon at

peep of cool-eyed day, Soon the num'rous lights de-cay, soon at

*p* *dim.* *f*

*p slow.* *dim.* *f*

*Tempo primo.* *slowly.* *dim.* *dolce.*

peep of cool-eyed day, soon the num'rous lights de-cay Mer-ri-ly now,

peep of cool-eyed day, soon the num'rous lights de-cay. Mer-ri-ly now,

*dim.* *dolce.*

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly now, mer-ri-ly, Af-ter the dew-y moon they

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly now, mer-ri-ly, Af-ter the dew-y moon they

*f* *p cres.*

fly, mer-ri-ly now, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly now, mer-ri-ly af-ter the dew-y

*f* *p cres.*

fly, mer-ri-ly now, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly now, mer-ri-ly af-ter the dew-y

*f* *p cres.*

*dolce.* *f*

moon they fly, af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, mer - ri - ly now,

*dolce.* *f*

moon they fly, af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, mer - ri - ly now,

*p* *f*

mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, af - ter the dew - y moon they

*p* *f*

mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, af - ter the dew - y moon they

*p*

fly - af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, they fly, they fly.

*p*

fly - af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, they fly, they fly

*p*

fly, they fly,

### THE VICTORY.

Hark,—how the church bell's thundering harmony  
Stuns the glad ear! tidings of joy have come,  
Good tidings of great joy! Two gallant ships  
Met on the element,—they met, they fought  
A desperate fight!—good tidings of great joy!  
Old England triumph'd! yet another day  
Of glory for the rulers of the waves!  
For those who fell, 'twas in their country's cause,  
They have their passing paragraph of praise  
And are forgotten.

There was one who died

In that day's glory, whose obscurer name  
No proud historian's page will chronicle.  
Peace to his honest soul! I read his name,  
'Twas in the list of slaughter, and bless'd God  
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.  
But it was told me after that this man  
Was one whom lawful violence had forc'd  
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,  
Who by his labour liv'd; that he was one  
Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel  
A husband's love, a father's anxiousness;  
That from the wages of his toil he fed