

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.

Let him who sighs in sad - ness here re - jice and know a friend is near!

What heav'nly sounds are these I hear? what be - ing comes the gloom to cheer?

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 sea.